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**The McCook Tribune.**  
By F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.  
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**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.**  
(Advertisements)

**FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.**

At the very urgent request of many Republicans, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of county attorney, before the Republican primary to be held, September 1, 1908.

S. R. SMITH, Chairman, Republican Co. Central Com.  
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-nomination for the office of County Attorney at the Republican primary on September 1, 1908.

**P. E. REEDER.**

**FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.**

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Commissioner of the First district, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election, September 1st, 1908.

**T. F. GOCKLEY.**

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of county commissioner for the First district, subject to the Republican primary election, September 1st.

**GEORGE B. MORGAN, Danbury.**

**FOR REPRESENTATIVE.**

At the request of numerous voters I hereby offer myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of representative for Red Willow county on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the primary election to be held September 1st.

**Indianola, Neb., July 24, 1908.**

**FRANK MOORE.**

You can easily discover the printer-man who did not get a slice of amendments melon.

The Lincoln Star is of opinion that Shively for land commissioner has it all his own way.

AMERICAN athletes — the winning sort—do not seem to be popular in England. Johnny Bull never did see Brother Jonathan win out with much pleasure or satisfaction.

It is becoming more and more difficult to keep a good man down. Victor Rosewater has been chosen a member of the executive committee of the Republican National committee.

The First National bank of Trenton and the Commercial State bank of that burg have consolidated, under title of the first-named. This gives the First National the entire local field.

It is proper they should—and it doubtless will be required that all legislative candidates shall declare themselves on the important issues of the coming campaign. The people are entitled to know.

The Chicago Great Western railroad company will make a 1 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent fare rate to state fairs in Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Other western roads will meet the rate. The 2-cent passenger rate has come to stay.

There will be no one on the Republican side to contest with Judge Norris for the nomination for congress this year. The congressman is recognized as one of the ablest advocates of the people's rights in congress, and his being returned at the end of each term has placed him in shape that he can accomplish more good for the constituency than a new man could. — Bloomington Advocate.

**MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.**

Mrs. HALLIGAN is a guest in the Ryan home.

L. C. STOLL has been visiting the homefolks in Curtis.

WILLIAM DOYLE and family have returned from Oregon.

Mrs. F. A. MUNDEN is visiting in Hastings, this week.

Mrs. G. H. THOMAS departed, yesterday, for her home in Harvard.

JOHN BOASEN of Minden joined his brother Frank here, last week.

MR. AND MRS. J. R. BURKE have returned to the city for the present.

MISS GLADYS NEISWANGER of Cambridge is visiting the Misses Waite.

GEORGE HOWELL of Geneva came up to the old home, Tuesday, on a visit.

MISS ETHEL FERMAN of Benkeman is visiting Mrs. Stella Allen and family.

MR. AND MRS. F. S. WILCOX are home from spending a few weeks in Neosho, Mo.

MRS. C. W. STOCKTON and Miss Dorothy will depart for the east, Sunday.

Mrs. NANNIE WRIGHT went up to Colorado, Springs, Tuesday evening, on a visit.

Mrs. LEWIS CANN of Danbury spent a few days of the week with McCook relatives.

JAMES ARNOLD and family of Stockville are recent additions to our city population.

Mrs. E. J. KATES and baby are guests of her parents, coming up from Lincoln, Sunday night.

Mrs. BELLE STEPPENSON is home from her visit to Oberlin, Kansas, of several weeks.

THOMAS F. NOONAN represented the Inland Type Foundry, St. Louis, in our city, last Saturday.

Mrs. F. G. WESTLAND visited McCook friends end-of-week, returning to Lincoln, Monday morning.

MR. AND MRS. A. BARNETT arrived home from their visit in Kansas City and other points, this morning.

W. H. WYATT, father of Mrs. I. L. Rodstrom, spent last week in Minden visiting his brother A. A. Wyatt.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MCKENNA welcomed the stork and a seven-pound daughter, last Saturday morning.

Mrs. SIDNEY BROWN has returned from her visit in Blackhawk, Colorado, and is now staying with her son here.

MR. AND MRS. A. C. EBERT entertained a small company of 49ers, last Friday evening, to meet Mrs. C. W. Stockton.

C. B. HOAG of Indianola and L. J. Shippee of Bartley were among the business visitors to the county capital, Monday.

WILLIAM KARP was up from Bondville precinct, Wednesday. He reports some of the corn in that neighborhood as being hurt already.

GEORGE MCCLAIN was down from Palisade opening days of the week. He returned home, Wednesday morning. He may return here to live.

Mrs. BURNS, guest of Mrs. M. C. Hawley, returned from a visit to Colorado, Wednesday, and will leave tonight for her home in Bloomington, Ill.

BRISBANE HOFER fell off the iron railing on the Commercial house front steps, Friday, and was quite painfully, though fortunately not severely injured.

S. R. SMITH was up from Indianola, Wednesday, on some legal business, and incidentally, to look after his candidacy for county attorney at the September primary.

Mrs. F. H. HIGGINS, who has been a guest in the publisher's home for the past few weeks, departed for her home in Fort Collins, Colorado, Saturday morning.

Mrs. C. H. BOYLE and children and Mrs. Mary Northrup are visiting Denver relatives. They were in Fort Morgan briefly also.

Mrs. Z. L. KAY and sister Mrs. M. J. Castle of Kempton, Ill., took No. 1, yesterday for Trinidad, Colo., to visit relatives for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. M. F. HORRELL and three daughters of Leadville and Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Carroll are all guests of Mrs. M. J. Stroud, mother of Mrs. Horrell and Mrs. Carroll.

Mrs. C. D. RITCHIE enjoyed to the full a short visit from her parents Mr. and Mrs. LeGore of Lincoln, who arrived in town, Friday night of last week, and returned home on No. 2, Tuesday morning.

Mrs. L. W. STAYNER and daughter Leila departed, last Saturday, for Des Moines, Iowa, to be absent about two months, visiting in Lincoln and Omaha, en route. A niece of Mrs. Stayner, Mrs. Dora Thorpe, is a guest of the family remaining in the city.

A. B. THORGRIMSON came up from Kansas City, last Saturday, and spent a few days in his former home visiting his brother Louis and friends. Albert is a member of the commission firm of C. E. Van Dusen & Co. and is doing well. He has developed into a robust man since the days when he served on THE TRIBUNE force as his satanic majesty with distinction, and is doing well in his business in the city on the Kaw. A wife, baby and home are among his assets and he is entitled to be well pleased with the world and his status therein.

**THE FISH IN HIS BED.**

Funny Climax to an Angling Experience of General Gallifet.

Long ago, in the days of the second empire, General Gallifet was the aide-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear and the surrounding scenery was beautiful, but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning, while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar, he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instinct of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the emperor. Consequently for Gallifet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast his line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish, landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.

The emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold, so he tossed it into a bed and covered it up with the bedclothes. When the emperor entered the room, he noticed immediately the quivering bedclothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost jim-jamic expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted and left the future war minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.

**The Wrong Bird.**

One of the well known magicians not along ago had a queer experience, but the people in the theater had more fun out of it than he did. One of his tricks was to shake a sack to show that it was empty and then to draw out of it an egg, after which he would always reach in again and bring out the hen that laid the egg. Of course he had to have help in this, and one night he had a new man who did everything just as he had been told until it came to this act. Reaching into the bag, he drew forth the fowl at the usual time, but instead of the hen an old rooster hopped down on to the stage, ruffled its feathers and strutted around, crowing with all its might, while the audience laughed and the magician went out to hunt his new helper.—London Opinion.

**Had Experience.**

Not long ago there entered the office of the superintendent of a trolley line in Detroit an angry citizen demanding justice in no uncertain terms.

In response to the official's gentle inquiry touching the cause of the demand the angry citizen explained that on the day previous as his wife was boarding one of the company's cars the conductor thereof had stepped on his spouse's dress, tearing from it more than a yard of material.

"I can't see that we are to blame for that," protested the superintendent. "What do you expect us to do—get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not," rejoined the angry citizen, brandishing a piece of cloth. "What I propose is that you people shall match this material."—Harper's.

**Why, Indeed?**

The five-year-old son was asking his father some severe questions about a recent addition to the family.

"That baby likes ma," said the youngster sharply.

"Oh, yes, he likes your ma," said his father, "but he likes me too."

Thereupon the five-year-old from whom great things were expected exclaimed:

"Likes you? Then why does he cry when he looks at you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Necessity the Mother.**

"Who got up those hanging gardens of Babylon?"

"Some king."

"For what purpose?"

"I judge he wanted to outwit the neighbors' chickens."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Always Tired.**

Political Candidate—Which way do the farm hands lean around here? Farmer Rytrop—Well, stranger, around plowing and planting time you will see them leaning against the barn or fence every time your back is turned.—Deseret News.

**Expensive.**

"I should never have thought that studying would have cost so much money."

"Yes, father, and if you only knew how little I have studied!"—Judge.

Everything unknown is taken for magnificent.—Greek Proverb.

**Just a Fish Story.**

Forty years ago, when my father was captain of an East India trading ship, while off the coast of Africa near the equator the ship's carpenter was taken sick and died. He was sewed up in canvas, and with him were sewed his kit of tools and grindstone for ballast to sink him. Services were held and the body committed to the sea.

Four days later the ship's boy fell overboard, and a great shark came up under the stern and swallowed the boy before he could be reached.

The next day the shark was still following the ship. A shark hook was baited and put over the stern, and the shark was caught, but was so large it could not be taken on board, and they were obliged to shoot him. He looked so plump and large the mate, who was an old whaler, wanted to go over the side and cut the fish open. He was lowered over and cut a hole in the shark and was surprised to hear voices and on looking in saw the ship's boy turning the grindstone for the ship's carpenter, who was sharpening his ax to cut their way out.

My father, who is eighty years old, can vouch for this that it is a fish story.—Boston Journal.

**His Old College Chums.**

A conductor sent a new brakeman to put some trumps off the train. They were riding in a box car. The brakeman dropped into the car and said, "Where are you fellows going?" "To Atchison." "Well, you can't go to Atchison on this train, so get off." "You get," came the reply, and as the brakeman was looking into the business end of a gun he took the advice given him and "got." He went back to the caboose, and the conductor asked him if he had put the fellows off. "No," he answered, "I did not have the heart to put them off. They want to go to Atchison, and, besides, they are old schoolmates of mine." The conductor used some very strong language and then said he would put them off himself. He went over to the car and met with the same experience as the brakeman. When he got back to the caboose, the brakeman said, "Well, did you put them off?" "Naw, they're schoolmates of mine too."—Wellington (Kan.) News.

**Haley and the Duc de Morny.**

It may not be generally known in what circumstances Haley owed his advancement in the French civil service to the Duc de Morny. The duke, an amateur of the arts, had begun to write the libretto of a comic opera of which Offenbach was to provide the music. He found that he had not the talent to finish it. He sought a collaborator, and Haley came to the rescue and kept his secret. When, therefore, the office of the ministry of Algeria, which he held, was suppressed he had no hesitation in asking his august patron for the post which he sought on the Journal Officiel. "The very thing!" exclaimed the duke. "There is six months' vacation when the chamber is not sitting, so that you will have plenty of time to write for the stage." And he gave him a note to the head of the department, consisting of the simple words, "Make arrangements to give the bearer the post for which he will ask you."—Westminster Gazette.

**Nor a Hospital Either.**

"Talking of our British cousins?" inquired the tax attorney of the Southern Pacific. "Well, I heard one the other day. Big fat Britisher shoved into one of those compartments at the last moment. There was an American in there reading his newspaper.

"It's sixty miles to my station," remarked the Englishman, "and, I say, old chap, I'm treating myself for a wounded foot, and I say, if you don't mind, I'll put some of this iodiform on my ankle. Beastly smelling stuff!"

"Go ahead," said the American. But when he got the full odor of it he shoved up a window and pulled out a cigar and lighted it and began puffing away vigorously.

"Here, here, my good fellow," protested the Englishman, "this is no smoking compartment!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

**As Others See Us.**

"Mem-sahib," asked a young East Indian girl of her English mistress, "why do you wear those sad colors? I don't like them."

"I am in mourning, Lattoo. It is the custom of English ladies."

"But black is the color of night, mem-sahib, and yet you believe that when you die you go to heaven at once. Then why not be glad for your friends who die and wear colors such as we see in birds and flowers and falling water when the sun shines? God doesn't make your colors. Ah, well, Christians are strange people!"—From "The Indian Alps"

**A Woman's Country.**

The Frenchwoman may not be so classical in form or outline as many of England's beautiful women, but she has undoubtedly the gift of charm, and by virtue of this elusive, tantalizing quality she has for centuries bewitched and enthralled all the men of her country. France today is the most woman-ridden country and also the most peaceful, prosperous and contented. The women rule by charm.—Sterny Petrol.

**The Old Master.**

Mistress to new servant—I must impress upon you, when you go to the dining room, not to try to get the dirt off the 'Old Master' with a wet rag, but use a dry, soft cloth only. Servant—Mercy on us, marm; be I to wash the master?—London Tatler.

The world is dying for want not of good preaching, but of good hearing.—Boardman.

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