

SCHNITZ UND KLASE.

Treat the Gods Missed, but Procurable in the Mohawk Valley.

Something in the line of good things to eat the gods never had; consequently the gods missed a great treat. And, by the way, friend, have you ever hooked up to a dish of schnitz und klase?

No? Thought so. Few have in these times, and those who have been so fortunate have just cause to recall a delicious morsel time can never erase from the tablets of memory.

You can order schnitz und klase until you faint, awaiting it. You will never get it in any public eating place. It isn't on the bill of fare and never will be.

The up to date chef would give you the laugh if you asked him to concoct it for you. Ten chances to one he'd not understand what schnitz und klase could possibly mean. Few know, but those who do know it know it well.

A good ham bone is the central portion, light dumplings and dried apples. Anything else would spoil it.

The ham bone gives the dish a smoky flavor, the dumplings give it body, and the dried apples give it color and tartness as well as sauce.

Put the ham bone in cold water and open the flues and let the pot boil. While the pot is getting into good and ready shape make your dumplings, and make them as light as possible.

Put the dried apples in a separate dish and stew them down to a nicety. When the pot with the ham bone bubbles and froths drop in the dumplings one by one. No; you do not stir the contents of the pot. That would spoil the consistency of the dumplings and make a mess.

Any one who has watched a pot boil knows when dumplings are done to a dot.

Take a deep platter, fish out the dumplings carefully with a drain spoon and place them about the ham bone in the center of the platter. Looks dry, but when you pour over all the dried apples and their nice sauce—wow!

That's schnitz und klase as you may have had it years ago when living with a German family in the Mohawk valley. You can eat it until your eyes start out and your waistband grips your middle. It will stay by you through a hard day's work, and if there is any left over you hit it again for supper sold.

Ever try it?—New York Sun.

ONLY A GUESS.

But It Made Good Advance Information For the Reporter.

Neils Olsen, who was for forty years a trusted employee of the New York Yacht Club, was always courteous to newspaper men and glad to give them such information as he could with propriety make public. He was sorely beset by news gatherers while the Dunraven trial was going on, and often said to the reporters, with a smile, that he regretted his "ignorance." On the evening of Feb. 27, 1896, when the members of the club met at the old clubhouse in Madison avenue, there was much quiet excitement because it was well known that the question of Dunraven's expulsion would come up. An enterprising reporter stopped Olsen as he came through the door and asked: "Do you think they'll expel his lordship?"

Olsen said, "How do I know?" and then added, "Did you ever read this?" and handed to the young man a clipping from the Tribune which read: "For Dunraven, never tumbling, still is grumbling, still is mumbbling, in his lordly ancient castles over on the distant shore, And his talks have all the seeming of a daff and jealous seaman, And the X rays through him streaming show he's unfair at the core, And because the Yacht club knows him— knows he's unfair at the core— He will race here—nevermore."

Half an hour later the meeting was called to order, and within twenty minutes a resolution was adopted stripping Dunraven of his honorary membership privileges. When the reporter saw Olsen he said, "That was good advance information," to which he replied, "I never give information; that was a guess."—New York Tribune.

Only the Odd Ones.

Very few of the American tourists who come to England fail to visit Westminster abbey. The long history of the venerable pile appeals strongly to our visitors from the other side of the Atlantic. One lady student while within the abbey looked about with the particular object of inspecting the tomb of King Edward II. Failing to discover it after patient search, she at last asked the vergor to direct her to it. "I'm sorry, madam," replied the officer, with a tone of deep regret, "but we haven't Edward II. here, as we only 'ave the odd numbers."—London Express.

Making a Show.

"A man has to draw it fine these days." "What do you mean?" "Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."—Kansas City Journal.

Cynical.

The Maid—Do you believe it's un-lucky to get married on a Friday? The Abominable Bachelor—Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?—Black and White.

The Denial Habit.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" "No, sir; there's no truth in the rumor—that is to say, I do."—Pittsburg Post.

Samoa's Talking Man.

Samoa's talking man, or tofallof, is a character. All the affairs of state of the village in which he holds office are carried upon his shoulders. In ordinary he is the chief adviser, persuader, convincer and restrainer of the leading chiefs. Having the gift of eloquence, he makes the most of it. He enjoys immunity from many things. He cannot be spoken of in ordinary terms. If it should be necessary to speak of his eyes or his mouth or his limbs, special honorable words must be used, words which attach to him alone and have never been applied to the personal parts of ordinary men. As he stands to deliver his soft, persuasive, mellifluous oratory, with staff of office in his hand, any one can see that he is a man of great importance. Or if this is not apparent from his attitude it may be gathered from the attention paid to his utterances by gray haired chiefs and by youth and maidens. If the talking man is a clever fellow and understands his business, he is the chief ruling power in his tribe, although the nominal headship is always vested in a chief or patriarchal figurehead.

How Wyckoff Was Revealed.

The late Professor Walter A. Wyckoff of Princeton had a passion for knowledge at first hand and will be best remembered as the college professor who studied labor conditions by becoming himself a laborer. Starting in 1891 in Connecticut with no money and with a suit of overalls, he worked his way through nearly every state in the Union after the fashion of the floating laborers of this country, so many of whom ultimately become tramps. Wherever there was a possibility of work he applied for it, whether it were digging ditches, wrecking houses or factory work. For awhile his incognito usually worked well, but as soon as his fellow laborers saw him at table they at once began to suspect him. His manner of eating, his way of holding knife and fork, at once set them speculating. Once he was seen drinking tea at a fellow laborer's house in Chicago. He lifted the saucer from the table, held it in his hand and forgot himself so far as to drink without noise. "I knowed them," his host afterward said, "that he was a swell masquerading."—Harper's Weekly.

The Most Beautiful Flag.

In a village school in the Acadian region of Nova Scotia the young lady teacher, who was from a portion of Canada more remote from the United States than the section she was in, was on one occasion preparing for a little celebration of empire day. Calling one of the boys, she gave him a coin and said to him: "Take this, please, and go out and get us the prettiest flag you can find."

She had no idea, of course, of his procuring anything else than a British flag, and her astonishment was great, therefore, when the boy came back with a small edition of the stars and stripes.

"What have you there?" the teacher asked sharply. "Did you suppose I sent you for anything else than the flag of your country?"

"Why," answered the boy, "you told me to get the prettiest flag I could find, and there was nothing else so pretty as this!"

The boy's judgment was unprejudiced, at any rate, for he was a Canadian.

Oh, Wait Till He Returns.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the good friend on finding Mrs. Newed in floods of tears, "what is the matter?"

The young wife wiped her eyes and tried to compose herself and be inhumanly calm.

"Well," she began, with folded hands, "you know John is away for a week."

"Yes, dear," helped the lady friend.

"Well, he writes to me regularly, and in his last letter he tells me he gets my photo out and kisses it every day."

"But that is nothing for you to cry about!" exclaimed the good friend.

"Yes, it is," cried Mrs. Newed, bursting into tears afresh, "be-cause I took my picture out of his ba-bag be-fore he started ju-just for a jo-oke and put one of mo-mo-mother's in its place!"

Why They Don't Desert.

"Instances of desertion from the army in Mexico are very rare and for the best of reasons," said Senor Jose de Minaldez of Nueva Leon.

"The reason lies in the almost sure capture of the fugitive and the certainty that he will get not one but numerous floggings on his bare back. These lashings are done in the presence of the comrades of the deserter, and when the men see how great is the suffering of the miserable wretch who tried in vain to quit his military obligations they are forced to conclude that it is better to stick to the army than to undergo such a terrible ordeal."—Baltimore American.

Audiences Have Changed.

"They don't write comic operas like they used to," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "They used to have jokes then that made people laugh."

"Yes," answered the manager, "but you must remember that in those days they had audiences who could be made to laugh."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Not Deluded.

"Do you want employment?" "Lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you mean well, but you can't make work sound gny more invitn' by usin' words of three syllables."—Washington Star.

Brave actions never want a trumpet.—Italian Proverb.

The Rain Was Hot.

Mrs. Goltit had been waiting for a week or more to give her rear porch a good scrubbing, but she was always afraid of incurring the keen displeasure of the people in the flat below, who, it seemed, were never off their porch and who would get all the drippings of her scrubbing operation.

When it rained, thought, Mrs. Goltit saw what she thought was her opportunity. The people down below surely would not be out on the porch during the rainstorm, and all the water that dripped down would be attributed to the rain. She filled a bucket with boiling hot water, threw in a sallow cake of soap and got busy.

But she had reckoned wrong, for the people down below were on their porch enjoying the shower. In a minute Mrs. Goltit heard a woman's voice below saying: "Why, Martha, the rain's coming through from the porch above. The roof must leak."

And then Martha observed, with a gasp: "Yes, And, oh, heavens, had you noticed that the rain is hot? Did you ever hear of such a thing? Aren't terrible things happening? All these awful murders, and now hot rain! But it's the Lord's doings, and we must submit!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Early Lamps and Wicks.

It would be hazardous to conjecture what the first wick consisted of, but when we come to consider the iron lamp, or "crucible," we know that the wick commonly used was the pit of the rush, which was gathered and partially stripped of its outer green covering, cut into proper lengths, dried and tied up into bundles ready for use. The iron lamp was hammered out of one piece of iron in a stone mold. This was usually done by the blacksmith, and the molds are still to be seen in museums, in the hands of private collectors and no doubt at some of the country blacksmiths' shops. They are of one uniform shape, with some slight varieties. The lamp consists of two cups, one suspended above and inside the other. The suspender is so fixed and notched as to enable the upper cup, which holds the oil and wick, to be shifted to keep the oil constantly in contact with the wick. The lower cup catches the drip of the oil, which can be easily replaced in the upper cup by lifting it off until the oil is poured into it. The upper cup has sometimes a movable lid.—Chambers' Journal.

Carnegie's First Investment.

It was due to Thomas A. Scott that Andrew Carnegie made his first investment, ten shares of stock in the Adams Express company, valued at \$500. This he did with considerable trepidation. He had labored hard for the money he had saved up while he had worked as a telegrapher. It is part of railroad history how he later fell in with the inventor of the sleeping car, saw the enormous advantages which that manner of travel held out to passengers and promoters and how he interested others in the invention of Mr. Woodruff. This occurred shortly after his return from Washington, when the problems of transportation were still uppermost in his mind. He was now on the road to success and wealth as he then pictured earthly possessions. The Pennsylvania oil fields yielded large returns when Carnegie and others turned their energies in the direction of the newly discovered territory. In one year land purchased for \$40,000 increased in value so that it paid a dividend of \$1,000,000.—Exchange.

Reading a Horse's Face.

Every horse carries an index to his temper and intelligence in his face. The teachable, tractable animal is broad and flat between the eyes; the bony ridge of his face dishes slightly from the point where the face narrows toward the nostrils. His ears are well set, sensitive and far apart, with a well defined ridge of bone extending across the top of the head between them. Always feel for this ridge in judging a horse. The eye should be large, clear and bright, with a prominent ridge of bone along the inner and upper edge of the socket.—London Answers.

Where Swallows Go.

The swallows all spend the winter in Central America and the south part of Mexico. They appear in the southern states as early as the middle of February, but seldom get as far north as New England until the month of May. The robins winter in the southern states and in northern Mexico. They are to be seen in flocks the winter through in the gulf states.—Exchange.

Plausible.

"The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, probing it with a long, slender instrument, "is that the nerve is dying."

"It seems to me, doctor," groaned the victim, "you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect."

An Unhappy Answer.

The Curate—Good gracious, Giles! Whatever makes you keep such a spiteful old cat as that? Giles—Well, sir, you see, it's like this—I've felt a bit lonely since my old woman died!—London Opinion.

At the End of the Voyage.

Jonah disembarked. "The only trip I don't have to tip the steward," he exclaimed. Therewith he regarded the whale half approvingly.—New York Sun.

Different Points of View.

"It's hard to be poor," sighed the seedy pessimist. "That's queer," replied the ragged optimist. "I always found it easy enough."

Successful guilt is the bane of society.—Syrus.

SMALL MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

McConnell for drugs.

Everything in drugs. McConnell.

Picture framing. The Ideal Store.

Hammocks at McMillen's drug store.

Mary Harrison, nurse. Phone black 286.

Fruits of all kinds at all times at Huber's.

Paul Anton's meats are guaranteed to save you dental bills.

Leave your repair work at the Viersen & Standish shoe hospital.

While out riding stop at the Mission Inn. We will do the rest.

Drugs you buy of McConnell you can depend upon. They're pure.

Crackers that are crisp in spite of the weather. Ask Scott about it.

Dr. Hare examines eyes free, and guarantees satisfaction in fitting glasses.

No office is complete without a "Red Dwarf Ink Pencil." Hofer sells them.

"Walk half a block and save a dollar" still means go to Viersen & Standish for shoes.

Fresh lettuce, celery, cauliflower, rhubarb, etc., constantly on hand at Huber's.

Godfrey & Co. are operating a feed mill. See them for feed of all kinds at right prices.

T. C. Beardsley, scientific optician, office with Leach, the jeweler, Saturday of each week.

Bound duplicate receipt books, three receipts to the page, for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

Try the Mission Inn home-made ice cream and pure soda water. West room Walsh building.

Fresh box candy, chocolates and sweet tooth confections at Woodworth & Co.'s, Druggists.

Dr. J. Elsie Logan, in postoffice building. Office phone 365; residence phone 45, Palmer hotel.

Patronize home industry by smoking "Commercial Club", 10 cent cigar and the "Smoke", 5 cent cigar.

Delicious, crisp appetizing potatoe chips. Magner & Stokes sell them. Better than mother makes.

Make it a point to watch Viersen & Standish windows. It means money in your pocket when buying footwear.

Twenty thousand new post cards, colored views of McCook, made in Germany, just received at Barney Hofer's.

If you want a screen that is superior in every way to a factory made screen and at the same price, then leave your order with C. W. GRAVES.

A kodak will make your vacation complete. We have them from \$5.00 up. You should take one with you to make your vacation a real pleasure.

L. W. MCCONNELL, Druggist.

Our repair man's name is Sess, but you'll find him one of the most accommodating men you ever met. He has charge of the new "shoe hospital" at the Viersen & Standish Shoe Parlor.

Only a few remnants which we will close out at half price. If you contemplate papering this fall or next spring it will pay you to see these papers.

Yours truly, L. W. MCCONNELL, Druggist.

Rozell & Barger have just received M. Born & Co.'s "Blue Book" and are prepared to show you and take your orders for tailor-made clothing for the biggest and best clothing manufacturers on the globe.

Epworth League at the Methodist church, Sunday evening, August 2nd, at 7:00 p. m., will be led by Miss Mabel Cumberland and Mrs. J. S. Chambers. Subject: "How Jesus Masters Our Prejudices." You will get something good, if you come.

City mail delivery is soon to be established in McCook. This will be a great convenience to our city. To insure delivery when no one is in the house to receive mail, a letter box should be put in some convenient place. You can get these boxes at H. P. Waite & Co.'s hardware store.

It is the experience of many farmers in this vicinity, that early fall plowing is best. These farmers get onto the ground with a Moline or some other good gang or sulky plow just as soon as possible after harvest, so the soil may be in proper condition to receive the seed. H. P. Waite & Co. can fit you out with the best plows.

On August 10th will close the entries of races to be contested at the State Fair, Lincoln, August 31st, to September 4th. There will be fifteen harness races of which the 2:35 and 2:21 trotting and the 2:30, 2:22 and 2:14 pacing are for purses of \$1,000 each. The 3-year-old trot, the 3-year-old trot for Nebraska bred; the 2:30, 2:25 and 2:17 trotting and the 2:35, 2:25, 2:15 and free-for-all pacing are each for purses of \$500. A 3-year-old pace and a 3-year-old pace for Nebraska bred, each for a purse of \$300. There will be nine running races, one of which is a four and one-half furlongs for 2-year-old, Nebraska bred, with a purse of \$200; another is the Nebraska Derby, 1 1/16 miles and the remainder are from one-half to one mile.

McConnell fills prescriptions.

Special prices on wall paper at McMillen's.

Prunes in 25-pound boxes at \$2.25 per box. Huber's.

A new line of Austrian China at McMillen's drug store.

Crackers that are crisp in spite of the weather. Ask Scott about it.

Wellerette, the best cigar 5c will buy, for sale at Woodworth & Co.'s.

McMillen, druggist, carries a large line of local and other postal cards.

Go to Viersen & Standish for the best of everything in footwear and shoe findings.

If you want a good home-made candy go to the Mission Inn, west room Walsh block.

The sun can not harm complexions protected with McConnell's Fragrant Lotion.

The market does not have anything in the cattle line too good for Paul Anton's customers.

For burning, smarting sweaty feet—McConnell's Foot Powder. Instant relief. Price 25 cents.

Double-strength "Heinz" vinegar, imitated by all—equalled by none, for sale by Magner & Stokes.

Some people talk of quantity, some of cheap prices, but Viersen & Standish consider quality foremost when speaking of their stock.

Any thing you require for summer use in the line of drugs and drug sundries can be obtained of us at the lowest price. Woodworth & Co., Druggists.

List of Candidate Filings.

Up to the hour of our going to press the following candidates have filed in the county clerk's office:

For Representative—Frank Moore, Republican; Chas. F. Lehn, Democrat.

For Commissioner—T. F. Gockley, Republican; W. V. Miller, Republican; George E. Morgan, Republican; Frank S. Lofton, Republican.

For State Senator—John F. Cordeau, Republican; I. A. Sheridan, Democrat.

We are informed that an entire Socialist ticket will be filed tomorrow.

There are several more filings to be made tomorrow—which is the last day for filings for the primary election, September 1st.

Misdirected Enterprise.

A case of misdirected enterprise was brought to our attention, recently.

The one in point was that of an employe of one of the city store distributing "on the side" a large consignment of catalogs of an eastern house.

The employe was promptly given an opportunity to devote his undivided attention to the catalog house.

There ought to be a decent sense of loyalty between the employe and the employer. It never will be easy—and never should be—to serve two masters with honor.

Hard Fought Game.

The basket ball contest on the Swastika court, last evening, between River-ton and Swastikas was perhaps the warmest exhibition of the game ever seen in McCook. It was witnessed by a large body of admirers.

The score was marked by considerable dissatisfaction, the merits of the case being obscure to the writer. The visitors were all taller and most of them heavier than the local team, a fact which seemed to be in their favor. The locals are fast and strong at goal throwing.

McCook Annexed Them All.

This has been the locals' week in the base ball field.

Monday's and Tuesday's games with Red Cloud were taken into camp in 2 to 0 and 7 to 0 order.

Wednesday and Thursday the Cambridge team was the chopping block. They escaped with a score of 7 to 3 and 2 to 0.

Comfortable Surroundings.

The band concert was enjoyed by a large crowd, last evening, in the city park, under most comfortable circumstances. The program was an especially popular one and its appreciation was warmly indicated.

McCook Markets.

Merchants and dealers in McCook at noon today (Friday) are paying the following prices:

Corn	74
Wheat	75
Oats	40
Rye	60
Barley	50
Hogs	5 75
Butter (good)	18
Eggs	14

Crackers that are crisp in spite of the weather. Ask Scott about it.

The best line of men's work shoes in the city at the Viersen & Standish Shoe Parlor.

Use Fly-No on your horses and cows. It keeps the flies off. For sale at

WOODWORTH & Co.'s, Druggists.

Finish your own vacation photos. We have all necessary supplies for the work.

Kodak tank developers, powders, trays, film clips, printing frames, papers etc.

L. W. MCCONNELL, Druggist.

The reader will note the advertisement of Dallas Divine, in the paper elsewhere in this issue. He guarantees you good automobile livery service at reasonable rates, day or night. Hook, hook.

Dr. J. A. Colfer, DENTIST.

ROOM 4. POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

AUTOMOBILE LIVERY

DALLAS DEVINE, Prop.

PHONE 166. MCCOOK, NEBR.

Night or day trips

made anywhere

Prices Reasonable. Good Service

Guaranteed

Fly Nets at \$1.30

per pair.

COME QUICK!

All Goods at Lowest Possible

Market Prices.

Whole Wheat, Rye and Graham

Flour. Special prices on lots of

ten sacks or more.

SEMOLIA A fine breakfast food un-

excelled in 2-lb packages

All kinds of Mill Feed

Corn, Barley, Chop, Bran, Shorts, etc.

Orders Promptly Delivered

McCook Milling

Company

E. H. DOAN, Proprietor

Phone 29 MCCOOK

Stock Reducing Sale

Must have more room and

to make it will sell for the

Next Twenty Days

AT DEEP-CUT PRICES

All Furniture in Stock

Look at these prices:

\$25.00 Com. Book Case at \$20.00

\$14.50 Com. Book Case at 12.50

\$30.00 Buffet at 22.50

\$35.00 China Closet 28.00</