

GUARANTEED!



And We Stand Back of the Guarantee.

New Pairs for All that Do Not Come Up to It.

C. L. DeGROFF & CO.
MCCOOK, NEBRASKA

Time Card

MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:	
No. 6..... (Central Time)	10:27 P. M.
2..... " " " " " " " " " "	5:30 A. M.
12..... " " " " " " " " " "	7:15 A. M.
14..... " " " " " " " " " "	9:42 P. M.
16..... " " " " " " " " " "	4:30 P. M.
MAIN LINE WEST-DEPART:	
No. 1..... (Mountain Time).....	9:50 A. M.
3..... " " " " " " " " " "	11:42 P. M.
5..... " " " " " " " " " "	8:20 P. M.
12..... " " " " " " " " " "	10:25 A. M.
15..... " " " " " " " " " "	12:17 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE	
No. 176 arrives..... (Mountain Time).....	5:35 P. M.
No. 175 departs..... " " " " " " " " " "	7:10 A. M.

Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.

For information, time tables, maps and tickets, call on or write R. E. Fox, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakely, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

Ray Lyons and Everett Foe spent Sunday in Denver.

John Murray took in the Indianola races, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben J. Lane visited Denver relatives, Sunday last.

Lloyd Jennings has been off duty this week and on the sicklist.

Jack Edwards, late agent at Red Cloud, has been transferred to Oberlin.

Engineer Niedig has been transferred from the Orleans-St. Francis line to McCook.

Mrs. Harry M. Tyler and son Harold were up from Orleans, last Friday afternoon, on business bent.

Roy Chapin, of Holdrege, successfully took the examination for operators, Wednesday of this week.

Conductor Wilbur Fisk had a hand severely mashed at Wray, Colorado, last night, while making a coupling of freight cars.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kates returned, Sunday morning on No. 2, to Lincoln. Mrs. T. B. Campbell accompanied them and will remain a while with them.

Conductor and Mrs. J. W. Line returned home, first of the week, from spending six weeks in Vermont, visiting at the old home in Franklin and other points.

C. A. Barnard, company traveling auditor, is off on vacation, and L. C. Fauble is performing the difficult and exacting duties of the auditorship during his absence in the east. Mrs. Barnard is with him.

C. G. Orman was called up to Haigler, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of John Rape, cousin of his wife. Rape lived 8 miles south of Haigler and was killed by lightning, Monday night. Funeral in Haigler, Tuesday afternoon at three.

Night Chief Dispatcher A. Calhoun is away on vacation, visiting in the old home at Utica, New York, and other points. Robert Knowles is night chief during his absence. A. J. Brown of the telegraph office is doing the second trick east for Knowles.

The Fire Alarm.

The siren fire alarm whistle has been placed on the round house, from which source alarms will hereafter be sounded.

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

OCEAN LINER'S CARGO.

Four Hundred Husky Longshoremen to Load One Ship.

Down on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the spattering bluish arc lights, amid endless clang and rattle, the produce of America came in. From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat packing houses, from the grimy factories, large and small, ponderous engines of steel, harvesters, reapers, cottonolives, bins of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, wrens, barrels of flour and boxes of fruit, hoghead of oil and casks of wine—tens of thousands of things and machines to make things—piled up on the wharf by the acre. And still all night the teams clattered in and the tugs puffed up with the barges, and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment.

In gangs at every hatchway the 400 men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen, while from the darkness outside heavy black rope nets dropped down to gather gigantic handfuls of cargo, swing them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on. For the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time.—Everybody's.

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

How Brumbies in New South Wales Are Trapped and Broken.

Hunting "brumbies," as the wild horses are called there, is a favorite sport in New South Wales. Districts like the Clarence and Stephens and Manning river watershed are still the home of numerous droves of brumbies, and hunting them is declared to be a very exhilarating pastime. The first step taken is to stake out a corral and make all secure except a narrow entrance, which can subsequently be gated. On either side of the entrance and projecting from it funnelwise a "booby fence" is prepared.

To the simple minded brumby it presumably looks like a stockade, and pieces of fluttering cotton make it look unprejudicial. When this is ready, the young bloods, well mounted, gallop out and round up the wild horses, driving them with shouts and much loud snapping of stock whips toward the mouth of the funnel.

In a group of brumbies there is always a leader, and when once the hunters have got the leader heading for the corral they are pretty certain of the rest of the drove. The fluttering cotton rags of the sham fence are sufficient to deter the brumbies from breaking through the flimsy barriers, and in less time than it takes to tell the wild horses are safely corralled and the big gate shut on them.

Then they are left for four and twenty hours without food and water to reflect on the situation, and after that they can be broken in without much difficulty.—London Standard.

Hearn as a Creative Artist.

Hearn's creative faculty began where creation is commonly held to end, with the material given. Of the creative gift in the sense in which the phrase is applied to the poet he had not a particle. He was not a maker, but a shaper. Dr. Gould puts the matter bluntly when he says, "He had no original thing to say, for he was entirely without creative power and had always to borrow theme and plot." And again: "Clearly and patently it was a mind without creative ability, spring or the desire for it. It was a mind improverent by inheritance and by education, by necessity and by training, by poverty internal and external." The truth in these words becomes evident when one recalls the failure as fiction of every one of Hearn's attempts in this field and the fact that his greatest successes were won in reclothing the ideas of other men.—Forum.

Very Clever.

They tell a story in London of a certain peer who had never before shown the slightest interest in horse racing that he surprised a young man of his acquaintance by asking him apropos of nothing which horse had won the Derby. The young man told him "That was very clever of him," replied the peer. "Was it the first time he tried it?" The young man stared, but said "Yes." "Then I call it very clever of him," replied the noble but incomplete sportsman, "to win the Derby the first time he tried for it."

Pleasant For the Lender.

"There," said Hubley, adding on the column of figures, "a total of \$822. I guess that's all. Oh, no; there's \$30 I forgot! Well, I wish somebody would lend me \$822. Can you do it, old man?" "What for?" demanded Markley. "Why, I want to get out of debt."—Philadelphia Press.

A Holdup.

De Roads—Mister, I found the dork your wife is advertisin' a reward uv \$5 fer. Mr. Jaw—You did, eh? De Roads—Yes, and if you don't gimme \$10 I'll take it back to her. See?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Made His Mark.

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already, hasn't he?" "Yes; did it on his first case." "Great Scott! What did he do?" "Vaccinated him!"

"Parceling Out de People."

Fishing, two boys strung their big catch on the same string. Passing a graveyard they entered the gate to divide the catch, dropping two fish just as they went inside the cemetery.

Passing, an aged negro heard the two boys: "I'll take this one, you that one; I this one, you that one; I this one, you that one," etc.

The negro listened in dismay and ran away as rapidly as his old legs could carry him. He met his negro minister, who called:

"Deacon, why you run in such terror?"

"Declare, parson, I been down yonder by de graveyard and over de fence heard de devil and de Lord parceling out de people atween 'em."

The parson laughed at the old man's fright and made him go back with him to the graveyard to convince him of his error.

The boys were still dividing—"You take that, I take this," etc. Finally one boy asked, "What you going to do with them two at the gate?"

This was more than parson or deacon could stand, and both ran pellmell, neither wishing to take any further chances, no matter what was going on just over the fence.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Penguin Battles.

The penguin, a notable diver among sea birds, wins his mate by right of conquest. The male birds fight for the possession of the females. These curious birds have regular duel grounds, where relics of invulnerable combats in the shape of feathers lie scattered about. In the center is the fighting arena, clear of all debris. The penguins' feathers and blubber form an efficient shield against their opponents' beaks, so the weapon used is the short flipper, the only wings the birds possess. The fight begins with the two combatants walking round each other waiting for an opportunity to grip. Once this is done the flippers come into play. The fighters shower blow after blow upon each other. There is no record as to how these fights end, but it is a safe supposition to say that they are seldom fatal. The force of the blow from a penguin's flipper is such that three or four of them will draw blood from the human hand.

How Models Make Pictures.

The artist gazed in rapture on "The Kiss," his latest picture.

"Do you grasp," he said, "the passionate grace of the girl's attitude, the warmth and the power wherewith her tense, bito arms draw the young man closer, ever closer? Well, I got that idea from my model, a shopgirl."

"But for my model's suggestion I'd have put the girl in a stiff, cold pose, and the picture would never have been the masterpiece it is. But my model pointed out to me the abandon wherewith a girl, whether of high or low station, gives herself up to a kiss's charm. She illustrated the thing, aided by a male model, a young medical student. Yes, she made my picture."

"The fact is, models make, with their valuable hints and suggestions, lots of pictures. There's many a masterpiece whose merit is due to the splendid pose that the model originated for the principal figure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Burma's Popular Sports.

A form of speculation very popular in Burma is bull racing. A certain native sportsman is the owner of one of those bulls, for which he has refused an offer of 10,000 rupees. It has won several races and is looked after and as carefully tended as a Derby favorite. The owner values it at 25,000 rupees, and, it is said, it brings him an annual income of from 12,000 to 15,000 rupees. It is carefully guarded by four men lest it may be got at and "doctored."

Burmans also patronize boxing eagerly, but the art can scarcely be practiced according to Queensberry rules, for we are told by a provincial reporter that he has observed that "even the best boxers strike out with their eyes tightly shut, and if they do hit each other it is more by chance than anything else."—Calcutta Statesman.

The Wrong Lady.

Some young idlers had been enjoying the fun of hailing passing shopgirls with rather doubtful compliments, and from some of the answers returned it was evident that not all of those addressed were taking things kindly. Presently one of the older boys, seeing it was going too far, spoke up, "Look a' here now, fellers," he added, "youse might think youse is wise guys an' all that, but just keep on an' the wrong lady'll come along, an' she'll break yer face, see?"—Argonaut.

A Parthian Shot.

"Even though you are my brother's son I am obliged to discharge you. But I am sorry for your mother's sake."

"Oh, that's all right, sir. Mother says she don't see how I've put up with you as long as I have."—Judge.

Preparation.

Guest—So your fellow keeper Page is going to be married, is he? Gamekeeper—Aye, sir, that-a-be. He wor prayed for in church foor the second time Sunday laast.—London Mail.

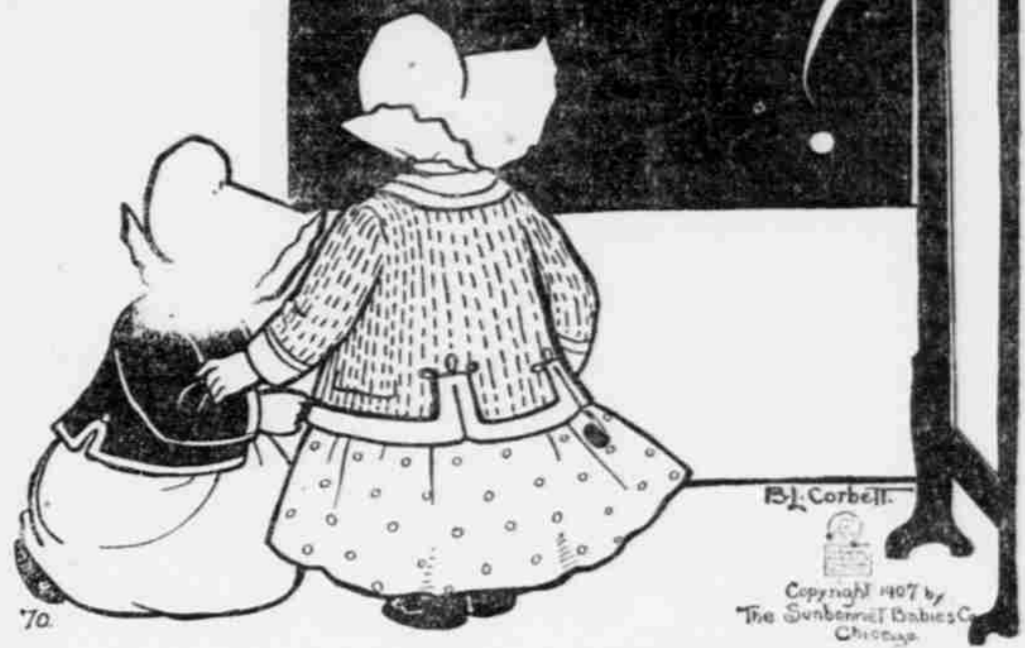
Raising the Ante.

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, judge, but please God, I'd give a white ter git rid er her."

Wanted the Earth.

Browne—Did you ever see a man who really wanted the earth? Towne—Oh, yes. Browne—Who was he? Towne—A first trip passenger on an ocean liner.

CLOAKS



Maybe we have today exactly the cloak you wish.

Maybe it will be gone tomorrow.

While our stock of cloaks is at its fullest, should you not select the one you wish for this season—right now.

These are a few things we think will tempt you. Prices from \$10.00 to \$25.00.

Words can not describe all we have. We invite you to come and see our cloaks.

Cordially.

C. L. DeGROFF & CO.

For Sale Cheap

Fine Business

Close in Farm

Good Residences

McCook Roller Mills; 90 barrels, good running order, good patronage, excellent location.

Eighty acres fine farming land; 55 acres in alfalfa. Splendid buildings, new modern house, seven rooms and bath completed, three rooms unfinished, hot and cold water, furnace heat, two miles from city.

My residence, corner of D and 5th street E, 100 feet front, and house and lot corner A and 4th street E, about 60 feet front, both 140 feet deep.

I wish to sell any or all of this property at once, on account of sickness in my family.

E. H. Doan, Prop.

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McCook, Nebraska

White House Grocery

"Ask Scott About It"

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