

Time Card	
McCook, Neb.	
MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:	
No. 6..... (Central Time).....	10:27 P. M.
2..... ".....	5:00 A. M.
12..... ".....	7:15 A. M.
14..... ".....	9:45 P. M.
16..... ".....	4:00 P. M.
MAIN LINE WEST-DEPART:	
No. 1..... (Mountain Time).....	9:50 A. M.
3..... ".....	11:42 P. M.
5..... ".....	8:30 P. M.
13..... ".....	10:25 A. M.
15..... ".....	12:17 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE	
No. 176 arrives..... (Mountain Time).....	5:55 P. M.
No. 175 departs..... ".....	7:10 A. M.

Governor Sheldon at opera house, McCook, next Tuesday evening, on the issues of this national and state campaign.

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

C. W. Shirley is off duty, this week, on account of a sore face.
 Engine 1182 is receiving tender and other repairs, this week.
 Ass't Sup't of Motive Power Ackerman was at headquarters, yesterday.
 Darve Burnett went on the goat in the local yards as fireman, last Sunday morning.
 Ass't General Storekeeper Fay of Chicago spent yesterday at this point in the interest of the department.
 N. V. Franklin was visited by his two brothers, this week, one of them from Eustis and the other from Cambridge.
 J. Gary Dole, after his visit here goes to Bloomington, Illinois, to take charge of the big Chicago & Alton shops at that point.
 Engineer M. H. Griggs and family depart, today, for Oberlin, Kansas. He is now running on the Republican City-Oberlin branch now.
 Night Ticket Agent McDonald went down to Hastings, Wednesday morning on No. 2, and was married in that city, Thursday afternoon.
 Sup't E. E. Young went down to Lincoln, Tuesday, to join the Governor Hughes special over part of the McCook division, Wednesday.
 No. 552, an El, the famous dinky, has arrived and is being overhauled previous to going into service in the McCook roundhouse and machine shop.
 Conductor and Mrs. H. H. Miller arrived home, Sunday night, from their visit in Somerset county, Penna., his former home and where his parents still live.

The Elder Robert Fulton.

Robert Fulton was born at Little Britain, Lancaster county, Pa., Nov. 14, 1765. His biographers have called him "a self made man" and have made but brief reference to his parentage. It is noteworthy that his father, the senior Robert Fulton, in a failure to leave financial patrimony to his children has not been accorded the mention of other achievements, not slight in those primitive days. His ancestors crossed from Scotland to Ireland prior to the time of Cromwell. From Kilkenny, Ireland, the Fulton family came to America before the year 1735. The senior Robert Fulton was among the prominent men of Lancaster, his name having been on record upon all the town organizations which existed at that period. He was a founder of the Presbyterian church, the secretary of the Union Fire company and a charter member of the Juliana library of Lancaster, the third library established in the American colonies.—Century.

The Fourmillon.

"In the Sahara," said an explorer, "there is a little insect that throws sand, and its volleys slay. They call it the fourmillon. The fourmillon digs itself a funnel shaped hole of the circumference of a silver dollar. It lies hidden and watchful in the bottom of this hole, and when a spider or ant or beetle comes cautiously prospecting down the steep and slippery sides the inhospitable fourmillon launches upon its guest volley after volley of sand—a hail of stinging sand so abundant, so suffocating, so blinding that the visitor loses his head. He rolls unconscious for the nonce to the bottom of the hole, and the fourmillon calmly dismembers him before he has time to come to himself again and puts him in the larder for the next meal."

Blooms but to Die.

The talipot palm (Corypha umbraculifera) of Ceylon, whose leaves are put to such numerous uses by the Cingalese, bears fruit but once during its life. This elegant tree measures about ten feet round the trunk and attains a height of about 180 feet. The flowers, the appearance of which presages death to the tree, are inclosed in a tall spathe which bursts with a loud report, disclosing a huge plume of beautiful blossom. The inflorescence is succeeded by equally conspicuous bunches of fruit. When these have ripened the tree withers rapidly and in the course of a fortnight may be seen prostrate and decaying on the spot it adorned.

Things to Remember.

He who would pass his declining years with honor and comfort should when young remember that he may one day become old and remember when he is old that he has been once young.—Addison.

TRAPS FOR MARINERS

Some Points of Peril That Are Dreaded by Seamen.

MERCILESS KENTISH KNOCK.

This Real Davy Jones' Locker Is a Vast Cemetery For All Ships That Are Gripped by Its Relentless Sands. Sable Island's Fingers of Death.

The exact location of Davy Jones' locker is not shown on any ocean chart extant, principally because it is a state and not a place, but if any one ocean death trap deserves the title it is the Thames estuary. The British naval department has a chart upon which it marks the position of wrecks with a black dot. On this chart the Thames mouth tract is a solid black spot. So numerous have been the wrecks that the dots run together. The point where the black dots actually pile one on top of another is the Kentish Knock, and this is the place among all of the ocean's danger spots that deserves the title of Davy Jones' locker.
 At the Kentish Knock it is not keel shattering rocks of piercing points of coral that wreck the ocean travelers. It is sand, treacherous, clinging sand, that grasps the doomed ship with a grip of steel and holds it firmly while the angry sea beats it to fragments. Many a vessel posted at Lloyd's as missing would be duly accounted for if the Knock sand would give up its booty. There is no hope for ship or man when Father Neptune asks toll at the Kentish Knock, for the nearest land is twenty miles away and the nearest lifeboat at Margate, thirty miles away.
 The sands of the ocean are far more dangerous than the rocks. The sand banks extend over more space, therefore offer more points of contact than the rocks, which usually rise in one slender pinnacle. The waters flow over them in smooth waves, and there are no warning breakers.
 Next to the Thames mouth tract in point of danger is the Hugel, the salt water river on which Calcutta stands. The most trying part of a large vessel's voyage from New York to Calcutta is the last few miles of this calm river. In this strange river in windless weather and flat, calm water vessels have been lost, dashed to pieces on the ever shifting sand banks by the force of the tides. The sands grasp the keel of the marked vessel, and she stops, but the tide moves on with relentless force, and the helpless ship is carried over on her beam ends. She careens over and founders with all on board. One of the worst shoals in the Hugel bears the name James and Mary. It was the name of a great Indian merchant shipwrecked on the sunken sand banks. Another danger point dreaded by the master mariner has neither sand nor rocks, but a great submarine waterfall. In the English channel there is a point just beyond the Shambles banks where there is a sudden drop in the sea bottom. The channel tides sweep over the banks and down this sudden drop, creating rapids equal in fury to those of Niagara. The American ship Georgian foundered in Portland race, the name by which this danger point is known, and all hands went down with her.
 Ships bound to New York from Europe pass quite near a deadly hidden shoal which runs out from Sable Island, lying off Sable cape, in Nova Scotia. The shoal runs out for miles in five directions like the fingers of a great hand reaching out for what it can destroy. When the gales blow, heavy seas boom upon the shoals with sufficient force to shatter the stanchest vessel afloat, and when the wind ceases the beaches are strewn with wreckage and the bodies of those who have perished. The distance from the shore is too great and the surf too heavy for the life savers to reach a struggling vessel, and few lives are saved at this point. Ten vessels have been wrecked in this trap in a single day.
 The rocky danger points in the ocean have nearly all been tagged, and light-houses have been erected on the most dangerous—all except one. There is no lighthouse on the Virgin rock, and there never will be. Out in the mid-Atlantic a giant pinnacle rears its head up from the ocean floor and endeavors vainly to reach the surface of the sea. It is too short by about eighteen feet. There it stands with its sharp point hidden by the ocean waves, waiting to pierce the bottom of some unsuspecting vessel and send it down to join the pile of ships' ribs and dead men's bones that litter the floor around its base. The waves seem to be in league with the rock, for if a vessel of light draft tries to pass over its head the waves shoot it down into a trough at the bottom of which the point of the rock is waiting to rip out her keel.
 These danger spots, however, are but annexes to the real Davy Jones' locker, the Kentish Knock, that cemetery of ships and men where dripping ghosts of master mariners and their men fit over the ruins of their vessels.—B. R. Winslow in Los Angeles Times.

Bridge Builders.

We read of the heroes of the battlefield, the ocean and various other callings, but there is another class of men whose work is also heroic, but who are seldom heard of—men who face death high in the air. They are what the engineer calls "riggers" and are the creators of the world's big bridges and the huge skyscrapers of American cities. Without their bravery and skill the towering structures which span the world's great rivers and gorges could not be put together.—Wide World Magazine.

Twain's Emancipation.

An honorary degree was once conferred on Mark Twain by a humble institution in a Missouri town that had known him when he was playing Tom Sawyer there in real life.
 It happened that the degree conferring ceremonies took place one lazy day in June when newspapers generally were suffering from a total collapse of everything in the way of news.
 One New York news editor raked the land with a figurative fine tooth comb and got a dry haul for his pains. Then, recalling that Mark Twain was getting his honorary degree that very day, it occurred to him that a message direct from the famous author might relieve the situation in the news. After much scratching of the editorial idea factory he evolved this query, which was transmitted to Mark Twain by wire:
 "How does it feel to be a doctor of laws? Please wire answer at our expense."
 After a wait of several hours this characteristic response came hot over the wire from Missouri:
 "It feels like emancipation from ignorance and vice."
 MARK TWAIN.

Riding a Camel in the Desert.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer, was the guest of a rich Hamburg merchant. The merchant's son, a young man of a somewhat sentimental temperament, said among other things that his dearest wish was to ride across the desert on the back of a camel. He thought such a ride must be very poetical indeed.
 "My dear young friend," replied the explorer, "I can tell you how you can get a partial idea of what riding a camel on the deserts of Africa is like. Take an office stool, screw it up as high as possible and put it in a wagon without any springs. Then seat yourself on the stool and have it driven over rocky and uneven ground during the hottest weather of July or August and after you have not had anything to eat or drink for twenty-four hours, and then you will get a faint idea of how delightfully poetic it is to ride on a camel in the wilds of Africa."

He Gave Her a Present.

When I was a young man Lady Jersey was one of the leaders of fashion, and her house was the resort of politicians and others. With her lived her daughter, Lady Clementine Villiers, a handsome and clever girl. The custom had been established that all friends should give the latter a present on her birthday, and these presents were set out in an antechamber. Among these friends was Lord Brougham, then an old man. He called on a birthday, but had forgotten what the occasion was, and had brought no present. Seeing a mass of presents laid out, he seized one of them and took it in as his present, rightly counting that the young lady would not remember that it was one that already had been given to her. And very proud he was of his presence of mind. But, then, he was an ex-lord chancellor.—London Truth.

Many Languages of Mexico.

During the fiesta of Christmas or the week of All Souls and All Saints, when the Indians swarm down from the mountains with their holiday wares for sale, visitors in the City of Mexico may notice the strange language that the vendors use in addressing each other. Even when they turn to serve the purchaser their Spanish is neither Castilian nor Mexican, but is frequently broken by peculiar syllables and accents. This is merely an illustration of the fact that the Indian languages of old Mexico have not been entirely submerged by the conquering Spanish, and in some of the most remote districts of the republic various and distinct languages handed down from the pre-Columbian era are still spoken in their pristine purity by many tribe members.—Mexican Herald.

Easy House Moving.

House moving is an easy task among the Lakas, a tribe living near the Lagone river, in the French Congo, Africa. This tribe, which is one of the most superb examples of the savage black race, lives in conical shaped huts constructed of plaited of rough straw. When a change in location is desired, both the women and the men put their shoulders to the task and carry the roofs of their homes to the new site, sometimes many miles distant. The circular walls of the huts are rebuilt.

Who Whips?

The clergyman's little son was telling the small son of a parishioner of the dreadful fights which he and his sister indulged in.
 "You don't mean to say that ministers' children fight?" replied the horrified little layman.
 "Oh, yes."
 "Who whips?"
 "Mamma."—Exchange.

A Sure Test.

The schoolmaster put to his class the question: "Two jars of gas, one containing nitrogen and one carbon dioxide, are given. How may the gases be discriminated?"
 One eager little pupil said: "Get a man, and let him take a deep breath of both. When he gets the carbon dioxide he'll die. That's the way to tell."

His Status.

"Is that ex-New Yorker who likes London so well a naturalized Englishman?"
 "No," answered Miss Cayenne "merely a denatured American."

His Only Chance.

Mother (crossly)—Tommy, haven't I told you you must not talk when I am talking? Tommy—But, mamma, you won't let me stay up after you go to bed!—Sketch.

BENEFITS IN DISEASE.

Typhoid, if You Pull Through, Gives You a New Stomach.

GOOD EVEN IN RHEUMATISM.

That Painful Affliction Keeps Other Miseries Out of the System and Is a Promoter of Long Life—Blessings of Colds and Smallpox.

To be struck down by disease seems a most undesirable thing, yet there are many living today in the fullest enjoyment of very excellent health who but for an attack of some disease would have lived a life of almost perpetual misery.
 These people were, first of all, victims of indigestion in its worst form, and only those who have experienced it know what true indigestion is. Struck down by typhoid fever, they came through the trying ordeal cured of indigestion, for one outstanding eccentricity of typhoid is that if you pass through an attack safely it gives you a new stomach. In fact, after an attack of typhoid the victim is usually left with a stomach like an infant.
 That is the grand chance offered to one who has suffered, it may be, for long years from acute indigestion. If only he takes care, after an attack of typhoid he need never know indigestion again.
 Be it remembered that any one troubled with severe indigestion is not advised to go hunting around for typhoid fever. That might prove to be a disastrous course to follow.
 A chronic cold is just one of those things which none of us want, yet even a chronic cold has its good points, more especially if you happen to be up in years a bit—not too old, of course. People who are up in years and who suffer from chronic bronchitis seem to get remarkably well. It keeps the blood in good circulation, for, of course, the victims have to cough, and that gives the heart a jerk and sends the blood coursing nicely through the veins and arteries.
 If the cold be not too acute, old people derive considerable benefit. An acute attack, on the other hand, may cut off an old person in a day or two. It is the chronic type only which yields benefit.
 Smallpox is a dreaded scourge, so much so that if it be reported that a case exists in a neighborhood a thrill passes through the whole community.
 Yet those who suffer from smallpox and recover usually live to a green old age. It seems to renew life in some mysterious way by thoroughly purifying the blood.
 If, however, you desire to attain to a ripe old age, you cannot get on at all without rheumatism. Consider the hosts of old folks you encounter hobbling about, grumbling all the day about their bones and joints. In all probability these old people would have been in their graves years before but for this very rheumatism.
 The reason is that if rheumatism is in the system it keeps other ills out. It makes a grand fighting force and keeps most other enemies of the human frame at bay, especially those of the germ type.
 Very naturally if you have such a grand friend at hand you have to pay something for aid rendered, but the pain of rheumatism, if shockingly severe at times, is not deadly, and that is why one gets so little sympathy when suffering from rheumatism.
 But the plain fact is that a slight malady always benefits you, even if indirectly. As an example of that say a very bad spell of weather comes along, cold and wet, and you contract a slight chill.
 What do you propose to do? Why, to take the greatest care of yourself and make as certain as possible that your cold gets no chance of developing into anything worse. Now, did that very slight cold not make its appearance and cause you to be extremely careful of what you did there is no saying what might happen to you any day during a spell of evil, cold weather. You might have exposed yourself so much that a severe chill would have seized you, followed by inflammation of the lungs.
 Accordingly a slight cold may easily save you from many worse ills.
 In this way minor afflictions act as warnings that worse things are coming along, but unfortunately many persons quite neglect these warnings. A man, for example, has indications, more or less constant, yet pays little heed, always expecting that it will disappear one day. Now, if he had just paid attention to the matter at the beginning-headed the warning in short—he might have been spared in for a severe fever attack, say on.
 Every pain, every ache, every headache, all these are warnings that something is going on the way and will be about shortly.—Kansas Weekly.

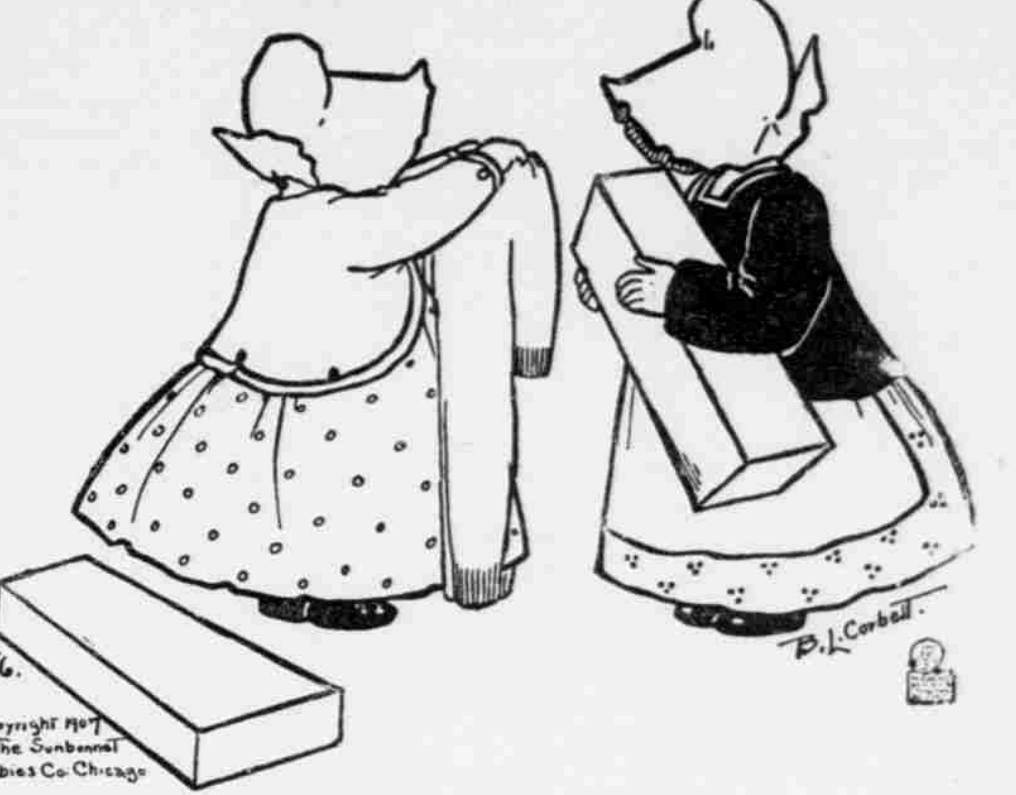
The Lightweight Champion.

Simkins—You say that little man was formerly the lightweight champion? Timkins—Yes. Simkins—How did he lose the title? Timkins—Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired.—Chicago News.

To Feign a Virtue Is to Have Its Opposite Vice.

—Hawthorne.

Say: We like Union Suits!
Sunbonnet Babies.



In union-suits there is lots of wear and because there is only one thickness they make the waist small and give a trim look to the entire figure.

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 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 this 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.
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