

Burlington Route		McCook, Neb.		Burlington Route	
MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:					
No. 6	(Central Time)	10:27 P. M.			
12	"	5:30 A. M.			
14	"	7:15 A. M.			
16	"	9:42 P. M.			
MAIN LINE WEST-DEPART:					
No. 3	(Mountain Time)	9:50 A. M.			
5	"	11:42 P. M.			
7	"	8:30 P. M.			
13	"	10:25 A. M.			
15	"	12:17 A. M.			
IMPERIAL LINE					
No. 176 arrives	(Mountain Time)	5:05 P. M.			
No. 176 departs	"	7:10 A. M.			

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

Engine 1239 is just off the drop-pit after repairs.

H. C. Jeffries is a new machinist's helper in the service here.

Engine 1903 received net set of fire brick in our firebox, this week.

Engine 1069 will be ready for the breaking in process about Sunday.

The 2705 had her cylinders bored, this week, and was given new packing.

C. E. Emerson was at Wray, Colorado, on business of his department, Wednesday.

Engineer and Mrs. I. L. Rodstrom are occupying their very cosy new modern home.

The 1984 was taken out of the white lead, this week, being the last road engine put into service at this point.

Engine 1124 went out of the backshop today after light repairs. She will go into service, Sunday, on the Hastings-Red Cloud run.

Brakeman S. W. McCreary departed, Tuesday morning on 2, for Galesburg, Illinois, on a visit to the family and a vacation of a week or two.

The company is installing a force-pump to give direct pressure to its fire system. Pump will force water from the company tanks into the pipes.

Switchman W. M. Ovorleese of the Holdrege yard had a narrow escape, Saturday last, a projecting platform at the Barber elevator being the cause. Some bad bruises, fortunately, constitute his total injuries.

October 19th the railroads of Arkansas commenced the collection of a three-cent passenger rate in that state on authority of the federal court, after a showing that the two-cent rate, in effect for past three years, was not profitable.

Trainmaster W. M. Weidenhamer went down to Lincoln, last Friday night, to assist in arranging details for the new fall and winter time card, which, we hear it intimated, will be somewhat faster than the present schedule.

Engineer and Mrs. Ernest McConnell and daughter arrived in the city, last Saturday morning on No. 2, from Denver, and spent the time up to Wednesday of this week as guests of his sister, Mrs. Albert McMillen. Ernest was an old time engineer on the Burlington, but is now and has been for years a resident of Eastern Canada and an employee of one of the great roads of the Dominion.

Dangerous.
Giles—How's your son gettin' on up in Lunnon? Garge—Very well. He tells me he's got a job partly behind the counter and partly out o' doors. Giles—And what 'appens when the door slams?—London Telegraph.

Makes Cowards of Us All.
There is nothing from which even the bravest man shrinks so pitifully as the lancet of the surgeon, even when it is wielded by the most skillful of his craft.—London Sketch.

He Knew.
Teacher—Now, Johnny, what was Washington's farewell address? Johnny—Heaven.—New York Sun.

Conscience and wealth are not always neighbors.—Messenger.



Splendid Blankets

Ask your dealer for a 5A Blanket. They are known the world over as the best and strongest, and the longest-wearing blankets made. Look for the 5A trade mark.

Buy a 5A Blanket for the Stable. Buy a 5A Square for the Street.

We Sell Them

McCOOK HARDWARE CO.

THE FIGHT FOR FAME.

Man's Heroic Effort to Clutch the Priceless Jewel.

His way was in a bloody lane where clanking caissons blazed along, his goal the line where blazing guns laughed out their song of death. On, on, on he went. His ears were filled with sounds of quick commands, bugle blasts, discordant drums. No fluttering fear was in his heart, no thought of home, no specter of the dread despair that waited at the hearth if he never came again. To him there was no terror in the saber's flashing blade, no warning in the bullet's deadly hiss. Youth trod all reason underfoot; ambition saw all glory overhead. On, on he went to woo and win his bride, the priceless jewel—fame!

Another in a garret sighed for fame. Crusts were his portion and his raiment only rags. Hermit-like he toiled alone, nor cold nor hunger ever daunted him. He marshaled all his hosts, and visions came and went. On, on he toiled. In the snowflakes that drifted in and touched his hands he read a message from the world without, all white, all cheerless. Still as a chrysalis his fancy wove and spun and made its garments wondrous, then burst in splendor on a waiting world. Both fought the fight, each in his way, one for a heroic shape of bronze one for a speechless marble face, each for the epitaph, that all the ages in the dust of time might know "he did and died."—Wade Mountfort in Era Magazine.

YOUR UMBRELLA.

A Simple and Effective Method of Marking It.

Name plates on the handle seldom assist in the recovery of even borrowed, to say nothing of lost, umbrellas. But there is a way by which you may so mark your umbrellas that the finders and borrowers thereof will be reminded of your name and address every time they stealthily sally forth with your umbrella over their heads. Make a paste of cornstarch with water; brush over the inner surface of the umbrella where you wish to have your initials or your name in full, either with or without your street address. When this paste is dry print your name on the cornstarch, using pure white lead. Let the paint dry thoroughly; rub a stiffish brush over the whitened surface until the cornstarch is removed.

You will thereupon find the white letters of your name standing forth immaculately against the black background of your umbrella cover. The cornstarch paste is applied to keep the oils of the paint from penetrating the umbrella cover and showing on the outer side. As it is, no unsightly grease spots come through. Your name is fixed and if painted near the tip it will be unobtrusive to you, though a constant reminder to the borrower or finder.—Scientific American.

An Error in Geography.

On one occasion the British lost a point in their war with Russia by reason of an error in their geography. This was when Commodore Elliot had succeeded in blockading the Russian fleet in the gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. The Russians were in a cul-de-sac, and the British ships waited contentedly for such time as the enemy should venture to put to sea. But they waited in vain, and at last an investigation was made. It was found that the Russian fleet had vanished. While the British commodore waited at the south end of the gulf, the Russian ships slipped away through the shallows at the north end into the sea of Okhotsk. Until this discovery was made the British government had believed Saghalin to be a peninsula. Now, too late, they learned that it was an island, with a very narrow channel at the north end of the gulf running into the sea of Okhotsk.—New York Tribune.

Hay on Church Floor.

A curious custom is annually observed at Old Neston church on St. Swithin's day. The church is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on festival day the church is strewn with hay. Many years ago some donor left a field to provide money for bread which is distributed four times a year. The tenant of the field has to supply the hay to strew the church. The custom is supposed to have originated from the fact that on festival Sunday the parishioners wear new boots, and the idea of the donor was to have the hay laid down to stop the squeaking incidentally to new footwear.—London Standard.

Ancient.

"You never give credit for the jokes you print."
"Well," responded the editor of the Punkville Palladium, "I don't know whom to give credit to. Noah failed to carry those records into the ark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Apologized.

Henry, aged three, was left alone with his three-months-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened. "Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked him to scuse me."—Delinquent.

Wholesale Wealth.

"He is not rich as wealth is measured today."
"Measured, eh?" murmured an elderly philosopher. "I guess that's a modern term. They used to count the money in the old days."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

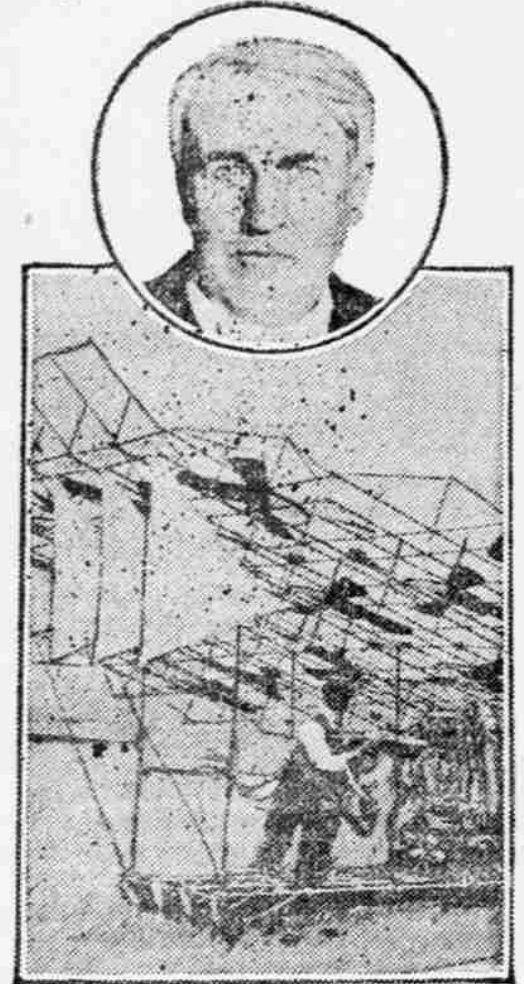
The Bachelor's Button.

"What is a bachelor's button?"
"One that ain't there."—Cleveland Leader.

EDISON AND AIRSHIPS.

The Wizard of Electricity Has Ideas on the Conquest of the Air.

Thomas A. Edison, who thinks that within five years people will be crossing the ocean in airships at the rate of 200 miles an hour, is not given to making prophecies based only on the workings of his imagination. He has accomplished so many wonders that the public has become accustomed not to get surprised at anything he says or undertakes. Mr. Edison has not been generally associated with the science of the navigation of the air. But he is at home in many fields besides that of electricity. Not long ago he determined to give up close application to laboratory work, to steer clear of commercialism and devote himself to pure science, to researches like those of Lord Kelvin, Helmholtz and Faraday. He has about \$25,000,000 now and thinks that will be about as much as he can use, so he is going to give himself liberty to work, play or study, as



THOMAS A. EDISON AND THE HELICOPTER.

he feels inclined. He will devote much time to chemistry, which, it is said, he loves even better than electricity, and just at present he is giving much study to the subject of air navigation. However, he does not place much confidence in dirigible balloons or in aeroplanes of the type used by the Wrights. The kind of machine which he thinks will eventually conquer the air is one based on the principle of the helicopter invented by Wilbur B. Kimball.

Mr. Edison says that the weak point of the Wright aeroplane is the fact that the operation of the machine lies wholly in the mind of the inventor and every move must be in perfect harmony with the working of the planes, a mistake meaning destruction to it and perhaps to its operator. The inventor of the helicopter claims that it will retain its equilibrium automatically. Mr. Edison predicts that with such a machine the Atlantic can be crossed in eighteen hours and the globe encircled in a week.

FOR POLITICAL EQUALITY.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, Who Now Champions Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, who has recently come out as a champion of woman suffrage, is not at all the type of woman who is chiefly associated in the popular mind with this cause. Instead of being of masculine appearance, with angular features, harsh voice and generally strong minded aspect, she is fascinating and versed in all the social graces and possessed of many charms of person. She is one of society's queens, has millions of dollars at her disposal, presides over a country estate at Roslyn, on Long Island, which is celebrated for its beauty, is a fond wife and happy mother.

Woman suffrage advocates have often been ridiculed, and they have been painted sometimes as lacking in the domestic virtues and in personal attractiveness. However it may be



MRS. CLARENCE H. MACKAY AND HER DAUGHTER.

been in the past, the advocates of political equality today number in their ranks many women of beauty and fashion. Mrs. Mackay is perhaps the most prominent of these. She occupies a position in this country somewhat like that of the Countess of Warwick in England, so far as the suffrage movement is concerned. Her first entry into politics was in connection with the election to the school board of Roslyn, when she won a place in the board in a contest that attracted much attention at the time. A photographer recently got a good snapshot of Mrs. Mackay and her little daughter while she was driving with her husband.

A SCIENTIFIC RUBE.

Knew More Than the Expert When It Came to Local Conditions.

"We were sitting around the stove in the bar of the little hotel in a Maine town," writes an electrical salesman in the Electrical Review, "when the electric lights flickered and went out."

"From the darkness came a solemn voice that said: 'Electric lights all out, b'gosh, and yet it ain't blowin' hard, either. Somethin's happened to the dynamo, maybe.'"

"I had been selling electrical supplies to the little lighting companies for several months, but I had never heard this particular idea expressed before."

"I laughed long and loud and was all the more amused when no one joined me."

"After they had lighted a big kerosene lamp I proceeded to explain to the crowd that incandescent lamps can't be blown out by the wind. When I had finished the old rube who had commented on the light said:

"'Look here, young man, if you knew a little somethin' about local conditions and about your own business you'd know that the wires in this township are hung up slack on the poles in some places and that they get to slatting in a good stiff breeze. When they do there's a short circuit that puts the line out of business.'"

BALLOONING.

It is a Safe and Simple Sport, but Not a Cheap One.

The only peril in a balloon ascension in such good weather as careful aeronauts choose for a voyage is in alighting, and in a well ordered expedition, where all the passengers keep cool and cling to the car, there is no danger at all.

Even if the wind is blowing hard the strong, elastic, woven willow basket takes up the danger part of the shock. One of these baskets ought to yield up its passengers unhurt from a landing in a wind blowing fifty miles an hour.

Balloonng under moderately favorable circumstances is a safe and simple sport. It is not, comparatively speaking, a cheap amusement. An ascent, including the cost of gas, expense of a pilot and transportation of passengers and balloon home, costs in this country from \$5 to \$75 a passenger. It is less in France. From Paris you can make an ascension for about a hundred francs.

The fare home is a very variable expense. Nothing is more uncertain than the spot where you will land. Of course it is easy to descend whenever you like. You may limit your flight to a couple of hours.—Albert White Vorse in Success Magazine.

A Sea Story.

"Of all my sea experiences," said the captain, "this was the strangest."

The ladies at the handsome captain's table said "Hush!" to one another and turned to the ruddy mariner with listening smiles.

"We were carrying," he said, "a lot of troop horses. A dreadful storm overtook us, and for two days we wallowed in the trough of a heavy sea. Finally it was decided that, to lighten the ship, the horses must go overboard. They went overboard in the morning. As soon as they saw that they were abandoned they turned and began to swim bravely after us. Bravely, desperately, they swam. They followed us for miles and miles. I can still see them, a long line, their necks arched, pushing heroically through the heavy sea."

"They sank, poor brutes, one by one."

The captain smiled sadly. "And I still seem to have," he said, "all those deaths on my conscience."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Allegheny Mountains.

Not more than five of our presidents down to Lincoln's time ever crossed the Allegheny mountains, and four of these were western men who had to cross the mountains to reach Washington—Presidents Jackson, Polk, General W. H. Harrison and Taylor. President Monroe crossed the mountains on his return trip from west to east in 1817. Van Buren came west in 1812, two years after the expiration of his presidential term, and saw the mountains then for the first time. It was on this trip that he got upset and dumped in the mud near Plainfield, Hendricks county—Exchange.

The Original Almack's.

The original Almack's club in London afterward known as White's rooms had a curious origin. It began as a tavern, started by Lord Albion's butler, McCall, who succeeded to give it his own name, McCall's, but jealous friends warned him that the tremendous popularity of Soles in London at that time, for which McCall's master was here to be responsible, would spell ruin to an establishment so called. "Very well," said McCall, "I will call it Almack's." The present Almack's club is a more fashionable organization which chose to adopt the old name.

Literal Thirst For Work.

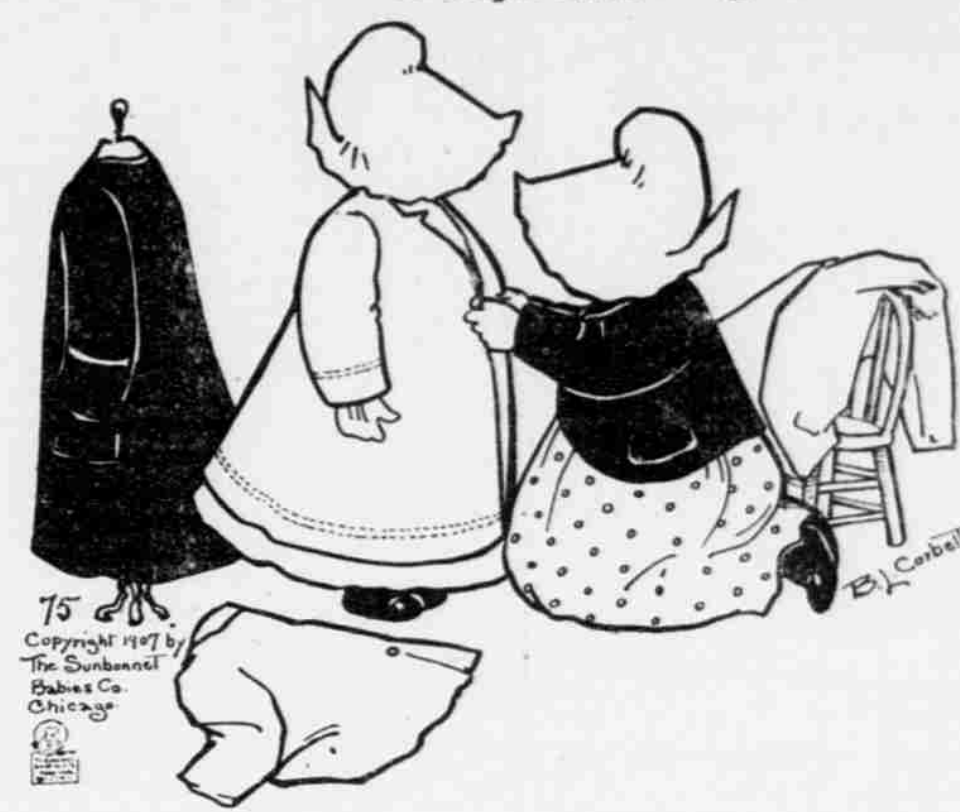
The lawyer who made a bluff at a big practice turned hastily to part from his companions.

"I am sorry, but I must go," he said hurriedly. "I have a case at home which I must absorb to the last detail."

"I guess," said one of the party, "it's a case of beer."—Baltimore American.

Nowhere with more quiet or with more freedom does a man retire than into his own soul.—Marcus Aurelius.

Say—Let's get ready for winter Sunbonnet Babies.



Are you ready for Winter. If not, may we remind you that Winter will soon be here. Just now our stock of Winter and Fall garments are on show at our store.

May be you would like to come and see them. We respectfully invite you to do so.

We now have a full line. Ladies' coats at \$5.00 to \$35.00.

Remember we sell everything you wish to wear, and materials from which to make them.

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 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.

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

E. H. Doan, Prop.

No. 310 5th Street E McCook, Nebraska

White House Grocery

CABBAGE IN QUANTITIES

This will doubtless be your last opportunity to secure cabbage in quantities this fall. :- :-

BETTER HURRY!

Fone 30

McCook, Neb.