

Miss Iola Hickerson or Seymour, Iowa, is visiting with her uncle C. M. Babbitt and family.

Prof. John and wife of Cambridge were Sunday visitors with Dr. and Mrs. Arbogast.

The Meses Bertha and Fay Babbitt of Cambridge were visitors here last week with their brother C. M.

Leo Simpson visited Cambridge friends over Sunday.

The wife and children of Prof. Lon Carnahan of Columbus, Neb., are here on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Carnahan.

Charles McKnight and family moved from here to Gothenberg, Neb., last week, where Mr. McKnight will farm. We wish them success. Mr. McKnight is an honest, industrious man, and although considered a poor man his word and credit were good for all he contracted. It is our belief no man ever lost a cent by giving credit to Charles McKnight.

Considerable excitement at the depot, Sunday morning, when No. 12 arrived. Drunken man landed. Attempted arrest. Depot door kicked in. Sundry threats etc.

The sudden death of L. O. Davis here Friday morning was a shock to the whole community. Mr. Davis was a painter and paper hanger. He and his wife came here from Cambridge a few months ago and made every one their friend by their daily walk and work. Mr. Davis had been sick a few days before but had so far recovered as to be able to work again and the day before he died painted John Ritchie's barn. He went to bed feeling as well as common; was awakened by the alarm clock in the morning and on attempting to get up fell back in bed and expired in a few minutes.

A. H. Barrows made a business trip to San Luis Valley, last week.

E. E. Smith and son Joe returned from the stock show at Denver, Saturday evening, on No. 6.

Aunt Smith suffered with facial paralysis, last week.

Homer Jordan, brother of Mrs. C. M. Babbitt, returned to his home at Atlanta, Neb., after a week's visit here.

C. E. Garrett, one of our painters, got a fall last week by stepping into a badger hole—and is laid up with a badly sprained ankle.

Rev. Davis, Evangelical minister of Cambridge, with his daughter and a friend, were in attendance, Friday, at the funeral of L. O. Davis, son of Rev. Davis.

Charles Peters is up from Kansas on a visit. He says work is plenty and wages good.

Ira Sheets, manager of the Perry & Bee yard at Bartley, was at Omaha last week attending the lumbermen's convention. On his return he stopped off at Lincoln and visited with our former citizens W. F. Miller and daughters Maude and Blanch. They are getting along nicely in Lincoln.

Will Ault and family were in Bartley, this week. They are now residents of Hayes county and are in this vicinity visiting relatives and former friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Garrett are proud parents of a fine boy, born Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey returned, Wednesday evening, from their wedding trip and are with Mrs. Dewey's father J. B. Haining.

NATURE TELLS YOU.

As Many a McCook Reader Knows Too Well.

When the kidneys are sick, Nature tells all about it. The urine is nature's calendar. Infrequent or too frequent action. Any urinary trouble tells of kidney ills.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills. Mrs. T. L. Haworth, living in the northwestern part of Arapahoe, Neb., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills and have every reason to believe highly of them. For several years I suffered from kidney trouble, the secretion from my kidneys being irregular in action and quite unnatural in color. I had pains across my loins and at times when I made a sudden movement, I would experience a crick in my back. Finally being advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box and in two weeks this remedy restored me to good health."

Plenty more proof like this from McCook people. Call at L. W. McConnell's drug store and ask what customers report. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis Mo.

Curious Mistakes That Have Been Made by Preachers.

A CAUTIOUS SCOTCH ELDER.

The Way He Qualified in His Petition His Praise of the Pastor's Wife. The Blunt Appeal of Father Taylor, the Boston Preacher.

The most frequent cause of inappropriate petitions is no doubt the persistence of habit. Certain phrases are used again and again until they come to be repeated without any thought of their immediate application, says the Christian World. We may similarly explain the stories of the workhouse chaplain who prayed that those present might not trust in uncertain riches and the prison chaplain who besought the Lord that he conduct the worshippers in safety to their respective places of abode.

The sense of humor must surely have been lacking in the old man of eighty, supported by crutches, who regularly included among his petitions at the weekly prayer meeting the request that he might be kept from running with the giddy multitude to do evil. Familiarity with conventional phraseology was the undoing of the minister who, after the sermon on the Pharisee and the publican, asked that there might be poured out upon his hearers a double portion of the publican's spirit. Not very complimentary was the use of a well known Scripture passage made by a minister at a wedding:

"May these persons live together in such harmony in this life that they may finally attain unto that state of felicity where they neither marry nor are given in marriage." As a concluding example of the thoughtless use of familiar language one may quote this remarkable amalgam: "O Lord, we praise thee that we are thine; we feel that we are thine; we know that we are thine; Lord, make us thine."

As in a sermon, so in a prayer, the attempt to correct a hasty utterance sometimes leads to surprising results. A cautious Scotch elder, it is said, had taken supper at his pastor's house and in returning thanks after the meal entered upon a detailed exposition of various causes of gratitude. He concluded by invoking the divine blessing upon the pastor's wife as his godly helpmeet, who had always upheld his hands in every good work—"at least," he added in a saving clause, "as far as we know." It is related of a compatriot that in a moment of forgetfulness he once thanked God for "the salvation of all men," but immediately redeemed himself from heterodoxy by the qualification, "which, O Lord, as thou knowest, is true in one sense, but not in another."

There are some men who seem to think that an indirect manner of expression is especially suited to sacred things, as the Scotchman quoted by Dr. Boyd is saying, "For, as thou knowest, men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of the national emblem," and the Englishman who thus pledged himself, "And, O Lord, if thou wilt move the heart of any young man to enter thy service, we will show our approval in a way which thou wilt appreciate."

Father Taylor, the Boston sailor-preacher, was one of the most direct of men and on the one recorded occasion when he essayed a roundabout style nature triumphed over artifice. It was the Sunday before the state elections, and he was praying fervently that a man might be chosen for governor who would rule in the fear of God, who would never be afraid of the face of clay, who would defeat the ring-leaders of corruption, who would defy his own party if it yielded to wire pullers, who—suddenly Father Taylor paused and then exclaimed: "O Lord, what's the use of boxing the compass in this way? Give us George N. Briggs for governor. Amen!"

The temptation to use public prayer as a vehicle for the conveying of information has sometimes been too strong to resist. In his lively reminiscences published some years ago in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine the late Dr. Benjamin Gregory recalled how a certain Methodist minister of an earlier generation was accustomed "to convey all necessary directions to his younger colleagues through the medium of the throne of grace." Here is an example: "O Lord, bless thy dear young servant. Thou knowest his appointment for tomorrow is at —, and he will have to stop at Brother —'s, who keeps a little shop opposite the church. Oh, grant that thy dear young servant may not forget to let the people have the magazines and to bring home the moneys."

The famous Dr. McCosh of Princeton was accustomed to meet the students in the college chapel every morning, when he would make any necessary announcements as well as conduct devotions. One morning in the prayer with which the service concluded he prayed for the president of the United States, the cabinet, the members of both houses of congress, the governor of New Jersey, the mayor and other officials of Princeton, and he then came to the professors and instructors in the college. At this point there flashed into his mind a notice which had been communicated to him orally and which he had omitted to include in the announcements made just before. To the surprise of the assembled students President McCosh continued, "And, O Lord, bless Professor Karge, whose French class will be held this morning at 9 o'clock instead of 9:30, as usual."

He who hesitates much will accomplish little.—Von Moltke.

How Can a Pound of Food Make One Three Pounds Heavier?

Here are two personal experiences of my own that are equally striking. After having put on rather too much weight, probably through excess and other mistakes of food and drink, I played a severe tennis match and lost seven pounds in weight. Then I took a glass of wine and at once by this put on two pounds. Then I took a meal slightly larger than usual and put on another two and a half pounds, though the meal itself weighed only one pound.

On another occasion when I had fasted for a day or two and had naturally lost two or three pounds a day I ate a meal weighing about one pound and went up in weight not one pound, but three pounds.

How can only one pound in food add three pounds in weight?

How, in the case of other people, can three pounds—a day's food and drink—add nothing at all?

In my own case one principle appears, and this is that my nature is at any rate rapid in getting toward the normal, but comparatively slow in getting far below or far above the normal.

A not uncommon but very striking phenomenon is that of the shampooer in a Turkish bath in London. He finds that after his day's work, which involves copious sweating and hard physical exercise and scarcely anything to eat or drink, he goes up in weight some two or three pounds merely by resting.—Eustace Miles in Metropolitan Magazine.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Way the Captain of a Slave Trader Was Convicted.

Romance writers are often blamed for making the plots of their stories turn upon slight chances and improbable incidents, but here is an incident in real life stranger than fiction.

In 1799 the cutter Sparrow brought the brig Nancy into harbor at Kingston, Jamaica, under suspicion that she was engaged in the slave trade. But, although many circumstances pointed to this fact, no clear proof could be obtained, as the brig had no papers from which the charge could be substantiated. The suspected vessel was therefore discharged, but the day before she left the harbor a man-of-war arrived, bringing some documents that clearly proved her guilt.

These papers had been obtained in a "highly improbable manner." While cruising off the coast of Santo Domingo the crew of the man-of-war had amused themselves by fishing for sharks. One monster was captured and cut up on deck, and in its stomach was found a bundle of ship's papers, the very documents flung overboard by the captain of the Nancy when he was boarded by the Sparrow. Curiosity led the captain of the man-of-war to clean and examine the papers, and the result was that he brought them before the authorities at the nearest port. The unlucky brig was condemned on this romantically acquired evidence.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Lame Excuse.

"A French sentinel in Algeria," said a playwright, "had for his colonel a very tall, lanky, round shouldered man. This round shouldered colonel one night was making a quiet inspection. Passing the sentinel, he found, to his rage and indignation, that he was not challenged. So he returned to the man and roared:

"You didn't challenge me!"

"N-no, sir," faltered the sentinel, saluting.

"Well, why didn't you? the colonel demanded.

"Excuse me, sir," said the sentinel, "but I thought—I beg your pardon, sir—I thought you was a camel!"

His Denomination.

A man who had been playing golf with a clergyman heard him swear two or three times under his breath. Suspecting the lapse, he could not be sure of it until one mossyball came out with unmistakable clearness. After he had finished the match a friend of his said: "I saw you playing just now with the Rev. Mr. Dash. Of what denomination is he?" "Some people say he is a Congregationalist," replied his late opponent, "but I should call him a Profanitarian."—Argonaut.

An Air Loving World Wanted.

Once get a nation into inviting fresh air instead of barring it out, and not only is that nation going to repel consumption, but it is going to better itself physically in such a measure as to be practically immune from other diseases. An air loving world is what the scientists are aiming at.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

All Provided.

Mrs. X. (away from home)—John, did you leave out anything for the cat before you started? Mr. X. (who dislikes the beast)—Yes, I left a can of condensed milk on the table, with the can opener beside it.—Boston Transcript.

Bad and Good.

Miss Sue Brette—And you say he took aim and threw an egg at you? Foote Lighte—He did.

"Was it bad?"

"The egg was, but the aim was not."—Kansas City Independent.

The Old Moons.

Little Dot—Is there a new moon every month, mamma? Mamma—Yes, dear. Little Dot—And does God cut the old moons up and make stars of them?—Chicago News.

Survival of a Curious Old Ceremony Called "Feoffment."

Our remote ancestors did not sell land as it is sold nowadays, the seller merely giving to the buyer an acknowledged deed of the premises. According to their customs, no land title could pass except by "transmutation of possession," and this they accomplished by a solemn ceremony, called by an old term a "feoffment."

The seller and the buyer went on the land together in the presence of witnesses, usually most of the village folks. The seller took a tuft of grass or a clod of earth and handed it to the buyer, declaring with a loud voice his intention to transfer to him the possession of the land in question.

Centuries have elapsed since the English race has sold land in this way, and it has been supposed that the practice had become extinct. A few years ago, however, a New England lawyer, returned from Bolivia, gave the following account of a land sale within 100 miles of La Paz, the Bolivian capital:

The American had climbed the Andes to a height of 1400 feet, accompanied by a native Bolivian who had agreed to sell some mining property.

The subprefect of the province and a notary went with them. The Indians living on the route were called out as the party passed along, until finally the complete company numbered about 300.

When the party reached its destination the prefect called the assembly to order, declared what was to be done, and the notary wrote it down. The seller then tore up dirt and grass with his hands and handed it to the buyer, who at once began to run wildly about the land, turn some assails and cut up all manner of funny capers.

This, the notary told the party, was to convince the native Indians that the purchaser had actually taken legal possession of the land, and he further stated that the Indians and their descendants would defend the new owner's title against any and all intruders until he or his heirs should see fit to transfer the possession of the land to still others in a similar manner.—Boston Post.

THREATENED THE DEITY.

An Impious Relic of Arizona While Under Spanish Rule.

Among primitive peoples gifts are made to the gods in the hope of securing their favor. Quite logically, also, when a god does not respond his worshippers cut off their gifts to him and sometimes even denigrate his image. But it is odd to find a survival of this notion among Christians, however simple minded they may be.

A very curious instance is contained in a report filed in the Smithsonian institution at Washington. It tells of what happened in Arizona while under Spanish rule and is amusingly naive in its story of how the people of one department tried to threaten the deity and thereby make him give them rain. The report says:

Considering that the Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the whole of last year only one shower of rain fell; that in this summer, notwithstanding all the processions, prayers and praises, it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Castanas, on which depend the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, it is decreed—

Article I. If within the preterpitory period of eight days from the date of this decree rain does not fall abundantly, so one will go to mass or say prayers.

Article II. If the drought continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and missals, rosaries and other objects of devotion will be destroyed.

Article III. If, finally, in a third period of eight days it shall not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns and saints, male and female, shall be beheaded. And for the present permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sin in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal.

—Scrap Book.

Economy.

Economy is always admirable. A Cheyenne hunter, though, was disgusted the other day with the economical spirit of a visitor to his shop. The visitor, a tall man with gray hair, entered with a soft felt hat, wrapped in paper, in his hand.

"How much will it cost," he said, "to dye this hat gray to match my hair?"

"About a dollar," the latter answered.

The tall man wrapped the hat up again.

"I won't pay it," he said. "I can get my hair dyed to match the hat for a quarter."—Household Journal.

No Burglary.

Judge—You are charged with burglary. How do you plead?

Prisoner—Not guilty, boss an' I'll tell you why. In de first place, de chicken coop doan wazn't eben locked. In de second place, dar wuz no burglar alarm; in de third place, dar wuz no bulldog an' in de fourth place, dar wuz no steel traps. Now, dar ain't burglary et all, boss; dat's jes' simply findin' chickens, an' I leafe it toe yo'self.—Exchange.

Not So Hero.

Every London man should remember that in the ordinary way, if he has reached 3 p. m. without getting married, he is, by a merciful dispensation of ecclesiastical law, safe for that day at any rate.—London Punch.

Driven to Drink.

Artist—My next picture at the academy will be entitled "Driven to Drink." His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose? Artist—Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a watering trough.

LONDON'S ODD THING

Westminster Clock Tower Is the Finest Jail In England.

BUT IT IS ALWAYS EMPTY.

The Tower Is the British Parliament's House of Detention, and Charles Bradlaugh Was Its Last Occupant. The Old Prison in Former Days.

If the average sentenced criminal were allowed to select his place of confinement his choice would probably fall on the Clock Tower prison at Westminster, as that is the very finest prison in Great Britain and is able to supply comforts and luxuries quite unknown to the ordinary Bill Sikes.

But the law decides that members of parliament only may be confined in that jail, although rank outsiders could be committed to the Clock Tower for certain offenses against the rules and regulations of parliament.

The Clock Tower prison, as it exists today, was erected in connection with the house occupied by the sergeant at arms. This official is in complete charge of any member committed to the Clock Tower, and a member cannot easily make his escape, because, in order to do so, he must pass through the house of the sergeant.

Very few members of parliament are committed to the Clock Tower in these days. We have to go back many years to find a precedent, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh being the last member to occupy the cells at the Clock Tower, and he did not occupy them long. He was handed over to the custody of the sergeant at arms on June 23, 1880, committed to the Tower and released next day.

There are two sets of cells in the Clock Tower, an upper and a lower, but both suits of cells are much the same. In each there is a sitting room of very ample proportions, well carpeted and furnished and replete with most of the things which go toward making one comfortable.

In each suit there are two bedrooms—one for the use of the imprisoned M. P., the other for the convenience of the jailer, who must always be on the spot in order to see that the legislator makes no attempt to escape.

Any member of parliament sent to the Clock Tower by order of the speaker would be required to pay for his own food, and if he did not do so he could be sued in court. Any legislator incarcerated in the Clock Tower would be allowed to rise in the morning just when he pleased, and he could retire to bed when the spirit moved him. He could read to his heart's content and smoke as much as he liked, there being no restrictions over such matters; his whole punishment would lie in being prevented from joining his fellows and mixing with them.

He would be taken out to exercise, but would always have two officials beside him to guard against any attempt at escape, and his exercise would be taken on the terrace before the house set for the day. Under no circumstances would he be allowed to hold converse with his fellow men. One way or another an imprisoned M. P. would not have a bad time of it, and he would not be kept in confinement for any lengthy period.

But if the Clock Tower is not much used nowadays, the Tower—the prison of the house of commons of a former day—was much in evidence. In olden times a passing remark, an observation obnoxious to the house, or, indeed, any trifling, was sufficient to send the culprit forthwith to the Tower, and not to the Tower only, for a member could be committed to Newgate.

Sometimes the reason for committing a member to the Tower was somewhat amusing, as witness the case of a member for Southampton who once entered the house in a drunken condition, mistaking the speaker for an owl sitting in an ivy leaf, addressed him as such, and the Tower. However, the member was released next day and scarcely remembered for his ridiculous behavior.

The Tower was made use of by the "Jone" parliament, but owing to many such elevated and objectionable members of the house being sent to the custody of the sergeant at arms, it fell into disrepute. It was, however, used by the Tower, and it is a fact that members were not allowed to enter in speech alone, but were obliged to mention the name of some prominent member in 1830 was committed to the Tower for refusing to be sworn, and he was not released until he had taken the oath.

In those days members were sent to the Tower, not only for offenses from the diary of the House of Commons, but for the day following his resignation to the tower. However, the last brought me a note of the fact which came to 1130—At the government, 1100; gentleman porter, 120; gentleman under, 110.

When a member offends in these days and requires to be "named"—at ways a necessary before committal—he is not sent to the Clock Tower, but is suspended from duty and is not allowed to enter the house for so long as the members decree.—Pearson's Weekly.

Her Idea.

Mrs. Muggins—I hear your husband is speculating in stocks. Is he a bull or a bear? Mrs. Buggins—Judging from results I should think he was a jackass.—Philadelphia Record.

Know Thyself and Your Own Place in the Universe.

Know thyself and your own place in the universe about you. Fear no phantoms, but face realities.—Grant Allen.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court of Red Willow county, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph Dudek, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the Estate of Joseph Dudek, deceased, that they are required to present their claims with vouchers, to the county judge of said county at his office in McCook in said County of Red Willow, Nebraska, on or before the second day of August, 1910, or the same shall be forever barred. All claims so filed will be heard before said county judge on the tenth day of August, 1910, at Nine A. M. Given under my hand and the seal of said court, January 4th, 1910. (SEAL) J. C. MOORE, County Judge. By: Fitch & Wolf, Attorneys—13-115.

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