

DANBURY.

S. E. Raisten of Lebanon was in town Monday attending the telephone company meeting.

Earl Peacock of Wilsonville was a social visitor, Tuesday, between trains.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Minniear, who have been spending their honeymoon in Colorado, arrived home last Sunday.

George Thomas, who has been in the eastern part of the state, arrived home, Wednesday last.

Floyd Ressler of Wilsonville was a business (?) visitor, Thursday last.

The entertainment in the hall, last Friday night, was fairly well attended. The program was well rendered. Proceeds go to the piano fund.

W. C. Shockley, who has been in Iowa for the past month, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. James Cumming of Lebanon came up, Saturday, for a short visit with homefolks.

John Wicks of Omaha, who is a traveling agent for the Bell Telephone Co., was in town, first of the week, visiting with friends and relatives.

Mrs. N. Axtell is on the sicklist.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Powell are rejoicing over a visit from the stork, Sunday, January 31st. A baby girl.

Charles Everist went to McCook, Saturday, to get a 10x15 Gordon press for Editor Newman, who recently broke his press in a smashup. She press was installed, Monday.

Fred Neff departed, Monday, for his home at Bird City, Kansas, to visit the homefolks a week or ten days.

Ernest Dodge of Marion was with us socially, Sunday.

G. H. Tillitt of Atwood, Kansas, was in town on business, the last of the week.

The members of the Woodman lodge entertained their families at the hotel, Saturday evening. There were about 195 present and all had a fine time.

Will Sandon, who has been recuperating in Denver for the past two weeks, arrived home on Monday.

Edward Stone is quite sick at this writing.

Quite a business change took place, Monday, when Webster Dowler and J. B. Dolph became proprietors of the D. E. Hethcote restaurant and confectionery.

Herbert Stone of Wilsonville is visiting at the W. A. Stone home, this week.

The high wind, Thursday and Friday, did considerable damage to the wheat, fences and small buildings.

MARION.

Cliff. Tandy arrived on Thursday from his visit with friends and relatives at Bussy, Iowa.

P. E. Reeder of McCook was on our streets one day last week.

A. J. Greer, Milford Pew, J. H. Wicks and Martin Nilsson attended the Powell & Smith public sale at Indianola last Thursday.

Several from here attended the M. W. A. installation and banquet at Danbury, Saturday night.

Mrs. Eiferd and children visited relatives north of Danbury, Saturday evening and Sunday.

R. E. Bacon was a Wilsonville visitor from Saturday until Monday.

Ed. Havens, from west of town, did some painting here a few days last week.

J. E. Dodge received a car of ice from McCook, Friday.

John Wicks of Omaha was an over night visitor with his brother and family, Friday night.

S. H. Stilgebauer and family visited relatives near Danbury, Sunday.

E. A. Ruby and family visited his mother at Danbury, Sunday.

We experienced one of the severest wind and dust storms for several years, last Thursday.

Milford Pew and family from east of town visited at the Greer home, Sunday.

Mrs. L. D. Gookley has been suffering from something like neuralgia in the head but is some better at this writing.

G. T. Plumb was a county capital business visitor from Thursday until Saturday.

The Epworth League met at the home of F. M. Yealer, last Friday evening.

BOX ELDER.

Mr. and Mrs. George Younger returned, Monday, from their visit in Kansas.

A. W. Campbell returned, last Thursday, from his visit in Oklahoma and in the eastern part of this state.

Mrs. Martha Johnson is visiting her grand daughter Mrs. Charles Wilson, this week.

Frank Wilson left, last Monday, for his homestead in Colorado. His brother Charles went with him to help him build.

BARTLEY.

Will Reimer went to Lincoln, last week, to finish up his studies in the university.

At a recent sale one mile north of Bartley 19 mule colts less than one year old sold for an average price of \$78.00 each. One pair bringing \$208.

John Ritchie moved to town last week.

Mr. McEham moved onto the Ritchie farm.

W. E. McKillip sold a quarter section two miles east of Bartley, last week, for \$55.00 an acre.

The high wind Thursday and Thursday evening did some damage to wind mills and chimneys and greatly interfered with the Ole Swanson Co. at the opera house.

Murry Corbin has been on the sick list for over a week, but is getting better now.

Minnick and Gregg attended the Powell and Smith sale Thursday of last week.

W. E. McKillip will build a new house soon, 2 1/2 miles east of Bartley.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Richmond returned from California, Wednesday evening.

Several members of the Christian church here attended the funeral of their pastor J. Stuart Miller at Edison, Sunday.

P. D. Ridge will take possession of our hotel about the 20th of this month. Mr. Ridge comes highly recommended.

Ground Hog day was the topic of conversation, Tuesday.

"Aunt Smith," widow of Prof. Smith, is improving from the paralytic attack she recently suffered.

Mr. and Mrs. Mose King have rent 1 their farm, four miles northeast of town, to their sons, and will move to Bartley in a few days and reside in the W. F. Miller building.

George Rawson has rented a fine half section, four miles east of town, and will move there soon. Mr. Rawson formerly resided on this farm and made money. We predict he will do so again.

Real Estate Filings.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since last report:

Table with columns for names and amounts. Includes Sarah A. Crosby, E. Ford, Sarah A. Crosby, Frank H. Coleman, David P. Treadway, George W. Predmore, C. E. Corell, James M. Brown, William H. Sullivan, Harry E. Reilly, Harry E. Reilly, Fred Bieber, John Condon, J. L. Dalton, Etna B. Dye, C. H. Boyle, S. F. Cordeau, and Jenny's Quick Method.

*Won a Wife by His Skill.

Action was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won his wife by his great work. He painted a picture called "The Nuptial of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic games. It created such a stir that one of the judges cried in admiration, "I reserve crowns for the victorious athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Action as a recompense for his picture." Action was one of the artists who excelled in the art of mixing colors. He could not go to the nearest store and purchase them, as artists do today.

Drawing the Line.

"I don't mind listening to a man who is paying for my dinner tell me the story of his life," said the woman. "Men's lives are generally interesting but I won't stand to hear a woman tell everything she knows, even if she does pay for my dinner. I'd rather pay for my own dinner and get an occasional sly at the conversation."—New York Press.

A Hard Shot.

Husband (angrily)—What! More money? When I'm dead you'll probably have to beg for all the money you get! Wife (calmly)—Well, I'll be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.

RELIGIOUS ACROBATS.

Dangerous Aerial Slide Annually Performed in India.

India offers many curious things in the way of religion, and the strangest of them all is the aerial slide, which is performed annually at Kulu, in the Himalayas. At a point where there is a cliff overhanging a precipitous gorge several hundred feet in width and a hundred feet in depth a rope is made fast to the rock. The other end of this is carried across the gorge and there secured to a stake. The total length of the rope between the two points is when drawn taut 2,500 feet, and the end attached to the cliff is several hundred feet higher than that fastened on the opposite side of the ravine. Thus a slide is contrived, and it is a dangerous one to all appearance.

It is down this incline that the performer has his path. For the lofty journey a sort of saddle is provided made of wood, with holes in it, through which the rope passes. But before a start is made the whole length of the rope is wet to prevent the saddle from catching fire from the friction. The performer sits astride this seat, and to his legs are fastened bags of sand, which serve two purposes—they enable him to maintain an upright position during his lightning-like descent, and they increase the momentum. The lower end of the rope is carefully wound with bits of carpet to check the speed before the stake is reached. Without this precaution the performer would be dashed to pieces.

The terrific velocity of the descent for the first few hundred yards is shown by the stream of smoke that trails from the wake of the saddle, despite the fact that the rope has been wet. Afterward the incline diminishes somewhat, and the pace becomes correspondingly slower. By the time the goal is reached the jheri, as the performer is called, is able to come to a standstill without disaster.

This slide in the air is supposed to reveal the will of the gods as to the crops of the approaching season. If the perilous trip is accomplished in safety a plentiful harvest is assured. Naturally, therefore, every care is taken to minimize the dangers of the performance. The ceremony is of ancient origin, and those who engage in it as jheri form a small caste apart.—New York Tribune.

A MEDFORD STORY.

Legend of the Phantom Ship and Its Mad Pirate Captain.

The town of Medford, Mass., has a legend of a phantom ship beside which the Flying Dutchman is only a peaceful merchantman. The Medford story runs that a ship laden with rum and gold and silver bars put out from that place in the days when the Spanish main was infested with pirates. It was headed for a West Indian port, but got into the doldrums and was so long becalmed that water and provisions gave out, and all hands perished of thirst and starvation. When the wind came up again the ship sailed away with her ghostly crew, was seen by a buccaneer, chased and overhauled.

The pirate captain made fast to his prize without firing a single shot, and, attributing the vessel's nonresistance to fear or lack of arms, he was the first man to leap on board. But the rope with which the captured ship had been carelessly lashed to his own parted under the strain of the seaway, and he found himself rapidly borne away from his comrades on what he soon discovered to be a floating coffin. A stiff breeze filled the sails of the derelict, and before his own vessel could overtake it night descended on the ocean, and the pursuing ship lost sight of it altogether. Left alone in pitch darkness on the grewsome craft, the pirate went mad with terror and, seizing the wheel, raced away before the wind and, according to the legend, was condemned to range the seas forever thus in command of his horrible prize.

Woe to the ship that encountered it scudding along by moonlight or in the lightning's glare, manned by skeletons and steered by a shouting, gesticulating madman, and when on several occasions it was sighted in the fog off Medford it was considered as the herald of storm and disaster and the loss of many ships.—New York Press.

Jenny's Quick Method.

Jenny's uncle, who was a school teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going to the Maypole dance. "No, I ain't going." "Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Jenny?" "Sure, I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jury at the Theater.

An unusual spectacle was witnessed at the Theater Royal, Nelson, Auckland, when the jury, who had been locked up three nights because they could not agree to a verdict in a murder case, were allowed to witness a living picture display. They had expressed a desire to attend the theater as a relief, and the judge consented.—Auckland News.

A Work Maker.

"Binks is weak financially, isn't he?" "He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men." "Who are they?" "Other people's bill collectors."—London Tit-Bits.

A LITTLE FISH'S TRICK.

How the Puffer Discomfits His Enemy and Saves Himself.

All the little sea folk have their own clever way of protecting themselves from their enemies, but the spiny boxfish has about the cleverest way of all.

He belongs to the great family called puffer, and you will see in a moment how well the name fits him. Just imagine the little puffer swimming around in the water looking like a small round box with a head on. A big fish comes along, sees the little puffer and thinks: "There's just a good mouthful for me!" But just as he darts toward him the little puffer blows himself up like a ball, turns over on his back and floats around with all his sharp pricklers sticking out toward his enemy.

The big fish is dazed; he stares at the puffer and thinks, "Can that great prickly thing be the same little fish I tried to swallow?" He can't understand it, but he sees there is no use trying, so he goes sadly on his way, and when the little puffer is sure he is gone he just empties the water out of his skin and goes back to his usual size.

Now, isn't that a pretty clever trick for a little fish to play? But, you see, Mother Nature gave the little puffer just that kind of a body that he might escape from his enemies.—St. Nicholas.

A SCOTCH RING.

One of the Royal Jewels, It Had a Melancholy History.

The traditional history of the Scotch regalia ring of the most tragic, not to say melancholy, character. It is believed that it was the favorite ring of Mary Stuart and that after her judicial murder in Fotheringhay castle it was transmitted to her son. From James it descended to Charles I., at whose coronation at Stone in 1633 it played a distinct part. Once more did this ill-fated ring figure at an untimely and ill-merited death, for, with almost his last breath upon the scaffold at Whitehall, Charles bequeathed it to Bishop Juxon in trust for his son.

In due course of time the ring came into the possession of James II. and was carried away with him on his flight to the continent. When, however, he was detained by the fishermen at Sheerness, the ring, which had been secreted in the king's underclothing, only escaped robbery by the luckiest of mistakes on the part of the sailor who searched him. Thus the ring was passed on uninjured to James' descendants till by bequest of Cardinal York it became the property of the reigning dynasty once more and was by them replaced among the royal jewels of Scotland, from which it had been separated for many a long year.—St. James' Gazette.

A Penalty of Genius.

It seems to be the frequent penalty of genius that it is denied the privilege of perpetuating its name and kind beyond a few generations at most. Thus it is said that there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sidney or of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Graham or Channing; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble or Edmund Kean.—London Standard.

Raikes' Ragged Regiment.

"Bobby Wild Goose and his ragged regiment" was the name booted after Robert Raikes, the first modern Sunday school advocate, and his scholars. The thoroughfare was Sooty alley, and the scholars were the ragged boys who toiled in the pin factories of Gloucester. England. Robert Raikes paid Mrs. Brandon, a poor woman, a shilling each Sunday to teach the boys the Bible. That was in 1780. Four years later there were 250,000 boys and girls attending Sunday school in the kingdom.—Delineator.

Wearing Work.

"How's your husband doing?" said the pale woman. "Bout the same," answered the thin woman. "Hasn't he got any regular work yet?" "Yes, he said he felt the need of some steady occupation. So he thought he'd make it his business to wind the clock." "Did he stick to it?" "For awhile, but now he's kicking for an eight day clock."—Kansas City Independent.

The Bishop's Rebuke.

A conceited young cleric once said to an American prelate, "Do you not think that I may well feel flattered that so great a crowd came to hear me preach?" "No," was the answer, "for twice as many would come to see you hanged."—From "The Old Time Parson," by F. H. Ditchfield, M. A.

Ambiguous.

Dobber—I don't know whether that critic meant to praise or blame my work. Cutter—What did he say? Dobber—Well, I had a picture of "The Dead Sea," and he said it was full of life.—Cleveland Leader.

The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can aspire.—Emerson.

TIME IN TURKEY.

The Hours Are Always Changing and Holidays Are Numerous.

In addition to laziness in Turkey there is inaccuracy. The Turkish official is naturally inaccurate, and habit and conceit make him more so. This perhaps is due to the way in which Turkey measures time. Twelve o'clock in the day corresponds with sunset—that is to say, whatever hour the sun sets, it must always be 12. Consequently the hours change always, getting later the first half of the year and earlier in the last, which compels everybody to put his watch to daily torture. So no one in Turkey can flatter himself that he has the exact time. The most strict of Englishmen soon loses his national punctuality, so when two Turks make an appointment it is within the limit of half an hour or an hour, and even then they don't generally arrive till after the time agreed on, each one calculating on the utmost possible delay on the part of the other.

Consequently the state employees are not bound down by very severe discipline. No one expects them to arrive at their office at any particular time, especially as the majority of them go hardly at all. As for the most industrious, they appear for two or three hours in the afternoon only, and rather late. In the morning state offices are usually closed. Besides this workdays are rather scarce for the race of officials. Friday is the Sabbath of the Mohammedans, Saturday is the day after a feast day, and one does not do much then. Sunday the Greeks and Armenians remain, like good Christians, at home, and the Mohammedans generally imitate so good an example. Monday is again the morrow of a feast day. Wednesday there is a meeting of the council of ministers, and few employees go then to the ministry. With religious festivals added in, it is easy to understand that out of the 365 days of the year there are not many left to consecrate to the interests of the Ottoman empire.—Nicholas C. Adossides in American Magazine.

THE CABIN BOY.

He Has Become Practically a Thing of the Past.

An old sea captain who brought his ship into port recently after a long voyage from the east was talking about the changed conditions in the merchant marine since he entered it fifty years ago.

"I was thinking particularly," he said, "of how the cabin boy has completely disappeared, or at least how extremely rare he is now. I went to sea when I was twelve years old and got my full share of the many duties and few pleasures that belonged to the job I took. I waited on the officers, or the passengers if we had any, helped the steward in the pantry and even had to assist 'cookie' despite the chronic kicking I put up over that imposition. Besides all those things, of course, the crew made me errands for them, and everybody in general seemed to regard 'the boy' as the scapegoat for anything that went wrong. All new cabin boys were unmercifully laughed at if they were either homesick or senile, and there were various practical jokes which had to be tried on them by the seamen. I remember well how I was told the first day I came aboard never to throw anything to windward except hot water and ashes and how I was green enough to follow these orders implicitly. The sight of my red and streaming eyes set the crew into roars of laughter.

"Those times are gone. There's no place at sea for any one but an able-bodied man now. Even the 'mess boys,' so called on the liners and in the navy, are all men. The modern changes in the build of vessels have left no work fit for a boy, and I don't believe you could find one now unless on some very small craft."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Power of Habit Strong.

"The habit of looking under the bed for burglars," the young woman said, "is something that folks laugh at but I have never been able to get myself out of it. I never feel perfectly comfortable unless I look no matter where I happen to be. It's impossible there isn't any place except a safe deposit vault burglars are well fitted to be. In fact, the habit is so strongly implanted in me that one night when I was staying in a small country hotel, where there was a night porter, he called me in the room, looked at me and then looked under the bed. He said, 'That's a fact, I've never seen the minute after.'"

London in "Sky"

After a few days in London, one feels that the city is a washing of the whole of London. Why not? While it is so possible to be ground for water, the city sky becomes blue and the sun's rays more beautiful. It is while a cold on sky makes white buildings delightful. If we could only see the whole city white, to be with, and then gradually and sparkling color, what a beautiful city London would be!—British Architect.

Keeping Up to Date.

"Yes," said the housewife, "yours is a sad story. But it isn't the same story you told last year." "Well, lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you surely wouldn't expect a man to go all day time and not show any improvement!"—Washington Star.

Accents.

In the midst of a rambling speech the political orator declared, "The situation is grave; the crisis is acute." "And the gentleman's speech," added the newspaper reporter, "was circumflex."—Youth's Companion.

Harrison & Harrison Win Ribbons.

At the stock show at Denver last week, Harrison & Harrison's fine herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle made a fine showing and brought back many ribbons, winning three firsts, five seconds, three thirds, one fourth and one fifth prize. This was the greatest number of prizes won by any Angus herd in Nebraska and only one less than the Miller herd of Iowa, the leading herd of the state.

ORDER OF HEARING AND NOTICE OF PETITION FOR SETTLEMENT OF ACCOUNT.

In the County Court of Red Willow county, Nebraska. State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. To May R. Redding, Grace V. Short, William H. Short, Minnie N. Short and Charles W. Short, sole heirs of, and all persons interested in the estate of James H. Short, deceased. On reading the petition of Lena L. Ghering, praying a final settlement and allowance of her account filed in this Court on the 20th day of January, 1909, and for assignment of homestead and dower to her as widow of the deceased, and for the distribution of said estate, it is hereby ordered that you and all persons interested in said matter may, and do, appear at the County Court to be held in and for said County on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1909, at one o'clock P. M., to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Tribune, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing. (Seal) J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

NOTICE OF SUIT.

Nellie Smith, Ann Smith, John D. Smith, Lizzie Smith, Rosa Felle Dodge, Arthur S. Dodge, Frank Reel, John H. Reel, Julia F. Reel and Helen Marguerite Reel will take notice that on the 22nd day of January, 1909, Charles E. Smith filed his petition in the District Court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which was that the defendants, and each and all of them, be required to set forth the interest they and each of them, claim in the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter of section 21, town 3, N., range 20, W. of the 10th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska; that the plaintiff be decreed to be the owner in fee simple, of an undivided two-thirds interest in said land; that the defendants, John D. Smith and Rosa Belle Dodge, each be decreed to be the owner of an undivided one-ninth interest therein; that each of the defendants, Frank Reel, John H. Reel, Julia F. Reel and Helen Marguerite Reel, be decreed to be the owner in fee simple, of an undivided one-thirty-sixth interest in said premises; that a judgment be had, confirming the shares of the parties as hereinbefore set forth, and for the partition of said premises according to the rights of the respective parties therein, and if said partition cannot be equitably divided, that the same be sold and the proceeds of such sale be distributed among the parties according to their respective rights, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 28th day of March, 1909. Dated this 27th day of January, 1909. CHARLES E. SMITH, Plaintiff. C. D. McCarl & McCarl, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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