

Real Estate Filings.

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

Indianola Driving Park Assn to Kate Thomas, wd to sw qr sw qr 12 3 28. 1500 00

Charles H King et ux to city of Indianola, wd to pt se qr se qr 7-3-27. 200 00

Charles H Nichols et al to Robert H Nichols, wd to 2 1/2 int se qr 5, ne qr 8 1-26. 4000 00

Philip Blatt unmd to Carrie Simons, wd to lots 1, 2, 3, 4, blk 20, McCook. 1 00

Lena J. Schobel et al to Caroline G. Snoko, wd to lot 1, n hf lot 2, blk 23, 1st McCook. 1850 00

Eugenia L Spearman et con to United States, wd to lots 7, 8, 9, blk 10, McCook. 3250 00

Lincoln Land Co to United States, wd to lots 10, 11, 12, blk 40, McCook. 2550 00

Charles Deitchler to Dora Deitchler, wd to sw qr 1-1-29. 1 00

Asa F McCord et ux to Henry H Stedman, wd to ne qr 29-3 26. 3750 00

ADVERTISED LIST.

The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the McCook postoffice, February 19, 1909.

LETTERS.

Beryer, Mr. Wm. D. Deunly, Wm. Henley, Mr. Frank L. Hein, T. A. Luckitt, Ward B. Nichols, Mrs. Norr, Wm. Plateudes, Miss Riggins, J. L. Strauser, Mr. C. J. Vonkenel, Rudolph VanCleave, Mrs. May

CARDS.

Baker, Mrs. R. S. Blankenhier, Hopkint, Mr. C. C. Miss Mabel Harmon, Fred Jones, Miss Susie Moore, Mr. A. B. Phelps, Mr. Jesse VanCleave, Mr. Walt

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.


S. B. McLEAN, Postmaster.

Hexamethylenetetramine.

The above is the name of a German chemical, which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text-books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities, and avoid a serious malady. Sold by A. McMillen.

Tribune Is All Printed in McCook
You will find local or county news of interest on each of the eight pages of this paper every week. It is all printed at home. No patent print. Read all.

No Question as to the Superiority of



CALUMET Baking Powder
Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition Chicago, 1907.

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DALLAS DIVINE, Prop.
PHONE 166. McCOOK, NEBR.
Night or day trips made anywhere
Prices Reasonable. Good Service Guaranteed

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ENGRAVER AND ELECTROTYPY
PHONE 1114 1420-24 LAWRENCE DENVER COLO.
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FAIR PRICE

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is also directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
A. Mc MILLEN.

CAUGHT THE BISHOP.

One Surprise That Was the Forerunner of Another.

That was a good old comedy bishop who one fine day entered a large jeweler's establishment in Regent street, London, to make an extensive purchase of valuable presents. He selected them with great care as regards their artistic value, but quite regardless of cost. The proprietor and his assistants buzzed round his lordship. The selected valuables were packed in separate parcels at his suggestion, neatly tied and sealed, and he had just taken a seat in the private office of the proprietor and was feeling in his pocket for his check book when two men, who had been peering in at the glass door leading to the street, walked up the shop and stood behind the bishop. They were plainly dressed, sharp looking men and thus bluntly addressed the jeweler:

"What has this man been ordering?" The bishop looked up, saw the men, turned pale, clutched the sides of the chair, dropped his glasses and looked as if he would bolt. Before he could stir, however, the handcuffs were on his wrists.

"Bishop, indeed!" said one of the men. "He was a colonel yesterday. Here, 'bishop,' come along to Vine street. 'Bishop,' indeed! Ha, ha! Well, that's a good 'un!" And, turning to the astonished jeweler, he continued: "Just copped him in time, sir; lucky for you. Oh, by the way, you might get one of your assistants to bring round these parcels he has selected. We must enter them at the police station. We have a cab at the door. We have been tracking the bishop all the morning."

Without a word the "bishop" followed the detectives into a cab, and all three got in as the assistant came out with the valuables.

"Here," said one of the detectives through the window, "place those in here—they will be safer—and you get on the top with the driver."

It was not far to Vine street; but, as usual, the traffic was congested in Oxford circus, and the cab had to halt occasionally. It was, however, soon at the police station. The assistant jumped off the driver's seat and opened the door. The cab was empty!—Strand Magazine.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Incidents in Which Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.

Coming events cast their shadows before them. The writer is led to believe this because several incidents in the lives of his parents corroborate the theory that presentiments of good and evil do come to persons unawares. I will mention two of them.

In the summer of 187—my father late at night was returning to his farm from the little town of Malton. He had reached unusually late. When he reached the farm all was quiet. Removing the harness from his horse, he proceeded to the carriage house and hung it in its place.

He came out and closed the door. As he did so he heard the harness fall. It was very dark. He went back into the house and found the harness still hanging in its place. The same occurrence took place again. He went back again and found it in its place.

When the third time he heard the sound of falling harness he did not go back.

Several weeks later his barn burned, and it happened that the same harness was in the barn loft, a valuable set. He attempted to save it. The staircase burned behind him, and he was compelled to jump for his life from a window. His previous experience came to him vividly. He saved the harness, but at the risk of his life. Another vivid incident I recall was my mother sitting by the fire with a sick baby. The nurse was present, too, and both were wide awake. Her father appeared to her and advised her as to the baby's treatment and other family matters. He vanished as quickly as he had come. The next day she heard of his death.—London Tit-Bits.

A Rural Enoch Arden.

"In our little town in a western state," said Brown, "there was a half-witted sort of fellow named Bill Wilkes. One day Bill took to the railroad tracks and never reappeared for about six years. In the meantime his wife, Bettie, took in washing and supported the family. One day Bill came back. He went around to the kitchen door, softly opened it, stuck in his head and said, 'Boo, Bettie.' Bettie turned around from her washub. 'Te, he,' said Bill; 'I scared ye, didn't I, Bettie?' Whenever I see a stage husband return to his family I think of Bill's greeting after six years' absence. 'Boo, Bettie; I scared ye, didn't I?'—New York Times.

Apfelsine.

Messina furnished early in the nineteenth century a new word for the German language. It was from there that oranges were first shipped to Germany, and the fruit was known for a long time after its advent as "apfel aus Messina"—apple from Messina. After many years "apfel aus Messina" degenerated into "apfel Messina," and finally it became "apfelsine," the name by which oranges are still known among German speaking people.

Quite Sufficient.

Mrs. Jones (inspecting a milliner's window)—I don't see what it is that keeps those women's heads turning around all the time. Mr. Jones—Why, my dear, just a bonnet itself is sufficient to turn any woman's head.—Lippincott's Magazine.

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY

How East Side London Plays on Boxing Day.

ROUGH SPORT IS THE RULE.

All Cockneyland Flocks to Historic Hampstead Heath, Where Hilarity, Fast and Furious, Rules From Early Morning Till After Midnight.

Boxing day is a great institution in England. The day after Christmas is Boxing day, so called because in the old days it marked the occasion of the actual giving of Christmas boxes. Now it is a national holiday. Besides being the last in the year, it has to suffice Londoners, at all events, until Easter Monday. It's a great day in Cockneyland, and the east end crowds to Hampstead heath, the picturesque open space in the northwest of London.

All roads lead to the heath. Soon after daybreak the procession begins. Fully loaded traps and donkey barrows are the principal items in the vehicular traffic, but the majority are on foot, singing and shouting for the holiday. "Ere yer are, Sir 'Enery," shouts a woman, pushing a tin squirt filled with water into your face. "Ere yer are, Sir 'Enery; all the fun of the fair. Two a penny. 'Ave a couple, will yer, m'lud'?"

The London street merchants have the habit of giving prospective customers a title, presumably on the theory that a Londoner likes to have you believe that he is some well known man.

Should you be persuaded into buying "a couple" the chances are a moment later you will be face to face with 'Arriet. She wears a large hat trimmed with large feathers of brilliant hue, has a hair fringe down over her forehead and a bright colored velvet dress. Probably several will be in a line, each with an arm around the other's neck and a mouth organ in the other hand.

There is battle in their eyes, and before you are aware of it a stream of water will be running down your face. The best thing to do is to retreat, for if you should give battle you are sure to retire, defeated, with your collar like a wet rag and a most uncomfortable feeling of dampness down your back.

Once on the heath the cocoanut patches will first claim your notice. "Ere yer are, kernel; seven shies a tanner. Every one yer knocks damn yer 'ave. They're all milky. Loidies and kids 'arf way."

Then this scene will meet your eye: Outside a large tent stands a raised platform. On it are half a dozen men stripped to the waist with arms folded across their chests. One of them, evidently the proprietor, twists a large rattle, which gives forth a most deafening noise. At last it stops, and he begins:

"Loidies and gents, I wants ter hinderce to yer notice some of the best boxers in the world. 'Im at the end is Felix Scott of Liverpool. 'E'll fight any man in the cradd, and if he don't put 'im aht in three rahnds 'e'll give 'im a quid. Nah, then, who'll 'ave 'em on with the champion?"

Some one accepts the inviting offer, and a rush is made to pay the admission fee and get into the tent.

A company of traveling actors is assembled on the platform outside the next tent, all made up in their war paint. The piece to be performed is "Othello." The price of admission is a penny. A reserved seat, an empty box, will cost you another penny. And the house soon fills.

Outside you will find every form of outdoor amusement in full swing—"Aunt Sallies," swings, roundabouts, skipping and donkeys. The latter are greatly patronized. Young men and maidens, old men and women, all have "a pannorth of donkey ride." A fat woman clings to one poor beast's neck shouting:

"O'er, I'm sure I'm falling. Don't make 'im go so fast. Ho, look at me 'at. Lemme get off. I'm sure yer 'ittin' 'im."

When the dust has cleared away she is seen lying in the road panting:

"I know'd yer done it on purpose!"

At last the journey home is begun, everybody happy and tired, yet not too tired to link arms, the men wearing the girls' feathered hats and pearl buttoned coats and the girls wearing caps and hats and wondrous masculine jackets. All are singing different songs, but every now and then they break forth in unison with popular songs of the moment. In the saloons they drink beer out of one pewter and swear undying love and friendship till the voice of the proprietor, it now being 12:30 in the morning and closing time, is heard calling, "Time, gents, please," and a final start is made.

This may answer the question why the average Cockney worker always wants a second day off to get over Boxing day.—New York Times.

Wanted to See Them.

When Helen, aged four, for the first time accompanied her mother to church she was given some money for the collection box. It was carefully explained to her that this money was "for the poor."

Helen sat patiently through perhaps a third of the service, when she started her mother by rattling the coins between her cupped hands and inquiring in a loud voice: "Mamma, when are the poor coming around? My 8 cents is getting all hot and sticky!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls.—Shakespeare.

WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

A Rather Roundabout Way to Prove the Proposition.

Men say women are angels; women say women are cats. Lot us pause a moment and reason upon this thing.

If women are angels—however, that does not seem to be the proper starting point. Let us try again. If angels are cats—but, no; that is hardly reasonable, for angels have wings, and cats do not fly. We must begin again.

If women are cats—but that isn't possible, for cats do not talk, and how could a dumb animal express an opinion in words of a woman? Whatever cats may think, they never say a word about a woman, while women—well, women are not cats.

Now let us return to the first proposition. If women are angels, they wouldn't say women are cats. Angels don't talk that way.

Once upon a time a man married a woman. He said she was an angel; the women said she was a cat. Happy man, not to know the difference between an angel and a cat!

Men say women are angels, and by this token women say angels are cats. Therefore, angels being cats, cats must be angels, and, both being the same, women are women.

Which is precisely what they are—W. J. Lampton in Lippincott's.

NEW MEXICO.

How That Portion of Northern New Spain Got Its Name.

The country now called Mexico was not so called till 1810, when the revolt against Spain began. Up to independence the country was called New Spain and was divided into the same number of provinces as Spain, each with a name of a province in Spain, with the prefix of "new," but New Mexico was not included in this division. It got its name in this way:

In 1561 Francisco Barra was in charge of an expedition of exploration into what is now northern Durango and southern Chihuahua and discovered an Indian village near where Santa Barbara now stands in which the houses were whitewashed and the people made and wore cotton cloth, raising the cotton in the neighborhood. He wrote an account of his discovery to his brother in the City of Mexico, telling him he had discovered "una nueva Mexico," a new Mexico, another Mexico, meaning that he had found another town like the City of Mexico, and thereafter all this portion of northern New Spain was known as "Nueva Mexico"—that is, New Mexico—which name it has retained, though now much reduced in extent.—Las Vegas Optic.

Muskrats For Meat.

Of all animals that supply meat to man the muskrat has been the most abused and the least understood, says the Baltimore Star. Its name had bred in the public mind a prejudice that has been almost unconquerable, but truth will prevail in spite of fate. As a fact the muskrat is one of the neatest and most delightful of animals. It is a crank in cleanliness. It dines with the care of an epicure. It eats only the whitest and tenderest morsels. And its flesh has qualities that can be compared only to terrapin. Indeed, there are good people along the Chesapeake, where all the best things live and grow, who find in the well served muskrat satisfaction that is equal to the diamondback. Only the ignorant and the prejudiced think differently, and they may be educated.

Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

The Prisoner's Retort.

It is a prison chaplain's duty to give a departing prisoner good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future. In the course of one of these interviews a chaplain said, "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked, "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When the chaplain replied in the affirmative the prisoner remarked, "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."

Didn't Need a Doctor.

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly. She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Are you suffering? Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly. "No," she murmured. "It's only a cold, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cheering Her.

Maedougal (to his new fourth wife)—The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife too! But, as I tellt' him, I canna be ave buryin', buryin'!—Punch.

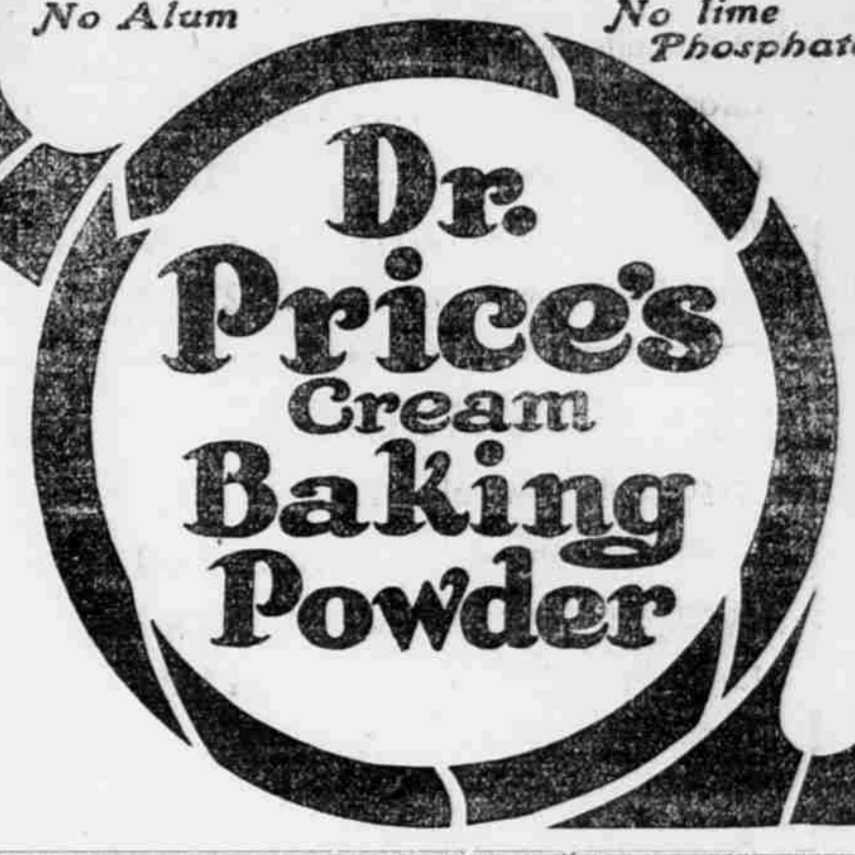
In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

A pure, wholesome, reliable Grape Cream of Tartar Baking Powder

The cream of tartar used in Dr. Price's Baking Powder is in the exact form and composition in which it occurs in the luscious, healthful grape.

Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food

No Alum No lime Phosphate



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The ice is packed around the sealed galvanized steel cans. "Sealshipt" Oysters are clean—fresh, thoroughly palatable, always.

New ways of preparing oysters are given in "Sealshipt Science"—an interesting book about oysters. Ask any of the following dealers for a copy and try a pint of "Sealshipt" Oysters today. No water. All solid meats.

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