

ANSWERS EVERY CALL.

McCook People Have Found This is True.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench. A little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spells of Backache often follow. Or some irregularity of the urine. A certain remedy for such attacks, a medicine that answers every call, is Doan's Kidney Pills, a sure specific. Mrs. B. F. Marshall, living in the western part of Arapahoe, Neb., says: "While lifting some years ago I strained myself and after that began to have trouble with my kidneys. If I worked a little harder than usual, or caught the slightest cold, I was sure to suffer severely, and at times would be forced to remain in bed for a couple of days. My back was very sore and when I straightened after stooping, sharp pains would dart through me. I also had frequent headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions annoyed me somewhat by their irregular action. Not until I used Doan's Kidney Pills was I able to get relief. They went directly to the root of my trouble and before long I was in good health again."

Plenty more proof like this from McCook people. Call at a 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.

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.

SOOTHING THE WAVES.

Oiling the Waters When the Seas Are Running High.

When the captain of a wave beaten ship pours oil upon the waters he does not empty a barrel of kerosene over the side. He has somebody stitch up three or four cotton bags, which he fills first with oakum and then with oil, usually equal parts of fish-oil and kerosene. The bags are then tied tightly at the tops and pricked all over with a sail needle to permit the oil to exude and are hung from the boat davits and weather chains to drip their contents on the raging billows. The bags must not be allowed to get empty, but must be refilled every two hours. For six bags ten gallons of oil are used in thirty hours. Sometimes if it is very cold the oil congeals and will not run out through the holes fast enough, and the mouth of the bag is then loosened to let it escape in that way. Its effect is magical on a rough sea. A huge comb will strike a patch of oil no larger than a common dining table and subside in an instant into a smooth, round swell, which the ship rides like a cork.

The use of oil is also a valuable aid in wearing ship in a gale and high seas. A few gallons of paint oil over the lee quarter enable the vessel to perform the maneuver in perfect safety without taking a drop of water on board. When a boat ships so much water that it is impossible to get the oil bags slung in position without running the risk of being swept overboard an ordinary bed sheet saturated with paint oil tied to a rope and allowed to float will soon calm the seas sufficiently to permit men to move about the decks safely. Paint oil is agreed to be the best to use, rape seed oil and porpoise oil rank next, but kerosene is not satisfactory unless mixed with some other oil.—New York Press.

THE SUMMIT OF FUJI.

When Morning Breaks Over the Very Top of Japan.

Suddenly a spark, a flame and then a burst of fire, and, lo and behold, the rosy morning is awake once more on Fuji's pearly crest while Japan, below, is yet enveloped in the filmy mists of night.

The pilgrims fall on their knees and bow their heads to the ground in adoration, and with much fingering of rosaries the plaintive cadence of their prayers rises like a lamentation to the heavens above.

At Benares, the sainted city of the Hindoos, as the sun rises each morning across the holy Ganges the prayers of the bathing multitude are as the roaring of the sea. But even this, one of the greatest and most stirring religious spectacles of the world, is not more picturesque than that little band of pilgrims 'twixt heaven and earth, high up in the blue profound, on the very top of Japan, kneeling in praise before the great orb which is the emblem of their empire.

Never to have seen sunrise from the summit of Fuji is never to have really seen Japan.

The kindly nature which made this lovely land has surpassed all its other efforts in the lavish profusion with which it has scattered its favors around the sacred mountain. Rippling rills and roaring rivers, dancing cascades and thundering waterfalls, feathery woods and deep forests there are on every side, but of all these glories the most enchanting are the lakes which lie embosomed like flashing jewels among the hills.

Of them all Shoji and Motosu are the most beautiful, the latter excelling in the exquisite sapphire blue of its waters and its dainty, delicate beauty all other lakes in Japan and challenging comparison with the fairest waters of the world.—Herbert G. Ponning in Metropolitan Magazine.

Gestures.

"It will help actors in gesturing correctly," said a playwright, "to remember that all gesticulation is an inheritance from our simian ancestors. We show abhorrence best by the same movements with which we would repel a wet dog. We show affection by the movements with which we would receive a loved physical object. We move our heads from side to side to signify 'no' because that was the way our monkey ancestors avoided a proffered and undesirable morsel of food. We nod for 'yes' because that was the way our monkey forbears reached for an acceptable morsel."

A Hypocrite.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a hypocrite? Pa—A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks the Lord for his success and then gets mad every time anybody insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself.—Chicago News.

Then He Went.

Mr. Saphedde—Enthusiasm is a fine thing. Now, I am always being carried away by enthusiasm. Miss Cautique—Yes, but the trouble is it doesn't carry you far enough.—Philadelphia Record.

Letting the Cat Out.

"What would you do if papa should die, Charlie?" asked the father before a room full of company. "Send away the ugly nurse girl and get the pitty one ag'in!"—London Tit-Bits.

Safety Sandwiches.

Parson—Oh, Mrs. Hostess, how did you slice this meat in your sandwiches so evenly? Mrs. Hostess (delighted)—Oh, easily! We used my husband's safety razor.—Judge.

How Washington Won His Spurs

An Account of the Early Career of the Man Whose Every Step in Life Is of Interest to Americans

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

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IN a spacious room, high beamed and glowing with the warmth of a cheerily blazing open fire, two men sat talking. As men will after the cares of the day, they talked on topics of indifferent interest, leisurely, quietly. But a chance word brought up a serious subject.

"Yes, yes, William," said one, with a shade of annoyance in his tone, "I know that the matter must be arranged speedily, but where are we to find a competent man—a man of the necessary executive ability and whom we may trust?"

"Near at hand, Thomas." And a quizzical smile accompanied the reply. "I fancy he's visiting Mount Vernon now."

"Not young George Washington?" "Precisely—young George Washington. I warrant you the boy has the makings of a fine man. He's strong, active, tireless, and has a brain to match his body."

"But he is only a boy—not yet sixteen, I believe—and this is work for a man, not for a boy. Besides, what experience can he boast?"

"Experience?" the other laughed. "Why, bless you, Thomas, if you had seen as much of him as I have you'd grant he had experience. He's forever at work, measuring here, calculating there. The lad is a born surveyor. Only the other day," and the speaker chuckled, "I found him busily engaged in surveying—never can you guess it—in surveying Lawrence's turnip field. His brother has a world of faith in him, and so have I."

There was a moment's pause, then:

"Very well, William, let us consider him engaged. Please notify him that the sooner he musters his party and starts out the better pleased I shall be."

Thus did two gentlemen of Virginia—Thomas, Lord Fairfax, and William, his cousin and confidential agent—reach a decision fraught with tremendous consequences to themselves, to George Washington and to America. For the mission with which they were intrusting the lad from the Rappahannock was exactly that best calculated to develop in him the sterling qualities of self control, energy, pluck and determination and to fit him for the great task of his life, the conduct of an epoch making war waged in field and forest, on steep mountain side and by swiftly flowing stream. In the wildest section of Virginia—then but a British colony—lay vast holdings which Lord Fairfax had decided to sell. They had never been surveyed, and it was to plat them out that George Washington had been chosen.

Truly a formidable undertaking to traverse the almost pathless wilderness, to explore a region in which the redskin lurked and to do this at a time of year when nature was in her angriest mood. A man, and much more a boy, might well have flinched. But George Washington was no ordinary boy. Physically he was well developed for his age. Though little more than midway through his teens he was already famed as the finest rider in a section that was celebrated for its horsemen. At fencing, running, jumping, he could worst any lad of his years, and mentally he was, as William Fairfax had suggested, exceptionally equipped.

Consequently it is easier to imagine than describe the elation he felt when he heard of his appointment. Eagerly he made all preparations and early in March, 1748, struck out from Belvoir, William Fairfax's magnificent country place, to cross the Blue Ridge and begin his labors in the valleys of the Alleghenies. He started in a pouring rain, and the farther he went the harder it rained. And he soon found other inconveniences of a more disagreeable type. The first night the party slept at an inn, where George, as he tells us in the journal a happy fortune has preserved for posterity, found in way of a bed only a heap of straw covered with but one "thread Bear

blanket with double its weight of Vermont such as Lice, Fleas, etc."

But nothing could daunt his spirit, and, despite the continued rains, the swollen streams and the terrific winds that more than once leveled his tent to the ground, he was constantly in the field, because, to quote his own words, "our time was too precious to lose." Out bright and early with chains and instruments, he worked till night and then sought what repose he could find. Occasionally when the party reached some remote settlement there were feasting and merrymaking, but this was an exception to the general rule of hard and prolonged toil. We find him writing to a chum:

"Dear Richard—Yours gave me pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but after walking a great deal all the day I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder or a bear skin, whichever was to be had, with men, wife and children, like dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

Here was a stern but invaluable apprenticeship, and it is good to be able to record that he acquitted himself so creditably that, his first mission accomplished, Lord Fairfax found other work for him to do, retaining him in his employ until his surveying days were at an end. Now, too, he was given opportunity to indulge in the manly sports so dear to his virile nature, for his duties became such that he was able to reside in one place for months at a time. At Frederick, for example, he boarded in the house of a widow named Stinson, who had seven sons, each a veritable Hercules in tradition is to be accepted. Near by was another family of lusty youths, Crawford by name. Every evening when the day's work was done the Stinsons, the Crawfords and George would meet in a large open space before the Stinson house and engage in trials of strength and skill. The others were far heavier than Washington, and in wrestling he was no match for them. As Hugh Stinson when an old man used to recall, "Often have I laid the conqueror of England on his back." But he was always quick to add, "Yet in running and leaping I and the rest were no match for him."

It is pleasant to note that, twenty-five years after the bouts at Frederick, when he was called on to lead the Continental army against King George's host, Washington's thoughts went back to the friends of his hard but happy youth, and, knowing their worth, he lost no time in offering them commissions. Several among them accepted his offer, and one, William Crawford, won his way to the rank of colonel and would doubtless have been still further promoted had he not fallen into the hands of hostile Indians and been burned at the stake.

In such wise, meeting and overcoming the difficulties of the wilderness, did George Washington prove his mettle and gain knowledge that stood him in the best of stead in his after life as a military commander. Only till 1751, his twentieth year, did he follow the profession of surveyor. Then, on news of trouble with the Indians along the frontier, he laid aside the compass for the sword and entered on the career that was to enshrine him forever in the hearts of his fellow countrymen.

How Washington Looked.

Washington was six feet two inches in height. His hair was brown, his eyes blue and rather cold, his skin clear and ruddy. His nose was prominent. In youth he was slender, but during his service in the army he weighed 200 pounds. His hands and feet were enormous. His boots were No. 13. He was broad, though not deep chested, and exceedingly strong. He could lift with one hand a tent folded about the tent poles which usually took two men to put it into a baggage wagon. He could hold a rusklet in one hand and fire it. His taste in clothes was plain, but fastidious. He was very careful about his personal appearance. He never wore beard or mustache and acted as his own barber. In his old age he wore false teeth, which gave to his face in the later portraits a severity of expression absent in the earlier and probably more truthful likenesses. Stuart's portraits of Washington are somewhat idealized. Portraits by Trumbull and Sharpless are considered faithful in most respects, while that painted by Joseph Wright in 1782 was highly approved by Washington himself. The Houdon statue at Richmond has generally been accepted as the most accurate image of the first president.

COURT HOUSE NEWS.

COUNTY COURT.
Licenses to marry issued by the county judge since our last report:

Abner S. King (21) and Clara Isabel Bush (17) both of Bartley. Consent of father filed in writing for bride.
Jess T. Purvis (21) and Rose L. Moore (18), both of Cambridge.
Earl McMullen (23) and Maude West (22), both of Hayes Center. United in marriage by county judge, Feb. 18th.
Harry M. Wyrick (25) and Pearl M. Lyman (22), both of Bartley. United in marriage by county judge, Feb. 17th.

U. S. Civil Service Examinations.

Competitive examinations under the rules of the U. S. Civil Service Commission, for the many governmental positions in the various services, will soon be held throughout the United States, being the regular spring examinations. If you are interested in this service, make application for forms and information to the U. S. Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., or to the Secretary of the Board of Examiners at St. Paul, Minn.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The Tribune has for sale a nice display of local view post cards in colors and in black and white. Also a well selected line of greeting and other post cards.

Hoarse coughs and stuffy colds, that may develop into pneumonia overnight, are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, and it soothes inflamed membranes, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from the system. A. McMillen, druggist, McCook, Nebraska.

Dr. R. H. Gatewood, dentist; office over McMillen's drug store; phone 163.

Real Estate Filings

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

Charles F. Lehn et ux to Leon A. Fitch, wd to e h f ne qr 63-30..... 1600 00
John Stevens et ux to William O. Russell, wd to lots 2, 3, in 63-30..... 900 00
Marion Powell et al to J. W. Pepper, d to pt se qr 28 2 29..... 175 00
Charles W. Rogers et ux to Jacob A. Clouse, wd to 4, 7 & 8 in 6 Danbury..... 1800 00
Rebecca Rogers et cons to Jacob A. Clouse, wd to 6 in 6 Danbury..... 200 00
Mitchell Young et ux to John E. Kuper wd to 1 & 2 in 18 1 27..... 1500 00
Charles W. Pike sgle to Kester J. Peers, d to se qr 33-4 30..... 1 00
Kester J. Peers et ux to Charles W. Pike, wd to se qr 33-4 30..... 1 00
William E. McCoy et ux to Chauncey S. Messner, wd ne qr 7 & n h f nw qr 8 1-27..... 5000 00
H. I. Peterson s h f to Lavilla J. Burtless, sd to s w qr 23 a nw qr 27-1-40..... 470 08
United States to William Pate, pat to nw qr 18-4-29.....

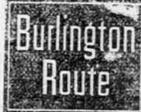
C. R. Kluger, the Jeweler, 1060 Virginia avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was so weak from kidney trouble I could hardly walk a hundred feet. Four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy cleared my complexion, cured my backache, and the irregularities disappeared, and I can now attend to business every day, and recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy to all sufferers, as it cured me after the doctors and other remedies had failed." A. McMillen, druggist, McCook.

Think About Your Boy!

MR. FARMER;—By the time your boy grows up and becomes old enough to take up in his own name one of the new Government Irrigated Farms in the Big Horn Basin it will be too late for him to get one. Will you let his chance go by? Is this fair to the boy? What will be the benefit of your foresight when he seeks for land and finds out what you neglected to take in 1909, almost as a gift, an Uncle Sam Irrigated Farm that in 1919 will cost him \$150 per acre? Of course, if he has the price, all right, but what if he has not?

Only \$27.50 Round Trip After March 1st

Personally conducted excursions first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write D. Clem Deaver, General Agent, Land Seekers Information Bureau, 1094 Farnam Street, Omaha, about these excursions.



D. F. HOSTETTER, Ticket Agent, McCook, Neb.
L. W. WAKLEY, G. P. A., Omaha.

THE TRIBUNE \$1.50 Value for \$1.00

V. FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT. A. C. EBERT, CASHIER.
JAS. S. DOYLE, VICE PRESIDENT
THE CITIZENS BANK
OF MCCOOK, NEB.
Paid Up Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$15,000
DIRECTORS
V. FRANKLIN, JAS. S. DOYLE, A. C. EBERT.

When You Buy Oysters Don't Pay For Water

Why should you get a pint of water with every quart of Oysters? Water is cheap—bloats and bleaches the oyster—spoils its natural flavor. You have never known how good oysters can be unless you have had

"Sealshipt" Oysters

They are shucked into air-tight steel cans and shipped direct from the beds—packed with ice around the container, not in contact with the oysters. You get all solid meats. And how fresh, wholesome, appetizing and deliciously different they are! Ask for "Sealshipt Sense," a booklet containing new and attractive ways of preparing oysters. If your dealer doesn't sell "Sealshipt," here are some who do:

RODGERS & MODRELL

The genuine "Sealshipt" Oysters are always sold from a White Porcelain Display Case bearing the "Sealshipt" trade mark in blue. This is for your protection—look for it. The "Sealshipt" Carrier System is patented. Infringements will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
NATIONAL OYSTER CARRIER COMPANY
South Norwalk, Connecticut.



We will not mince words here.

NOT MADE BY THE TRUST

CALUMET

BAKING POWDER

CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO

CALUMET Baking Powder

must give you satisfaction. It must prove that it is the equal in every way—and superior in some—to all other baking powders, or you must have your money back. You cannot set your standard of quality too high to suit us.

Insist on Calumet and don't let your grocer give you a Substitute.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition Chicago, '07.

NEVER FAILS

The automobile livery in Southwestern Nebraska that always gets there and back. Trips day or night—anywhere. Prices reasonable.

D. G. DIVINE

Can be found at 104 McCook, Neb.

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