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THE TRIBUNE Stationery Department

CITY LODGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & A. M.
McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Tuesday of the month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
Charles L. Farnestock, W. M.
Lon Cone, Sec.

R. A. M.
Occochee Council No. 16, R. A. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
Ralph A. Hagberg, T. I. M.
Sylvester Cordeall, Sec.

R. A. M.
King Cyrus Chapter No. 35, R. A. M., meets every first and third Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
Clarence B. Gray, H. P.
W. B. Whitaker, Sec.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
Emerson Hanson, E. C.
Samuel S. Garvey, Sec.

EASTERN STAR
Eureka Chapter No. 86, E. S., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
Mrs. Sarah E. Kay, W. M.
W. E. Hart, Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN
Noble Camp No. 658, M. W. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall.
Mrs. Caroline Kunert, Oracle.
Mrs. Augusta Anton, Sec.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS
Noble Camp No. 82, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall.
Mrs. Caroline Kunert, Oracle.
Mrs. Augusta Anton, Sec.

W. O. W.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 8 o'clock, in Diamond hall.
Chas. F. Markward, C. C.
W. C. Meyer, Clerk.

WORKMEN
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Monte Cristo hall.
Maurice Griffin, Sec. M. S. Jenkins, M. W.
J. M. Wentz, Foreman. Roy Kent, Foreman.

DEGREE OF HONOR
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. O. H., meets every second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Monte Cristo hall.
Mrs. Della McClain, C. of H.
Mrs. Carrie Schlegel, Sec.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets every second and fourth Sunday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
Walter Stokes, C. E.
W. D. Burnett, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS
McCook Lodge No. 59, B. of L. F. & E., meets on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall.
I. D. Pennington, Pres.
C. H. Husted, Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS
Harvey Division No. 95, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall, at 804 Main Avenue.
S. E. Callen, C. Con.
M. O. McClure, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 487, B. of R. T., meets first and third Sundays at 2:30 p. m., and second and fourth Fridays at 7:30 p. m., each month, in Morris hall.
C. W. Corey, M.
R. J. Moore, Sec.

RAILWAY CARMEN
Young America Lodge No. 456, B. R. C. of A., meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 7:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
Ray O. Light, C. C.
N. V. Franklin, Sec. Sec.

BOILERMAKERS
McCook Lodge No. 407, B. of B. M. & I. S. B. of A., meets first and third Fridays of each month, in Odd Fellows hall.

MACHINISTS
Red Willow Lodge No. 387, I. A. of M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall.
Fred Wasson, Fin. Sec.
Floyd Beert, Cor. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
D. N. Cobb, K. R. S.
H. W. Conover, C. C.

ODD FELLOWS
McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall.
W. A. Middleton, Sec.
H. G. Hughes, N. G.

EAGLES
McCook Aerie No. 134, P. O. E., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Diamond hall. Social meetings on the first and third Fridays.
R. S. Light, W. Pres.
G. C. Heckman, W. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
McCook Council No. 113, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Diamond hall.
G. R. Galt, F. Sec.
Frank Real, G. K.

DAUGHTERS OF ISABELLA
Court Granada No. 77, meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8 p. m., in Monte Cristo hall.
Anna Hannas, G. R.
Nellie Ryan, F. S.

LADY MACCABEES
Valley Queen No. 2, L. O. T. M., meets every first and third Thursday evenings of each month in Morris hall.
Mrs. W. B. Mills, Commandor.
Harriet E. Willett, R. K.

G. A. R.
J. K. Barnes Post No. 257, G. A. R., meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
Wm. Long, Commandor.
Jacob Steinmetz, Adj.

RELIEF CORPS
McCook Corps No. 98, W. R. C., meets every second and fourth Saturday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Ganscho hall.
Adella McClain, Pres.
Susie Vanderhoof, Sec.

L. O. G. A. R.
McCook Circle No. 33, L. of G. A. R., meets on the first and third Fridays of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
Mary Walker, Pres.
Eileen Lelew, Sec.

P. E. O.
Chapter X. P. E. O., meets "the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., at the homes of the various members."
Mrs. J. A. Wilcox, Pres.
Mrs. J. G. Schuel, Cor. Sec.

Try This For Catarrh.

Free tests are now being supplied by mail to all Catarrh sufferers. There is no expense—no obligation whatever. Dr. Shoop is combining Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, Oil of Wintergreen, etc., and is incorporating these ingredients into a pure, snow-white cream-like Imported Petroleum. This Creation—Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy—gives immediate and lasting relief to catarrh of the nose and throat. That all may first test it free, these trial boxes are being mailed without charge, simply to encourage these tests and thus fully demonstrate, beyond doubt, the value of this combination. If Catarrh has extended down to the stomach or bowels, when Dr. Shoop's Restorative must also be used internally if a complete cure is to be expected. Otherwise the Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy will alone be entirely sufficient. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. for sample and book. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Which book shall I send you?
No. 1 On Dyspepsia No. 4 For Women
No. 2 On the Heart No. 5 For Men
No. 3 On the Kidneys No. 6 On Rheumatism.

A. Mc MILLEN.

Fiction

The Two Minute Fuse.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

Andy and Blakesly had settled it between them that the Dutchman was a thief. Andy had missed a silver watch, Higgins a pocketbook with \$5 in it and Baker a nugget valued at \$20 which he had kept in his trunk.

Andy had wakened out of a sound sleep a few nights before and had seen Fritz skulking through the bunk house. When Andy failed to find his watch next morning there was but one inference for him to draw.

There in the end of the "drift" he and Blakesly figured the matter all out. In the afternoon Fritz was not only to be discharged, but also to see the inside of the Phenix jail.

Blakesly sat reflectively on the handle of his wheelbarrow. Andy threw down his drill, unwound a two minute length of fuse from the coil, scraped the end and slipped on a cap. He pushed the cap down into the hole and followed it with two sticks of dynamite, gently ramming them home and filling up the hole with dust.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Blakesly. "You're putting in a charge for your life, Andy."

"I'm going to blow out this horse and uncover the vein," returned the foreman. "If it takes a leg." Just then a burst of childish laughter echoed to them. "Is that Allie?" he asked.

Allie was his daughter, a motherless, sunny faced child, who had been the especial protegee of Mrs. Hurst, the keeper of the boarding house, ever since her father had brought her to the Pactolus mine. Occasionally Allie was allowed to come down into the workings, which was always a treat for her. She was a prime favorite, and every one of the miners would have guarded her as the apple of his eye.

"It must be Allie," said Blakesly, getting up and starting off.

At that precise minute the noon whistle of the stamp mill sounded.

"Take Allie up with you," Andy called after Blakesly.

"All right," returned Blakesly, bathing at the shaft.

The ladder was filled with climbing miners, Fritz at the lower end of the row.

"Where's Allie, Fritz?" asked Blakesly.

"She was gone oop alretty," answered Fritz, looking down.

"Sure about that?"

"Yah, sure. Kingman carried her out. I seen him meinself."

All the miners of the day shift except Kingman and Andy were now on the ladder. Blakesly was satisfied and started nimbly up the greasy rungs.

The foreman removed his tools to a place of safety, applied the flame of his candle to the end of the fuse, watched the fuse splutter for a moment and then made his way to the ladder and started for the surface himself.

"Where's Allie?" asked Andy, springing out of the shaft and hurrying after Blakesly.

"She came up with Kingman," replied Blakesly.

"Who told you?"

"Fritz."

The miners were straggling out singly and in couples on their way to the boarding house. Kingman was in the lead, walking alone. Fritz was just ahead of the foreman and Blakesly.

"Hello, Kingman," shouted Andy. "Where's Allie?"

"Kingman turned.

"Didn't she come up with you?" he asked.

Every miner in the straggling line came to an abrupt halt. The very thought that Allie might still be below with a fuse lighted and leaping closer and closer to a terrific charge of dynamite was sufficient to set every heart pounding. There were other charges in the level, too, but they were light compared with the one in the breast of the tunnel.

Andy went white in a second.

"You infernal villain!" he roared, springing upon Fritz and gripping him by the throat.

Fritz tore himself loose and ran frantically back to the shaft.

"Kingman vent past der slope mit Allie on his shoulder," he flung at them as he raced.

"I did," cried Kingman, joining the rest as they flocked excitedly after Fritz. "but she said she'd rather come up with her father, so I lowered her down the ladder again. Didn't you see her, Andy?"

"Oh, my God!" gasped the foreman and threw his hands to his face.

"How many holes were loaded?" demanded Blakesly.

"Three," said Higgins.

"All two minute fuses?"

It was a useless question, for that was the standard length for the noon firing.

Andy staggered against the framework of the "whim," his face ashen and his nerve completely gone. He could do nothing.

"Perhaps she's coming up!" suggested Blakesly.

Another useless remark, for Allie could not have climbed the ladder if she had tried. Blakesly leaped on the platform to look down, but Fritz had already swung the ox hide ore bucket over the shaft, had kicked the coil of rope into the depths and had gripped the strands convulsively.

It was a time for action, not for

words. How many seconds of the precious 120 had already slipped away? The climbing of the ladder, the walk toward the boarding house, the colloquy, the backward rush—it seemed as though all that must have consumed the time to the uttermost second.

"She's not coming oop," cried Fritz, and as he spoke he sprang into the bucket and dropped from sight.

One glimpse of his wild, terror-stricken face was all they caught, and then came the swirl of the rope and the shriek of the unrolled sheave. In a breath there followed the lump of the bucket at the bottom of the shaft, and the rope leaped upward and hung limp and shaking.

Boom! came from below, a puff of bluish smoke curling upward above the platform planks.

"One!" whispered Blakesly, drawing away from the choking powder.

Boom!

"Two!" gasped Higgins, holding his hat over his mouth and kneeling to peer downward.

"Do you see anything—hear anything?" demanded Kingman hoarsely.

Higgins turned a despairing face toward Kingman and shook his head.

Boom!

From under them came a sudden roar which seemed to rive the earth asunder. Kingman was thrown from his feet, and the others on the platform flung out their hands in an attempt to grasp something and support themselves. Up from the blackness rolled a billow of sulphurous fog.

"Fritz was mad to go down there," said Kingman. "They're both lost. What are you doing, Blakesly?"

Blakesly had jerked off his coat and was wrapping it about his head.

"If they're not both done for now," he replied in muffled tones, "they soon will be if we don't get them up. Stand ready to man the whim rope when I shake it."

He crawled gropingly to the ladder and lowered himself. All watched the rope breathlessly. Finally, after a wait that seemed hours in duration, the signal was given, and stout hands drew the bucket to the surface.

A little head lay against the bucket's rim, and a white childish face met the eyes of the men. Allie! Kingman took her out of the bucket. She was unconscious, but the miracle was that she did not appear to be hurt. Not a stone of all that flying debris had struck her. She was given into the eager, trembling arms of her father, who started at a run for the boarding house.

Meanwhile the bucket had again been lowered. The signal from Blakesly was longer in coming than the first had been, and when the bucket was drawn up a second time it was found to contain Fritz—Fritz, bruised, torn and bleeding, his clothes all but stripped from his body. Tender hands lifted him to the platform and stretched his mangled limbs out on the rough planks. They thought he was dead, but his eyelids quivered unexpectedly and partly opened.

"I was between Allie and der rocks," he whispered weakly. "She was in my arms and neddling touched her. It was my mistake, and it's all right, all right."

His spirit flickered and went out even as the "all right" faded from his lips.

Blakesly had to be helped to the surface, for his work in the unsoothing vapor had told upon him. A few breaths of fresh air were all he needed, and when he had revived sufficiently he told how he had groped his way along the tunnel and had found Fritz lying among the splintered rocks. Allie clasped in his rigid arms, her body protected by his own.

That afternoon Andy and Blakesly found a battered silver watch, an old pocketbook containing \$5 and a gold nugget, all on the floor of the fifty foot level.

"That is exactly where Fritz and Allie were lying," said Blakesly.

"Sh-h-h-h!" whispered the foreman, slipping the purse with its contents and the watch and nugget into his pocket. "Not a word about this. Blakesly, to my living man. Leave me to deal with the matter."

The following morning Baker was surprised to discover that his twenty dollar nugget was back in his trunk and Higgins when he got on his best suit to go to Fritz's funeral found the pocketbook with the \$5 snugly stowed away in the breast of his coat.

"Blamed if I didn't find ever' thing in my trunk a damn time back here for that chunk of gold!" remarked Baker. "If it had been a snake it would have bitten me!"

"I went through the pockets of all the clothes I've got hanging for that purse," spoke up Higgins. "and to think that we ever suspected Fritz!"

"Think nothing but out of the dead boys," said Andy, with feeling. "Come on! The miner is ready!"

Abnormal Twilights.

Twilight, which is normally due to the reflection of the sun's light by the atmosphere, is occasionally modified by other natural causes. Rare glows in the west after sunset are particularly common in the vicinity of Bordeaux, France. These are not the usual sunset glows, but appear in the sky 45 degrees above the sun and are supposed to be due to reflection from high clouds too thin to be seen in ordinary light. The same favorable clouds may also cause abnormal prolongation of twilight, as on the first day of last July in this same region, where a watch could be easily read up to four minutes of 10 p. m., whereas on the following night it could be read only till a quarter past 9, a difference of forty-one minutes. Owing to the presence of the thin clouds above described these long twilights are of use to astronomers as an indication that the night will not be favorable for astronomical observations. —Philadelphia Record.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—the saddest are these: "It might have been."

CALUMET Baking Powder

Avoid the mishaps—the disappointments—the "bad luck" in baking, by avoiding Poor Baking Powder—the cheap, or big can kinds and the high-price "Trust brands." They are unreliable—they too often fail—Don't trust them.

Put your faith in Calumet—the only strictly high-grade baking powder sold at a moderate cost. We absolutely guarantee that the results will please you. Guaranteed under all pure food laws—both State and National.

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Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907

APPLICATION FOR PERMIT.

McCook, Nebraska, April 16, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that L. W. McConnell has filed in the city clerk's office his bond and petition for a permit to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, from May 1, 1909, to April 30, 1910.—L. W. McConnell, Applicant.

APPLICATION FOR PERMIT.

McCook, Nebraska, April 9, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that Albert McMillen has filed in the city clerk's office his bond and petition for a permit to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, from May 1, 1909, to April 30, 1910.—Albert McMillen, Applicant.

Notice is hereby given that I have filed in the office of the City Clerk of McCook, Nebraska, a petition asking that a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, be granted to me for the coming municipal year, beginning May 1, 1909.
Dated April 7, 1909.
WILLIAM Y. JOHNSON.

Notice is hereby given that we have filed in the office of the City Clerk of McCook, Nebraska, a petition asking that a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, be granted to us for the coming municipal year, beginning May 1, 1909.
Dated April 7, 1909.
J. H. MITCHELL,
Geo. E. MITCHELL.

Notice is hereby given that we have filed in the office of the City Clerk of McCook, Nebraska, a petition asking that a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, be granted to us for the coming municipal year, beginning May 1, 1909.
Dated April 7, 1909.
J. P. McFARLANE,
HARRY J. COX.

Notice is hereby given that I have filed in the office of the City Clerk of McCook, Nebraska, a petition asking that a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, be granted to me for the coming municipal year, beginning May 1, 1909.
Dated April 7, 1909.
JAMES STEINMAN.

Notice is hereby given that I have filed in the office of the City Clerk of McCook, Nebraska, a petition asking that a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, be granted to me for the coming municipal year, beginning May 1, 1909.
Dated April 7, 1909.
JAMES W. LATHEPPE.

Notice is hereby given that I have filed in the office of the City Clerk of McCook, Nebraska, a petition asking that a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 1, block 22, in the Second Ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, be granted to me for the coming municipal year, beginning May 1, 1909.
Dated April 7, 1909.
MITCHELL C. CLAYDE.

ORDER OF HEARING ON PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

In the County Court of Red Willow county, Nebraska.
To all persons interested in the estate of Michael Houlahan, deceased:
On notice that the petition of Catherine F. Houlahan, praying that the administration of said estate be granted to her as administratrix, 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 24th day of April, A. D. 1909, at One o'clock P. M., to show cause, if any, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, and that notice of the pendency of said petition and that the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this Order in the McCook Tribune a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.
Witness my hand, and seal of said court, this 21st day of March, A. D. 1909.
J. C. MOORE, County Judge.
Boyle & Eldred, Attorneys.—49-38

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