Made from cream of tartar, derived solely from grapes. All the ingredients of Dr. Price's Baking Powder are printed on the label. They are pure, healthful and proper.

When baking powders are peddled or demonstrated, examine their labels. You will find they are not made from cream of tartar. You don't want them



CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN-Bible-school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. All are welcome.

R. M. AINSWORTH, Pastor. EPISCOPAL-Preaching services at St. Alban's church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. All are welcome to these services.

E. R. EARLE, Rector.

CATHOLIC-Order of services: Mass. 8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.

WM. J. KIRWIN, O. M. I.

METHODIST-Sunday school at 10 a.m. Sermons by pastor at 11 and 8. Class at 12. Junior League at 3. Epworth League at 6:45. Prayer meeting, Wednesday night at 7:45. M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

Preaching service at 11:00 a. m. Even

BAPTIST-Sunday school at 10 a. m.

ing service at 8:00. B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to worship with us, E. BURTON, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE-219 Main Avenue-Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Reading Room open all the time. Science literature on sale. Subject for next Sunday, "Ancient and Modern Necromancy or Mesmerism and Hypnotism."

Congregational-Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 7 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The public is cordially invited to these G. B. HAWKES, Pastor. services.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGA-TIONAL-Sunday School at 9:30 a. m Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 1:30 p. m. Senior C. E. at 4:00 p. m. Prayer cordially invited to these services.

REV. GUSTAV HENKELMANN, 505 3rd street West.

BACK GIVES OUT.

Plenty of McCook Readers Have This Experience. You tax the kidneys - overwork

They can't keep up the continual

strain.

pains;

Urinary troubles set in.

Don't wait longer-take Doan's Kid-

L. H. Seybold, living S. E. Cor. of Third St., and Railroad St., Kearney, Neb., says: "I can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers of kidney complaint. This remedy acted strictly up to the representations in my case, and proved to be a kidney cure in every sense of the word. My work obliges me to do a great deal of stooping and lifting and also exposes me to inclement weather. These combined conditions probably caused my kidneys to become disordered and backache was the result. Though I did not take Doan's Kidney Pills as regularly as I should have done, they nevertheless benefited me greatly and I willingly give them my endorsement."

Plenty more proof like this from Mc-Cook people. Call at a drug store and precinct visited Mrs. Greer last Friday. 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.

Real Estate Filings.

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

Gettman, wd to pt nw qr nw 32 3-29 440 00 Mrs Katie Walker to George Hoffman, wd to pt sw qr sw qr 29 3 29 400 00

Henry Brumgart et ux to Jacob

Walter E Corwin to Louise H Corwin, wd to 10 in 5 2nd McCook Forester C Stilgebouer et ux to Roy E Walkington, wd to pt

3, 4, in 47, Bartley 800 00 Kate A Waugh et cons to Fred Bamisberger, wd to pt ne qr 20 2 26 400 00 Jacob A Harsch et ux to Keit

E. Lutheran church, wd to pt

sw qr 35-3 27.... eonard Harsch et ux to Keit E. Lutheran church, wd to same as above..... kerson & Hegenberger to the Public, Articles of Partnership(barber shop) at McCook

Nebr.....

MARIUN.

Mrs. J. W. Pepper and sons visited at the parental Wingo home south of Danbury last Thursday. Several parties from here attended the

graduating exercises at Danbury Friday The W. C. T. U. met at the home of

Mrs. Clara Rodabaugh last Thursday. Light refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served. Mrs. Lucy Wingo from south of Dan-

bury visited her sister-in law, Mrs. Pepper, Friday.

Mrs. B. F. Darnell and sons arrived home Monday from their visit at Minden for the past few weeks.

About an inch of rain fell here Sunmeetings every Wednesday and Satur. day afternoon and night, which fills a day evenings at 7:30. All Germans longfelt want. Hope more will follow soon, as the grain was suffering pretty badly for the want of moisture.

> Mrs. Clara Rodabaugh was a passenger on Friday morning's freight for Wilsonville, called there by a phone message that her father south of Wilsonville was dangerously ill, but he died before Mrs. Rodabaugh arrived there. Mr. Rodabaugh went down Saturday

Ethel Redfern went to Lebanon Friday evening to attend the graduating exer-The back gives out - it aches and cises and visit her sister; she returned Saturday noon.

Mrs. Galusha visited G. F. Plumb one day last mid-week.

Miss Arvilla Sines, who has been attending school at Oberlin, Kansas, is at home with her parents.

R. S. Sanders and wife visited at the Fred Carmans home Cedar Bluffs, Sun-

Powell & Nilsson shipped the last of their sheep Tuesday night, having seven cars. Mr. Powell came in from Lincoln Tuesday noon to accompany the ship-

A large crowd gathered in town Saturday afternoon to witness a ball game between the home team and a pick-up

team. The home team won the game. B. F. Darnell was an over-Sunday visitor down the line and to accompany his wife and sons home.

Miss Sally Hawkins from west Gerver Dr. A. T. Gatewood of McCook was in town a few days the first of the week doing dental work.

FOLEY'S HONEYARD TAR stons the cough and heals lung

great bed of for-

norial by andy

1909, by American Press Asso-

T was the 29th of

May, and Almira

Stevens stood on

her doorstep look-

ing wistfully

about her small

garden. The large

central bed was

a desert of brown

earth, with here

and there a spin-

dling.dying plant,

and this bed

should have ful-

filled a cherished

planned a

LARISSA MACKIE.

"I've allowed all the other flowers so many years that she was ashamed for the cemetery lot, and now I guess to meet her own eyes in the mirrorthere won't be anything to put on and went downstairs and into the gar-Asaph's grave, after all," she thought den hoping the flower seed man would despondently as she walked down the not be late. path to a tangled mass of shrubbery that hid one corner of the garden. glance of respectful admiration Almira Here, screened from curious eyes by felt that the blue muslin was quite a network of young cedars intwined justified. "I've brought the plants," he with woodbine and ivy, was a long, low mound, at the head of which was a broad, thin marble slab, with an epitaph lettered in queer black charac-

STRANGER, PAUSE AND DROP ON THIS LONELY GRAVE OF ONE WHO SHOULD BE BURIED

HERE. BUT SLEEPS 'NEATH OCEAN'S

TO THE TENDER MEMORY OF ASAPH.

Almira had made this grave, hidden securely from prying neighbor eyes, fifteen years before. She had found the marble top of an old table in the garret and dragged it pantingly to the spot, where she set it in a deep hole hollowed in the soft earth. With paint brush she had printed the carefully composed verse and the inscription.

Tears of disappointment gathered in Almira's eyes as she walked slowly back to the house, and consequently she did not see that there was a buggy standing before her gate and that a

man was coming briskly toward her. "Good day, ma'am. I'm the flower seed man. Can I sell you any seeds or plants for your garden today?" He raised his straw hat and looked at Almira's surprised and tearful eyes with respectful sympathy.

"I guess not-I don't know. What have you got?" Almira blushed warmly and winked back the telltale tears from her blue eyes. When Almira Stevens blushed she looked very young and pretty.

The good looking flower seed man took in this fact. He whipped a leather covered catalogue from his pocket and said: "I guess it's easier to tell what I haven't got than what I have! I'll take your order today for seeds or plants or bulbs, and they'll

be delivered to you within a week. You've got a pretty garden here." "It will be nice later on," returned Almira gloomily.

"I see you haven't anything in that central bed."

"I had it planted with forgetmenots, and they all died," said Almira resent fully.

The man smiled, "That was your fault, Miss Stevens, You shouldn't plant forgetmenots in an open, sunny place like that.

They want a moist, shady spot. I should think over there would be a good place." He pointed to the inclosed corner of the gar-

Almira started. "I never thought of planting them there," she said. "I'm dreadful disappointed about the forgetmenots not doing well."

"That's too bad. I suppose you've got graves to decorate." Almira nodded.

She liked the looks of the flower seed man, and she thought him very handsome when he smiled and displayed

rows of even FLOWERS FOR THE white teeth be-CEMETERY. she said musingly.

"That's easily found out," said the | box of plants, and together they went | man, and before Almira could utter a into the garden and planted the pan- did! They've got \$1,000, but I've saved word of protest he was striding rap- sies in the central bed. idly toward the corner where the white marble stone was hidden behind the

Almira panted hastily after him. what that really meant

FOOLED THE ROBBERS there was a grave

said awkwardi;

airied confusedly we you'll excuse in Miss

er like to have this quiet place

ome to when you're feeling lone

mira noused assent. "I was going at the forgetmenets on the mound."

You should have planted them here,

n. They'd have grown all right.

h bring you some plants tomorrow to

"I'm much obliged, Mr."- Almira

Presently he came and at the quick

called, coming to-

ward her with a

long box, and

then they walked

toward the in-

"Those are

lovely?" cried Al-

"I couldn't get

forgetmenots, but

these mean some-

heartsease, you

know-and I

guess that's what

most of us need."

Almira found

herself blushing

again, "I sup-

pose it is," she

said faintly. "It's

pleasant to re-

member your-

friends after

they're gone,

The flower see

trowel from his

pocket and be

gan to dig the

man drew

she added.

THOSE ARE LOVELY!"

CRIED ALMIRA.

concern toward Almira.

soberly.

klestone.'

Almira nodded.

ty name," said Almira.

she cried tremulously.

seed man's face.

"Good Lord!"

laugh.

gasped.

ognize him?"

he's grown awful fat!"

soft earth of the mound. "All my

folks are alive," he said apologetically.

"I come sometimes," she faltered.

"Well, you take my advice and only

come when the sun shines on this par-

back on his heels and looked at the

headstone for the first time. "Did

"It's a very pretty verse, but that

name-Asaph-it's a queer name.

never heard it but once before. The

fellow that had it married my cousin

Annie, and I guess he's got his hands

"I always thought Asaph was a pret-

"So did I till I met with Asaph Win-

Almira uttered a frightened little cry

and sank to her knees on the bare

ground. "What name did you say?"

"Asaph Winklestone, ma'am. I hope

you're not sick. Let me help you up.'

There was deep concern in the flower

"That's his name," she said breath-

The flower seed man and Almfra

Stevens stared at one another until

Almira uttered a hysterical little

"Thunderation! He was not! The

mean-excuse me! Our Asaph was a

sailor till he got wrecked and had the

everlasting life scared out of him."

With a quick movement he drew a

leather case from his pocket and drew

from it a photograph. "There's a pic-

ture of our family group, Miss Ste-

vens, including our Asaph. Do you rec-

Almira took the picture with quiver-

ing fingers, looked at it and gave it

back with a sigh of relief. "Yes," she

said constrainedly, "it's Asaph, but

The flower seed man did not answer.

As for Asaph Winklestone-he was

left to the tender mer les of Cousin

"He was drowned at sea," she

lessly, pointing to the mound.

closure.

mira.

said at tast.

dered with the stranger.

through the May sunshine.

out in here."

disappoint you."

of her kinsfolk.

o grave. It's only

www-how it is. You

An Incident of the Days of Stagecoach Holdups.

QUICK WIT OF PAT CLOHESY. A. G. BUMP

The Trick by Which the Old Time Mining Man of Colorado Saved Himself and Sacrificed His Fellow Travelers and the Story Sequel.

"When the passengers in the old coaching days found themselves in the stammered as she realized into what clutches of the 'road agents' they inintimate conversation she had wanstinctively hurried, during the short "Babcock, ma'am-George Babcock, time that driver and guard were be-I'll be here in the morning. I won't ing put in a proper state of helplessness, to secret money and valuables in There was a smile of pleasant retro- the first safe place that suggested itspection in Aimira's lips as she watch. self," said a veteran Colorado mining ed the flower seed man drive away man. "But such precautions were use- H. P. SUTTON less, for there was small time and The next morning she was up at smaller opportunity of place to hide dream of Almira's break of day busily denuding her gar. anything in a mere shell of a coach. heart. During the den of its blooms. When the sun sent If a man was found without money. long, cold winter. Its first rays across the green fields she they stripped him and searched the when the outside bad been to the cemetery on the hill stage as well.

world was bare and laid her offerings of pink and "The experience of Pat Clohesy, an and white, she white and lilac blooms on the graves old time mining man of Colorado, is historic. One afternoon he took the She found herself wishing that noth- stage from Silver Cliff camp, bound getmenots. It was ing would prevent the flower seed for the railroad, sixty miles away. In to be a sea of man's coming. He was very interest- the coach were a dozen other passenpale blue loveli- ing! Here Almira blushed and hur- gers, none of whom knew him. As ness, and on Me- ried into the house, where she blushed they reached the narrowest part of the morial day its again as she slipped on a blue muslin gorge that leads out of Wet Mountain beauty was to dress and pinned the collar with a lit- valley a loud command of 'Hold up cover a grave in the corner of the gar- tle gold brooch. It was many years your hands! brought the stage to a since Almira had worn blue muslinsudden standstill and every passenger in it to a swift realization that unless quick action was taken he would go broke. One crammed his wad of bills down his boot leg; another thrust his roll down the back of his neck; a third took off his hat, put his wallet inside and set it back on his head. Every man Jack of them attempted to secrete his money except Pat Clohesy.

and Pat sat perfectly quiet. "In a few moments a rifle barrel appeared at the window, and there came the order, 'Hands up and all out!' Out the passengers tumbled and stood in line with lifted hands. Pat at the far end. When the searching highwayman went through the first man he found nothing. Irritated at this, he GIVE ME started through the second, with the same lack of success. Angry at this, A TRIAL the bandit turned to his fellow robber, who stood covering the line with his

".'They have been tryin' to hide their stuff. d-n 'em!' he exclaimed. 'We'll just make 'em strip, and then we'll go through the stage. They'll pay for puttin' us to all this trouble!"

"Then up spoke Pat Clohesy from the far end of the line. 'Gentlemen,' he said, addressing the highwaymen. 'I know you're in a hurry, and I know I'm a poor miner with all my property in the world-just the \$15 I've got-in my pocket. If you'll leave me that little roll. I'll tell you where these other fellows have hidden their swag, so's you can collect it quick and skip out Is it a bargain?"

"'Sure,' said the man with the guarding rifle. Fifteen dollars meant nothing to the band compared to the risk. 'Well,' said Pat, pointing to the "I say, Miss Stevens, I hope you don't first in line, 'that fellow's money is stay round this damp spot very much. stuffed down his right boot leg.'

It ain't healthy." He turned a look of "The holdup investigated and drew forth a plump roll of bills from the boot leg. 'That next man,' went on Pat, 'has got his money hid under the hind seat in the stage.' The bandit ticular spot, and-great Scott!" He sat found a fat wallet stuffed under the cushion. 'The next has got his money in his hat, and the next crammed his you write that, ma'am?" he asked stuff down the back of his neck, and the next'- Pat went down the line of them, while the highwayman drew forth money from all manner of places. Swiftly collecting their booty, they bundled the passengers back in the coach, set driver and guard back on their seats and told them to go ahead. not, however, before they had given Pat a twenty dollar bill and a hearty slap of thanks on his Irish back.

"The storm that broke over his head inside that couch after it had rolled a safe distance from the bandits threatened his very life before he could get a hearing. Had it not been that the robbers had disarmed them all and Pat was a huge man he never would have got away alive. "'Each of you figure up just how

much you've lost,' he said to his fellow passengers when at last they would listen, 'and I'll pay you back not only what that is, but an equal amount in addition, for the bother I've given you,' and he pulled from an inner vest pocket a huge roll of bills. In bewilderment the travelers counted up their losses. Collectively it was about \$1,000. Pat peeled off two \$1,000 bills from the bulky mass of money and, handing them to a responsible passenger, asked him to make correct division when they reached the railroad.

"'I'm sorry for the unpleasant quarter hour I caused you,' he continued, 'but it was the only thing I could do to save myself. I have just sold a mine back in Silver Cliff for \$60,000 cash and had no other way to bring the money out except in my pocket. Here is the bundle of it,' and he held up the fat roll. 'When I heard the holdups outside I thought it was all up, for you He was uprooting the marble slab and | can't hide money from those hounds. thrusting it out of sight among the But when you fellows pulled out your underbrush. Then he leveled the money to hide it and I saw that none send me some forgetmenot seeds. I mound with quick strokes of his of you had any large amount I thought don't know just how many I'll need.' trowel. "Come out into the sunshine, I would work a game on the road Miss Stevens," he said, grasping the agents and give you away to the villains in order to save myself. I surely my money!"-Washington Post.

> As high as we have mounted in de-Annie, and in time Almira learned light. in our dejection do we sink as low .- Wordsworth.

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