

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

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

**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.

**BAPTIST**—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11:00 a. m. Evening 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 services.  
G. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONAL**—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 meetings every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7:30. All Germans 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 them—They can't keep up the continual strain.

The back gives out—it aches and pains;

Urinary troubles set in.

Don't wait longer—take Doan's Kidney Pills.

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 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.

**Real Estate Filings.**

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

- Henry Brumgart et ux to Jacob Gettman, wd to pt nw qr nw 32 3-29 400 00
- Mrs Katie Walker to George Hoffman, wd to pt sw qr sw 29 3-29 400 00
- Walter E Corwin to Louise H Corwin, wd to 10 in 5 2nd McCook 10 00
- Forester C Stillebouer 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 1 00
- Leonard Harsch et ux to Keit E. Lutheran church, wd to same as above 1 00
- Okerson & Hegenberger to the Public, Articles of Partnership (barber shop) at McCook Neb. 1 00

**MARION.**

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 evening.

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 Danbury 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 Sunday afternoon and night, which fills a 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 evening.

Ethel Redfern went to Lebanon Friday evening to attend the graduating exercises 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.

E. S. Sanders and wife visited at the Fred Carman's home Cedar Bluffs, Sunday.

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

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 precinct visited Mrs. Greer last Friday.

Dr. A. T. Gatewood of McCook was in town a few days the first of the week doing dental work.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR** stops the cough and heals lung.

CLARISSA MACKIE.

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It was the 29th of May, and Almira Stevens stood on her doorstep looking wistfully about her small garden. The large central bed was a desert of brown earth, with here and there a sprig of dying plant, and this bed should have fulfilled a cherished dream of Almira's heart. During the long, cold winter, when the outside world was bare and white, she had planned a great bed of forgetmenots. It was to be a sea of pale blue loveliness, and on Memorial day its beauty was to

cover a grave in the corner of the garden.

"I've allowed all the other flowers for the cemetery lot, and now I guess there won't be anything to put on Asaph's grave, after all," she thought despondently as she walked down the path to a tangled mass of shrubbery that hid one corner of the garden. Here, screened from curious eyes by a network of young cedars entwined 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 characters:

STRANGER, PAUSE AND DROP A TEAR  
ON THIS LONELY GRAVE  
OF ONE WHO SHOULD BE BURIED  
HERE.  
BUT SLEEPS 'NEATH OCEAN'S  
WAVE.

**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 resentfully.

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 garden.

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

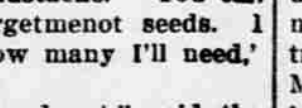
"That's too bad. I suppose you've got graves to decorate."

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 white teeth beneath the brown mustache. "You can send me some forgetmenot seeds. I don't know just how many I'll need," she said musingly.

"That's easily found out," said the man, and before Almira could utter a word of protest he was striding rapidly toward the corner where the white marble stone was hidden behind the cedars.

Almira panted hastily after him.

**FLOWERS FOR THE CEMETERY.**



Almira panted hastily after him.

**FOOLED THE ROBBERS**

An Incident of the Days of Stage-coach Holdups.

**QUICK WIT OF PAT CLOHESY.**

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 clutches of the 'road agents' they instinctively hurried, during the short time that driver and guard were being put in a proper state of helplessness, to secret money and valuables in the first safe place that suggested itself," said a veteran Colorado mining man. "But such precautions were useless, for there was small time and smaller opportunity of place to hide anything in a mere shell of a coach. If a man was found without money, they stripped him and searched the stage as well.

"The experience of Pat Clohesy, an old time mining man of Colorado, is historic. One afternoon he took the stage from Silver Cliff camp, bound for the railroad, sixty miles away. In the coach were a dozen other passengers, none of whom knew him. As they reached the narrowest part of the gorge that leads out of Wet Mountain valley a loud command of 'Hold up your hands!' brought the stage to a sudden standstill and every passenger in it to a swift realization that unless quick action was taken he would be 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 started through the second, with the same lack of success. Angry at this, the bandit turned to his fellow robber, who stood covering the line with his Winchester.

"They have been tryin' to hide their stuff, d-n 'em!" he exclaimed. "Well 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 first in line, "that fellow's money is stuffed down his right boot leg."

"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 found a fat wallet stuffed under the cushion. "The next has got his money in his hat, and the next crammed his 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 coach 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 can't hide money from those bounds. But when you fellows pulled out your money to hide it and I saw that none of you had any large amount I thought I would work a game on the road agents and give you away to the villains in order to save myself. I surely did! They've got \$1,000, but I've saved my money!"—Washington Post.

As high as we have mounted in delight in our dejection do we sink as low.—Wordsworth.

Col. W. W. Crittenden  
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