

CHAUTAUQUA

Are you making plans to attend the Chautauqua this summer? The program offered will be the best that experienced managers can assemble.

Dr. Peter MacQueen



DR. PETER MAC QUEEN

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Known as the wierd wonder worker, Shungopavi always attracts great crowds with his magic tricks whenever he appears for a program. See his wonderful performance and hear the interesting stories of himself and his people. The Chautauqua is a good thing for the community. Support it and benefit yourself by securing a season ticket.

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Make it easy for her by buying a brush and a can of Perma-Lac—a beautiful permanent finish for all articles of metal, wood or plaster.

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There is nothing better for the outside of the house than Bradley & Vroman Pure Paint.

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Stansberry Lumber Co. McCook, Nebraska

CHARMS OF UGLY MEN

Case of John Wilkes, the Famous London Alderman.

HE WEDDED A NOTED BEAUTY

And He Was So Homely That His Looks Frightened the Children in the Streets—Bailly, With a Face Like a Horse, Won a Famous French Beauty.

There was perhaps as much truth as boasting in the statement of John Wilkes, the famous London alderman and champion of British electors. "Early as I am, if I can have but a quarter of an hour's start I will get the better of any man, however good looking, in the graces of any woman."

Of Wilkes' abnormal ugliness there was never a question, for it is not recorded that the "very children in the street ran away affrighted at the sight of him?" And yet his powers of fascination were so great that "ladies of beauty and fashion vied with each other for his notice, while men of handsome exterior and all courtly graces looked enviously on."

There were, it is said, few beauties of the day whose hand Wilkes might not have confidently hoped to win, and when he led Mary Mead to the altar he made a wife of one of the richest and most lovely women of her time. "Beauty and the Beast" they call us, Wilkes once said to his friend Patter, "and I cannot honestly find fault with the description."

Jean Paul Marat, whose name will always be associated with the evil history of the French revolution, was notoriously the ugliest man of his day in Paris. When this reputation reached his ears Marat is said to have remarked, "But why limit my supremacy to Paris?" And indeed the restriction was much too modest.

And yet in his earlier years, when he was the most popular of court doctors, his very ugliness seemed to exercise such a fascination over aristocratic ladies that they crowded his consulting rooms in order to catch a glimpse of and to exchange words with him under the flimsiest pretexts of imaginary ailments. The studied indifference with which he treated alike their charms and their flattery only made them the more insistent until he declared to a friend that he would have to fly from Paris to escape the persecution of his fair admirers.

Bailly, mayor of Paris at the time of the reign of terror, is said to have had a face almost exactly like that of a horse. His appearance was, in fact, so abnormal, so monstrous, that children shrieked and women fainted at the very sight of him, and yet his wife was one of the most lovely women in the whole of France—so lovely that as a girl she was known as "the beautiful angel."

That there is a powerful fascination for some women in extreme ugliness is proved by innumerable cases in which women who have been richly dowered with physical charms have fallen madly in love with men of almost repulsive appearance.

A London paper records a remarkable case of this kind in 1817, when Lady Mary X, married Mr. Muddford, a London attorney.

Lady Mary was a girl of peerless charms, the most beautiful of all the court ladies and the favorite toast of the world of aristocrats. She might, for her birth and fortune were almost equal to her beauty—have chosen her husband from among dukes, and even more than one royal prince sought her hand in vain.

To the consternation of society, she married Mr. Muddford, not only "a pettifogging attorney," but a man of almost unnatural ugliness of face and with a deformed hand and foot. Singular, too, as it may appear, her married life was one of unclouded happiness, and to her dying day, nearly forty years later, she never seemed to have a moment's regret for her choice of a husband.

Still more remarkable was the story told of a most beautiful heiress with an attachment for one of the freaks of a traveling show, and she persisted in marrying him in spite of all the efforts of her friends and relations. This singular object of her affections masqueraded under the title of "the man monkey, or the ugliest man in the world," and he had an excellent claim to the title.—Exchange.

An Awkward Text.

A butcher of a certain village, being a devout Christian, whenever he sent a business note invariably accompanied it with a text.

A certain lady, wishing him to kill some of her pigs, sent him a letter to notify him of the fact, to which he sent the following reply: "Dear Madam—I will call on Friday to kill your hogs without fail. Yours, Mr. B. N. R.—'Be ye also ready.'"—London Graphic.

He Had Noticed.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—Well, John, you see, when I have finished eating I always leave the table. John—Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave.—London Mail.

Sure!

"De man dat don't do nuffin' but look out for No. 1," said Uncle Eben. "Is purty, sure sooner or later to attract attention to hisself as about de smallest figger in de 'rithmetic.'"—Washington Star.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

A FROG IN THE POT.

Veering Days of the Early Tea Tax in New England.

Tea was not brought over by the first settlers. When the pilgrims landed at Plymouth tea was selling in England at from \$10 to \$50 per pound. It was a luxury that had been known to Englishmen only a few years.

Early settlers got along without India or China tea for a long time. They used roots, herbs and leaves found in the fields and woods as a substitute for tea. Sassafras tea was a common drink.

Tea was advertised for sale in Boston in 1762 for the first time, according to historians. In 1766 patriots began to take the pledge not to drink tea because of the tax that the English government placed on it. It became fashionable for patriotic ladies not to serve India tea but as substitutes therefor "Labrador tea" and "Liberty tea."

Captain Page of Danvers forbade his spouse to taste tea beneath his roof as long as the tax remained upon it, but the strong minded and ingenious lady ascended to the flat roof of the house, invited her friends to follow, and there she served tea to them.

Some other ladies of the town fared less fortunately. They used to borrow for their tea parties the bit teapot of the once famous Bell tavern. One day, after drinking the forbidden beverage, the master of the house unexpectedly walked in, jumped to the fire, grabbed the teapot and turned it over, and cut rolled a big frog. The joyful patriots at the Bell tavern suspecting the use of the pot had placed the frog in it. Some of the dames never drank tea afterward, for it made them sick.

Isaac Wilson of Peabody persisted in selling tea, so the Sons of Liberty seized him and compelled him to walk about town penitently repeating:

I, Isaac Wilson, a Tory be;
I, Isaac Wilson, I sell tea.

The celebrated Boston tea party was followed by tea parties in other New England towns. In Salem, soon after the Boston party, David Mason was suspected of having had his negro servant smuggle two chests of tea into his home. Patriots entered and searched his house. They found the tea. They gave it to boys, who paraded with it to Salem common and there burned it.

Even after the Revolution trade in tea was not wholly unrestricted. It appears that in some New England places dealers in tea were required to take out a license.—Boston Globe.

THE HORSE BREAKER.

How He Cured a Valuable Animal of a Bad Habit.

The late Duke of Northumberland once purchased a beautiful and valuable horse, but no sooner had his grace begun to use him than he discovered that the horse had one very bad trick—that of suddenly lying down when his rider was on his back. This could not be endured, so he ordered his servant to get the horse properly broken in, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. Accordingly away went the groom to a celebrated horse breaker in the city of Durham and, without mentioning the animal's particular frailty, left him with a general commission to break him in. The next day the teacher of horses rode out on an experimental trip with the duke's favorite and presently found himself gently rolled upon the soil and the horse by his side, very much at his case.

"Oh," said the horse breaker, not at all embarrassed, "is that your custom?" So he provided himself the next day with several strong stakes and plenty of sound rope and took the unceremonious steed to a large field adjoining Durham cathedral. Riding round and round, the animal, according to his character, soon stretched himself comfortably, rider and all, on the green sods. Without saying a word the horse breaker, getting up, seized upon his wooden stakes, drove them deep and firm into the ground all around the willful brute and then by means of the rope fastened him down exactly in the position chosen by himself, so that neither legs nor body could stir one inch. Of course after a time the horse was willing to get up, but the teacher was willing he should be still, and there he kept him with plenty of hay and water within reach, for three days and three nights, himself sitting on his back for most of the time, smoking his pipe. The horse never again lay down with his rider on his back.

The Canny Scot's Sense of Humor.

The reason a Scot does not laugh at a joke is right away, says Dean Ramsay, is not, as is the popular fiction, that he is "slow in the uptake," but that the canny man will not commit himself. He must think it over before he donates the exact amount of laughter which the joke deserves. The Scot minister, who is Scotland's common public speaker, is aware, consciously or instinctively, of this trait, and his delivery of an anecdote with a point is a thing of unique art.

Solitude.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "didn't you say that horse you bought has a pedigree?" "Yes," was the complacent reply. "Well, knowing how unlucky you are with horses, I consulted a veterinary surgeon. You needn't worry. The doctor says it won't hurt him in the least."—Washington Star.

Well Placed.

Bacon—That office seeking friend of yours has landed a job at last! Egbert—Good! What has he landed? "He's keeper at the pesthouse." "Well, he's the right man in the right place. He's the greatest pest I ever knew."—Yonkers Statesman.

LUDLOW STREET JAIL

The Sheriff's Famous Prison in New York City.

ITS GUESTS WELL TREATED.

The inmates wear no uniform and have many privileges—The discipline is quite gentle and the surroundings peaceful and homelike.

Walking through the streets of the splendid, noisy east side, the visitor in New York is quite unprepared for the peace and clean homeliness which greet him in the sheriff's prison in Ludlow street. Flanked by public school and police court on two sides, the brick building, ornamented with antique iron grill over long windows, resembles a village church or old fashioned hall of learning. The outer clamor does not penetrate its cool cloisters. The struggle for existence is halted at the threshold. But it is not so easy to enter the sheriff's rest establishment. The guard who opens the front door in response to the electric bell eyes the visitor suspiciously, as if the latter might be trying to break into the county haven without proper credentials. The only persons entitled to the privileges of the Ludlow tavern are those in contempt of surrogates and certain other courts, federal bankrupts, delinquent militiamen, execution and judgment debtors and breach of promise and alimony men.

However, the visitor who can prove that he has no sinister purpose is ushered into a cozy parlor fitted with rugs, pictures and piano. Here he meets the warden, who talks freely and simply about his guests. He admits he has never read Lombroso or any other criminologist. What's the use? They don't send felons to this place. The learned observations of penologists do not apply to the inmates of Ludlow tavern. Methods of discipline and reform are superfluous. There are just a few rules, such as obtain in any well regulated hotel. A guest on arrival has his pedigree taken at the office, is shown up to his sleeping chamber, gets introduced to the gentlemen in the sitting room and is left to his own devices—no uniform, no hair cut, none of the unpleasant features of a common prison. There is, indeed, a genteel search for sharp instruments, keys and knives, as forbidden articles, but there is no confiscation of any other private possessions. A man may bring in all the books, writing material, tobacco, clothes, toilet articles and bric-a-brac that he pleases.

The rising bell rings at 6:30 a. m., and the guests have a chance to wash, shave and make their beds before breakfast, at 8 o'clock. The regular breakfast consists of coffee and rolls, but guests may supplement it with eggs cooked at the hot water tap or may order, at their own expense, an elaborate meal from the menu, card of a nearby restaurant. The morning newspapers are at hand, so that guests, while sipping their coffee, may scan headlines and note the progress of events.

After breakfast every one goes into the yard for an hour's exercise. The high brick walls do not bar the sunshine from the yard, which is about sixty feet square and stone flagged around a central grass plot. After the exercise hour the guests repair to a large sitting room and read, study or play pounce, checkers, dominos and chess. There is a small library of books and magazines. Those who have private stocks of literature exchange their books in a fraternal spirit.

The dinner bell rings at noon. A wholesome stew, a boiled dinner or a plate of fish and potatoes is provided. If this seems too frugal even for cloister life, there is the restaurant menu to fall back on. As a rule, though, the inmates are satisfied with the regular fare. Another hour in the yard, an afternoon spent in the sitting room, after the style of the morning session, and then a supper of bread and tea at 5 o'clock. Two hours later the guests retire to their chambers for the night. They are locked in, it is true, but the obliging guard will open on any reasonable request. There is no rule against talking, and guests may read or write by the light of their own candles until they feel disposed to go to bed.

A gentle routine it is. No one is overcrowded for, while there are accommodations for a hundred persons, the number of guests is seldom anything like that. The disagreeable monotony of seeing the same faces and hearing the same anecdotes, complained of by arctic travelers, is obviated by the coming and going of inmates. The comfort of guests is pretty well assured by a staff of nine guards and three or four cooks and attendants.

Letters to guests are not opened before delivery, as in common penal institutions. Three days a week are set aside for visitors, but no member of the Alimony club is compelled to see his wife. Once in a long while, however, a member of the fair sex enters the portals as a guest. There was one woman brought to the office in contempt proceedings subsequent on a supplementary inquiry, but the referee held a hearing on the spot, and the woman was discharged with consent of counsel. In former days a male guest charged with breach of promise won freedom by marrying the woman of his choice in the hotel office.—New York Tribune.

What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly.—Paine.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DAY-SERVICE

The McCook Electric Company announces the starting on July 3, 1909, and continuance of, day-service for supplying current for light, power and heating.

The public are invited to confer with us regarding electric fans, motors for industrial and domestic purposes, flat-irons, and all kinds of heating and cooking appliances.

Respectfully,
A. R. SCOTT,
Manager.

Everything in drugs. Metcalf & Barger's. A wick is as good as a nod to a blind horse—or a grafter.

Cut worms and smut are doing some damage to the wheat crop.

We have fresh lettuce and celery every Wednesday and Saturday. HUBER.

Nothing more stylish than a dainty sailor straw hat, such as Rozell & Barger sell.

For the races, July 14, 15, 16, get you a nifty green or pearl gray hat at R. Zell & Barger's.

First-class pasture at Corwin's ranch, 3 1/2 miles south of McCook. Reference, Steve Wilson.

Plenty of good vacation reading in our book department.

L. W. McCONNELL, Druggist.

If you want a good pickle in sweet, sour or mixed, we have them—a quart jar full for 25 cents. HUBER.

For breakfast we have buckwheat, Ralston and Advo pancake flours and maple syrup and mapleine to go with them. HUBER.

Elkay's straw hat cleaner will clean your old hat and make it nice as new. Only 25 cents.

L. W. McCONNELL, Druggist.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Congregational church has decided to adjourn until the first meeting in September—their summer vacation covering the hot months of July and August.

Do you want to sell, or exchange your business? The Omaha Bee will run an advertisement for you at one cent a word per day. There will be many out of their 40,000 readers who will answer your advertisement. Write today.

JUNIOR NORMAL NOTES.

Miss Leocia Fletcher will go to McCook, Monday, July 12, to take charge of the class of "School Law" and "Course of Study," at the McCook Junior Normal. She expects to be gone one week.—Imperial Republican.

Sup't A. D. Endsley of the city schools of Tarentum, Penn., visited the junior normal, Monday afternoon, while in the city visiting his brother T. A. Endsley, county assessor. Mr. Endsley is in charge of a school requiring over forty teachers, and as he has filled the position for the past seven years at increased salary, is evidently "making good."

Sup't C. W. Taylor went up to Denver, Tuesday night, to attend the closing sessions of the national educational association.



It is coming—the small boy and the 4th of July—so is our volume of business.

Where is one of the best places to buy lumber? From the Stansberry Lumber Co., McCook, Nebr.
Where is one of the best places to buy coal? From the Stansberry Lumber Co., McCook, Nebr.
Where is one of the best places to buy paint? From the Stansberry Lumber Co., McCook, Nebr.
Why is the Stansberry Lumber Co. a good place to trade? They make a specialty of buying the best.

Quality is always first. Our best recommendation is our customers—you ask them. And the volume of business we have picked up in the past five months makes us feel that we make no mistake when we put quality first.