Time Card

Burlington Route

McCook, Neb.

MAIN LINE EAST—DEPART:

No. 6	(Central Time)		11:40 P. M.
16	"	"	5:00 A. M.
2	"	"	5:35 A. M.
12 arr. 6:15 p.m.	"	"	6:40 A. M.
14	"	"	9:42 P. M.
10	"	"	6:00 P. M.

MAIN LINE WEST—DEPART:

No. 1	(Mountain Time)		1:20 P. M.
3	"	"	11:42 P. M.
5 arr. 8:50 p.m.	"	"	9:30 A. M.
13	"	"	9:05 A. M.
15	"	"	12:30 A. M.
9 arr. 9:10 a.m.	"	"	8:20 A. M.

IMPERIAL LINE

No. 176 arrives	(Mountain Time)		4:20 P. M.
No. 175 departs	"	"	7:10 A. M.

Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.

For information, time tables, maps and tickets, call on or write D. F. Hostetter, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

Engineer C. M. Smith is on the sick-list.

Bryce Jones is a new roundhouse employe.

Engine 2809 got some war paint, this week.

P. J. Matz and wife are visiting down in Oklahoma.

Engineer Mart Scott came in from Brush, Sunday.

Sweet apple cider for sale. Phone the Morrisey ranch.

Fireman T. H. Bowers is visiting the folks at Denver.

Engineer and Mrs. J. A. Eckman are visiting on the Pacific coast.

Engineer and Mrs. R. C. Cole are visiting his mother in Sioux City, Iowa.

Repairs have been made, this week, on the steam pipes of engines 945, 1910, 1050.

Engine 1760 is over drop pit No. 1, and the 1911 over No. 2, for customary repairs.

Fireman H. E. Wagnburg and Miss Anna B. Nothnagel were married, this week.

Engines 143 and 1312 went out of the backshop, last week, after overhauling. The 1380 will go out, early next week.

Sup't of Motive Power Roope has made a requisition on the McCook force for six repair men for Alliance.

Brakeman A. H. McCreath left on 3, Tuesday night, being called there by the death of his wife's mother.

Those new engineers' torches, the boys allow, look like coffee pots. Perhaps J. J. H. would provide strainers, on requisition.

Engine 1751 of the Oxford-Red Cloud run is in for repairs to a broken guide. Some light work is also being done on her firebox, cylinders etc.

Mrs. W. C. Adams was on last evening summoned to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to attend an injured relative. W. C. accompanied her as far as Omaha.

Engineers now register their watches at the roundhouse office, instead of at the dispatcher's office, the order for the change becoming effective October 25th, at high noon.

John Gordon, late agent for the Burlington at Kearney, has been appointed traveling passenger and freight agent, with headquarters at Denver, and passed through McCook, close of last week, on his way to his headquarters to assume his new position.

Golden Wedding Anniversary.

(From the Pilger Herald.)

The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. O Viersen was celebrate at their home at Pilger, Neb., on Oct 18, 1909.

Mr. and Mrs. Viersen were married on Oct. 18, 1859, at Pella, Iowa. Eight children were born to bless their union all of which are living, six being present at the anniversary. Mrs. Viersen was born in 1841, being 68, Mr. Viersen was born in 1839, being 70. They came to Stanton county in 1889, living on a farm south of Pilger 10 years when they moved to Pilger where they have since resided. Their family consists of 3 children, 26 grandchildren, and 3 great grand children.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wilson and family of Pilger, L. S. Viersen and family of McCook, M. E. Viersen and family of Pilger, Walter Seidel and wife of St. Charles, S. D., Mrs. Tom Wells and Master Arland of Colome, S. D., and Mrs. Howard Smith of Chihuahua, Mexico.

One brother and two sisters of Mr. O. Viersen were present, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Viersen of Maywood, Nebraska, Henry Yowell and wife of Belleville, Kans., and Mrs. Anna Morrison of Monroe, Iowa, and her daughter Mrs. Homer Moore of Sioux City, Ia. John McQuade of Craig, Harry and Sherman Butler of Bellwood, Rev. and Mrs. Sloan and son, Rev. Goodell and wife, and Mr. Dehaan.

Following is the list of presents received and presented by Rev. Goodell in a most pleasing way.

W. P. Wilson and wife, gold clock; Mr. and Mrs. Lovell S. Viersen, gold watch fob, gold hat pin; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Viersen, gold cigar case, two gold jewel cases; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wells, gold fruit basket, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seidle, gold ring, gold sugar shell, butter knife, water set; Mr. and Mrs. Ira Baker, gold berry spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith, gold pin, box cigars, Mexican table linen; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Yowell, ½ dozen gold table spoons, ½ dozen teaspoons; Miss Mattie Wilson, gold jewel case; Hugh Morrison and wife, gold cream ladel; J. P. Viersen and wife, gold cream pitcher, gold ink well, gold bar pin, gold cuff links; Mr and Mrs. Homer S. Moore, gold jelly spoon; George Roberts and wife and T. M. Tice and wife, gold salad forks; Chas. Rawson and wife, gold broach; Thompson Bros. gold souvenir spoon; Harry Butler and wife, gold sugar bowl; Sherman Butler and wife, gold creamer; John Wert, gold souvenir watch charm, U. S. mint; Rev. C. S. Sloan and wife, and Mr. D. Hann, gold gravey ladel; John McQuade, $5 in gold, 2 Axminster rugs; H. W. Yowell, J. P. Viersen, L. S. Viersen, W. L. Seidel, M. E. Viersen. Gold watch for Mr. Vierson, presented by 8 children and Harry Butler, Sherman Butler, Henry Yowell, J. P. Viersen.

Gold berry spoon, the Misses Nannie Gillispie, Hazel Bordner, Ruth Cornwell, Ruby Jeffries, Maud Doty; Mr. Parker and wife, gold spoon tray; Miss Southworth, handkerchief.

Thirty-four guests were seated at the two long tables in the dining rooms, and the color scheme of "Golden" was carried out in the decorations and refreshments.

Many beautiful and useful presents were received and the day is one long to be remembered by those present.

A photographer was present and took the picture of the entire company.

In the evening Bert Atkinson, Frank Bordner, and the Misses Clara Sharp and Kate Matheson, stole silently upon the porch and sang a beautiful quartette suitable to the occasion, part of it we reproduce.

Silver Thread Among the Gold.

Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold;
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.
But my darling you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me;
Yes my darling you will be,
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus.

Darling I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.

Engineer L. S. Viersen returned, Saturday morning, from Pilger, Nebraska, and went out on his run, same day.

BREAKFAST.

It Should Be a Substantial Meal, Says a Physician.

It is customary to make the first meal of the day slightly the lightest and distinctly the plainest and simplest of the three. If there be any deficiency of the appetite breakfast is the meal at which this is most likely to show itself. But this lack of appetite is in nine cases out of ten clearly traceable to sleeping in an unventilated room or to late hours in foul air the night before or to insufficient exercise the preceding day and is no indication that the body really requires less food at this time. Perfectly healthy men who sleep with their windows open and go to bed at a reasonable hour will tell you that they enjoy their breakfast as well as any other meal of the day, and many even call it their best meal.

Another popular delusion in regard to the lightness and unimportance of the breakfast is that widespread subterfuge, the "continental breakfast," consisting of a cup of coffee and some fruit or a single roll. This is a very pretty breakfast as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far, and the sole basis for its adoption on the continent is that it is only intended as a temporary tide-over until the real breakfast of meat, eggs, fish, etc., which is taken at about 10 or 11 o'clock, like a very early luncheon. If you haven't got a good appetite for breakfast make it your business to go and get one instead of allowing yourself to be blinded in this morbid state of affairs and deciding that all you really need is a cup of coffee and a roll or an orange.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Woman's Home Companion.

A TENNYSON STORY.

The Poet's Mistake and the Way He Tendered an Apology.

England's great poet Tennyson was a somewhat gruff and formidable man, whose manner with curious strangers was by no means gentle and pleasant.

Once a young woman who had been just introduced to the great man at Freshwater was left alone with him on the seashore. She stood in immense awe of the poet and therefore did not interrupt him as he sat speechless, gazing straight ahead of him at the sea.

The long silence was broken at last in an astonishing manner by Tennyson. He was going to open his lips and utter some lovely thought, the young woman imagined. Instead he opened them and in gruff and gloomy tones gave voice to this remark:

"You creak."

The girl started back in horror.

Tennyson added an explanation:

"You creak. Your stays creak."

This so startled the young woman that she ran away and went indoors, where a large company, she found, was gathered together over tea. In a little time Tennyson appeared, a vague expression on his countenance, as though something had gone wrong with him. The girl, now accounting him possibly mad and certainly impolite, tried hard to hide away from him.

In vain. His eagle eye found her out. He threaded his way among the other guests toward her, took her hand and said in resonant tones before the whole company of them:

"My dear, I beg your pardon. I find it was my braces."

Three Great Books.

Pride goeth before a fall, according to the proverb, but it often happens that the fall does not take place as expected by the cynical observer. Mrs. Benedict, for example, was very proud of her daughter's attainments at school. Mrs. Benedict herself had had little schooling, but attempted to make up for it by retailing Margaret's triumphs to her friends.

One day the minister's wife was calling.

"Yes, ma'am," Mrs. Benedict said in reply to a question; "Margaret is way up in all her classes, I can tell you. They've been reading Shakespeare's plays latterly, and Maggie's buying that little edition one by one so she can have it at home. She keeps them up in her room.

"Let me see; she's read 'Hamlet' and—there was two more—oh, yes, one of 'em was 'Romeo' and the other 'Juliet.'

"I enjoy hearing her do them out loud, Mrs. Bradley."—Youth's Companion.

Doubtful Compliments.

The colonel who, taking his leave at a garden party, inquires, "Have I had the pleasure of saying goodby to you, Miss Mary?" the hostess sweetly assuring a distinguished pianist who has risen abruptly from the instrument with a sarcastic protest lest he should disturb the conversation that he does not do so at all; the young man who, on being told that a possible rival had taken the lady who is speaking in to dinner the previous evening, declares that "that's all he's fit for"—these are decided instances of this class of bad compliment, while for a well meant but lukewarm one poor Newman Noggs' reply to the collector's query respecting the Kenwigs' new baby, that it wasn't a very nasty one, may be cited. —London Academy.

Well Off.

Counsel—You speak of Mr. Smith being well off. Is he worth $10,000? Witness—No, sir. Counsel—Two thousand? Witness—No, sir; he isn't worth a shilling. Counsel—Then how is he well off? Witness—Got a wife, sir, who supports him, sir.—New York Journal.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others guides our manners —Sterne.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

All Probable Future Events Arranged For In Advance.

On the appointed evening I arrived at the given time, and after an excellent dinner, at which all members of both families were present, we repaired to the great drawing room, where the chairs had been arranged in a semicircle about two small, round tables. Presently two grave old gentlemen, the family notaries, who had not been seen to smile during the whole dinner, took their seats in front of the tables, and when we were all assembled the elder commenced to read a long memoir, which he announced he had compiled with the help of his colleague. Then, to my utter amazement, he began to name all the possessions of the future bride and bridegroom—so many bonds and mortgages, so many houses, farms, woodlands, prairies, articles of personal adornment, furniture and jewels; the ways in which they might be used or disposed of, what would happen in case no children were born of the marriage, in case of death of one or the other of the parties. In fact, all the misfortunes, all the most terrible and saddest events, had been foreseen, and cold chills began running down my back as I heard each new case mentioned. I was indignant. I positively revolted. Why were miserable questions of business allowed to foreshadow the charming union of these two young people, who had known and loved each other since childhood and whose true and pure affection was innocent of all monetary interests? Could not all have been spared them?

The next day I frankly opened my heart to Jeanne and her mother, explaining the sensations I had experienced the previous evening and saying that in my country, when two persons were about to marry, as long as there was love on both sides and the man was able to support his wife all such questions were usually left undiscussed.

They both listened to me somewhat astonished, and then Mme. de R——, whose great good sense has always convinced me, replied smilingly:

"But, my dear, for us marriage is not only the joining of two young and loving hearts. We go further and consider the generations to come, the founding of a new family—a home. As every one knows, the first years are often the most difficult, and we therefore take precautions to smooth the paths of our children by settling in their presence all business matters, once and forever, and arranging things so that the new life may develop under the best of circumstances."—Scribner's Magazine.

THEY WERE STUBBORN.

A Story Illustrating the "Setness" of the Cornishman.

Your Cornishman can be very "set" and stubborn. His determination of spirit is more remarkable than admirable at times, though it may be amusing.

Mr. Hook, the late royal academician, was once, says Mr. W. H. Hudson in his book on the "Land's End," on the sands at Whitesand bay, working at a marine picture, when two natives came up and planted themselves just behind him. There was nothing the artist hated more than to be watched by strangers over his shoulders in this way, and pretty soon he wheeled around on them and angrily asked them how long they were going to stand there.

His manner served to arouse their spirit, and they replied brusquely that they were going to stay as long as they thought proper.

He insisted on knowing just how long they were going to stay there to his annoyance, and by and by, after some more loud and angry discussion, one of them incautiously declared they would stand at that very spot for an hour.

"Do you mean that?" shouted Hook, pulling out his watch.

Yes, they returned, they would not stir one inch from that spot for an hour

"Very well," he said and pulled up his easel; then, marching off to a distance of thirty yards, he set it up again and resumed his painting.

And there, within thirty yards of his back, the two men stood for one hour and a quarter, for, as they did not have a watch, they were afraid of going away before the hour had expired. Then they marched off.

Franklin as a Swimmer.

In 1726 Benjamin Franklin was working as a printer at Watts', near Lincoln Inn Fields, and taught two shopmates to swim "at twice going into the river." With them and some of their friends from the country he paid a visit by water to Chelsea, and "in our return," he recorded, "at the request of the company, whose curiosity Wygate had excited, I stripped and leaped into the river and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfriars, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under the water, that surprised and pleased those to whom they were novelties."—London Tatler.

Her Housekeeping.

Growells—Smith's wife must be a poor housekeeper. Mrs. Growells—Why do you think so? Growells—He declares he's perfectly comfortable at home every day in the year.—Chicago News.

Tree and Sea.

"By the way, what is the tree most nearly related to the sea?"

"The beech, of course."

"Are you sure? Isn't the bay tree nearer?"—London Scraps.