

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

When Hunting Was Good and Gray Mares Were Wonders.

REAL SPORT IN THOSE DAYS.

Did Jimmy Chambers Tell About One Haul He Made When He Got More Than He Expected—The Willing Old Horse That Cracked Her Skin.

"Talk about yer huntin' trips," said ole Jimmy Chambers. "Why, there ain't no huntin' nowadays; no, not none 'tall—leastwise none worth mentionin'." "It was different when I wuz a young feller. Them wuz huntin' days! When ye went out to hunt ye got sumthin', I tell ye. An' most always ye got a dum sight more 'n ye expected. I remember onct down in ole Pennsylvania when I had a hunt as wuz a hunt. I had er ole muzzle loader rifle that could shoot some, I tell ye. An' I wuz no slouch at shootin' in them days myself. I could shoot about as well as the next feller. Well, I went down to the river lookin' fer er deer. I seen one standin' right in front of er big tree. I pulled up ther ole muzzle loader an' let her go. Jest as I fired a big fish jumped out of ther water, an' my shot went plum through him. I seen by ther way he fell I'd plugged er hole in him. The deer jest dropped where he stood—never stirred, jest fell stone dead.

"I rushed out into ther river an' grabbed my fish 'fore it could float away. With ther fish under my arm I started fer ther deer. An' what d'ye suppose? S' help me, jest back of where that deer stood ther bullet had knocked er hole in that tree as big as yer fist, an' out of that hole er regular stream of honey wuz flowin'! That good honey wuz goin' to waste dum fast, an' I hadn't nary er thing to stop it. Jest then er rabbit jumped out of er hole I hadn't noticed, an' I grabbed him by ther hind legs jest as he wuz leavin'. I wuz goin' to stuff him in ther hole when er flock of quail flew up on ther other side of ther tree. They wuz goin' straightaway, an' ther wuz more 'n 10,000 of 'em. Ther ole muzzle loader wuzn't loaded, an' them quail wuz gettin' away fast. I wanted some of 'em bad, so I jest let go that ole rabbit right in ther middle of 'em, an' the way he kicked an' clawed as he wuz goin' through ther air wuz a caution. He landed right on top of ther whole bunch, an' when I got over ther seventeen of 'em wuz dead on ther ground—yes, sir, jest seventeen of 'em! An' ther shock had killed ther rabbit too. He wuz all smashed up. I stuck his head in ther hole to stop ther honey till I could go home fer sum barrels.

"I hitched up ther ole gray mare to ther sled an' went back. I chopped that there ole tree down, an' ther wuz honey enough to fill all my barrels. Well, I slung ther deer an' ther fish an' ther rabbit an' ther quail on ther sled an' started home. It wuz some load fer ther ole mare, an' I walked at her head, kinder coaxin' her along. I wuzn't payin' any attention to ther load, an', by gum, when we got up to ther house ther wuz that there load wuz back in ther middle of ther river. Of course I knowed what wuz ther matter. That ole groundhog harness had got wet an' jest stretched. I wuz kind of hungry, so I jest throwed ther harness over a stump an' went into dinner. When I cum out again ther sun had dried ther harness an' ther load wuz just pullin' up ther stump. That wuz some hunt. Yer don't get nothin' like that nowadays, I tell ye. Them wuz good ole days!

"An', speakin' of ther ole gray mare, she was ther willin'est mare that ever wuz. She'd pull anything yer hitched her to. I tried her, an' she pulled everything. One day I sez to myself, 'By gum, I'll give yer er load yer can't pull,' an' I hitched her to er stone boat loaded with all ther bowlders in ther county. She got right down an' pulled an' pulled an' pulled, but ther load didn't budge. I heard er little crack, but fer er minute I didn't suspicion anything, an' before I noticed that ther skin on her face had cracked it wuz too late. I yelled at her to stop, but she wuz so dum mad she kept right on pullin', an' s'help me, before I could stop her she'd pulled herself clean out of her skin! I didn't want to lose that there mare, an' I got busy an' did er little skin graftin' fer myself. I had some fresh sheep pelts, an' I sewed them on as fast as I could sew. Well, sir, them pelts took roof fine. They grewed on that there ole mare jest like they'd always been there, an' ther next season I sheared jest 375 pounds of wool off'n her. She wuz er good ole mare, I tell ye, an' every year I got 375 pounds of wool so long as she lived. Yes, sir; it was always jest 375 pounds. Yer don't have no such horses nowadays, I tell ye."—Outer's Book.

The Pimpernel.

The common pimpernel, "poor man's weather glass," has the disadvantage of being a native plant and has been almost completely expelled from our flower gardens in favor of exotics which are rarer, but lack much of being as pretty. The pimpernel is a charming little flower which opens about 8 in the morning and closes late in the afternoon, but has the remarkable peculiarity of indicating a coming shower by shutting up its petals.

A Deadly Insect.

"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."—Lippincott's Magazine.

HIS TRAGIC DREAM.

A Grim Ghost Story That Comes From the Netherlands.

The following remarkable ghost story is told of two brothers, members of a distinguished family in Friesland, a province of the Netherlands: The young men were officers in the same regiment, and their only fault—a certain rash valor, so different from the quiet prudence so characteristic of their nation—made their comrades almost idolize them.

These young officers were exceedingly anxious to see a ghost and took a great deal of pains to plunge into all sorts of gloomy places in the hope of finding them tenanted by beings from the other world. At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted tower. Everybody bore witness to the horrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and heard therein, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there.

It was Christmas eve, and they provided themselves with a good supper and a bottle of wine each, a fire, lights and loaded pistols. The hours wore on. No ghost was seen; no ghostly sounds were heard. The younger brother, wrapped closely in his warm cloak, laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake and await the issue of events.

After awhile a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. He raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signed to him to follow.

The rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange, sharp, clicking sound, like the notes of castanets.

Bewildered and dazzled by this sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses, but he was shocked by perceiving that these gayly dressed ladies and their richly uniformed cavaliers were skeletons, and the curious sound that impressed him so strangely was the clicking of fleshless jaws!

The figure at his side ordered him to take a partner from this hideous throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal, the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at him the pistol he had continued to grasp and discharged it full in his face.

With the shock and report he started to his feet. The white figure, the ball-room, the fearful, ghastly dancers, all had vanished, and he was in the room where he had supped, but his brother lay dying at his side.

He had shot him in his dream and awakened only to receive his last utterance. From that awful Christmas night he was an altered man. All the gayety had gone out of his life, all the sunshine had faded from his days, and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse he found himself unable to bear the burden of his regrets and put an end to his life.

To Gauge His Wife's Temper.

"I heard about a peculiar case of henpecked husband recently," said a young woman the other day.

"What was it?" her friend inquired.

"There is a man who has some difficulty in gauging his wife's temper. At times she is considerate of his welfare, and at other times—well, he rather thinks that married life is a failure.

"He has a peculiar manner of finding out the state of his wife's feeling toward him. In the evening when he returns home from work he never steps into the house without going through a sort of ceremony. First he throws his hat in the house, and then he seats himself on the steps and waits. If five minutes pass without the hat being thrown out again he enters and generally finds his wife very agreeable. However, if the hat is thrown out again the unfortunate man seeks hospitality for the night somewhere else rather than brave the anger of his helpmeet."

The Fishing Otter.

The otter used by Scottish poachers is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters it is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite, which serves to take out over the water a line bearing fifty or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leaded along one side to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of the loch or river, letting out the fly decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the center. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed.

A Drop of Water.

A gallon of distilled water weighs 8.339 pounds, and there being four quarts to the gallon, and two pints to the quart, and sixteen fluid ounces to the pint, and two tablespoonfuls to the fluid ounce, and four teaspoonfuls to the tablespoon, and forty-five drops to the teaspoon, a drop of water weighs 0.00018057 pound, slightly more.

Another Creditor.

Blobbs—Harduppe says he owes everything to his wife. Slobbs—Harduppe is a double distilled prevaricator. He owes \$10 to me.—Philadelphia Record.

Shear the sheep, but don't flay them.—Spanish Proverb.

A MARK TWAIN STORY

Showing What May Be Achieved by Nerve and Reiteration.

A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE.

Going to Prove That Repetition Will Work Wonders if a Man Has Only the Necessary Amount of Cheek to Stand Up and Keep on Talking.

Mark Twain once told a reporter that if a man says the same thing often enough people will begin to listen to him.

"Now," said the great humorist, "there was that story about Hank Monk. That was the oldest, staliest, driest, deadest bit of alleged humor that any man ever heard. It had been circulated around Nevada and California until there wasn't a man left who would even listen to it. I had heard it so many times that I knew it by heart. It told how Hank Monk got Horace Greeley over the Glennbrook grade to Placerville.

"I was about to deliver my second lecture at Platt's hall in San Francisco—the second one I had ever delivered. It occurred to me that I might begin that lecture with the worst story I had ever heard and by telling it often enough start the lecture with a big laugh. I took that story and memorized it so that it would not vary in the telling, and I made it just as pointless and just as dull and just as dry as I could.

"When it came time for me to talk I stood up and with a few introductory remarks began that story. If I remember it went something like this:

"Horace Greeley once went over the Glennbrook grade to Placerville. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The stage bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off Horace's coat and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled to Hank Monk and begged him to go easier—said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he had been awhile ago. But Hank Monk said, 'Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time!' And he did, too—what was left of him."

"Now, that was all there was to the story. It was bad enough to begin with, but I made it worse in the telling. I droned it out in a flat, monotonous tone, without a gesture to mar its depressing effect. The people received it in dead silence. I had insulted every man in the audience—I had 'graveled' them with a story that was not only stale and pointless, but one which they had heard at least a thousand times. I waited a few seconds for the laughter, and then I began to hem and haw and shift my feet. I tried to appear just as embarrassed as I could, and after floundering about helplessly for a few sentences I cheered up a little and said that I would tell a funny anecdote which might be new to them. It began:

"Horace Greeley went over the Glennbrook grade to Placerville—"

"I told it in exactly the same miserable, pointless way that I had told it before, and when I got through I waited a longer time for the applause, but there wasn't any applause. I could see that several men in the house were growing quite indignant. They had paid money to hear a humorous lecture. I took a long breath and plunged in a third time, more embarrassed and flustered and worried than ever, and by and by I worked around again to the time when Horace Greeley went over Glennbrook grade to Placerville.

"This time some of the smarter ones began to laugh, and this encouraged me so much that I thanked them and started right in to tell the story over again, never varying the delivery so much as a pause to take breath. The fourth time fetched 'em, and at the end of the story they stood up and whooped and yelled and cheered for some time.

"You see, I thought that if a man had sand enough to stand up before an audience and tell the oldest, staliest and most uninteresting story in the world he could make people laugh if he had the nerve to tell the story often enough. The rest of my lecture went very well. They were willing to laugh at my anecdotes the first time I told them. Maybe they were afraid I would tell them a second time.

"I felt so sure that I had discovered a new phase in human character that I tried the same thing in New York years afterward. There was an authors' reading bee one afternoon, and most of the authors read selections from their works. I sat on the platform beside James Russell Lowell. He asked me what I was going to read. I said that I wasn't going to read anything. I intended to tell an anecdote.

"Is it a funny one?" he asked. "I said it would be if I lasted long enough." "I started out without any preamble, and I told the Hank Monk anecdote. There was an awful silence at the end. I took a drink of water, mopped my forehead and told the story again. Same effect. Young man, I told that story five times before I landed 'em. When I sat down at last Mr. Lowell whispered to me:

"You have cost me dear. I have been sitting here and wasting sympathy on you." "That's the point, young man. Repetition will do anything if a man has the sand to stand up and keep on talking."—New York American.

SPIDER INSTINCT.

Cutting a Web Thread to Escape From an Intruder.

The instinct of the spider is always an interesting subject for study. Recently a naturalist placed a small spider in the center of a large spider's web some four feet above ground. The large spider soon rushed from its hiding place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured to the foliage.

The big insect gained rapidly upon the little one, but the fugitive was equal to the emergency, for when barely an inch ahead of the other it cut with one of its rear legs the line behind itself, thus securing its own escape, the ferocious pursuer falling to the ground.

The naturalist says: "It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending to avoid some threatened danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied." From this it would seem that the little creature's action was the result of some sort of reasoning. Instinct led it to run away, but it must have been something more than instinct that led it to sever the line and so cut off the pursuit.

The same naturalist says that spiders are cannibals and that they are naturally pugnacious. But they do not fight for the satisfaction of eating one another. "When two spiders fight there is generally a very good reason for the attack and the vigorous defense that follows.

"It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web from lack of material. The glutinous excretion from which the slender threads are spun is limited, therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web producing powers of their younger neighbors, and this they do without scruple. As soon as a spider's web constructing material has become exhausted and its last web destroyed it sets out in search of another home, and unless it should chance to find one that is tenanted a battle usually ensues, which ends only with the retreat or death of the invader or defender."—New York World.

THACKERAY WAS BORED.

Amusing Incident of the Author's Second Visit to Boston.

During Thackeray's second visit to Boston Mr. James T. Fields, his host, was asked to invite Thackeray to attend an evening meeting of a scientific club, which was to be held at the house of a distinguished member.

I was, said Mr. Fields, very reluctant to ask him to be present, for I knew he was easily bored, and I was fearful that a prosy essay or geological paper might be presented and felt certain that should such be the case he would be exasperated with me, the innocent cause of his affliction.

My worst fears were realized. I dared not look at Thackeray. I felt that his eye was upon me. My distress may be imagined when I saw him rise quite deliberately and make his exit very noiselessly into a small anteroom adjoining. The apartment was dimly lighted, but he knew that I knew he was there.

Then began a series of pantomimic feats impossible to describe. He threw an imaginary person—myself, of course—upon the floor and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper folder, which he caught up for the purpose.

After disposing of his victim in this way he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, so he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head. The whole thing was infinitely done. I hoped nobody saw it but myself. Years afterward a ponderous, fat witted young man put the question squarely to me:

"What was the matter with Mr. Thackeray that night the club met at Mr. —'s house?"

Famous Men Who Remained Bachelors.

Among the illustrious men who passed through life in single blessedness may be mentioned Sir Isaac Newton, Thomas Hobbes, author of "The Leviathan"; Adam Smith, the father of political economy; Chamfort, the greatest of French talkers; Gassendi, Galilei, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Kant, Bishop Butler, the author of "Analogy"; Bayle, Leibnitz, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Buckle, Pitt, Charles James Fox, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist Turner, Handel, Beethoven, Schopenhauer, Rossini, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer.—Detroit Journal.

Lords and Commons.

An ancient English custom forbids the participation of a peer in the election of a commoner, so that when a general election is actually in progress the lords are oratorically muzzled by a fiction that supposes them to be quite indifferent to the composition of the lower house, but until the candidates have been actually nominated the peers may use all the eloquence with which nature has endowed them for or against the issue involved in the approaching election.

Nature of the Goods.

"I suppose a manure establishment cannot possibly run out of stock." "Why not?" "Because it is a business in which the goods are always on hand."—Baltimore American.

He who shall pass judgment on the records of our life is the same that formed us in frailty.—Stevenson.

HIS THOROUGHBRED.

A Deal the Horseman Put Through on the Dead Quiet.

A man known roundabout as a lover and possessor of fine horses was lately driving one of his favorite steeds along a suburban road when he came upon another horse lover, almost as well known, who was driving in the opposite direction. Seemingly pleased to meet each other, both drew up alongside.

"I heard only yesterday that you'd gone away and brought back a new thoroughbred," greeted the second horseman.

"Yep," gleefully returned the first horseman; "I'm just after leaving her back home while I give this horse a little spin for his liver."

"Think she'll suit?" asked the second man, squinting good humoredly.

"Well, you know my style, old man. She can step along in the best class, and she's got a pedigree eclipsing any around here."

"How long have you had her?" "Just four days," answered the first horseman in the same gleeful tone, "but I've had my eyes on her for some time back."

"Carried this deal through a little on the quiet, didn't you?" "Yep," laughed the first man, with a head shake of satisfaction.

"Is she a record breaker?" "Sure thing; wouldn't have any other. Wait till you fellows get a glimpse of her, and if you don't agree that I've still got my eyes for winners I'll eat the tail off that horse there."

Suddenly the second horseman leaned over toward his friend and thrust out his hand in palpable earnestness.

"Accept my congratulations," said he, "and also give 'em to your—your thoroughbred!"

"I will!" heartily returned the other man, gripping the proffered fist. "Be sure to come in and see us," he added as his friend prepared to drive on. "I know she'll be tickled to meet a friend of mine; she isn't too high hitched for that, old man. That's her winning quality. She's a wife fit for a horse judge!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE QUICKEST WAY.

How One Might Travel 190 Miles in About Ten Minutes.

It is estimated that if all mechanical difficulties could be removed and sufficient power developed the minimum time in which passengers could be transported over the eighty-five miles from New York to Philadelphia would be six minutes and forty-four seconds and for the 190 miles from Boston to New York ten minutes and four seconds. A correspondent of the Scientific American who has been working on the problem says that the trains would have to be run in a vacuum to prevent their being heated to incandescence by the resistance of the air. They would have to be held in suspension in the vacuum tube through which they traveled, for the slightest contact with the sides of the tube would result in enormous friction. The cars might be held in suspension by the propulsion of opposing magnets on the cars and on the tubes respectively. When thus isolated they could be propelled only by the power of magnetism. The energy consumed in propelling the cars would be comparatively low.

To avoid shock or jar the trains would travel faster and faster until one-half of the distance should be covered and then slow down until the destination should be reached. When the rate of acceleration is just such as can be borne with comfort the limit is attained. The effect on the passengers would be a continuous pressure against the back of the seat, as when a car is started suddenly, for the first half of the journey, and then in order to prevent them from pitching out of their seats the chairs would be turned in the opposite direction for the rest of the journey, during which the same sensation would be felt.

At the speed named the passengers would be traveling for each half of the distance one-third as fast as they could fall through the same space under the attraction of gravity.

The Two Angels.

The following allegory is told among the Turks:

Every man has two guardian angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. In doing good the angel on the right shoulder notes it down and sets a seal upon it, for what is done is done forever. When evil is committed the angel on the left shoulder writes it down, but he waits until midnight before he seals it. If by that time the man bows his head and says, "Gracious Allah, I have sinned; forgive me!" the angel blots out the fault, but if not he seals it at midnight, and then the angel on the right shoulder weeps.

A Canine Feat.

A blind man, guided by a large and athletic dog, went down the street the other day. Just as they turned a corner the blind man's dog saw a dog it knew and darted forward in a way that threw the sightless mendicant to the ground. He was speedily assisted to his feet, however, by a waggish passerby, who remarked that he had heard some remarkable stories of the feats performed by dogs, but this was the first time he had ever known one to pull down the blind.

Forgetful.

Mistress—Did you have company last night, Mary? Mary—Only my Aunt Maria, mum. Mistress—When you see her again will you tell her she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?—Illustrated Bits.

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NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS. To Jonathan J. Sams, C. K. Critchfield, Heirs of Storm Brähler, Heirs of Richard E. Hatcher, Sarah A. Jarvis, Heirs of Taylor K. Quigley, Mae Patterson, Irene Patterson Murphy, Enoch A. Saxon, John Longnecker, Heirs of Noah Sawyer, John B. Dunlap, Phibe J. Taylor, and H. H. Taylor and to all whom it may concern:

The Commissioner appointed to locate a road commencing at the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of section thirty-three (33), Township 4, Range 25, in Fritch, precinct, Red Willow County, Nebraska, running thence south three miles on the half section line through sections 33, 4, 28 and sections 4 and 9 in Township 4, Range 25, and terminating at the southeast corner of the southwest quarter of section nine (9), Township 3, Range 24, has reported in favor of the location thereof, also that the public road running north and south for three miles between sections 33 and 34 in Township 4, Range 25, and sections 3 and 4, and 9 and 10, in Township 3, Range 25, be vacated, and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the County Clerk's office on or before noon of the second day of May, 1910, or said road will be established without reference thereto. 24-418. CHAS. SKALLA, County Clerk.