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An early start and a definite plan goes far toward assuring success to the young man or woman starting out in life. No need of being "stingy" neither should you be a "spender." The sensible and easy method of creating a fund for your future needs, is to open an account with this bank; deposit whatever you can each week or month. Stick to it, and in time your success will be assured. Better start now; you will never regret it.

First National Bank,
McCook, Nebr.

The McCook Tribune.
By F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.

Entered at postoffice, McCook, Nebraska, as second-class matter. Published weekly.

The Kearney Hub claims that the man who secured the "seventh" saloon license in Beatrice, this spring, had the personal "O. K." of the governor himself. Evidently the governor is not seriously thinking of securing the temperance vote of Democracy—if this be true. And Brown boldly claims veracity, if he is partisan beyond common.

Rumor has it that the Democratic party in this state has persuaded a party of Iowa newspaper men to invade Nebraska, \$20,000 strong, for the purpose of launching a big up-to-date Democratic paper. Stockville is named as the location, but the Eustis News has been approached with a substantial offer and the editor says in all probability he will sell.—Alma Record.

\$3,080.70 for Red Willow County.

According to State Superintendent Bishop's compilation of the amount to be distributed to the various counties from the temporary school fund, Red Willow county will receive \$3,080.70. These semi-annual apportionments are based on the school population of the state, found to be 371,452, and the fund at this time amounts to \$324,266.89, being derived largely from interest on school and saline lands sold and leased and interest on bonds. The rate per scholar is \$3.729, and Red Willow county's share is based on a school population of 3,529.

Marriage Licenses.

Edward L. Strayer (28) and Janet Gay Raines (27), both of Stratton, married by the county judge, May 23.

John Cashen, Auctioneer, Indianola, Nebr. Dates booked at McCook National bank.

R. F. D. No. 1.

Mrs. Jennie Hughes and Mrs. Eliza Buck visited at Quick over Sunday.

Mrs. Carrol of Omaha, daughter of Mrs. M. J. Stroud, has been visiting, the past few days, with her mother, and, Monday evening, was surprised by a few of her friends. The evening was spent with games and music, and watching the comet and the eclipse. Music was furnished by the Rogers orchestra.

The School Creek and Bondville base ball teams crossed bats, Sunday afternoon. Score, 12 to 7, in favor of School Creek. School Creek had the Indianola pitcher, which resulted in the high score.

Mrs. Fred Wagner is very seriously ill, and her son John of Julesburg, Colorado, has been telegraphed for.

Mr. Wilcox of Oxford is here visiting with his daughter Mrs. B. A. Frazer.

Hari Meyers has sold his farm to Henry Hofman, the consideration being \$9,000.

A surprise on Leon Rogers was successfully perpetrated, Wednesday night. About forty friends gathered at the home for a general good time. Refreshments and games were the order of the evening.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Reid McKenna departed, Thursday night on No. 3, for Montana.

Mrs. C. W. Britt is in Hastings, this week, visiting friends.

Ralph Bosworth is down from Denver, a guest in the Gunn home.

Will C. Israel of the Benkelman News-Chronicle was a Saturday visitor.

Wm. Dorsey and R. W. McGrew of Bloomington were McCook visitors, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradley have moved down from Haigler to take their home here.

R. LeCoe of Lincoln spent Sunday in the city, the guest of his daughter, Mrs. C. D. Ritchie.

U. G. Etherton, editor of the Bartley Inter-Ocean, was a business caller in the city, Monday.

Mr. Walter Wright of Boulder, Colorado, was a guest in T. F. Rowell's home, last week.

Mr. McKenna's father returned, Thursday night, to Omaha, after his visit in the McKenna home.

Attorney F. L. Wolff was in Holdrege, fore part of the week, attending the Phelps county district court.

Rufus B. Carlton left, last Thursday night, for his old home in Missouri, to visit his folks before returning to his work in California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hasty and family returned, Sunday morning, from a visit with the home folks at Arapahoe.

Mrs. Ed Huber, daughter and baby boy went down to Excelsior Springs, Mo., last Thursday night, for their health.

The Dorcas society of the Congregational church meets, Thursday afternoon, June 2, with Mrs. D. Y. Dorwart.

Mrs. E. S. Koller and Miss Adeline visited Mrs. Koller's people in Oxford, over Sunday, going down on No. 10, last Thursday evening.

Mrs. W. E. Hart and baby went down to Hastings, last Thursday night on No. 10, to visit her daughter Wilhelmine and other relatives.

William Roach, an implement dealer of Haigler, was one of the pleased visitors at the district meeting here of Daughters of Rebekah, last Friday night.

Mrs. W. B. Whittaker, who has been in Detroit, Mich., at the bedside of her mother for a number of weeks, returned home, Saturday last, on No. 1.

Will C. Israel, editor of the Benkelman News-Chronicle, transacted business in McCook, Saturday, remaining for "St. Elmo" in the evening.

C. A. Evans and D. C. Hall departed for the west, Sunday night, the former going to Portland, Oregon, and the latter to Salt Lake City, Utah.

J. W. Hammond of the Cambridge Clarion spent a few hours in the city, last Thursday morning, to take a peep at our new linotype. He has an order placed for the same model.

President Franklin of the Citizens National Bank attended the meeting of Group Four of Nebraska bankers at Hastings, last of last week. G. H. Thomas of Harvard was toastmaster on the banquet occasion.

Jas. V. White of Curtis, H. W. Keyes and S. R. Smith of Indianola, and E. B. Perry of Cambridge, are among the out-of-town attorneys in attendance at the May term of the district court.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hupp of Seattle, Washington, were in the city a few days, early in the week, visiting old friends. They were on their way home from the east, whither they had been called by a death in the family.

Mrs. W. B. Mills went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, close of last week, joining Mr. Mills who has been at the bedside of his sick mother for some time. A private letter to friends states that the condition of the invalid is by no means reassuring, though at present she seems to be holding her own.

Junior Normal.

The institute week, this year, of the Junior Normal promises to be of unusual interest to all teachers. Besides the regular faculty, two extra instructors have been provided. Mr. E. G. Weaver, head of the department of penmanship and drawing of the Perry Normal College, will give two weeks' instruction in these subjects, beginning June 6. In addition to this he will give one illustrated evening lecture. Prof. N. A. Banks of the University of Nebraska will give one week of special work on the subject of geography. Two of his special lines of work will be illustrated by use of the stereopticon. These two lines of work are a study of the geography of Nebraska, and industrial geography. Besides these two lines he will also have a class in elementary physical geography.

GOOD IN SPOTS.

One Man Who Discovered That War Was Not Wholly Bad.

Lem Jackson loved to loaf. He lived in the mountains not far from Greenville, Tenn., with his wife and a large brood of children. Lem had a "houn' dawg" that he set great store by, and he spent most of his time lounging in a runaway waiting to shoot a deer driven in by old Bose or sprawling on the bank of a stream fishing. In that way he was a good provider after a fashion, but not all the urging, scolding, lashing and broomsticking of his Jewish wife could drive him to work.

Lem led the lazy life of a Rip Van Winkle until the outbreak of the civil war, and then he joined the Confederate army. At the end of six months Lem was shot through the right thigh, and it was long before he was able to limp out of the hospital and back to his regiment. In the second year he was shot in the left shoulder, and when he returned to duty his left hand was bent far back by a shortened tendon, but he was still able to raise his rifle. Early in the fourth year they got him again—a musket ball through the body—but he was back in the ranks long before the fighting was ended. Every one wondered at Lem's persistence in sticking to the terrible trade of war.

Dr. Gardner met Lem hobbling down the street in Greenville one morning in June, 1865, still pale and weak from his latest wound, his right leg short and wobbly, his left hand stiffly bent back.

"Glad to see you alive, Lem," said the doctor. "I suppose you're glad to be home again?"

"Waal," Lem admitted without enthusiasm. "I s'pose I had to git erlong home. Gin'ral Lee he surrendered us down to Appomattox, an' we all had to go home."

"But aren't you glad to be away from the dangers of war?"

"Why, doc, war hain't so bad," cried honest Lem—"war hain't so bad. There's lots of days when you don't have nothin' to do."—Harper's Weekly.

A GAME OF BALL.

How It May Strike a Stranger Who Sees It For the First Time.

Nothing has set America so high in the estimation of foreign nations, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, as the adoption of baseball as the national sport. If a foreign spy wanders into America seeking to fathom our real inwardness and sees a game of baseball any feeling of contempt for our newness gives way instantly to awestruck admiration. At his first glance baseball is to him a mystery, and it remains a mystery to him. He sees 30,000 men and women suffering the tortures of the lower regions on hot grand stands. He sees a man pick up a small white ball as bard as a pine knot. Facing him is another man who holds a smooth but deadly club in his hands. Behind this second man is a third man whose face is hidden behind a birdcage. Suddenly the man with the ball raises one foot in the air and shows the man with the bat the sole of his shoe. The man at the bat sees that there are spikes in the sole of the shoe, and it angers him, and he raises his bat to throw it at the man with the ball. But—ah, ha!—the man with the ball is too quick for him. He throws the hard, white ball at the man with the bat with all his strength. The man with the bat waves defiance by swinging the bat in the air. The ball proceeds. The batsman never flinches! Will the ball kill the man or will the impact crush the ball? But, see! The ball finds man unflinching; the ball is panic stricken; the ball dodges around the man; the ball is lost, buried in the huge leather chair cushion that covers the hand of the birdcage man behind the batsman! "Strike one!" says the umpire. Thirty thousand cheers! Why?

Grub Street's Pawnshop.

If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is in Fleet street—Grub street—and has been the poor writer's uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten." There are many souvenirs, sayings and traditions of the greatest men on earth, who, going broke, had to patronize it. Outside of its own name it is well known as the Grub street pawnshop.—London Mail.

Unspellable.

The Newfoundland seal folk for some reason not given by the St. John's correspondent of the New York Sun describe their greasy spoil as "swails," and they also say they "spell" an object when they mean to carry it. One can imagine the amazement of the young cleric who on one occasion asked a burly hunter how he spelled "swails."

"We don't spell 'em; we hauls 'em," was the bewildering reply.

The Retort Courteous.

"I hate to press this bill, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor, taking a much wrinkled memorandum of accounts from his pocket. "but"—

"Oh, don't bother, Snip," said Slowpay genially. "You don't need to press it. I don't mind the wrinkles in it at all. Fact is, I've got a dozen fresh copies of it at home already."—Judge.

A Wide Waist.

Miss Thynn—I saw Jack put his arm around you. Miss Plumleigh—You didn't, either. Miss Thynn—Well, then, as far around as he could get it.—Boston Transcript.

CONSIDERATE.

He Spared His Guest the "Unpleasant Little Detail."

Two friends, one a prosperous looking business man and the other at least well dressed, chanced to meet not long ago, and the second gentleman remembered that it was his turn to "buy the dinner," so they were soon repairing to a fashionable restaurant. Their orders were generous, and they lingered long over the good things, not forgetting cigars at the end.

When they felt that they really had to leave or else pay that the host showed a bit of diffidence and requested that the other go outside and wait for him; that there was an "unpleasant little detail" he wished to discuss with the proprietor and could not think of embarrassing his friend by having him overhear it. The friend did as requested, stepping outside and waiting at the nearest corner.

He had been waiting only about five minutes when of a sudden the door of the restaurant flew open, and his erstwhile host shot through it as from a catapult, followed by some most uncomplimentary terms.

"What's wrong?" was the first inquiry of the waiting friend.

"Oh, nothing much," was the answer, "except that the 'unpleasant little detail' I had to discuss with the proprietor was that I had no money to pay for the dinners."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A FAMOUS GOOSE.

Peter, the Pet of the English Coldstream Guards.

Possibly the most remarkable creature ever attached to a regiment was Peter, the ever famous goose of the Coldstream guards. This curious pet was presented to the Coldstreamers when they were in Canada by the late Hon. Adolphus Graves, and soon it acquired a fame which eclipsed that of all rivals in the way of pets in the army.

When the guard was mounted of a morning Peter always marched off with them. It is recorded that one night the goose saved a sentry's life by flying in the face of a rebel who was just going to fire at the soldier. Peter's timely aid disconcerted the rebel, who fired at random. The sentry immediately responded by shooting the rebel dead.

When the guards came home and were quartered in London one of the sights when the regiment marched out was to see Peter strutting at the head of the battalion till they passed the barrack gate, when the goose returned. Unhappily Peter's fate was unheroic. His end was ill in accord with his martial career, for he was run over and killed by a cab, and that not even a taxicab. It was a poor kind of an end for a bird with such a record.—London Telegraph.

Old English Laws About Buttons.

Buttons have engaged the attention of legislators even more frequently than hats. Five acts have been passed to protect the button industry of England, and some of these are still unrepealed. An act of George I. inflicts a penalty of 40 shillings on any person using or selling "buttons made of cloth, serge, druggat, frieze or camel."

This law, says the London Daily Mail, was a source of intense annoyance to foreign visitors, and the author of "Le Parisien a Londres," a guide written in 1789, is careful to explain its provisions at considerable length. He adds, however, that foreigners "who are able to prove that their clothes were made in their own country escape the penalty when first summoned on the understanding that they change their buttons within twenty-four hours."

Lively Times in Billville.

"Well, sir," said the Billville citizen, "ef they ain't a power 'o' confusion in the skies after awhile I'll give it up!"

"What's the trouble?" he was asked.

"Well, over yander is Deacon Jones prayin' fer rain, an' jest 'cross the way is Elder Brown petitionin' fer dry, an' the whole population's crowdin' roun', bettin' which'll win. An' the high sheriff's done sarved notice to all 'em to appear in court an' answer to the charge o' gamblin' in futures, an' he says he'll git enough cash out o' the gang to finish the artesian well an' paint the town hall."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Guarded His Beard.

As Sir Thomas More laid his head on the block he begged the executioner to wait a moment while he carefully placed his beard out of reach of the ax, for, he said, "it hath not committed treason," which reminds one of the story of Simon Lord Lovat, who the day before his execution on Tower hill bade the operator who shaved him be cautious not to cut his throat, as such an accident would cause disappointment to the gaping crowd on the morrow.—English Magazine.

Small Audience.

Bacon—Did you say the professor always counts ten before he speaks? Egbert—No; he only counted eight at yesterday's lecture.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Proof.

Mrs. Youngwife—What have you ever done to prove your love for me? Mr. Youngwife—Darling, I've contracted a lovely case of chronic dyspepsia.—Judge.

Remember you must die. Let this not startle you, but let it soften you while there is yet time to do some good in the world.

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IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

Unfortunately, in This Case, the Grouch Skillfully Evades All the Facts.

Some weeks since, an individual traveling under the literary title of "Dod Gaston" appeared in this city burdened with the purpose and duty of a special literary stunt, which he performed largely by proxy. After the "story" was prepared, time seems to have hung heavily on his hands. At his own solicitation he was shown McCook's handsome modern theatre building, which he approved heartily, adding that it excelled those of his own town, a city of considerable proportions.

This is the only fact in the case. There was no committee. Those who showed the gentleman the theatre were doubtless no less wearied than was Mr. "Dod Gaston," who seems to be pretty much fool, and necessarily tiresome. There was no delegation of "prominent" citizens, and no sensation that a "prominent" citizen was being "shown." Just a common act of courtesy and a self-sought one at that, one that the recipient was too boorish to appreciate, as the following article from his pen discloses: "At McCook, Neb., the other day a delegation of prominent citizens took

me through their new opera house. Now, I have seen a thousand theatres more or less, and I didn't care a dang about the one at McCook. I had been working hard all day, was tired and perspiring, and what I really wanted to do was to go to my hotel, take a bath, and lie down and rest until my train came. But the committee felt it their duty to show me their opera house, and, although I was bored to extinction, I had to put in a weary hour being polite to people for whom I cared nothing and who cared nothing for me, inspecting a thing in which I was not interested in the least. Nearly every town in the country bores its visitors by showing them the local sights. The more prominent and important the man, the more he suffers in that respect. This department will hereafter be devoted to the working of a reform in this matter. I shall openly advocate the policy of keeping away from visitors and allowing them to do as they pleased. I believe the town will make friends by adopting my policy. The average man has seen everything there is to see in Topeka a thousand times. Why bore and annoy him by compelling him to look at them again?"

McConnell fills prescriptions.