



New Millinery



There is newness in the millinery styles this season more than ever. There has never been such wealth of variety in colors, in materials and in styles. One of the quaint things about this business is that this season for real early wear black and white combinations are to be very much the fad. But these combinations must be in novelty shapes and trimmings to be right.

Silk hats are beautiful and will be seen often during the months of September and October. After that the style setters will wear beaver and velvet and even silk and velvet combination.

Some of the hats look a bit freaky in the hand, but on the head they look pretty and every hat has the happy lines that help one to appear more youthful.

Willow plumes are quite the rage already in the cities and large wings are now being wore. The streets present a picture. Many of the best dressed women have already donned the newest Fall hats.

MRS. J. P. NIES

DeGroff & Co. Building

McCook, Nebr.

Obituary.

Owen T. Lytle was born in Sandusky county, Ohio, December 15, 1818. Died August 25, 1910. Age 61 years, 8 mos., 10 days. In the year 1855 he moved to Iowa with his parents. In 1872 came to Nebraska, settling in Fillmore county, where he was one of the earliest settlers. October 8, 1870, he married Mary E. Dunegan. Eight children were born to this union, 7 daughters and 1 son. He is survived by 4 daughters, Mrs. Lula Head of Moore, Mont.; Mrs. Nellie V. Russell of North Platte, Nebr.; Mrs. Nola B. Young of Alma, Neb.; Miss Ida Lytle of Peyton, Oregon; one son Mr. Lester L. Lytle of Portland, Oregon. Recently he settled 7 miles north of Hersey, Neb., at which place he was stricken with an attack of apoplexy apparently on Sunday evening about 8 o'clock, and was found about 2 p.m., Monday, by a neighbor. Medical aid was summoned. Found his left side totally paralyzed and him to be in a semi-comatose condition. After two days of suffering he was removed to the Physicians and Surgeons hospital in North Platte, Wednesday evening, and passed away on Thursday morning at 8:15. Funeral was held on Saturday, August 27th, at 3 p.m., from home of his daughter Mrs. Nellie V. Russell.

His brother Frank Lytle, also daughter Mrs. Nola B. Young, were at the funeral.

*
Everything in drugs. McConnell.

Within four degrees of freezing, last Thursday morning.

Kodaks and kodak supplies. McConnell, Druggist.

Get our RATES on FARM LOANS.
DORWART & BARGER.

Received on Account," "Paid Out," "Cash," "Credit" slips, etc., for sale at The Tribune office. Per 1,000, 50c.

We know it to be a positive fact that Lily Patent flour is the best high patent flour in McCook. Mc Cook Flour and Feed Store.

If you have once tried our Fragrant Lotion you will never be without it. Cures and prevents chaps. Renders skin clear, soft and smooth as satin. Price, 25c.

L. W. McCONNELL, Druggist.

JUGGLED BY BRUIN

A Boy's Remarkable Adventure With a Pet Bear.

WHIRLED ABOUT LIKE A TOY.

After the Unique Performance Was Over Seventy-six Stitches in the Lad's Scalp and Rolls of Surgical Plaster on His Shins Saved His Life.

Ben was a pet black bear four years old and as good natured and friendly as if his ancestors had never had bad reputations. There is only one occasion on record, says his owner, Mr. William H. Wright, in his biography of Ben in "Black Bear," when even to appearances did Ben misbehave himself.

The circumstances being examined, however, the animal came off with his good name virtually untouched. Ben had been left in his shed as usual. Later in the day a crowd was seen about the door. I hurried home to find most of the women of the neighborhood wringing their hands and calling down all kinds of trouble on my head.

At first I could make neither head nor tail of the clamor, but finally gathered that that bloodthirsty, savage and unspeakable bear of mine had killed a boy, and upon asking to see the victim I was told that the remains had been taken to a neighbor's house and a doctor summoned.

This was pretty serious news; but, knowing that whatever had happened Ben had not taken the offensive without ample cause, I unchained him and put him in the cellar of my house, well out of harm's way, before looking further into the matter. Then I went over to the temporary morgue and found the corpse—it was one of the Urbin boys—sitting up on the kitchen floor, holding a sort of impromptu reception and, with the exception of Ben, the least excited of any one concerned.

I could not help admiring the youngster's pluck, for he was an awful sight. From his feet to his knees his legs were lacerated, and his clothing was torn to shreds, and the top of his head—redder by far than ever nature had intended—was covered with blood. As soon as I laid eyes on him I guessed what had happened.

It developed that the two Urbin boys had broken open the door of the shed and gone in to wrestle with the bear. Ben was willing, as he always was, and a lively match was soon on, whereupon, seeing that the bear did not harm the two already in the room, another of the boys joined in the scuffle. Then one of them got on the bear's back.

This was a new one on Ben, but he took kindly to the idea and was soon galloping round the little room with his rider. Then another boy climbed on, and Ben carried the two of them at the same mad pace. Then the third boy got aboard, and round they all went, much to the delight of them selves and their cheering audience in the doorway.

But even Ben's muscles of steel had their limit of endurance, and after a few circles of the room with the three riders he suddenly stopped and rolled over on his back.

And now an amazing thing happened. Of the three boys suddenly tumbled helter skelter from their seats one happened to fall upon the upturned jaws of the bear, and Ben, who for years had juggled rope balls, cord sticks and miniature logs, instantly undertook to give an exhibition with his new implement.

Gathering the badly frightened boy into position, the bear set him whirling. His clothing from his shoe tops to his knees was soon ripped to shreds and his legs torn and bleeding. His scalp was lacerated by the sharp claws until the blood came. His cries rose to shrieks and sank again to moans. But the bear, unmoved, kept up the perfect rhythm of his strokes.

Finally the terrified lookers-on in the doorway, realizing that something had to be done if their leader was not to be twirled to death before their eyes, tore a rail from the fence and with a few pokes in Ben's side induced him to drop the boy, who was then dragged out apparently more dead than alive.

The doctor took seventy-six stitches in the lad's scalp and put rolls of surgical plaster on his shins. So square and true had Ben juggled him that not a scratch was found on his face or on any part of his body between the top of his head and his knees. He eventually came out of the hospital no worse for his ordeal, but I doubt if he ever again undertook to ride a bear.

How She Won Out.

"Oh, George," she cried in perplexed tones, "I'm afraid we must part."

"Part! Why must we part, dear?" she echoed.

"On account of father," she replied. "He fears we would be mistreated. We are so very different, he says."

"In what way are we so different?" he asked, with a show of dignity.

"Well, father says I am of such a ready and willing disposition, while you seem so backward, so reluctant and hesitating, so loath to come to the—the point, don't you know."

"He does, does he?" blustered George, bracing up, and the very next afternoon she was showing her girl friends how stunning it looked on the third finger of her left hand.—Boston Herald.

An Inference.
Rose—Why don't you pop in and have a game of bridge sometimes? Violet—Oh, well, you see—er—I've become a bit of a recluse lately. Rose—How much do you owe?—Illustrated Rita.

He that lives upon hope will die fasting.—Franklin.

Fall Weather

makes us think of Fall Wearing Material

and we cannot too strongly emphasize the superiority of our new stock of Tailored Suits, Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Waists. Call and make your selection early. : :



The Swell Fall Hats

now on display in our

Millinery Department
are attracting the attention of every lady who has seen them. Never before have such snappy creations been shown in McCook at such moderate prices.

Our Fall Opening will be on Sept. 16-17. Look for our announcement next week.

H. C. CLAPP

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CANNIBALISM.

It is the Religion of the Savages Who Practice It.

In the course of his thirteen years as a missionary in the Fiji Islands the Rev. Joseph Nettleton learned a good deal about cannibalism and even saw some of his colleagues killed and eaten. "It is a common mistake to think that these men eat human beings because of hunger," he said. "Cannibalism is their religion. The ovens in the temple where they cook their human sacrifices are never used for any other purpose. I once witnessed the capture of a white victim. He was surrounded, bound hand and foot and dragged along to the temple, where he was dashed with terrific force against the altar. Then he was pushed inside the compound, while the chiefs arranged as to the division of the body and began a war dance. Their hideous war dance—the 'derana' they call it—makes one's flesh creep. An American sea captain who once visited the Islands said he was not so much afraid of being eaten as he was of this dance. It took all the courage out of him."

Mr. Nettleton had to use extreme care to avoid arousing suspicion among the savages. "My colleague, Mr. Baker, was murdered, cooked and eaten with seven others while exploring," he said. "The cannibals thought he was spying. I never carried a revolver. Why? Because the cannibals say at once, 'He doesn't carry that to kill himself; therefore he means to kill us,' and they act accordingly."

The Rev. J. Calvert, another of Mr. Nettleton's colleagues, had a narrow escape. He was surrounded by cannibals, and it was decided that he should be killed. By a miracle his life was spared. "My friend pleaded till he was hoarse," said Mr. Nettleton, "but it was of no avail. Suddenly one of the cannibals remembered that Mr. Calvert had doctored him when he was ill. That saved my friend's life."—Chicago News.

Started the Natives.

Herrara, the Spanish historian, says that Pizarro when he landed in South America owed his life and those of his companions to the fact that one of the party fell off his horse by accident. The natives had succeeded in cutting off the retreat of the Spaniards to their ships, when one of the riders was thrown. The Indians were so astonished at the dissolution of partnership that they took flight at once. They had supposed horse and man to be one animal.

An Inference.

Rose—Did she marry the man who rescued her? "Yes, and now she's discovered that her life was the only thing he ever saved."—Detroit Free Press.

SEARCHLIGHTS.

A Special Pattern Must Be Used on the Suez Canal.

Every war vessel carries from one to twenty searchlights, and every vessel of any description whatever passing through the Suez canal has to carry one of a special pattern.

A searchlight consists essentially of an arc lamp of special form, a parabolic mirror and a case to hold the lot, the case being mounted so as to be capable of movement in two directions—viz. vertically and horizontally. The hood as this case is called, is made of sheet steel about 3.32 inch thick. The turnable trunnions, etc., are cast in gun metal. The arms which support the hood are of cast steel. The lamp box is formed as part of the hood. The mirror is carried on springs in the back cover, and at the front of the hood is a "front glass" mounted in a gun metal ring, and the dispersion lens when carried is binged on in front of this. Training is carried out by means of a worm and worm wheel or by a rack and pinion. Slewing is effected by means of a pinion which gears into a crown wheel on the underside of the turntable, or else it is done directly by hand.

The Suez canal regulations require that the projector shall be capable of giving the light required under two different conditions—in the first case a broad, flat beam of light illuminating both banks and the canal uninterruptedly, this being used when no other ship is approaching; in the other case they require a beam having the same angle of divergence and consequently the same width as the first, but divided into two portions, with a dark interval between, thus giving light at both sides, but not directly in front, and so not interfering with the navigation of the approaching vessel.—J. M. Heslop in Cassier's Magazine.

A Fortune in Snuffboxes.

Count Nesselrode, the Russian statesman of the last century, was a famous collector of snuffboxes. He collected them as a diplomatist, receiving one or two for each treaty he signed, and when he had got \$100,000 worth of party fell off his horse by accident. The natives became a capitalist. His capital he invested so judiciously that his descendants are multimillionaires. The moral of Count Nesselrode's experience is that a snuffbox is not to be sneezed at.

Thriftless.

"Did she marry the man who rescued her?" "Yes, and now she's discovered that her life was the only thing he ever saved."—Detroit Free Press.

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

Mr. Elmer spent Saturday night and Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Louis Longnecker.

Mrs. Maley left on Friday night for her home in Omaha.

Roscoe Korns, wife and boy, visited friends on Sunday.

Ben King caught a coyote in a trap, which pleased those who have lost so many chickens by these sneaking thieves, which have become very bold.

Jacob Randel and wife have gone on a two months' visit to their old home in Indiana.

Quite an impromptu social time was enjoyed when Mrs. Rose Crabtree and niece, Mrs. Alice Elmer with two little girls, Mrs. Ben King and two children, Mrs. Will Meyers and three children and Mrs. F. C. Smith took dinner with Mrs. Louis Longnecker.

The Old Settlers' picnic will be on Sept. 15, and it is hoped all will attend.

Exclusive Agent, Exclusive Coffee.

Huber is exclusive agent in McCook for the unexcelled Barrington Hall coffees. Priced at 20c, 25c and 35c per pound.

John Cashen, Auctioneer.

Indiana, Nebr. Dates booked at McCook National Bank.

Money to Loan on Farms.

See Rozell & Sons at clothing store

Try McCook Business College.

A. McMillen, prescription druggist.

Kodaks and kodak supplies. McConnell, Druggist.

McMillen, druggist, sells pure mixed paints, varnishes and oils at the right prices.

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McMILLEN'S DRUG STORE.

Huber's coffee cannot be beat. Coffee from 15 cents to 35 cents, and "Wedding Breakfast" heads the list.

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New Fall Shoe

Our Styles are Right.
Best lines to select from.
Prices right. Fit right.
All Right :: :: ::

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