

CLOTHCRAFT Clothes are made in a sunlit factory. You have the satisfaction of knowing that your clothes were made in the lightest, brightest, most sanitary shops that modern science can build—if they bear the Clothcraft label.

The buildings in which this famous line is produced are models for the whole world. They are the ideal place for the scientific tailoring that makes possible a guaranteed All-Wool Clothcraft suit at \$10 to \$25.

All this is the result of sixty years of continuous development. Clothcraft is "sixty years young." In the light inside coat pocket of your Clothcraft suit you will find the Clothcraft guaranty of absolutely pure wool cloth—the non-breakable coat front—the best trimmings and workmanship—quality that gives the longest wear.

The makers sign this guaranty, and we also give it to you on our own responsibility.

Come in and see the new styles and shades correctly expressed in Clothcraft. Then consider what this guaranty means to you.

Why waste time over ordinary clothes when such an offering as this awaits you—at these prices?

C. L. DeGROFF & CO.



Advertised List.

McCook, Nebr., Sep't 23rd, 1910. The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the postoffice:

Letters—
Mr. Charles Bisnett, Mr. William Daily, Mr. M. L. Emberly, Mr. Lenous Galbreath (2), Pearl Haese, Mrs. Marie Jones, Fred Kenley, Mr. Joel Lemming, Mrs. Ella Miller Mr. C. J. McCall, Mr. Louis H. Potter, Mr. E. J. Rush, Mr. O. R. Sander.

Cards—
Mr. M. T. Brown, Mr. Ed. Earhart, Clarence F. Greene, Gint Humberston, Mr. Lloyd Lewis, Mr. Joel Lemming, Mr. Earl Riley, Miss Bessie Stone, Mrs. N. H. Stone, Mr. Ray Young (2).

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

LON CONE, Postmaster.

Did you lose something? Let a Tribune want ad help you find it. It has helped others; why not you?

Subscribe for The Tribune.

COAL

We now handle the best grades of Colo and Penna. coals in connection with our grain business. Give us a trial order. Phone 262.

Real & Easterday

Real Estate Filings.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since our last report:

Hiram C. Rider et ux to Josephine Jackson, wd to lots 6 to 10 inc., block 5, First South McCook . . . 90 00
Middleton & Ruby vs. H. M. Finity m lien on lots 5 and 6, block 9, Sixth McCook . . 125 00
Harvey H. Phillippi et ux to R D Rodgers, qcd to ne qr 8-2-29 1 00
Minnie Rouse et cons to R D Rodgers, qcd to same as above 1 00
Middleton & Ruby vs John H Thomas, m lien to 5, 6 in 4, 4th McCook 158 00
James A Harman et ux to L Suess, wd to 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 in 5, 1st So McCook 141 85

When Merit Wins.

When the medicine you take cures your diseases, tones up your system and makes you feel better, stronger and more vigorous than before. That is what Foley Kidney Pills do for you, in all cases of backache, headache, nervousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general weakness that is caused by any disorder of the kidneys or bladder. A. McMillen.

Digestion and Assimilation

It is not the quantity of food taken but the amount digested and assimilated that gives strength and vitality to the system. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invigorate the stomach and liver and enable them to perform their functions naturally. For sale by all dealers.

Not Going Out of Business, But Selling Goods Right

- Quaker Corn Flakes, 4 pack 25c
- Baking Powder, 10 oz 8c, 15 oz 12c, 25 oz 20c
- Former 25c Coffee, now 20c
- Laundry Soap, 10 bars 25c
- Coal Oil, gal. 10c
- Fresh Fruit and Vegetables at all times.
- Choice Country Butter 25c
- Bring your cream and get cash on delivery.

Yours for Bus

D. MAGNER, Prop.

ARSENIC POISONING.

The Torture That Ensues Before Death Brings Relief.

When a single dose of arsenic in sufficient quantity to be felt has been taken colicky pains, bowel disorder and perhaps nausea result. In the course of an hour after a poisonous dose has been taken an intense burning pain is felt in the esophagus and stomach. This spreads to the entire anterior portion of the lower part of the trunk. A sense of constriction at the throat and an acrid, metallic taste accompany the pain. Then vomiting and relaxation of the bowels begin. As the case progresses the symptoms increase in intensity. Then comes a thirst that water will not allay, although it apparently increases the stomach disturbance. The victim groans and writhes.

Now he implores the doctor to save him. Then he begs to be killed and put out of pain. The extremities become icy. The pulse is small, feeble and frequent, and the breathing is labored, embarrassed and painful because of abdominal tenderness. The surface of the body becomes dark and of that bluish color that medical men call cyanosed. Violent cramps add their torture, exhaustion becomes collapse, convulsions or coma ensues, and death ends the agony. The torture lasts sometimes from five to twenty hours.

In some cases these symptoms occur, but in a modified form, and the doctor will apparently get the better of the disease. The remission will be but for a day or two. Then the abdomen will swell, and icy coldness will pervade the frame. Shivering will become pronounced trembling, then cramps, convulsions and death.

AMERICAN MANHOOD.

An English View of the Common People in This Country.

In all I spent four months traveling and lecturing in the eastern cities of the United States and met many men of varied classes. In my wildest dreams of the race I had never foreseen such wealth, such freedom, such equality. America is the land of the common people, as England is the land of the classes. If I were a young workman I would go to the States as soon as I could earn a passage, because once on her soil I should cease to be a laborer and become a man, which is a very different thing.

Better than the boundless wealth of America, better than any material benefit she can bestow, is this sense of manhood and equality that is as all pervading as the air. Worse than the earthen floor of our peasant's hovel, still found in England's southern counties, and the starvation wages on which he lives is the slavish spirit that drags the cap from his head before the squire or crowds him into the ditch as the carriage passes by. He is not a man, only a laborer, one step above the serf.—Joseph Burt of London in Leslie's.

Trapping Muskrats.

Numbers of mechanical traps to catch muskrats have been invented and tried, but none gives more satisfaction than the old floating barrel trap that has been in use for many years. Both ends are left closed, and a hole about eight by twelve inches square is sawed in the side. A strong cleat is nailed across each end, the cleats projecting six or eight inches beyond the barrel, and upon the cleats are nailed two boards, one on each side of the barrel and several inches longer. Water then is placed in the barrel so that it will float with the board platforms about on a level with the surface of the pond or stream. About one-third of the barrel remains above water. Apples, carrots and other delicacies that the muskrat likes are placed in the barrel. In their attempts to get the bait the animals fall into the barrel and are unable to get out.—Exchange.

Proving His Authority.

There was an Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning this foreman found that his gang had put a handcar on the track without his orders. "Who put that han-car-r-r on the track?" he asked. "We did, sor," one of the men answered respectfully. "Well," he said shortly, "take it off ag'in!" The laborers did so with some difficulty. "Now," said the foreman, "put it on ag'in!"

Great Scheme.

"What do you do," asked the one who had been married only a few months, "when your husband comes home late at night?" "I pretend not to notice that it's late, and pretty soon he asks me if I wouldn't like to go to the theater or somewhere tomorrow afternoon."

Startling Encouragement.

"Was Amelia's father encouraging when you went to him to ask him for her hand?" "Not very. He asked me to put the proposal in writing, so I couldn't back out, as all the others did."

Musical Note.

First Young Thing (during the sonata)—I just love Brahms, don't you? Second Young Thing—What are Brahms?—Musical Courier.

Necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention. Sir Walter Scott.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Substance of paper read at the meeting of the Old Settlers' Picnic Held Thursday afternoon, September 16, 1910, at Taylor's Grove on Red Willow Creek, Red Willow County, Nebraska, published at the request of the Old Settlers' Association.

In ancient times, before the art of writing was employed to record the events of the past, it was customary for the old man of the tribes into which the society of those days was divided, to gather their clansmen about them for the purpose of recounting to their children the valorous deeds of their ancestors. From father to son, the tales descended, and so it was the chronicles of the dead were perpetuated. In these modern days, all over this new western land the pioneers congregate from time to time, as you have met here, for the purpose of telling those of us who were too young to participate in the movement that culminated in the settlement of the great plains, the story of their undertaking.

The purpose of this organization can not be too heartily commended. It is a good thing for us to get together once in a while to renew old friendships, to revive old memories, to repeat the old stories. By reviewing these incidents of the past, those of us who have lived the primitive, wholesome life of the frontier instill vigor into this artificial existence of the present day. You make us who were born too late to take part in the events that are now recounted as history, envious of your good fortune. You endured hardships, you suffered privations, some of your companions died in the struggle to subjugate the new country, but it was worth while and you who have survived, as well as those who are gone, are receiving the greatest reward that can be meted to you on earth—the veneration and regard of your fellowmen. It is right and proper that you should remind us, who belong to a younger generation, who find the path ways cleared, who find the hard tasks done, of our debt of gratitude to you. Why should we not be grateful to the old settlers? Do we not owe it to them, that we can live in this land in safety and comfort? Even nature seems to smile upon them. After a week of gloomy, threatening weather, the skies have cleared as if for no other purpose than to give them a beautiful day for their picnic. We are again enjoying the splendid sunshine, as only Nebraskas, used to light and gladness can. The day set sunshine, as only Nebraskas, used to apart for this event has invariably been pleasant.

When you, the first settlers, in your search for a home, had crossed the great river that marks the eastern boundary of our state, you drove your slow moving, white covered wagons into a land that was as uncharted as the ocean. You came beyond what was then the frontier, beyond the out-posts of civilization, beyond the help of men. You found the prairies stretching beyond the limits of vision, like a boundless ocean, the surface roused as if by the wind, into mighty waves that were crested, not with foam, but with flowers. You found the land tenanted only by wild animals and by savage men, the uplands teemed with buffalo, while along the streams and in the sheltering canyons elk and deer and antelope grazed on the prairie grasses. At night, out of the darkness that rimmed your campfires, you heard the doleful wailing of the coyote, while from the branches of the tree beneath which you sought shelter the eyes of some giant cat glowed like living coals.

When you reached the borders of this creek the land looked well to you, you halted in your journey, you unhitched your tired horses and turned them loose to pasture. The first desire of every white man is to have a home, you selected a site for the dwelling you meant to raise, you cut the trees that nature had furnished for your use along the stream and from them you fashioned your habitation. You turned the prairie sod and from it you built a shelter from the sun and wind and rain, using poles for roof and hanging the untanned skins of deer or buffalo before the entrance, you dug a cave in some canon bank, like the wild creatures that had been in undisputed possession of the land since their first coming. In time, you wended your weary way back across the trackless prairie to the nearest railroad station where you loaded your wagon with boards with which you constructed a shack that would shield you from winter's winds. There was none to help you but your companions, no carpenters, no artisans, you learned the first lesson of the pioneer, the self-reliance, a lesson of which we in this day and age, know too little.

When your supplies ran low, when you must have something other than your rifle or your traps would furnish, it meant, not a trip to the nearby town, but another lonely trip of a hundred miles or more across the plains to the settlement on the rail-

road. When the house was built, sometimes before, the wife and babies joined you in the new home. As the months went by the little store of money all too rapidly vanished, to feed the hungry mouths you turned hunter and trapper and exchanged the pelts of the wild things you shot and caught for the bare necessities of existence, for the articles of diet our civilization deems essential to existence.

In health, the life though hard, had its compensations in the prairies, in the glorious sunshine, in the free, pure air of this westland, but in sickness and death and sorrow there was no doctor who might be summoned by telephone, no one to administer comfort to the suffering, but some kindly neighbor woman with her homey remedies. All that could be done for the dead was to lay them in the earth on the lonely hill side, sometimes in a rude pine box to save them from molestation by prowling carnivora, sometimes merely wrapped in a blanket to protect the closed eyes from the concealing clouds. Tears and a prayer were awarded the departed and out-pouring of sympathy from all the country side for the living. Even to the poor sick Indian who crawled to your door you extended the hand of charity. But all was not pain and sorrow, there were parties and weddings, there were social gatherings at the homestead houses, there were Thanksgiving days, when your hearts were grateful for such blessings as you enjoyed, there were holiday seasons when despite the poor harvest, the Christmas spirit prevailed. On Sunday, there were devotional services, for among those who settled along this creek, as among all pioneers, there existed a deeply religious sentiment that prompted the organization of churches and Sunday schools.

Carlyle said "blessed is the country that has no history." In the popular signification of the term we have no history. No great public conflicts have been waged upon our soil, no armies have marched across our prairies, unless, perhaps, a company or two of troops in pursuit of renegade red men. Yet we are standing upon historic ground, for here was the scene of the earliest serious effort to colonize Red Willow county. When the first little company of pioneers came to the banks of this stream, the territory which is now embraced within the boundaries of this county had no permanent residents save for a single man, John King, I believe his name was, who lived near the Furnas county line. But the claim of this locality to historic distinction dates farther back than that. Several years ago a sword believed to be of ancient Spanish manufacture was found somewhere along this stream. Tradition connects it with the expedition of Coronado in his search for the fabled seven cities of Cibola.

The writers of history, however, find nothing in our annals worth recording, yet, nevertheless, you old settlers can chronicle events that have the profoundest human interest. The happenings of your every-day life went to make up a story that is tragic and as thrilling as the tales that are told by the ancients. After all, who shall say they are too insignificant to warrant repetition.

"With God, whose puppets, best and worst are we, there is no last nor first."

The little incidents that filled your days did not constitute the sum of life for you. Aside from the human element that entered into the computation, the various manifestations of nature cast spells that were felt, but that cannot be defined. The expanse of prairie with its tree bordered streams, flooded with sunlight by day spreading beneath the stars at night, the cloud flecked sky, the chasing shadows, the slipping water, the sifting snowflakes, the sighing winds, the silent moonlight nights, the scent of wild roses, the song of the meadowlark, even the sweep of the storm cloud, rent with lightning and crackling thunder, even the wail of the coyote, even the hiss of the rattle snake, coiled in the grass, inspired sentiments that make the memory of those days pleasant to contemplate.

The proudest distinction any of us can enjoy should be that of calling ourselves old settlers, but the honor should be reserved for those, many of whom are here today, who endured the hardships and privations of pioneer life, who prepared the way for those of us who came later, who have made this country what it is. To the first settlers, we who found this land a fit place to live, owe a debt of gratitude we cannot repay.

I would like to see Old Settlers' day a general holiday in Red Willow county, I would like to see, not only the old settlers, but the new as well, attend these sessions, I would like to see the scope of this event extended, I would like to see at least once each year a large proportion of the people of this county brought together. My best wishes is that another year we may have a gathering that will tax this grove. Let us all, from this

day, bend every effort to make the next annual meeting of the Old Settlers of Red Willow county the best and biggest day Red Willow county has ever had.

The Gratitude of Elderly People.

Goes out to whatever helps give them ease, comfort and strength. Foley Kidney Pills cure kidney and bladder diseases promptly, and gives comfort and relief to elderly people. A. McMillen.

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