

Our Fire-Proof Vaults

are at your disposal. Why not have a Safe Deposit Box in which to keep your will, insurance policies, deeds, abstracts, notes, leases and other valuable papers? In this manner you can guard yourself against any possible loss by fire.

If you are not familiar with the plan we will be glad to have you call at the bank, inspect the boxes and allow us to explain fully this secure way of taking care of your private papers and other valuables.

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.

Seward has just completed the expenditure of \$1,000,000 in paving.

It is Senator Hitchcock. If Vice Rosewater can stand it, why the rest of us will have to.

What's the matter with Governor Wilson of New Jersey as a wide-awake progressive.

Henry Cabot Lodge read his title clear to a reelection as senator from Massachusetts this week, by a majority of six.

STEVE WILSON'S SUDDEN DEATH

Though He Had Been Sick for Several Weeks, Death Was Unexpected.

Steve Wilson, the well-known livery man, died at his barn the Commercial barn, at an early hour Wednesday morning. He had not been well for several weeks, but was about Tuesday evening attending to business as usual. He went to bed at a late hour and although his brother Charlie noticed at one time that he was breathing rather heavily, he was not considered to be in a condition requiring special attention. Some time later, however, the brother noticed his breathing was very feeble, and as he got to him Steve breathed his last, life passing out without a struggle.

Steve Wilson was born in Vincennes, Indiana, November 4th, 1855. Death came to him in McCook, Nebraska, January 18th, 1911. He came to Nebraska in 1890. After a few years in the livery business in Lincoln he came to McCook, where he has been successful and has acquired considerable property. He was a conservative business man; a large hearted fellow, nobody's enemy but his own. Many friends will sincerely mourn his death.

The remains were accompanied back to Vincennes, Indiana, this morning by his brother Charles.

His parents have both passed on, and out of seven brothers and sisters, two sisters and two brothers remain.

Eighth Grade Graduation.

Parents of the eighth grade, A class and patrons of the schools are cordially invited to attend the 8th grade graduation exercises in the high school auditorium, January 27th, at nine o'clock.

Instrumental Solo—"Hunting Song" Elsie Moore.

Song—"Welcome" Junior Glee Club Address—"The Value of Culture" Rev. Reed Taft Bayne.

Vocal Solo—"Say Not Farewell," Florence Rosebush.

Presentation of Diplomas, C. W. Barnes.

Song—"Morning Invitation," High School Girls Glee Club.

Get ahead of the rush and paper your rooms now. We have the papers and the designs and colorings are particularly beautiful.

L. W. McCONNELL, Druggist.

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER
CURES disease with Pure Blood.

THE STATE YOU LIVE IN

Nebraska is less than a half century old and but one-third of her tillable land is under cultivation, yet in 1909 this state produced 200,000,000 bushels of corn, 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, 71,000,000 bushels of oats, 5,000,000 tons of alfalfa, 7,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 6,000,000 tons of tame and wild hay, 105,000 tons of sugar beets, and a proportionate amount of other crops. For 1909 her agricultural products totaled over \$200,000,000; poultry, butter and eggs exceeded \$60,000,000; her live stock added \$120,000,000; while her manufactured products amounted to over \$200,000,000 more. It is estimated that in 1910 Nebraska's contribution to the world's wealth reached at least \$650,000,000. What the record for 1911 shall be depends upon the intelligence, the energy, the thrift and fidelity of her citizens.

A search of the record will divulge the creditable fact that notwithstanding adverse conditions Southwestern Nebraska is contributing a goodly share in agricultural products and in live stock, poultry, eggs and butter to these great totals notwithstanding this section of the state does not average farmer to more than every half section.

Red Willow county can support from two to four times its present farmer population, and the question naturally arises why does not the

country fill up more rapidly? One of the reasons is failure to advertise—the same reason that has been so effective all over Nebraska in colonizing other states. Indeed, thousands have gone from and through our state drawn to less favored states, when desirable land at cheaper price can be bought here in Nebraska, where we have better market facilities, better school facilities and better social surroundings.

With a soil peculiarly adapted to withstand drought or excess of moisture to a degree unequalled in any similar area in the United States and with a soil of unexcelled recuperative ability in America, Nebraska is especially favored and it should be placed before the home-seeking world in its true, fair light, by systematic and persistent publicity—a publicity dealing in the facts and the truth of things. It ought to be easier to sell a Nebraska farm than to sell land in remote Texas, Utah, Colorado, or Canada, and when the people are made acquainted with the situation—when as in the case of Southwestern Nebraska, the semi-arid rubbish is brushed away by the facts and figures of a slow but solidly developing section of state and country, then will the tide of immigration set in and Nebraska will come into the possession of her own—at least her share.

Stand up for Nebraska!

INSURANCE MAPS.

Handy Guides For Underwriters In Fixing Premium Rates.

Many persons must have noticed when making application for fire insurance that it is the practice of the underwriter to examine certain maps before he will fix the rate of premium or accept a risk on the property offered. His lithographic surveys marked off in diagrams of red and yellow and other colors are always in evidence, sometimes bound securely in dozens of large volumes, on other occasions laid conveniently in piles of loose sheets for ready reference.

Few persons realize, however, that these maps contain all the information which the underwriter desires to know about the building he is asked to insure and that in most instances more matters are explained to him by a single glance than the applicant could make even though he be the owner of the property.

As a matter of fact the details set forth are most explicit. The map-maker has managed by colors, characters and signs to give a full description of the construction, equipment and occupation of the building, everything which over fifty years of this sort of surveying has proved to be of any possible interest to the insurance man. It is so complete, for instance, that an agent in New York city can readily form a good idea of the character of a risk situated in some town in Missouri or California, or vice versa, agents in towns in these western states can likewise tell the character of a risk in New York city.—Cassier's Magazine.

HIS QUICK LUNCH.

A Cleveland Man's Experience In a Toronto Restaurant.

The Canadian brother certainly differs from us in several strongly marked respects. A Cleveland man went into the leading restaurant of Toronto and said to the waiter in his customary quick lunch voice:

"Crackers 'n' milk—cup coffee—apple pie."

The waiter bent a little lower.

"Beg pardon, sir."

The Cleveland man said it again and, being slightly irritated, said it faster.

The waiter shook his head.

"I'm afraid we haven't it, sir," he deprecated, as Hashimura Togo might say.

"Haven't you any crackers?"

"No, sir." Then, with a sudden inspiration, "We have biscuits, sir."

"All right; bring me biscuits. And you can give me some milk, can't you—milk in a bowl?"

"I'll inquire, sir." Then another inspiration. "We can give you coffee, sir."

"Good! How about the apple pie?"

"No, sir. We've never 'ad it to my knowledge, sir. I think there's no call for it." Another inspiration. "We have apple tart, sir."

"Fine! Bring me biscuits 'n' milk—coffee—apple tart, and be as quick as possible, please."

But it was exactly thirty-seven minutes later when the Cleveland man brushed away the crumbs and reached for his hat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Strong Point.

"This is a pretty bad report card," said the father of the young hopeful as he looked over the teacher's figures.

"You seem to be 'poor' in pretty much everything."

"That's 'cause teacher only puts down th' studies I ain't good in. I ought to have 'excellent' in one thing."

"And what's that?" hopefully inquired the father.

"Fightin'. I can lick any boy in th' class!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOME OF FALCONRY.

The Kirghiz Hunt Wolves and Foxes With Great Golden Eagles.

All wanderers are lovers of the chase, but for sheer love of sport and daring exploits the Kirghiz take the palm. Central Asia is the home of falconry, which was not introduced into Europe until the crusaders brought back falcons with them from their eastern wanderings. But imagine the ambition of the men who fly their birds at wolves and foxes instead of at quails and partridges! Not content with hunting game birds with small falcons, the Kirghiz capture and train the great golden eagles, with which they hunt such game as gazelles, foxes and even wolves.

A well mounted Kirghiz falconer, carrying on his wrist one of these magnificent birds is a fine sight. The weight of the eagle is such that the owner requires a support for his wrist, and the hunters are usually to be seen with a little wooden bracket that supports the arm against the hip. The eagles are hooded, as all falcons are, but can be used only in winter, when they are hungry and keen. In summer they are fed on marmots and live a restful life, sitting in the sun in front of the tent doors.

When gazelles or wolves are the objects of the chase the eagles are aided by long, sleek greyhounds of a small breed, the dogs running in and pulling down the quarry when the eagles have sufficiently bewildered it.—Wide World Magazine.

NATURE'S PAINT BRUSH.

Colors, Shades and Tints That Cannot Be Reproduced by Man.

Nature paints in the most striking colors and shades and tints with a delicacy never achieved by the brush in the hands of the artist. The highest ambition of the manufacturer of paints is to produce colors which look like nature's. The painter never succeeds. Grass has a green of its own. So has the leaf and so has the distant ocean. None of these has ever been reproduced and put in cans with a price label on them.

Winter apples now repose on the shelves of the paint chemists. Honor awaits the man who can combine colors to produce the tints of red of the Baldwin and Northern Spy. They come pretty near it, that is all. The same is true of the colors with which October first touches the maple leaf.

If all the paint grinding works in the world were multiplied ten thousand times they couldn't turn out pigment enough in a year to do what nature does in a change from season to season.

Nature's brush is busy everywhere all the time. In the life of a leaf it applies the brush day by day, following with its tints from budding time until it flutters from the branch. It touches the valleys and the hills, the growing grains, the flowering plants. Never is it idle.—New York World.

A Willing Witness.

"Did his actions have an air of verisimilitude?" the lawyer asked the witness.

"What was that, sir?"

"I say, did his conduct wear an air of verisimilitude?"

"Oh," replied the witness. "Sure! He was verisimilitudin' all round the place!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Tender Hearted Youths.

Sympathetic Old Lady—You're kind hearted boys to help that poor fellow up. Here's a quarter for some candy.

Enthusiastic Small Boy (helping fat man worse for liquor)—Thanks, missus, but jest hang around a minute and watch th' fun when he falls ag'in.

—New York Times.

PLAY WITH DEATH

Men Who Are Reckless In Handling High Explosives.

STORIES BY HUDSON MAXIM.

The Accident by Which the Inventor's Left Hand Was Blown Off—John Bender's Contempt For Dynamite—Mixing Fire and Nitroglycerin.

"It is practically impossible," writes Hudson Maxim in Adventure, "to make the ordinary laboring man appreciate the necessity of care in the safe handling of explosives, and the life of the careful man is always endangered by the actions of the careless one."

"After I had sold the works at Maxim and had invented motorite I needed a place in which to make the material and hired a branch of the works there for that purpose. It was winter. My wife had accompanied me as a precautionary measure. She was sitting in the laboratory to keep warm, near a big barrel stove charged with bituminous coal.

"On entering the laboratory for something my wife asked me what was in those two tin pails sitting near the stove. She said that she had a suspicion it might be nitroglycerin, and she informed me that one of my men had just been in stirring the fire and that the sparks flew out in all directions, some of them lighting in the buckets to be quenched on top of the oily liquid.

"Horrors!" I said. "It is nitroglycerin."

"I called the man who had placed it there and told him to take it away. As it was necessary to keep the material from freezing he took it into the boiler house near by. A little later on, going into the boiler house, I saw one of the men stirring the fire while the other was standing with his coat tails stretched in either hand, forming a shield to keep the sparks from flying into the nitroglycerin.

"In the manufacture of high explosives and in experimenting with them a little absentmindedness, a very slight lack of exact caution, a seemingly insignificant inadvertence for a moment, may cost one a limb or his life. The accident that cost me my left hand is a case in point.

"On the day preceding that accident I had had a gold cap put on a tooth. In consequence the tooth ached throughout the night and kept me awake a greater part of the time. In the morning I rose early and went down to my factory at Maxim, N. J. In order to test the dryness of some fulminate compound I took a little piece of it, about the size of an English penny, broke off a small particle, placed it on a stand outside the laboratory and, lighting a match, touched it off.

"Owing to my loss of sleep the night before my mind was not so alert as usual, and I forgot to lay aside the remaining piece of fulminate compound, but instead held it in my left hand. A spark from the ignited piece of fulminate compound entered my left hand between my fingers, igniting the piece there, with the result that my hand was blown off to the wrist.

"Once when entering my storage magazine at Maxim, in which were several carloads of dynamite along with 37,000 pounds of nitrocellulose, I saw John Bender, one of my employees, calmly but emphatically opening a case of dynamite with a hammer and a chisel. I promptly discharged him.

"Not long afterward the innkeeper at Farmingdale called on me to buy some dynamite and said he had engaged Bender to blow the stumps out of his meadow lot. I told him Bender was courting death for himself and everybody around when handling dynamite, but Boniface still wanted Bender to do the work.

"Well," said I, "the dynamite you want is 16 cents a pound, but if John Bender does not succeed in blowing himself up and killing himself with the dynamite you can have it for nothing. On the other hand, if he does blow himself up you must pay for the dynamite."

"A few days later there was some hitch in Bender's exceptional luck. A particularly refractory old stump had resisted a couple of Bender's dynamic attacks. The failure to dislodge the stump Bender took as a personal affront because it reflected upon his skill as a stump blaster.

"Next time," said he, "something is going to happen." He placed about twenty pounds of dynamite under the deep rooted veteran, touched it off, and several things happened in very quick succession. The huge stump let go its hold on earth and proceeded to hunt Bender.

"It was a level race, but the stump won. Striking Bender on the north quarter, it stove in four ribs, dislocated several joints and damaged him in several other respects and particulars. Boniface came to settle for the dynamite.

"Sixteen cents a pound," I said. "Bender hasn't a chance in a hundred. Wait till the doctors are through with him."

"What do you say to a compromise," suggested Boniface, "of 8 cents a pound? For, really, I do not believe that Bender is more than half dead. And the account was settled on that basis."

Kind words are the brightest of home flowers. They make a paradise of the humblest home.

McCook Hardware Company's

BIG CASH SALE

This week only is attracting many careful buyers

2==TWO MORE DAYS==2

In which no take advantage of the many low prices quoted. Some few lines are exhausted but generally speaking

We Can Fill Your Orders Satisfactorily at the Reduced Prices

Everybody appreciates that our offer of

10 per cent Discount

On All Staple Hardware Means

A BIG REDUCTION

And that it will pay you to carefully look around and see what you need and get it during this sale.

People Are Taking Great Interest in the Faultless Malleable Range

That we are going to sell to the highest bidder, and many sealed bids have already been put in.

A Look at this Beautiful Range Will Make You Want It

You need not be afraid to bid. Every dollar less than \$65.00 is that much less than it is worth, but that don't matter, it will go to the highest bidder for cash.

2==TWO MORE DAYS==2

THE GOLD WAS THERE.

But Mark Twain Missed It by Just One Pail of Water.

With Steve Gillis, a printer of whom he was fond, Mark Twain went up into Calaveras county to a cabin on Jackass hill, where Steve's brother Jim, a lovable, picturesque character (the "Truthful James" of Bret Harte), owned mining claims. Mark decided to spend his vacation in pocket mining and soon added that science to his store of knowledge. It was a halcyon, happy three months that he lingered there. One day with Jim Gillis he was following the specks of gold that led to a pocket somewhere up the hill when a chill, dreary rain set in. Jim was washing and Clemens was carrying water. The "color" became better and better as they ascended, and Gillis, possessed with the mining passion, would have gone on regardless of the rain. Clemens, however, protested and declared that each pail of water was his last. Finally he said in his deliberate, drawing fashion:

"Jim, I won't carry any more water. This work is too disagreeable. Let's go to the house and wait till it clears up."

Gillis had just taken out a pan of earth.

"Bring one more pail, Sam," he pleaded.

"I won't do it, Jim! Not a drop! Not if I knew there was a million dollars in that pan!"

They left the pan standing there and went over to Ansel's camp, which was nearer than their own cabin. The rain kept on, and they sat around the grocery and between card playing and telling stories to pass the time.

Meanwhile the rain had washed away the top of the pan of earth left standing on the slope of Jackass hill and exposed a handful of nuggets—pure gold. Two strangers had come along and, observing it, had set down to wait until the clear day claim notice posted by Jim Gillis should expire. They did not mind the rain—not with that gold in sight—and the minute the thirty days were up they followed the lead a few paces farther and took out \$20,000 in all. It was a good pocket. Mark Twain missed it by one pail of water.—Chicago Post.

Poising on Nothing.

Away up in the air, far beyond the mountain tops, the great condors will hang poised as motionless as if perched on solid rock. True, their wings are outstretched, but even through glasses not the slightest motion is perceptible. They remain in this position for many minutes, sometimes for an hour, making a careful scrutiny of everything below them in their search for prey. Then, with a slight tilting of the wings, they flap slowly away, or, having found what they were seeking, dart like a bullet toward it. The eagle, hawk and other species have this same faculty of poisoning apparently on nothing.

Banked Rails.

In rounding a curve the tendency of the weight of a train is invariably to shift to the outside wheels. To counteract this tendency the outer rail of a curve is raised on a higher level than the inside, the elevation being in an exact proportion to the sharpness of the curve as determined by the principles of engineering. If both rails of a curved track were of exactly the same elevation a train would not dare round it at high speed.

Comic Opera Milkmaids.

"I thought I would introduce a real cow into my comic opera."

"How did it work?"

"Didn't work at all. The milkmaids frightened the cow."—Washington Herald.

Advertised List.

The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the postoffice:

Letters—

Rollins, Mr. Mat, Long, Mrs. Sadie, Howard Edward E., Kern, Mr. Henry Hoelzer, Henry, Walker, K. Jacob, Sanders, Mrs. Anna, Saeger, Mrs. Etta G., East, Jeff, Harmon, Mrs. Jennie Caldwell, Mrs. June, Mills, Miss Inez, Sanders, Misses Hazel and Alice.

Cards—

Marshall, F., Shaw, Belle, Mrs. When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

LON CONE, Postmaster.

BOX ELDER.

Mrs. Margaret Harrison visited Sunday and Monday with her daughters Mrs. Geo. Younger and Mrs. W. B. Sexson.

Miss Mabel Sexson is working in McCook.

Daisy Younger spent Sunday with Pearl Campbell.

Mrs. F. C. Tyler and Violet spent Sunday with Mrs. T. M. Campbell.

F. G. Lytle returned home Saturday from his business and pleasure trip in the eastern part of the state.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. T. S. Draper Thursday, January 26.

The Mite society will meet at A. Morosics' on Friday evening of this week.

R. F. D. No. 3.

Charles Nothnagel and wife were Sunday visitors at the G. Clapp home. Hubert Plussard was a pleasure caller in this vicinity a few days ago.

August Bahr and family from over east were at G. Clapp's Sunday.

Albert Clapp and Albert Kemp are preparing for sure-enough winter judging from the sizes of their wood piles.

Florence Jacobs is visiting at John Randel's this week.

A number from here took in the show in McCook Saturday.

H. Clapp left Tuesday for Colorado.

Don Thompson hauled hay from the bottom Monday.

R. F. D. No. 4.

Mrs. Mathews is visiting with her daughter Mrs. E. J. Baker.

Clint Hamilton hauled grain Tuesday.

Tressie Cozad went to Cambridge Monday.

H. J. Cozad had business in the city Tuesday.

G. Wallen and Ed Jacques both remembered the carrier this week.

A. McDonald is still working on Miss Evans' new house when it is warm enough.

Ed Jacques hauled out some grain from town last week to his ranch.

Death From Diphtheria.

The little six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Oxley, living five miles northwest of town died this morning from the effects of that dreadful disease—diphtheria. The little one had been sick but a day or two. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of all in their sad affliction.—Cambridge Clarion.

The McCook Tribune, \$1.00 a year.