

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

QUIT YOUR KNOCKING.

Have you lost a crop or two?
Quit your knocking.
Still expect to lose a few.
Quit your knocking.
Many people have their home
Where a crop has never grown
Nor a flower has ever blown.
Quit your knocking.

Are the winters long and drear?
Quit your knocking.
Dread the blizzards drawing near?
Quit your knocking.
There are many thousands stay
Where eternal winters sway;
There they pass their lives away.
Quit your knocking.

Do you say that you are poor?
Quit your knocking.
The wolf is ever at your door?
Quit your knocking.
Don't you know that tonight
Thousands for a crust would fight?
Their only law, "Might is right."
Quit your knocking.

Do you dream of fairer climes?
Quit your knocking.
Larger crops and better times?
Quit your knocking.
I'll admit it may be true,
But someone's there ahead of you;
He'll take your cash and mortgage too
Quit your knocking.

Just for luck let's boost awhile.
Quit our knocking.
Instead of a frown let's wear a smile.
Better than knocking.
Home, though humble, that grand old
song,
Swelling in volume as it rolls along,
Breathes contentment and makes us
strong.
No more knocking.

—F. F. G.

THINK THIS OVER.

This Offer Should Gain the Confidence of the Most Skeptical.

We pay for all the medicine used during the trial, if our remedy fails to completely relieve you of constipation. We take all the risk. You are not obligated to us in any way whatever, if you accept our offer. That's a mighty broad statement, but we mean every word of it. Could anything be more fair for you?

A most scientific, common-sense treatment is **REXALL ORDERLIES**, which are eaten like candy. Their active principle is a recent scientific discovery that is odorless, colorless and tasteless; very pronounced, gentle and pleasant in action, and particularly agreeable in every way. This ingredient does not cause diarrhoea, nausea, flatulence, griping or any inconvenience what ever. **REXALL ORDERLIES** are particularly good for children, aged and delicate persons.

If you suffer from chronic or habitual constipation, or the associate or dependent chronic ailments, we urge you to try **REXALL ORDERLIES** at our risk. Remember you can get them in **McCook** only at our store. 12 tablets 10 cents; 36 tablets 25 cents—**The Rexall Store**. L. W. McConnell.

Speedy Relief From Kidney Trouble

"I had an acute attack of Bright's disease with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder and dizziness," says Mrs. Cora Thorp, Jackson, Mich. "A bottle of **Foley's Kidney Remedy** overcame the attack, reduced the inflammation, took away the pain and made the bladder action normal. I wish everyone could know of this wonderful remedy." A. McMillen.

Foley Kidney Pills are a reliable remedy for backache, rheumatism and urinary irregularities. They are tonic in action, quick in results and afford a prompt relief from all kidney disorders. A. McMillen.

Subscribe for **The Tribune**.

PUBLIC SALE

As I am moving to town, I will sell the following property to the highest bidder, without reserve, at my farm 8 miles northeast of McCook, 7 miles northwest of Indianola, 4 miles north of Red Willow station, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., on

Monday, February 20, '11

10 Head of Horses; 1 Cow, coming fresh in spring; 3 yearling steers; 14 head of Hogs; 2 dozen Chickens; Farm Implements, Household Goods, Etc.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

TERMS OF SALE

Sums of \$10 and under cash; sums over \$10 a credit of 12 months will be given, purchaser to give bankable paper drawing interest at 10 per cent from date. 5 per cent discount for cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

C. M. MATSON, Auct.
V. FRANKLIN, Clerk.

MATTHEW STEWART

EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITS.

Premiums will be offered at the exhibit of the Educational department at the State Fair next September for the following articles:

Lot 1—School Buildings and school grounds. Rural, town and city.

Lot 2—General Collective. County, rural school, city and town.

Lot 3—Home or School Gardens. Rural school, city, college. Best exhibit of ten vegetables raised by any pupil.

Lot 4—Bread, Cake and Cookies.

Lot 5—Canned Fruit.

Lot 6—Jellies.

Lot 7—Sewing and Hand Work. Machine made work apron. Hand made fancy apron. Washable sofa pillow cover. One-half dozen button-holes. Shirt waist. Dressed doll by pupil over sixteen (handwork). Dressed doll by pupil under sixteen (handwork.)

Lot 8—Collective. Domestic Science from rural school. Domestic Science from city or town school.

Lot 9—Manual Training. Article made from wood. Best model of any article or machine not to exceed two feet in diameter. Best exhibit from rural school. Best exhibit from town school. Best exhibit from city school.

Lot 10—Maps. Best map of farm showing location of fields, buildings etc. Best product map of the U. S. Best relief map of the U. S. Best collection of relief maps by any school—collection to consist of one map each of Nebraska, N. A., S. A., Eurasia, Africa, Australia and the U. S.

Lot 11—Penmanship. By pupil by rural school, by city school.

Lot 12—Free Hand Drawing. Several classes.

Lot 13—Pen Drawing. Several classes.

Lot 14—Water Colors. Several classes.

Lot 15—Miscellaneous. Herbarium. Description of native trees and of shrubs. Lists and descriptions of resident birds. Best display of homemade apparatus by rural school. Best display of homemade apparatus by town school. Best display of homemade apparatus by city school.

Lot 16—Corn, One Ear Exhibit. Each of five best single ear exhibits of yellow corn. Each of five best single ear exhibits of white corn. Each of five best single ear exhibits of corn other than yellow or white.

Lot 17—Potatoes. Each of five best exhibits of six potatoes.

Lot 18—Discretionary. Any exhibit of an educational nature.

When her child is in danger a woman will risk her life to protect it. No great act of heroism or risk of life is necessary to protect a child from croup. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and all danger is avoided. For sale by all dealers.

You are probably aware that pneumonia always results from a cold, but you never heard of a cold resulting in pneumonia when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. Why take the risk when this remedy may be had for a trifle? For sale by all dealers.

Remember the Name

Foley's Honey and Tar for all coughs and colds, for croup, bronchitis, hoarseness and for racking grippe coughs. No opiates. Refuse substitutes. A. McMillen.

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

Something special? The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer and this paper \$1.25 for one year. Ask us what it means.

McConnell's Balsam cures coughs.

Subscribe for The Tribune.

Clean Your Cream Separator with Old Dutch Cleanser

Not only the quickest and easier cleanser you can use, but also the safest—because it contains no caustic or alkali—no danger of tainting the milk.

Old Dutch Cleanser is hygienic and Sterilizes as well as cleans. Old Dutch Cleanser is an all-round cleanser. It **Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes,** and is the best cleanser to use in the kitchen and throughout the house. Avoid destructive caustic and acid cleansers, and do all your cleaning with this one handy, mechanical cleanser.

(Not a washing powder.)

Large Sifter Can 10¢



Clean Your Cream Separator with Old Dutch Cleanser

Henry Karspeck's wife and babies are suffering with the grip this week. Mike Esch's family are suffering with the prevailing grip.

The coyote hunt in Bondville precinct last Thursday netted the boys one coyote. The hunt the Thursday preceding was more in the nature of a 4th of July celebration—and not a coyote.

Grandma Forester is very poorly and confined to bed.

Geo. Barthel, brother of Mrs. Vogt, who recently died, left for his home in Oklahoma today, after a short visit.

Robert Johnston has put up a new windmill tower, all nicely painted, etc. The children in 31 had a vacation Monday and Tuesday of this week, the teacher being indisposed.

The corn shellers were at Wm. Broomfield's Wednesday.

Frank Hammell from Curtis is visiting at Shadeland ranch, part of this week.

Poor Thing.

Patience—"I feel awfully sorry for her." Patrice—"Why?" "She's getting hard of hearing and she does so like to hear herself talk."

A Steeplejack's Story

He Became Convinced That His Wife Was a Remarkable Woman

By F. A. MITCHEL
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

I am a steeplejack. Now, I'll admit that a steeplejack is a very unique individual. We have "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," ad libitum, but how many steeplejacks? Probably not one in a million citizens.

And I am aware that while a steeplejack is very attractive to a crowd he is a constant source of worry to his own family, who don't know when his mangled body may be brought to his home on a stretcher or in a wagon. If his wife sees him at the work by which he earns their daily bread she must be one of a crowd watching him, one half dreading that he will fall and the other half fearing he won't



fall. Taking him altogether, a steeplejack is not a desirable member of a family.

That was the reason why Mr. Davis, when I asked him for his daughter, Molly, turned, faced me squarely and said impressively:

"Yes, you may have Molly when she will marry you, each one of you swinging from an arm of the gilt cross on the top of St. Thomas' church."

"You mean by that, I suppose, Mr. Davis," I replied, "that I can't have Molly at all and because I am a steeplejack. Do you deny, sir, that a steeplejack has a heart the same as any man?"

"I'm not interested in steeplejack's hearts. I don't propose that my daughter shall marry a man out of whom she can never get more than a bare living except by insuring his life."

"H'm!" I replied to this thoughtfully. "Not a bad scheme. Now, suppose—"

"You get out of here. I have something else to attend to than listening to airy schemes for my daughter's betterment. Good morning, sir."

Being thus cruelly choked off, I left him crestfallen. I thought it very hard that he wouldn't even permit me to propose my plan, though I'll admit that the only way to make it a success was to die. I went to Molly and told her what had occurred between her father and me. I was very lugubrious about it and expected a lot of sympathy. What did she do but burst out laughing. This made me look more disconsolate than ever, whereupon she threw her arms about my neck, exclaiming:

"Stupid, get that woeful look off your face."

"That reminds me," I replied, "of when I was a kid. When my mother used her slipper on me she would say after she had finished, 'Now be good and look pleasant.'"

Molly laughed again. "Seriously," she said, "did father say you could have me when I was willing to marry you swinging from the cross of St. Thomas'?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then that's the way we must be married. Grandma left me \$20,000, but I'm not to have it without father's consent when I marry. Were there any witnesses present when he said this?"

"There was some one in the next room, but I don't know who?"

"I'll find out. I've got to become a steeplejack like you. That is to say, I've got to learn to climb steeples. I must get such control of myself that I can go up to the cross of St. Thomas' and hang there long enough to be married."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed.

"No nonsense about it if I'm to marry you. I know father well enough to be sure that if he says a thing he'll stick to it. He has said, or implied, that he will only give his consent to our marriage under certain conditions, which he meant for a refusal. But in law, if the conditions are fulfilled, his consent has been given."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't, but I can ask a lawyer, can't I?"

"But, good gracious, you can't learn to climb steeples. One must be born with a head for that; they say a steeplejack has absolutely perfect eyes."

"Well, can't you hold me up there at the end of a rope with a bag over my eyes?"

I thought for some time before answering this question. At last I said, "I don't know but I might."

"Come in tomorrow. Meanwhile I'll find out if we have a witness to father's conditional consent."

"But I've been dismissed."

"That does not matter. Father knows that I do as I please. He is aware that his only hold on me is that his consent to my marriage is necessary to my getting my legacy. And he's pretty sure I won't give up \$20,000 for a steeplejack, and a very simple one at that."

Her last words cut me to the heart, but she put her arms around my neck and gave me a hug, which made me feel better. I left her feeling that she had a more level head on her shoulders than I, even if she couldn't climb steeples as I could. The next day I went to see her, and she said she had discovered who was in the other room when her father had been talking to me—a plasterer who had brought him an estimate for some work. She had found the man and asked him if he could repeat what was said. He gave the matrimonial condition word for word. Molly took it down in writing, and he signed it. Molly is a mighty practical girl and a very energetic one.

"There," she said, concluding her account of what she had done, "we've got father just where we want him."

"It seems to me," I replied dolefully, "that he's got us just where we don't want to be."

She laughed, and because I wouldn't laugh with her she boxed my ears and said "Look pleasant." This made me look worse than ever, but she kept boxing my ears till I had to smile to stop her. She's a great woman, Molly is—that is, in a certain kind of way.

A few days later I received a note from her saying that she had made an arrangement to visit a cousin in N., a neighboring town, where there were several churches, all with steeples. She told me to meet her there with climbing tackle and she would take her first lesson. I put my ropes and pulleys in a baggage car and went with them to N. I found Molly in gymnastium costume. She had taken prizes in gymnastics, and she said she would go right out to take a lesson. I sent my tackle to the church with the lowest steeple, climbed to the roof, fixed a beam from which I hung a pulley, then sang out to Molly to put the loop on the end of the rope under her arms and haul herself up. She did it without any trouble. Then I went to a window midway up to the steeple, fixed another beam, and this time pulled her up from below, and she got in at the window. I was surprised that she didn't wince. But, as I've said, there's a lot of "sand" in Molly.

Before we had finished the first lesson Molly was sitting on the base of the ball capping the steeple, a hundred feet from the ground. A number of people had collected below, watching her, and she kissed her hand to them. I saw from this that she had a steeplejack's head as well as a I.

I remained in N. a week, and every day we did some climbing, the last day I was there going to the top of the most difficult steeple of all to climb. It was not very high, but there was a long pull with no rests from the base to the top of the spire. On the apex were a ball and a cross, and Molly hung from one side of the cross. As I looked at her hanging there it struck me more than ever that for that kind of girl Molly beat any one I had ever tackled.

This was valuable preparation, but the height was only 140 feet, while St. Thomas' was 250. But Molly said that if she could hang 140 feet above ground with her eyes open she could hang 250 with them shut. She seemed very happy over it all, and I wondered whether she was glad because she was going to get me and her \$20,000, too, or on account of having demonstrated her ability to climb.

"Molly," I said, "it seems to me that you're mighty pleased at the prospect of getting a man who is nothing but a steeplejack."

"Well, I'll tell you why I'm so pleased."

"Why?"

"Ever since I was a little girl, father, in speaking to me of marriage, has dinged it into me that I was to marry high up in the social scale."

"Molly," I said, with difficulty controlling my trembling voice, "you've crushed me to earth."

I was pulling out my handkerchief to wipe away a tear when Molly kissed it away.

"Never mind, Jim," she said. "Doubtless there'll be lots of couples just like us, but there'll be none more loving."

That comforted me awfully.

We went back home. I told Molly that she must continue her climbing in order to keep her head at great heights. She said "All right," but didn't lay any plans for any more of it. One day she wrote me that she wished to see me at once. I went right round. I didn't see anything unusual in her appearance, which surprised me when she told me why she wished to see me. And what do you suppose it was? Her father had heard of her climbing and, very much astonished and angered, asked her what it meant, whereupon she told him her scheme. He fumed and fretted for a whole day, then gave in. But he insisted on my leaving the steeplejack trade and going into business with him.

"Well, now," I said, overjoyed, "isn't it fine that you won't have to climb St. Thomas'?"

"Nonsense. I never intended to climb it."

"You didn't?"

"No; I contrived that father should hear of what I was doing, and I knew it would bring him round without that."

We've been married five years now, and I am getting to think sometimes in some things that my wife is my superior, although I'm more used to "going up in the air" than she.

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