

A Cold, LaGrippe, Then Pneumonia. Is too common the fatal sequence. Foley's Honey and Tar expels the cold, checks the laGrippe, and prevents pneumonia. It is a prompt and reliable cough medicine that contains no narcotics. It is as safe for your children as yourself. A. McMillen.

CITY LODGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & A. M.
McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
BURNETT H. STEWART, W. M.
CHARLES L. FARNSTOCK, Sec.

R. S. S. M.
Oecumenical Council No. 15, R. S. S. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
WILLIAM E. HART, T. I. M.
AARON G. KING, Sec.

R. A. M.
King Cyrus Chapter No. 35, R. A. M., meets every first and third Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P.
W. B. WHITTAKER, Sec.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
GEO. WILLETS, E. C.
SETH D. SILVER, Sec.

EASTERN STAR
Eureka Chapter No. 86, O. E. S., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
MRS. C. W. WILSON, W. M.
S. CORDELL, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
McCook Lodge No. 42, K. P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
J. N. GAARDE, C. C.
C. A. EVANS, K. E. S.

ODD FELLOWS
McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every Friday, at 8:30 p. m., in Gauschow hall.
C. R. WOODWORTH, N. G.
CLARENCE ROZELL, Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN
Noble Camp No. 63, M. W. A., meets every first and third Friday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall. Pay assessments at Citizens National Bank.
C. C. BYFIELD, Consul.
H. M. FINITY, Clerk.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS
No. 10 Camp No. 82, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
MRS. CAROLINE KENERT, Oracle.
MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Sec.

WORKMEN
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Temple.
MAURICE GRIFPIN, Treas. HENRY MOERS, M. W.
C. J. RYAN, Financier. C. B. GRAY, Sec.

DEGREE OF HONOR
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Temple building.
MARY E. GRIFPIN, C. of H.
MRS. CARLIE SCHLAGEL, Sec.

MACCABEES
Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday evening in Morris hall.
J. A. WILCOX, Com.
J. H. YARBOR, Record Keeper.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LETTER CARRIERS
Branch No. 1278 meets first Monday of each month at 3:30 p. m., in carriers' room postoffice.
G. F. KINGHORN, President.
D. J. OBRIEN, Secretary.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREFMEN AND ENGINEERS
McCook Lodge No. 599, B. of L. F. & E., meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month in Morris hall.
L. D. PENNINGTON, Pres.
C. H. HUSTED, Sec.

LADIES' SOCIETY B. of L. F. & E.
Golden Rod Lodge No. 282, meets in Morris hall on first and third Wednesday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.
MRS. GRACE HUSTED, Sec.
MRS. RUTH REILLY, President.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 457, B. of R. T., meets first and third Sundays at 2:30 p. m., in Eagles' hall.
T. E. HUSTON, President.
F. G. KINGHORN, Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS
Harvey Division No. 95, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month at 8:30 p. m., in Morris hall at 304 Main Avenue.
S. E. CALLEN, C. Con.
M. O. McCLEURE, Sec.

MACHINISTS
Red Willow Lodge No. 557, I. A. of M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
THEO DIEBALD, Pres.
FRED WASSON, Fin. Sec.
FLOYD BERRY, Cor. Sec.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets every second and fourth Sunday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
WALTER STOKES, C. E.
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

RAILWAY CARMEN
Young America Lodge No. 456, B. R. C. of A., meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month in Morris hall at 7:30 p. m.
H. M. FINITY, Pres. J. M. SMITH, Sec. Sec'y.
S. D. HUGHES, Sec'y.

BOILERMAKERS
McCook Lodge No. 407, B. of B. M. & I. S. B. of A., meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month in Eagles' hall.
Jno. LeHew, Cor. Sec.

EAGLES
McCook Aerie No. 1514, F. O. E., meets every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Kelley building, 316 Main Ave.
C. L. WALKER, W. Pres.
C. H. RICKETTS, W. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
McCook Council No. 1126, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Eagles' hall.
G. R. GALE, F. Sec. FRANK REAL, G. K.

DAUGHTERS OF ISABELLA
Court Granada No. 77, meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8 p. m., in Monte Cristo hall. Mrs. GEORGE MARTIN MISS LORETTA WILLIAMS, F. S. G. R.

LADY MACCABEES
Valley Queen Hive No. 2, L. O. T. M., meets every first and third Thursday evenings of each month in Morris hall.
MRS. W. B. MILLS, Commander.
HARRIET E. WILLETS, R. K.

G. A. R.
J. K. Barnes Post No. 207, G. A. R., meets on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
THOMAS MOORE, Commander.
J. H. YARBOR, Adj.

RELIEF CORPS
McCook Corps No. 98, W. R. C., meets every second and fourth Saturday of each month, at 30 p. m., in Gauschow hall.
ADELLA MCCLAIN, Pres.
SARIE VANDERHOOF, Sec.

L. O. G. A. R.
McCook Circle No. 33, L. of G. A. R., meets on the first Mondays of each month at 2:30 p. m., at the homes of the members.
Mrs. Lottie Brewer, President.
Mrs. Kate Dutton, Secretary.

P. E. O.
Chas. P. P. E. O., meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., at the homes of the various members.
MRS. J. G. SCHOBEL, Cor. Sec.

PYTHIAN SISTERS
McCook Temple No. 24, Pythian Sisters meets the 2d and 4th Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m.
EDNA STEWART, M. of H. & C.

DIAMOND REBEKAH
Meets each 2nd and 4th Monday evening of each month in Morris hall.
MRS. AUGUST ANTON, N. G.
MISS FLORENCE MIDDLETON, Sec'y.

Death of Conductor Miller's Mother.

The appended brief notice of the death of Conductor Harvey Miller's mother is taken from the Somerset (Pa.) Standard:

"Mary Horner Miller, wife of William H. Miller of Lavansville, died on Tuesday, February 21, aged seventy-four years, nine months and twenty-eight days. She was married for fifty three years, and was a member of the Church of the Brethren for half a century.

"The funeral took place on Sunday, interment being made in the Husband Cemetery at Somerset. The obsequies were conducted by Elder Silas Hoover assisted by D. H. Walker. The deceased is survived by the following named children: Harvey Miller of Nebraska, Lewis Miller and Ada Miller, at home, Mrs. Missouri Barclay of Jefferson, and Mrs. Lichty of Waterloo, Iowa."

R. F. D. No. 3.

Mrs. Joe Downs went to Minden last week on a visit.

John R. Rowland of route 3, and Minnie Haun of Benkelman were married in Benkelman February 28.

C. M. Lofton's son is getting along fine. They took the splints off his limb Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Thompson visited with Fred Groves and wife Sunday.

Josh Rowland is building an addition to his house.

Mrs. John Maisel is visiting her folks near Traer, Kansas.

Gus Nylander is home from Wilsonville and Lebanon where he has been visiting the past week.

R. F. D. No. 4.

Jim Bennett is working for Harm Schmidt.

E. J. Baker's folks are visiting him and family.

Clarence Baker returned from the east the first of the week.

Milt Clark is building fence this week.

Clint Hamilton is thinking of leaving the farm.

Geo. Wallen is dragging the weeds loose so they will blow away.

Still they are adding more boxes on routes three and four. Let them keep the good work going.

Marriage Licenses.

John H. Premier (27) and Lutie E. Ohlson (18), both of Bartley.

Finley R. Clark (22) and Hazel Le Grance (20) both of Mountain View, Okla. Married by the county judge.

When you have rheumatism in your foot or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter. Why suffer? For sale by all dealers.

AFRICAN LIONS.

They Often Hunt In Couples to Start and Capture Their Prey.

Lions in Africa go hunting often in couples and then rather systematically. When, for instance, a couple of lions have traced out a kral—this is to say, a place fenced by small cut thorn trees, where flocks of asses or oxen, goats or sheep are shut up for the night—the lioness approaches cautiously, profiting by every tree or bush to hide herself. At the same time the lion himself lies watching on the opposite side in the distance.

Now the lioness exerts herself to arouse the cattle—which is not difficult, as they become excited merely by smelling a beast of prey—till the cattle are tormented to the utmost by fear and horror, break through the kral on the side opposite to the lioness and thus fall an easy prey to the lion.

The lion chases his victim and throttles it by springing on its neck or breast and biting his teeth into this part. The hunted animal falls, and the lion now tears open the flanks. The lioness appears and has her share of the meal. Very often they cannot devour their victim in one night; then they come back to the place where the remains are on the following or the second night.

The lion's favorite food is zebra, quagga (of which there are few left in Africa) and wild ass. The meat of these three kind of animals is something alike in taste.

McConnell's Baisam cures coughs.

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER CURES and Purifies the Blood.

160 ACRES
80 Acres Under Cultivation, Balance in Pasture
ALL UNDER FENCE
—IN—
CHASE CO., NEB.
Nine Miles From Wauneta

This is a beautiful, fertile and productive quarter section and will be sold at a bargain in order to settle estate. Address
Mrs. J. B. Walker
133 West Seventh St.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

The Mouse In the Clock

It Possessed Important Information For General Washington at Morristown

By JAMES T. BARTON
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Among the curiosities of the Revolutionary war is the headquarters of General Washington near Morristown, N. J. One morning during his occupancy of the premises Lieutenant Edwin Goddard entered the hall when the door of the private office opened and Captain Alexander Hamilton, aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, came out. "Is the general in his office?" asked Goddard.

"Yes."
"Busy?"
"Always busy."
"Do you think he will receive me?"
"Go in and he will let you know what to expect."

The lieutenant knocked, and the so-called voice from within called upon him to enter. As he did so the general turned, his face showing a seriousness to be expected in one who was endeavoring to relieve the sufferings of his troops at Valley Forge and elsewhere, but was unable to do so. He was always dignified, and his subordinate approached him with deference.

"General," said Goddard, handing him a letter, "I received this last night from Elizabethtown. It is from Miss Ruth Grosvenor. Will your excellency be pleased to read it?"

The general took the note, unfolded it and read the few words it contained: "Miss Ruth Grosvenor presents her compliments to Lieutenant Edwin Goddard and begs that he will favor her with a visit at his earliest opportunity."

The general's brows lowered. "I presume," he said coldly, "that you desire a leave to make this visit. I am astonished, sir, that you should be on such friendly terms with those whom I know to be ardent Tories."

"That her father is a Tory I will not deny, general, but Miss Ruth Goddard is an ardent patriot."

"Has she any object in meeting you that concerns our cause?"

"I think she has, general. Before this she has given me information that I have transmitted to your excellency anonymously. Yet I am not sure that this is now her object. I confess to you, general, that I am a suitor for her hand. Furthermore, the officer in command of the British troops in the vicinity of Elizabethtown is also a suitor for her hand, and her father desires that she shall accept him."

All the world loves a lover, and the stern expression on Washington's face faded for a gentler one.

"You propose to go to Elizabethtown in citizen's dress?" he asked.

"I do."

"It may be excusable for risking the life of one of my officers attempting

to gain information of the enemy, but not that he may visit the lady of his love."

"Then let us assume, general, that Miss Ruth Goddard has information for me."

The general thought a moment, then said, "Go to Captain Hamilton and tell him to grant you a leave of absence and furnish you with the necessary pass."

With this the general turned to his desk, loaded with requests—not to say pleadings—from many quarters, begging for food, clothing, ammunition, medicines—indeed, just those articles which he was the least able to supply.

That same evening a young man in the clothing of a farmer, a basket on his arm, entered the grounds surrounding the Grosvenor home at Elizabethtown and rapped with the brass knocker. A negro woman opened the door, and the young man asked her to say to Miss Ruth that Abel Barton, a farmer, had come to ask if he might sell her some eggs and poultry. This brought Ruth, who suspected the farmer to be Lieutenant Goddard. Though she recognized him at once, she did not betray the fact before the negroess.

She inquired the price of his wares and, arguing with him till the woman had withdrawn, then beckoned him into the living room. Once there, she closed the door and said hurriedly:

"Fortunately father has gone to a secret conclave of Tories. Mother is upstairs with the children, though she is on my side, so far as you are concerned, and there is no danger from

her. Major Tarrant, who is still devoted to me, has given me some important information regarding the number and distribution of British troops in New Jersey. I have taken notes of what he has told me in different conversations I have had with him, and you will find them on this bit of paper."

She placed it in his hand, and he had only time to put it under the lining of his hat when there was a rap on the outer door.

"Great heavens!" cried the girl, turning pale. "Suppose it should be Major Tarrant!"

Casting about for a hiding place, she noticed the clock standing by the wall. Running to it, she opened the door, exposing its weights and the pendulum swinging back and forth. Goddard knew intuitively what she wished him to do and with difficulty squeezed himself into it. Fortunately he was slenderly made, for the clock, though long, was narrow. Ruth had no sooner closed the clock than the door of the room was opened by the negro servant and Major Tarrant entered.

"Why, Miss Ruth Grosvenor!" he exclaimed. "Where has that becoming color of yours gone? And you are breathing as though you had been running a race."

She made a plea of indisposition to account for her appearance and invited the major to be seated.

"I have today received orders from General Howe," he said, "to march my command to Trenton. I have come for the last time before my departure to ask you if you cannot give me a favorable answer to my suit. You know that I love you and that when this cursed rebellion is over I would gladly take you back to England with me as my wife. Come, Ruth, be kind to me."

He attempted to take her hand, but she drew it away.

Goddard, almost smothered in the clock, was forced to listen to this avowal, though it troubled him to be an eavesdropper. Indeed, cramped as he was and irritated at being placed in such a position, he could not restrain a movement. This swung a weight against the side of the clock.

The major turned and looked at the clock in surprise. Ruth by a great effort retained her equanimity.

"Those horrid mice!" she exclaimed. "They are all over the house. They have gnawed a hole in the bottom of the clock and are making a home there."

"I see—the clock has stopped!" the major remarked thoughtfully.

"That is because I don't dare to wind it. I confess I have a woman's dread of a mouse."

Fortunately Major Tarrant was too intent on his suit to take an interest in the clock, and Ruth was relieved when he repeated his request to give him an answer, and a favorable one, to his suit. For an hour young Goddard was obliged to maintain a constrained position, listening to the officer's pleading. At times it seemed to him impossible to repress another movement. But both the weights and the pendulum hung loose. He remembered how Ruth had saved him on his first movement and dreaded that she might not be able to do so again. On his person were the memoranda in Ruth's handwriting. If he were caught with these he would swing from the end of a rope and no one could tell what punishment would be meted out to the girl who had given him the information.

But maintaining one position for a long while is well nigh impossible for any person, and Goddard was of a nervous temperament. Tired of bearing his weight on his right foot, he attempted to change it to his left. In doing so he joggled the pendulum.

"There is certainly something wrong with that clock," said the major. "I'm going to see what it is."

Ruth, considering her lover lost, fell in a swoon. It was the best thing she could have done. Tarrant forgot the clock in her. Lifting her, he placed her on a sofa and ran out of the room for water to sprinkle in her face. Goddard, hearing the commotion, opened the clock door, looked out, saw his sweetheart lying unconscious and was about to free himself from his prison to go to her when he heard footsteps and, closing the door, remained where he was. Tarrant returned and sprinkled water in Ruth's face. But she had revived immediately and did not need it. Nevertheless she remained immovable, with closed lids, till she had made up her mind what to do.

"Leave me," she said to Tarrant when she opened her eyes. "I should have been in bed this evening. Call the servant, then go away at once. Come tomorrow and I will give you my answer. If I am able to see you I will give it verbally; if not I will write it."

"But this illness!" Tarrant exclaimed anxiously.

"This nothing; merely a weak heart. I think that by tomorrow morning I shall be as well as ever."

The major left her with hope beating high in his heart.

The next afternoon a farmer called at Washington's headquarters and asked to see the general. Captain Hamilton was sent to see what he wanted. Recognizing Goddard, he took him into Washington's office, and the farmer gave him the memoranda he had brought with him.

"This is very important!" exclaimed the general, becoming absorbed in the paper; but, presently looking up, he added, "Captain Hamilton, see that Lieutenant Goddard receives a commission as captain."

Major Tarrant's answer was "No," for Ruth Grosvenor had been married at midnight by a patriot dominie to Edwin Goddard before he stole away to Morristown.

Too Precious.
"Makers to his majesty" and "imported" are words that carry much weight to many minds. It is strange what a glory a foreign label can cast upon a commonplace article. The fact of a commodity having crossed the water, however, is not taken quite so seriously today as it was some fifty or sixty years ago. M. C. D. Silsbee gives an instance in her "A Half Century in Salem."

Miss Ann M. Rust was one of the two milliners. She had a large collection of finery, shelves full of handsome ribbons and glass showcases of rich embroideries, besides the inevitable bonnets. Once she imported a quantity of exquisite French caps. The strings were somewhat crushed in the transit across the ocean. The caps were quickly disposed of. An aunt bought one, and Miss Rust innocently observed that a "warm iron would make the creases all right."

"What!" indignantly exclaimed the aunt. "Smooth a crease made in Paris? No, indeed; never!"

A Famous English Clock.

Wells cathedral contains one of the most interesting clocks in the whole world. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, in 1320 and embraces many devices which testify to the ancient horologist's ingenuity. Several celestial and terrestrial bodies are incorporated in the interesting movement and relationship. They indicate the hours of the day, the age of the moon and the position of the planets and the tides. When the clock strikes the hour two companies of horsemen fully armed dash out of gateways in opposite directions and charge vigorously. They strike with their lances as they pass as many times as correspond with the number of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into twenty-four hours and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the universe.—Harper's.

He Made Them Listen.

"X" Beidler, the old vigilante leader of Montana, was elected sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, in which Helena is situated. During Beidler's incumbency the jail was rebuilt and one of the new fashioned steel cages for the prisoners installed. Beidler invited all the notables down to see the cage when it was completed. The governor and the state and city officials and many prominent citizens accepted the invitation. "X" took them into a cage and excused himself for a minute. He went out and locked the door. Then he took a chair and sat down outside.

"Now, dern ye," he said to the imprisoned notables, "ye've bin edgin' off lately when I was tellin' my stories of the old days an' not listenin' to 'em. Now I reckon ye'll listen."

He kept them there three hours—until he had told his whole budget of tales.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Max O'Rell's Reply.

Max O'Rell at a dinner in Montreal at which were present English, Scotch, Irish and French was asked to give his opinion of the different races. Here is the answer he gave on the instant.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clinched his right hand tightly and pretended to try to force it open with his left. "The Englishman"—And he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman"—And he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upward. "The Frenchman"—And he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

There was not a word of explanation, but all understood thoroughly and had a hearty laugh.

A Good Shot.

A sportsman of great imaginative gifts and fond of telling his exploits related that at one shot he had brought down two partridges and a hare. His explanation was that, although he had only hit one partridge, the bird in falling had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth entangled in its claws.

"But how about the hare?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun kicked and knocked me backward, and I fell on the hare as it ran past."

An Old Christmas Law.

The general court of Massachusetts Bay Colony, following the example of the English parliament, in 1659 enacted a law that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting or any other way, any such day as Christmas day shall pay for every such offense 5 shillings." This law was repealed in 1681.

It Got Warmer.

Little Willie—Say, pa, doesn't it get colder when the thermometer falls? Pa—Yes, my son. Little Willie—Well, ours has fallen. Pa—How far? Little Willie—About five feet, and when it struck the hall floor it broke."

On the Trail.

"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster.

"Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of the tracks."—Brooklyn Life.

Ho Was Immune.

Howell—Her laugh is contagious. Powell—Well, I was in no danger of catching it. She was laughing at me.—New York Press.

To know the worst is one way whereby to better it.—Alfred Austin.



Old Dutch Cleanser In The Farm Kitchen

is the greatest help and convenience.

It Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes.

Pots, kettles, pans, boilers, sinks and flat-irons; milk pails and separators; wood floors, etc., easier, quicker and better.

Some cleaners are harmful. Avoid caustic and acid. Use this **One** handy, all-round cleanser for **all** your cleaning—a time and labor saver throughout the house.

TO CLEAN FLOORS—

Wood, Linoleum or Stone
Wet—sprinkle with Old Dutch Cleanser and rub with mop or scrubbing brush; then mop with clean water.
This will give you quick, unusual and most satisfactory results.

LARGE SIFTER CAN 10¢

Foley Kidney Pills.

Neutralize and remove the poisons that cause backache, rheumatism, nervousness and all kidney and bladder irregularities. They build up and restore the natural action of these vital organs. A. McMillen.

"We have tried several kinds of cough medicine," he says, "but have never found any yet that did them as much good as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all dealers."

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Best Imported Percheron, Belgian, English Shire, Suffolk-Punch and German Coach Stallions, \$1,000 ea.

Imported mares, home bred stallions, \$250-\$500 each.

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Creston, Iowa

Home-Bred Draft Stallions

\$250 to \$500; imported stallions, your choice \$1,000. F. L. STREAM, Creston, Ia.

Lumber and Coal, That's All