

### Golden Wedding Anniversary.

By L. W. E.

Fifty years ago a thin bashful youth of 19 years took upon himself the vows which united him to Miss Martha Eneyart, a young lady of sweet sixteen, at her home in the wilderness of Wabash county, Indiana. The occasion was very fittingly celebrated at their home in West McCook on Tuesday night, March 7th, 1911. There were about seventy-five of their relatives and friends present to make the anniversary one of the happiest events of their long married life. Those present were treated to a fine three-course supper prepared by Mrs. McManigal and daughters. Their many valuable presents were an indication of the high esteem in which this worthy couple are held in the community.

Mr. Schneider's band was present and rendered several selections. There were also several selections on the piano and songs among which were "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet," and "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The house was decorated with golden streamers tastefully hung in each room.

Mr. and Mrs. Vace McManigal are pioneers of Red Willow county, having homesteaded the place they now occupy in 1879. Mr. McManigal located here when the terminal of the B. & M. was at Red Cloud and saw the city of McCook spring from nothing to a thriving city of about 4,000 inhabitants.

To this union were born five children, all of whom were present at the anniversary, viz: Mrs. R. H. Trowbridge and Mrs. Alex. McManigal, both of Wauneta, Neb., and Mrs. Jack Cook and Messrs. John and Harvey McManigal, all of this city.

"1861-1911.

Fifty years the path of life  
You have trod as man and wife;  
Fifty years of life together  
Lived through every kind of weather.  
Hopes and disappointments, too,  
Blended all the long years through;  
In this wedded life of yours  
Now the peace, deserved, secures,  
Sown in sunshine, sown in rain,  
Now you reap the golden grain;  
Now the ripened fruits appear—  
Joys and pains of fifty years.  
Faithful to the vows you plighted  
Your pathway by the Father lighted;  
O, may He grant to us the boon  
Of your dear lives for years to come."

### It Doesn't Seem Possible.

The Lincoln Daily News, Weekly Independent Farmer and the Monthly Poultry Topics, all three leaders in their lines, will be mailed until April 1, 1912, for the extremely low price of only \$2, this offer not being open after our Bargain Week of March 21 to 28. Papers may be sent to different addresses if desired, so that if you do not want all three papers you can send one or more to some friend. We publish all three of these papers ourselves and the economies of co-operation together with our doing business with you without sending an expensive canvasser to see you, enables us to make this very low rate. All papers are stopped when the time is out, and nobody is put on the list until paid for, thus saving all losses and giving them to you in the price reduction. The Daily News is the snappiest daily paper in the state; the Independent Farmer is a practical helpful weekly farm and beautifully printed monthly magazine devoted to the profitable side of the poultry industry. You ought not to be without any of them, especially when you get them at such a cut price. The regular price of The News alone is \$3. Don't pay money to strangers for any paper, but send your order direct to the Lincoln Daily News or to your local agent.

### Debating Contest Finances.

Both of the high school debates were liberally patronized in a financial way. Charles Meeker, who is treasurer of the debating class, has handed in the following statement of receipts and expenditures: Received from the first debate, February 24th, debate, March 4th, \$20.70. Total money received from the two debates, \$41.80.

Paid out expenses for the first debate: Judges, \$5.50; tickets, \$1.75; telephone \$1.90; sundries, \$2.75. Total, \$12.90.

Paid out for the second debate: Judges, \$13.40; hotel, \$1.00; tickets, \$2.00; phoning, 30 cents; bills, \$2.00. Total, \$18.70.

Total money paid out, \$31.60. Balance on hand, \$10.20.

If you have trouble in getting rid of your cold you may know that you are not treating it properly. There is no reason why a cold should hang on for weeks and it will not if you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

The McCook Tribune. It is \$1.00 the year in advance.

### School Board Meeting.

McCook, Neb., March 6th, 1911.  
Board met in regular session in office of superintendent with the following members present: Doan, Barnes, Lawritson, Sues, Culbertson and Supt. Taylor. Absent: Barnett. Minutes of last meeting not read on account of minute book being at the court house. The following bills were read:

C. L. DeGroff & Co., mdse .. \$ 6 09
The Republican, printing .. 21 10
L. W. McConnell, drugs, etc. . . 9 50
Mrs. Douglass, ammonia .. 25
W. H. Campbell, labor .. 19 90
Mrs. Howe Smith, laundry .. 2 90
C. B. & Q. R. Co., testing boiler .. 2 13
R. W. McBrayer, electric wire, etc .. 2 23
Theo. Presser, music .. 3 40
Ginn & Co. song books .. 6 11
Foulke & Pierce, spellers .. 4 53
University Pub. Co., books .. 5 59
Chivers Book Binding Co., books .. 1 53
Christopher Souer, books .. 6 54
Atlas School Supply Co., paper .. 50 40
Supt. Taylor, expenses .. 43 00

On motion above bills were allowed. Bid for wiring for electricity in the East Ward building, as per bid submitted for the sum of \$30.00.

On motion that the salary of Miss Waite be the same as that given Miss Slaby whose room she is teaching temporarily, while she is taking Miss Slaby's room.

Southwestern Nebraska Teachers' association meets at Oxford, April 6th and 7th. A motion that the teachers be given a vacation for those two days to attend the meeting was carried.

The shower bath has been almost completed within the sum allowed. Motion that light be put in the store room under back stairs for use of room for athletic boys to hang their suits in carried.

On motion Supt. Taylor was instructed to employ an extra teacher in the fifth grade. Carried.

Check from Supt. Taylor for \$21.00 for fines, etc., collected. Moved that March & Johnson be authorized to put in two beds in front of high school building as follows: 225 plants each.

Adjourned.  
C. W. BARNES, Secretary.

### R. F. D. No. 1.

Some discing and sowing oats this week.

G. F. Clark and family have moved northwest of Indianola.

Ben Schamel has had a telephone installed.

Returning home from literary last Friday night, the buggy in which Fred Donaldson, Wm. Baumbach, Jr., and Charles Schamel were riding was overturned. One of the boys was slightly bruised and the buggy somewhat damaged.

No school in district 3 last week, the teacher, Miss Laura Everts being sick.

Rev. Evers has been quite sick.

Miss Carrie Fiechtner who has been spending the winter in South Dakota, arrived home last Saturday.

Rural carrier No. 1 has fared well, the last week or two, at the hands of patrons.

### Warning to Railroad men.

Look out for severe and even dangerous kidney and bladder trouble resulting from years of railroading. Geo. E. Bell, 633 Third st., Fort Wayne, Ind., was many years a conductor on the Nickel Plate. He says: "Twenty years of railroading left my kidneys in terrible condition. There was a continual pain across my back and hips and my kidneys gave me much distress, and the action of my bladder was frequent and most painful. I got a supply of Foley Kidney Pills and the first bottle made a wonderful improvement and four bottles cured me completely. Since being cured I have recommended Foley Kidney Pill to many of my railroad friends." A. McMillen.

John W. Sickelsmith, Greensboro, Pa., has three children, and like most children they frequently take cold.

By virtue of an execution issued by the clerk of the District Court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, upon a judgment rendered in said court in favor of Ella Canaga against Elias Canaga, I have levied upon the following personal property as the property of said Elias Canaga, to-wit: Two head of horses, one colt, one cow, about forty-eight bushels of corn and one set of double work harness, and I will on the 20th day of March, 1911, at one o'clock P. M. of said day, at the livery barn of Barritt & Son, in the city of McCook in said county, sell said personal property at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said execution.  
Dated March 8, 1911.  
L. M. HIGGINS, Sheriff.  
First publication March 9-2ts.

### Jefferson Davis and His Nerves.

Jefferson Davis strank from the sight of every form of suffering, even in imagination. When the "Babes in the Wood" was first read to him, a grown man, in time of illness, he would not endure the horror of it. His sympathy with the oppressed was almost abnormal. "so that," says Mrs. Davis, "it was a difficult matter to keep order with children and servants." All this shows that he was nervous, sensitive, which is a terrible handicap to a leader of men. He suffered always from nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia and "came home from his office fasting, a mere mass of throbbing nerves and perfectly exhausted." He was keenly susceptible to the atmosphere about him, especially to the moods of people, "abnormally sensitive to disapproval. Even a child's disapproval discomposed him." And Mrs. Davis admits that his sensitiveness and acute feeling of being misjudged made him reserved and unapproachable. It made him touchy as to his dignity also, and there are stories of his cherishing a grudge for some insignificant or imagined slight and punishing the author of it.—Gammell Bradford, Jr., in Atlantic.

### Irving and His Money.

John Hare, the English actor, said that one of the failings charged to Irving's account was that of extravagance—that he did not know the value of money. It is quite true he did not know the value of money for himself, but he knew its value to others. He knew its value to the poor and helpless, and to these he gave with a lavish hand.

Once, not long before his death, playing a three nights' engagement in an unpretentious midland town, his habit was to drive nightly to the theater (a very short distance from his hotel) in the same dilapidated fly. The fare was a shilling. The conveyance was shabby, the driver old, poor and worn out. At the conclusion of the engagement, on entering his hotel, Irving said to the landlord, "Have you paid the cabman?" "Yes, Sir Henry." "What did you give him for himself?" "I gave him half a crown, Sir Henry." "Give him a sovereign," was the rejoinder; "he drives very well, and he doesn't drive often."

### The Myth of the Doones.

How largely Mr. Blackmore drew upon his imagination for the story of "Lorna Doone" is made clear by F. W. Hackwood in his book, "The Good Old Times." There were, in fact, no Doones. The word was simply a local bogey, a modified form of "Dane," a memory of the faroff times when the viking invaders harried the land. "The only vestige of actuality discoverable is a faint tradition that a fugitive from the battle of Sedgemoor, to escape the hangings of Judge Jeffreys, appropriated the ruins of some wretched huts in recesses of the Badgworthy glen, now 'the Doon valley,' finding there a safe retreat in which he reared a considerable family, which managed to eke out a living by committing petty depredations in the district. The 'last of the Doones,' an old man and his granddaughter, are said to have perished in the snow during the winter of 1800."

### Joy in Store For Some One.

Among the advertisements in a monthly magazine we find this:

For Sale or Exchange.—A fine young male bobcat and a female coyote; also a mandolin and pair of fieldglasses.

Such opportunities as this are not often offered. The fieldglasses most of us could manage to do without, but the male bobcat, the female coyote and the mandolin would go far to make life happy for any reasonable individual. All these are productive of music, and music gives joy to all rightly constituted persons. There are, of course, some people who cannot play upon a mandolin, but anybody can play upon a bobcat or a coyote. This fine chance to get a varied and interesting collection of musical instruments will undoubtedly bring many replies.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

### The Laziest People.

There is no doubt that the Malays are among the laziest people in the world. Except in rare cases they will not take the trouble to learn when they are young, and afterward, if they have learned, they will not exert themselves to apply their knowledge to any object which requires a sustained effort. That they possess effort is known to any one who has seen Malays engaged in any enterprise which savors of sport. They do not mind the trouble if there is only some risk and excitement in the work.—Times of Malaya.

### A Marked Judge.

The descriptive reporter of a certain daily paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench recently detailed the occurrence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

### Work of Providence.

"The man died eating watermelons," some one said to Brother Dickey. "Yes, sub," he said. "Providence sometimes puts us in paradise before we gets ter heaven."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Unspeakable.

"What would you think, daddy, if Algernon Nooash should suggest becoming your son-in-law?"  
"Withdraw, my dear, while I think aloud."—Brooklyn Life.

### A Very Great Impediment.

Ladies' Seminary Examiner—Miss Jones, state the chief impediment to marriage. Candidate—When no one presents himself.—Fliegende Blatter.

## Under a Cloud

A Girl Has an Opportunity to Know Her Friends

By BARBARA THORPE  
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Clara Bates, with whom I had stood as bridesmaid, wrote me that she was to have a house party at their country place during Lent and wished me to come to her at that time. I accepted and a couple of weeks before Easter went to the Eyrie, as they called the place—it was on high ground—where I found a very pleasant party assembled.

Nevertheless all the guests had not yet arrived. The second day after I reached the Eyrie our hosts gave an automobile excursion. Feeling indisposed, I remained at home. Late in the afternoon, thinking a little fresh air would do me good, I concluded to take a walk. As I was going downstairs the front door opened and a woman carrying a hand bag entered. I met her in the hall, and she said to me:

"I have just arrived from the city. It seems that the hostess is away. Have you any idea where I shall find my room?"

"I have not," I replied. "I supposed every room was occupied. I heard Mrs. Bates say so yesterday."

The woman looked troubled. "You are quite welcome," I added, "to make yourself at home in my room. I am going for a walk, and by the time I return our hostess may be here to receive you."

I showed her to my room and went off on my ramble. I was somewhat preoccupied for the reason that Ralph Priestley had been paying me a great deal of attention and, having met Sadie Stamper, a prettier girl than I, among the guests, was withdrawing his attention from me and bestowing it on her. Indeed, this was partly the reason why I didn't go on the automobile trip. He had arranged to go in the same conveyance as my rival, and I preferred staying at home to seeing him devoted to her. I returned just as the autos pulled up at the door, and I saw Ralph hand Sadie out of the machine and saw, or thought I saw, a mutual love-light in their eyes. But perhaps it was jealousy.

At any rate, my mind was too full of my affair to think anything about the guest who had arrived and whom I had left in my room. Indeed, I forgot all about her. At dinner I noticed an expression of dismay on the part of several of the girls of the party.



WILL JONES

I MET HER, EXTENDING MY HAND, and it was evident from a restraint that had come over the party that something had happened.

The next morning, on exchanging words with several of the girls, I noticed that they scarcely answered me, while some of them failed to give me any reply whatever. But what was my indignation when Sadie Stamper passed me with a look of contempt and without even a nod. I was in a very perplexed and troubled state of mind when Clara took me upstairs to her room, shut the door and said to me:

"My dear, you have been made the victim of a conspiracy. On our return from the auto ride yesterday several of the guests found that certain valuables they had left in their rooms were missing. John was horrified. He telephoned for a detective, who came right up and investigated the matter. The only servant in the house while we were away was old Martha, who has been in our family forty years and was my nurse when a baby. While you were all in the drawing room after dinner the detective searched the house. Several bits of jewelry—none of any great value—were found hidden away in the back part of one of your bureau drawers.

"Now, keep cool," she said quickly, seeing the expression of despair on my face. "No one can make me believe anything wrong about you. Some one placed the things there to escape suspicion by incriminating you."

I threw my arms about her neck and burst into a passionate weeping. I remained in my room or Clara's most of the day. I was altogether too wrought upon by my misfortune to take any thought for my defense. In the afternoon I had regained enough of my equanimity to talk with Clara about the matter and asked her which one of the party believed me guilty. The only one she mentioned as being

especially sure I was the thief was Sadie Stamper.

"And the new guest," I said—"how does she feel about it?"

"What new guest?"

"The one who arrived yesterday afternoon."

"No guest arrived yesterday afternoon."

"She came while you were all away. I received her for you, and since I did not know what room to put her in I left her in mine. Come to think of it, I've not seen her since."

It was all out that the thief was this woman who had passed herself off on me as her guest. Clara was so delighted at what she considered my vindication that she was about to run downstairs to make it public when I stopped her. I had suddenly regained my head.

"Not so fast," I said. "Who will believe my story of this woman whom no one but I have seen?"

"I do."

"Of course you do, but there are others who will not. Promise me that for the present you will keep the matter secret."

Other purposes than vindication crowded upon me. I wished to see how Ralph Priestley would treat me while under a cloud. Shortly before dinner I went down into the parlor. Now that the matter was explained to my own and my host's satisfaction I felt easier in presence of the others. There were several in the room when I entered, including Ralph and Sadie, who were sitting together on a tete-a-tete in the center of the room. I walked past both of them without looking at either, and I did not bear myself like a thief by any means.

I walked to a window, where I stood looking out for a few minutes, then passed into the library. Seating myself at the long table in the center of the room, I took up a periodical. I had been there but a few minutes when Ralph Priestley entered. I could see by the expression on his face, his knit brows, that he was very much disturbed.

"I have been seeking an opportunity"—he began, when I stopped him, looking at him as severely as I could and pointing to the door.

"Please listen to me," he began again.

"I will not listen to any man who, while I suffer under a false accusation, not only fails to give me his support, but turns against me."

"I have not turned against you. I—"

"You have devoted yourself to one who has assumed that I am guilty and has treated me accordingly."

I arose and swept out of the room. Smarting as I was under his having transferred his attentions to my rival—a rival who had taken no pains to conceal her opinion that I had stolen the missing jewels—I confess I reveled in my treatment of Ralph Priestley. Finding that he was endeavoring to see me alone, I persistently kept out of his way except when there were others about.

As soon as the detective was informed of my story as to the woman who had passed herself off as a guest he began operations on a different line. He took down as minute a description of her as I was able to give him; also a description of every article that was missing. I asked him why she had hidden the articles in my bureau drawer, and he said that by incriminating some one in the house she hoped to divert suspicion from herself long enough to dispose of her plunder.

For several days while he was at work on the case I remained with the party, affable to those who were affable to me, paying no attention to those who were cool to me. There was a side play going on that I enjoyed watching. Sadie Stamper was endeavoring to hold on to Ralph Priestley, and Ralph was trying to get rid of her. The poor fellow was between two fires. He knew that I would not listen to him so long as he continued his attentions to Sadie, and to break away from her was not an easy matter, especially as his only excuse was that she believed me a thief, which was no more than others of the party believed.

Then one morning the detective reported that he had found some of the missing property in a pawnshop and within a couple of days after the discovery had arrested a woman with more of it in her possession. She talked with my description of her and turned out to be living in the neighborhood of the Eyrie. This was the reason she knew of the house party and the automobile excursion and was able to concoct her plan of robbing the house.

That evening at dinner our host let out the story, returning a number of the missing articles to their owners.

I was now in a very enviable position. I knew those who were friendly to me and had honored me with their confidence while I had been under a cloud, and I knew those who had not. They all crowded around me to show their good will and assure me that they had not for a moment believed me to be guilty. The only person who did not approach me was Ralph Priestley, whose every effort to do so I had succeeded in thwarting.

Now that I was vindicated he not only kept away from me, but Clara came to me after dinner to tell me that he was going away on a late train. I watched for him to come downstairs, and when he came, prepared for the journey, I met him and extended my hand. His countenance changed from a very lugubrious expression to a very happy one. We went into a side room, and I kept him there till it was too late to make his train.

It was Sadie who made the first break in the circle, for I not only declined to notice her, but since Ralph understood that he must choose between us he chose me.

### THE DOCTOR'S QUESTION.

Much Sickness Due to Bowel Disorders.

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