

BURLINGTON TIME TABLE.

Main Line East—Depart—(Central Time):	
No. 6	11:10 P. M.
16	4:30 A. M.
2	5:20 A. M.
12	7:00 A. M.
14	9:20 P. M.
Main Line West—Depart—(Mountain Time):	
No. 1	12:35 P. M.
3	11:42 P. M.
5	arr. 8:30 p. m.
13	9:45 A. M.
15	12:30 A. M.
Imperial Line—(Mountain Time):	
No. 176 arrives	3:45 P. M.
No. 175 departs	6:45 A. M.
No. 175 departs (Wed.)	6:30 A. M.

Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.

For information, time tables, maps and tickets, call on or write D. F. Hostetter, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray E. Benjamin are up from Fairbury on a visit of a week or so.

Agent and Mrs. Harris of Danbury are parents of a baby boy, born on March 17th.

Over one hundred cars of stock were shipped Sunday from the branch lines through Red Cloud.

Changes in the passenger train service this week, have caused a mild sensation in railroad circles.

Conductors Frank Kendlen, J. H. Burns and T. E. McCarl of the passenger department were dropped from the service this week.

The Tribune hears it stated that Conductor A. L. Knowland is working in the train service of a road running out of Salt Lake City.

Herman Hegenberger, Frank Rank and A. H. Bagley are the new regular passenger conductors advanced by the recent decapitation in the passenger train service.

Agent and Mrs. George Scott and baby were down from Brush, Colorado, last Friday night, to attend the Eastern Star meeting and visit with friends between trains.

The body of Engineer W. F. Zumwalt, who was killed in January near Spokane, Wash., was recovered on March 19th from the river, and interment was made in the Fairmont, Neb., cemetery on March 22nd.

Two of the new O-1 class engines are now in service on the Alliance line—Nos. 5038 and 5039. They are expected to pull better than 2,000-ton trains over the Alliance-Edgemont grad.

The Burlington has extended milling in transit privileges at Cambridge at the request of Cambridge Milling company to take additional territory on originating grain and to permit the shipment of flour to McCook and beyond without extra charge.

The Burlington, which had planned to complete an extension from Thermopolis, Wyo., to Powder river, in the same state, this year has concluded not to carry out the project. The completion of this line would represent the investment of more than \$1,000,000.

The extra stock train Wednesday morning did a distribution stunt by which several head of cattle were deposited along the right of way between Wilsonville and Beaver City, which is not down on the regular schedule. A door of one of the stock cars came open, in some manner, and nine head of stock escaped. One calf was found at Wilsonville and a heifer was corralled at the stock yards in Beaver City. One dead animal was located on the right of way between the two towns, and the other six head were missing at last reports.—Beaver City Tribune.

The Curious Opossum.
The American opossum is one of the most curious animals living in the United States. It is the only one that carries its young in a pouch, like the kangaroo. It is the only animal that can feign death perfectly. It is remarkable for hanging by its tail, like a monkey. It has hands resembling those of a human being. Its snout is like a hog's, while its mouth is liberally furnished with teeth. Its eyes are like a rat's, and it hisses like a snake.—New York Herald.

The Beautiful Bridge.
Popular love of art may be carried too far. The author of "Charles Bourbon, Constable of France," tells us that on the occasion of the sack of Rome the citizens refused to secure their safety by taking the advice of their captain, Reuzo da Ceri, and cutting the bridges Ponte Quattro Capl and Ponte Sisto. The people declined on the ground that they were "too beautiful."

Appropriate.
"Youngpup is going to have his baby christened Bill."
"How strange!"
"Oh, I don't know. The youngster came on the first of the month."—Puck.

Life.
Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart.

Married.
J. T. Freeburg of Denver, and Miss Flora Schaefer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schaefer, who live just west of town, went to McCook Monday morning in M. M. Bree's auto and were quietly married there by County Judge Moore. They left on Tuesday morning for Denver, where they will make their future home. Mr. Freeburg is in the employ of the Burlington railway at that place. Mrs. Freeburg is a graduate of the Culbertson high school.—Culbertson Banner.

Application for License.
McCook, Nebraska, March 30, 1911.
Notice is hereby given that I have filed in the office of the City Clerk of McCook, Nebraska, a petition asking that a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building situated on lot 15, block 27, 117 Main Avenue, in the First ward of the City of McCook, Nebraska, be granted me for the coming municipal year, beginning May 1, 1911.
3-29-3t. DAN P. CLOUSE.

BLUFFS AND PLAYS DEAD.

But There's a Fatal Flaw in the Hog Nosed Snake's Acting.

When you find a hog nosed snake flattened out upon the soil in his anxiety to absorb all the sunshine that he can he immediately adopts a policy of "bluff." He first inflates his body by a deep draft of air. Then he flattens his head and expands his neck to three times its proper width. Next he strikes angrily toward the intruder and hisses with malignant fury. The average pedestrian naturally retreats with a feeling of gratitude for the danger signals so unmistakably imprinted by a kindly Providence upon the deadly members of the reptile race.

A good field naturalist will quietly advance his bare hand to the reptile's head, because he knows that this snake can neither be induced to give a poisonous bite nor a bite of any kind. Seeing that the observer cannot be intimidated, the snake then opens his jaws and acts as if he had been injured. Convulsive spasms ripple down his spine. He writhes and twists as if transplanted by the agonies of death, and, turning over on his back, the last convulsion dies away along the till. Now, nothing in nature looks more dead than a snake lying with the ivory white of his belly plates turned upward to the sky, and the hog nosed snake will simulate death so patently that you may carry him by the tail or hang his body on a fence and he will swing in the wind and give no sign of life for an hour or more.

But this clever acting has one fatal flaw. If you place him on the ground with the belly downward he will twist over on his back again. He has such a fixed idea that "belly plates skyward" is the correct pose for a serpent's corpse that, although supposed to be lifeless, he will turn over on his back a dozen times if you as perseveringly persist in laying him on his crawling surface. His zeal for the perfection of mimicry blinds him to the obvious truth that dead snakes stay where they are put.—Century Path.

TWO DUELS.

The Second One Was to Avenge the Victim of the First.

A certain English gentleman who was a regular frequenter of the greenroom of Drury Lane theater in the days of Lord Byron's committee and who always stood quietly on the hearth rug there with his back to the fire was in his usual place one night when a narrative was related by another gentleman, newly returned from the continent, of a barrier duel that had taken place in Paris.

A young Englishman, a mere boy, had been despoiled in a gaming house in the Palais Royal, had barged a certain gaming count with cheating him, had gone out with the count, had wasted his fire and had been slain by the count under the frightful circumstances of the count's walking up to him, laying his hand on his heart, saying, "You are a brave fellow—have you a mother?" and on his replying in the affirmative remarking coolly, "I am sorry for her," and blowing his victim's brains out.

The gentleman on the hearth rug paused in taking a pinch of snuff to hear this story and observed with great placidity, "I am afraid I must kill that rascal."

A few nights elapsed, during which the greenroom hearth rug was without him, and then he reappeared precisely as before and only incidentally mentioned in the course of the evening, "Gentlemen, I killed that rascal."

He had gone over to Paris on purpose, had tracked the count to the same gaming house, had thrown a glass of wine in his face in the presence of all the company assembled there, had told him that he had come to avenge his young compatriot and had done it by putting the count out of this world and coming back to the hearth rug as if nothing had happened.

Conquering a Critic.
William Simpson, a British artist, who accompanied the army during the Crimean war, said that Lord Cardigan, the commander, examined his early sketches of Balaklava with "a vacant stare," curtly remarking, "It is all wrong." Still Simpson persevered and was rewarded in the end "with the expression of Lord Cardigan's highest admiration."

"The real truth was," Simpson adds in his simple way, "that in the last sketch I had taken greater care than in the first two to make his lordship conspicuous in the front of the brigade."



HERE COMES SPRING

WE ARE showing mighty good values in Ladies' Waists, Skirts, Suits and Coats. Come Look. If you prefer to make your own garments we want you to see what we have in cotton, wool and silk fabrics. New Goods

A so a Splendid Line of Trimmings

C. L. DeGroff & Co.

THE SCRAPPY OSTRICH.

His Is Full of Treachery and Dearly Loves to Fight.

Those who manage ostrich farms declare that much diplomacy is required in the handling of the ostrich, which in more respects than one is a decidedly queer bird.

The ostrich requires, aside from other necessary qualifications, a master's hand, a strict hand, tempered by justice and mercy. Not that the ostrich is at all appreciative of kindness. Indeed, he never becomes thoroughly domesticated, say those who know him in captivity.

On the contrary, the ostrich is haughtily and stolidly irreconcilable to kindness, and so treacherous is he when full grown that even his daily attendants never approach him unless equipped with the necessary appliances to bring him to terms when in an ugly or dangerous mood.

The ostrich's chief object in life seems to be to fight on every possible occasion. Indeed, a fight to him is the very spice of things. The male ostrich is not without commendable qualities, however. For instance, he mates but once and forever. Should he, as often happens in the course of a domestic complication, kick his mate to death he remains true and constant to her memory, never seeking a successor. In the ordinary phases of domesticity he is attentive and helpful. He digs the whole in the ground that is to serve as a nest, and during the process of incubation, which continues for forty days, he relieves the mother bird of her duties from early evening till late the next morning.

A curious habit of the male ostrich is his "constitutional." At sunrise and just before twilight the male birds line up in single file and race around the inclosure at whirlwind speed until thoroughly limbered up. Then, suddenly arranging themselves in sets, they execute a grotesque minuet with ludicrous gravity.—Harper's Weekly.

PORSON'S FOIBLE.

The Drink He Got From Mrs. Hopper's Private Bottle.

In "Samuel Rogers and His Circle" is this anecdote about Richard Porson, the famous classical scholar and professor of Greek:

When Hopper, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson one afternoon suddenly arrived there. Hopper said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. H. had gone to town and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson declared, however, that he would be content with a mutton chop and beer from the next alehouse and accordingly stayed to dine.

During the evening Porson said, "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hopper keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking in her own bedroom, so pray try if you can lay your hands on it." His host assured him that Mrs. H. had no such secret stores; but Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hopper and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time.

Next day Hopper, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. "Drunk every drop of it!" cried she. "Heaven above, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!"

The Way He Took It.

Kindly Landlady (to the new boarder)—How did you find your bed, Mr. Inlate? Mr. Inlate (taken aback)—Oh, dash it, ma'am! I was not as bad as that.—London Tit-Bits.

Nothing Lost.

"I hear she doesn't like me with a mustache."
"Going to shave it off, I s'pose?"
"Oh, no. She never liked me."—Kansas City Journal.

TOOK HIS FATHER'S PLACE.

The Night Edwin Booth First Appeared as Richard III.

Between the ages of fifteen and eighteen Edwin Booth was almost constantly the intimate companion of his father, Junius Brutus Booth the elder. That father's eccentricities were such as to tax even the devotion of such a son, but Edwin's affectionate care never failed. He used to beguile the tragedian's time following his arduous performances by playing the violin or singing negro ballads, accompanying himself on the banjo. Many times he attended his father on long walks between midnight and morning. In 1851, on a certain night, the father was booked to appear as Richard III. at the National theater, New York. An hour before the time for the curtain to rise he chose to lock himself in a closet at his hotel and refused every persuasion his son could offer to keep his engagement.

In despair Edwin rushed to the theater to explain his father's absence. The house was already filled. The manager was distracted and in his excited questioning of the boy accidentally learned that the tragedian had flippantly told Edwin to go and act Richard himself. "We'll take him at his word," said the manager. And the frightened boy was hastened to the stage and helped into his father's Ghost costume, several sizes too big for him. Members of the company gave helpful encouragement.

The play opened without an explanation to the audience. When Edwin made his entrance for the opening soliloquy the substitution was immediately recognized, but so noble was the boy, for Edwin had several times appeared in lesser parts, notably that of Hamlet in the same play, in which role he made his very first appearance. The audience was kindly tolerant for a time, then interested and finally enthusiastic, for Edwin Booth, although only eighteen years of age, played Richard worthily, revealing many flashes of that brilliant genius that afterward made him a star of much greater eminence than his father had ever achieved. On the strength of this success Edwin Booth was soon engaged by the manager of a Baltimore stock company to play any part assigned to him at the enticing salary of \$6 per week. Small as that pay was, Edwin Booth later on in the far west experienced deprivation that would have been immeasurably relieved by an even smaller income.—Kansas City Star.

Mark Twain's Sealskin Coat.

At the time of our first meeting, which must have been well toward the winter, Clemens was wearing a seal-skin coat, with the fur out, in the satisfaction of a caprice or the love of strong effect which he was apt to indulge through life. With his crest of dense red hair and the wide sweep of his flaming mustache Clemens was not discordantly clothed in that seal-skin coat, which afterward, in spite of his own warmth in it, sent the cold chills through me when I once accompanied it down Broadway and shared the immense publicity it won him.—W. D. Howells in "My Mark Twain."

Serious Acting.

Author—I see you gave Blinks an important part in this play. I thought you were not good friends.

Manager—That's all right. He gets mobbed in the last act by a bunch of supers.

"But that's all stage play."
"Not this time. I have selected these supers from among his creditors."—Life.

The Trouble.

"That chap really has a lot of brains."
"I know it," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "But the trouble is that he keeps usin' 'em to think up new ways to act foolish."—Washington Star.

Pot Valiant.

Mrs. Lushman—Aren't you ashamed to come home in this condition? Lushman—Shamed? Wom'n, I ain't even 'traid.—Boston Transcript.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meyers of Alliance is visiting McCook relatives.

Miss Florence Jacobs is visiting her sister in Culbertson this week.

Joe Dieringer, Jr., of Harvard was in the city, end of week, on business.

A. Galusha arrived home Tuesday night from a week spent in Lincoln on business.

Will O'Neil, the safe expert, was in the city, close of last week, meeting oldtime friends.

J. C. Moore, county judge, was in Lincoln, closing days of last week, observing legislation and legislators.

Clarence Rozell arrived last Friday night from Chicago, to remain at home some time on business matters.

C. W. Meeke, postmaster at Imperial, was in town Friday last, looking after matters, political and otherwise.

Bert Sutton arrived in the city, close of last week, and was a guest of his cousin, H. P. Sutton, the jeweler.

Miss Edith Waite came home last Saturday on No. 1 from Doane college at Crete, on a visit to the home folks.

Miss May Haddell, who has been a guest of Miss Gertrude Milligan, departed on last Thursday evening for her home.

George Henderson, formerly of our city, son of J. M. Henderson, was down from Haigler, Nebraska, Friday on business.

Mrs. M. C. Scott, who has been spending the winter with a daughter in Boulder, Montana, arrived home last Friday.

R. J. Branscom departed end of week, for Alberta, Utah, where he expects to remain for a while at least and possibly made his future home.

Mrs. P. E. Reeder departed last Saturday evening on No. 14 for her home in Kansas City, Mo., after a short visit here with her mother Mrs. Amanda Berry.

F. S. Wilcox has written his brother Justin of our city that he has sold his residence in Denver and will in a few days return to McCook to live. Here's welcome to them.

Miss Mattie Daugherty entered upon her duties as teacher in the third grade west, Monday morning. She had just finished a term in a country school in this county, in this vicinity.

Saying the Right Thing.

"I don't seem to be able to say the right thing to women," a bashful young man confided to us the other day, "and that's why I don't shine in society. I'll tell you an instance of it. Not long ago I met a woman I hadn't seen for years, and I could see that she was trying to keep young, so I thought I'd say a graceful thing to her. 'You carry your age remarkably well,' says I.

"Well, the moment I said it I could see that I was in wrong. She was looking chilly and getting red, so I said: 'Don't mind my little jokes. I never mean what I say. As a matter of fact, you don't carry your age a bit well.'"

"And then she killed me with a haughty look and sailed away without saying goodby. Say, how should I have put it?"

Dufferin's Warning Dream.

There are many stories on record of the warning dream. The late Lord Dufferin when in Paris dreamed that he was in a hearse being conveyed to a cemetery. A few days later, as he was about to enter a hotel lift, he was startled to observe that the attendant was the living reproduction of the driver of the hearse in his dream. He stepped back, and the lift went up without him. Before it had reached the top of the building some breakage took place in the mechanism and the lift crashed down to the bottom, every one in it being killed.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Boyle came down from their Colorado farm near Vernon last Friday and are visiting relatives and friends and transacting some business affairs this week, to depart for the west again tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Ryan of McCook visited relatives here the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. John Colling returned to McCook Tuesday after visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. Albert Diederich.—Grafton Brevities.

Postmaster Lon Cone and brother, and druggist Woodworth, of McCook, were over on the lakes near Champion last week hunting ducks. They report plenty of game and that the shooting is good.—Imperial Republican.

FOR SALE, FOR RENT, ETC.

FOR RENT—Dwelling house. Phone cedar 983 or 25.—tf.

LOST—Old fashioned collar pin between 611 1st street East and High school.—Mrs. A. C. Wiehie.

FOR SALE—Nearly new Schiller piano at a bargain if taken soon. W. A. Middleton, Phone red 275.

FOR SALE—S. C. Rhode Island Red eggs. \$3.50 per 100. Mrs. G. C. Smith, R. 1, McCook. Phone Ash Creek line.

FOR RENT—Good seven room house, barn and plenty of room. Inquire phone 200. Bryce Jones.

FOR RENT—Nice outside rooms en suite or single in Electric Theatre building, and over hardware store. McCook Hardware Co.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms with heat and light. Phone red 231. Call at 219 1st st. west.

FOR RENT—Four room cottage on 6th street; good lawn and fruit trees. Inquire of J. S. Miller phone black 376.

Services will be held at the regular hours on Sunday at the M.E. church. Rev. Alfred Sturgeon will preach both morning and evening. Be sure and hear him.

A. R. Scott, together with a dozen or more others, went down to Hastings Sunday to join the Elks order. Dr. J. O. Bruce, osteopath, has returned to the city and is again ready for business. Office over Electric theatre.

WE SHALL BE GLAD TO ADVISE YOU

as to the character of any proprietary medicine you may wish to know about. And our advice will not be influenced by a question of profit.

THE MEDICINE WE RECOMMEND

you can rely on as being the best for you regardless of how much of little profit it yields us.



A. McMILLEN, Druggist.