

All's Well That End's Well.

A young man who travels for a New York bible concern was at the Bloody house yesterday, says the Toledo Blade, and along in the afternoon, following the promptness, or rather the wooings, of the spirit, started back to the bar for a drink. He had just reached the door, when he was startled by an apparition in the somber clothed person of his employer, who had stopped over a day on a flying trip to Chicago, where bible houses find a large and attractive field.

Seeing the employer, the young man unconcernedly walked on into the washroom, and began to lather his hands. The employer carelessly sauntered down the long corridor, round through the billiard-hall, and just as he entered the bar, again encountered his traveling employe, who, bowing politely, walked on into the billiard-hall, and became absorbed in watching a game of billiards. But he kept an eye on his employe, and when he disappeared returned to the bar after the coveted drink.

Again he ran into the old man, and proceeded on into the washroom, where he again bathed his hands. The employe then took a turn watching the spinning ivory globes. Anon, the young man made another effort. The employe was again encountered. Then they changed places once more, and the young man watching the billiards, and the old one washing his hands.

The drummer then conceived and executed a coup d'etat, or something of that sort. He called for his coat at the coat-room, and told the old man as they again passed in the bar that he guessed he'd go out and call on a minister whom he was working up into a bible-buying mood.

Then he walked around, came through the billiard-hall, and once more went into the bar.

"Well," he said, smiling pleasantly as he encountered his employe again; "forgot to wash my hands." Then he stole into the washroom, peered around the corner of the wall until he saw the old man disappear; then he hastened back to the bar. The same inspiration had fired the old man, and they collided once more. Then they had to wash again.

By this time their hands were white and soft, and their fingers beginning to shrivel up like a Canton avenue washerwoman. Both were growing desperate, and the old man said in a careless, off-hand manner:

"Oh, by the way, Phillip, do you ever drink a glass of beer?"

Phillip, said: "Well, once in a great while."

Then a great feeling of relief filled them. Distrust was metamorphosed into perfect trust and sweet confidence, and the dark despair of the hope that was dying in each longed breast suddenly brightened to the glad, joyous, sparkling sunshine of expectations all fulfilled and hopes fully realized.

Six Tons of Locusts.

In one week six tons of locusts were destroyed in the province of Ghizeh, Egypt. This illustrates what a plague of locusts means. Some interesting facts about locusts have been obtained from observations of the swarms which invaded parts of India last year. E. C. Cotes, of the Indian Museum, says that all the different species which are found in different parts of the world, breed permanently in barren elevated tracts where the vegetation is sparse. In years when they increase inordinately they descend in flight from their permanent breeding grounds, upon cultivated districts, where they destroy the crops, lay their eggs, and maintain themselves through one entire generation, but are unable to establish themselves permanently, usually disappearing in the year following the invasion, to be succeeded, after an interval of years, by fresh swarms from the permanent breeding grounds. The damage done by locusts is occasioned in the first instance by the young, wingless insects, and afterward by the winged individuals into which the young are transformed after a couple of months of steady feeding.

Unexploded Lands.

A great part of Asia and nearly three-fourths of Africa is a sealed book to us moderns. The explorations of Stanley, and those who preceded him, are mere spider tracks in the desert, and our best maps of Africa are half-guesswork.

In Asia there is Tibet and Turkestan and in Africa the great desert of Sahara to be explored. We know almost nothing of Borneo, Papua or Madagascar, and thousands of islands in the Pacific ocean are still unexplored.

Great tracts of Australia have never been trodden by the foot of a white man, and nearly all of South America inside of the coast lines is known only by hearsay and tradition. Coming up to our northern half of the continent, we encounter more unknown lands. Central America and Mexico offer fertile fields for exploration, and lower California has never been thoroughly explored.

In the far north is Greenland, Baffin Land, the great Hudson bay region, all of British America north of latitude 60° and our great territory of Alaska.—Golden Days.

Heroes All Around Us.

New York Herald: "There are heroes and heroes, and there are heroines and heroines," said Chauncey M. Depew, in speaking of the matter of personal bravery. "The man who shows bravery on the battlefield is not always the greatest hero. In fact, I believe that a great many brave deeds were done on the battlefield in the heat and excitement of action by men who ordinarily would not be considered brave at all. Many a brave man has refused to go out and be shot in a duel, and many a man at heart a coward has faced the bullet of an adversary with no outward sign of fear. As a result many persons would call the man who fought a brave man and the one who refused a coward."

"Bravery is a hard quality to define," continued Mr. Depew. "There are blue-shirted men who go over our railroad lines every day in engine cars who would laugh at you if you intimated to them that they are heroes, and who, in spite of all, are as brave as any man who ever drew a sword or carried a musket. They don't make any fuss about what they do, but when the time comes for them to perform some duty at the risk of their lives they are scarcely ever found lacking in spirit and determination."

"Nor are women behind men in this matter of personal bravery," continued Mr. Depew. "Take the case of the woman operator at Johnstown, Pa., at the time of the great flood there. That woman might have escaped had she chosen to leave her post of duty while there was yet time. She refused to do it and stuck to her instrument, sending the news of the great disaster as long as she could. She lost her life. She must have known as she sat at the instrument, the water rising and the building in which she was working tottering to its fall, that she was doomed. But she stayed at her post and met her death without flinching. This is what I call heroism. You may search the records of any number of the battlefields and you will find nothing finer."

Three Kinds of Married Women.

They were discussing a certain clever and well-known married woman, who is prominent alike for her business and social success. How does she sign her name?" asked a bright-faced listener from another State. "Let me see?" mused one of the group. "I believe she always writes Mary W. Smith."

"Then she isn't 'advanced' and she still loves her husband," said the first.

"What do you mean?" half a dozen women demanded at once.

"Just this," was the answer. "The married women of to-day is of three classes—the woman who puts her husband and his interests first, the woman who considers her individuality and interests of equal importance with her husband's, and the woman who considers the name of her husband's family alone amply honorable and dignified, and writes her name as your friend does. The second adds her husband's name to her own family name and writes 'Mary White Smith.' The third writes the family names with a hyphen between them and wishes to be known as 'Mary White-Smith.' The first woman is conservative; the second, progressive; the third, 'advanced.'"—New York Evening Sun.

A Well-Known Divine Retires.

Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, the eminent Presbyterian divine of Brooklyn, will retire from active service in the pulpit. He preached a sermon on Easter which was not only one of farewell, but also one of review of 30 years' continuous service in this one parish. He is 68 years old and has performed an extraordinary amount of hard work in his lifetime. He ranks next to Rev. Dr. Storrs in the length of his service in Brooklyn, and for years his name was linked with those of Beecher, Storrs and Talmage as the most popular Protestant preachers in that city. Dr. Cuyler said that in the first year of the war \$20,000 in gold was raised for the Union soldiers. Five ofshoots had sprung from the original church. In the 30 years of his pastorate Dr. Cuyler said that he had married 682 couples, baptized 962 children, preached 2,750 sermons, besides making public addresses. Since he has been pastor the church has spent \$605,000 for ecclesiastical and benevolent purposes, and \$700,000 for maintaining worship; there had never been a mortgage on the church building.

Strange, Wasn't It?

Fenderson says young women are awfully touchy creatures, and this is how he proves it: They were getting up some amateur theatricals, and when Fenderson told the girls that they must let down their hair, according to stage directions, they all declared they'd have nothing more to do with it—all except one, a girl who without hesitation shook out her tresses, which reached almost to the floor. "And do you know," Fenderson says, "all the rest of 'em declared she was a brazen faced thing. I can't understand it now, by Jove!"—Boston Transcript.

POEMS VERSUS PEANUTS.

My love brings poems Thursday nights
And peanuts every Monday.
He writes from early morn till eve,
Except, of course, on Sunday.

He sings of sweetness long drawn out,
Of love cut through the middle,
And one he tries to write in rhyme
The hoary Sphinx's riddle.

He's very gay, then taciturn,
And scarily sarcastic
When doctzing Plato's school—
(That's where we get "platonie").

For themes he scours the country through
From 'Cicero's bay to Funday's,
But really, if the truth were told,
I'd rather see him Mondays.
—De Witt C. Lockwood in the April Century.

"SLUG SEVEN'S SUB."

BY EMMA LYNDON.

He came into the composing-room one afternoon, nearly exhausted from a long walk of twenty-five miles since morning, and wet and cold with the dismal rain and sleet that was falling outside.

He did not present an attractive appearance—a face that needed both shaving and washing, browned by constant exposure—and a pair of great eyes that looked hungrily around the strange rooms as if in search of something he never found; a coat that might once have graced the form of a gentleman of leisure—probably contributed by some "dude" printer in a philanthropic mood, but which had long since lost the last trace of respectability—an old slouch hat, battered by wind and weather, and hard usage, like its owner.

No one could have told, or even guessed with any degree of accuracy, the man's age. He may have been fifty or thirty-five years old. No matter—no one cared sufficiently to inquire or wonder. He walked slowly across the room, stopping at last to watch dreamily the dett fingers of one of the printers who was distributing his case for the night's work.

The worker glanced over his shoulder at another man who sat behind him, saying indifferently:

"Here you are, slug seven."

Slug seven, who had evidently been longing for a "sub," threw himself carelessly off his stool, depositing a dozen lines of type on the stone, and turning to the stranger, said:

"Want to work? Jump on to that case."

The tramp hesitated—only a second—murmuring something about being tired; then wearily took off his shabby coat, exposing to view a shirt which had no original color, and vest equally grimy and dilapidated. But when once at work, sending the type hither and thither in the process of distribution, the weary look on his face grew a trifle less peevish, and an occasional smile lurked in the corner of his mouth at the jokes that went around the room.

Outside, the November sleet beat against windows, and the streets were almost deserted. Within the composing-room all was life and fun and laughter; merry talk mixed with the click, click of type from a hundred fingers.

Thoughtless, light-hearted workers, earning their money deftly and swiftly, and managing to be "dead broke" each week as payday came around.

"Where did you work last?" asked a young fellow who stood beside the tramp.

"In Philadelphia," he answered, stopping his work for a moment.

"But that was two weeks ago, haven't had any work since."

"That's hard luck," carelessly, "fellows are used to that," with a little bitter laugh.

"Pretty tired, aren't you?" said "slug seven," walking up and noticing the weary look in his "sub's" face.

"Yes; and I have a pain between my shoulders that cut like a knife. I must work to-night, though," turning away to pick up a handful of type.

A tall, heavy-built man stalked into the room at this juncture. He glanced sharply at the new man, taking in his general outside appearance in one swift look, from the brown, unshaven face to the shabby shoes that scarcely concealed his feet. A sudden hush fell upon the noisy crowd. The business manager of the concern was not inclined to encourage levity. He walked over to the foreman's table, whispered something in his ear and received the answer:

"He's all right; a little rough-looking, but a printer is a printer we're three frames short tonight."

The business manager walked out, after which the jokes and general freedom of speech were resumed.

Six o'clock sounded from the different city shop-bells, the whistles blew, the old composing-room clock clanged out six sharp notes. The office was nearly deserted. The tramp lingered, looking with a true compositor's pride at the heaped-up case out of which he might "pull a good string," if he were not so tired, and that old pain in his shoulders were not quite so sharp, though almost taking his breath at times.

"It looks as if I would have to wait till lunch-time for my supper, but it's a long time till 12 o'clock to-night," he said to himself, as he walked over to the sink to wash up. No one had seemed to notice that he must need food—that he would be obliged to bunk under his case—in the waste-box, or press-room—anywhere for want of a little money to procure a lodging outside. None of the smart young printers who held regular cases on that enterprising sheet could be expected to take to their respectable boarding places a man so dirty and uncouth-looking as this tramp. Even if their hearts prompted any such action, the fear of being snubbed by their landladies for the generous deed overruled all thoughts in that direction.

At half past six one of the men came into the room found the "sub"

seated on a stool, resting one arm on his case, his hand covering his eyes. As he did not look up the man spoke with pleasant indifference.

"Been out to supper?"

"No," in a choked voice, "I am dead broke."

"You must have some supper," said his questioner, "you will not be able to work to-night. You are nearly tired out now, I imagine."

"Oh, no, I can work—I must work to-night."

The man made no answer, but leaving the room, returned presently with a lunch from a bakery.

"Here, my man, this will set you up till lunch-time, when the boys will give you a bite, no doubt."

"Thank you," he answered, the tears coming into his eyes—immediately looking a little ashamed of it.

"What a fool I am," he said, as he was again left alone, with only the tick of the great clock and the gliding cockroaches for company.

At seven o'clock the force were on hand ready for work. No jokes now, but each man buckled down to the task before him, anxious to do his best. The usual amount of "working the hook" was indulged in; no one hesitated to "soldier" a little, for a fat take of editorial or a cut which would measure eight hundred. All but the tramp—his ambition seemed to be on the decline, as the hours rolled by. Once his partner who stood next to him said in an undertone, as he walked to his place with a dash rule take.

"Pull out, the next is a head and twelve leads."

But the "sub" could not "pull out." The letters refused to come to his hand with their customary readiness. Twice in succession he "pied" a line, and once he struggled full fifteen minutes in the process of "making even."

"You must be rattled," his neighbor said, laughing at him quietly.

"A little nervous, I guess," he answered, saying nothing of the creature's weakness and weariness that was stealing over him, while the old, sharp pain never relaxed its steady, distressing hold.

At lunch time he could eat nothing, although the boys were profuse in their offers to share with him. "I am not hungry," he said. The very words choked him; the food would have done the same.

Work was resumed, but the tramp was not with the rest. He would go out for a breath of fresh air, he said, but he did not return.

"I guess slug seven's 'sub' has jumped his cases," remarked one of the men to the foreman; he went out at lunch time for a breath of fresh air he said.

"Or a drink," remarked another.

"No matter, thirty is on the hook."

Click, click, went the type in the sticks. The sleepy galley boy was roused for his last task that night; the last form went rattling down the elevator to the press-room, and still the "sub" did not return.

"Gone to look for lodgings, perhaps," laughed one, as the gang stood around the sink, each waiting his turn at the soap and water and mourning towel.

"He'll find them in the city hall; he looks like a rough customer," said another.

"A very quiet sort of fellow, I thought," said then an who had worked beside him. "He was sick and tired; all he wants is a good night's rest."

"And a clean shirt."

"Oh, come now, boys; you may be on the road yourselves, yet, and look as rough as this man."

"Not while I can stand off the barber and the tailor," was the answer.

But the tramp where was he? A little bewildered by the change from the lights of the composing-room to the dimly-lighted street, he stood for a moment, scarcely knowing where he was.

The fire of fever was in his eyes, the flush of fever in his rosy cheeks; his head felt heavy and his heart bounded against his side tumultuously.

He walked slowly down the street, farther and farther, turning here and there, heedlessly—going he knew not where—in any direction to escape that ringing in his ears, and the terrible pain that clutched at every breath.

The city lights grew farther apart—the brick blocks faded away into quiet country roads. Still he walked on until, half unconscious he sank beside the way, and could go no farther.

The shabby hat fell back from his head, revealing a forehead broad and high; the great, sad eyes gazed up in an unseeing way at the moon that drifted overhead, and looked down at him pityingly from its flight through heavy clouds.

Then between his face and the night sky there crept a picture. A long, low, vine-covered house—a porch in front where a woman stood, one hand on the head of a boy—a slender, pale faced lad, with great, sad eyes. She kissed his lips, and held his hand and murmured blessings on her child as he left her standing alone beneath the vines and climbing roses.

Then another scene drifted through the dulled and weary brain. A place where mirth and wine and revelry ran high, and one there—the gayest of the gay—a man with a pale face and sad eyes, belying his own nature by the words he uttered. A messenger at the door—a telegram thrust into his hands—"Your mother is dead!"—then followed a blank.

The moon waded through an intervening cloud, and by its light the dying man saw still another picture. Wrapped in the robes that angels wear, descending to his side in the track of a quivering ray of moonlight, she came—his mother. She lifted his head to her breast, the weary head that had missed caressing so long; she pressed her lips to his, and the kiss went like new wine to his very heart, she touched with her soft fingers his tired eyes, and they closed in a long and undisturbed sleep, never to open again till the last trump sounds through the startled skies.

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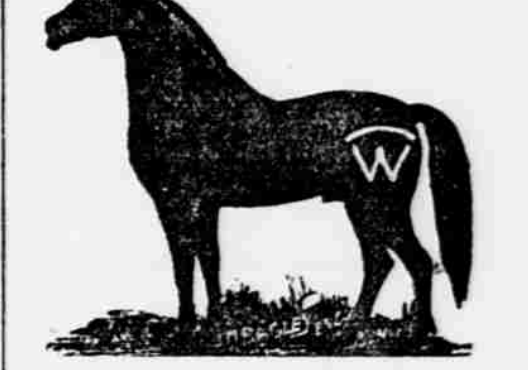
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