#### POETRY WITH A POINT.

You can lead a horse to water, But you can not make him drink; You can send a fool to college, But can not make him think: You may keep your daughter strumming

From morn till afternoon But you can't make her a player It she hasn't any tune,

You can never make a farmer Of a boy that loves the sea, Though you may make him plow and plan And whos, and haw, and gee. It's no use to swear and bluster

Because your only son Prefers the gal he met in the car To your selected one; You might as well switch off the track, For love is lord of pelf, And, beside, it's more than likely

That you know how 'tis yourself. You can not make a citizen, Let him be black or white, Of the man who doesn't know enough. To cipher, read, and write. You can not change the rooster's strut, Nor make the layers crow, Though you may honestly believe

It would be better so.

You can not make a person Of the stage-struck Romeo lad; And if you ever do succeed You'll wish you never had. There is only one thing meaner, And that's to have to see The name of your neighbor's numbskul Finished with an M. D. But all these things, and more, beside,

We may expect to hear, Until the numbskull kills us, And the Romeo says the prayer.

—Boston Gazette.

### THE LINEN CLOSET.

"But surely there are more rooms?" The young widow who had come down to Garland to hire a little house for the summer had followed the agent into the two-story cottage, and was staring about her.

"Only four rooms?" she said. "Surely there were ten originally, ma'am," the agent replied. "There were ten, but the rest are boarded up. This is simply the wing, but you have a parlor, a dining-room and two bedrooms besides the little outside kitchen, which is a building by itself and the rent is actually nominal."

"But the folly of boarding up six good rooms," said the lady. "The parlor with the wainscot and the black marble mantel-piece."

"You know the house?" cried the

"Oh, in houses of this sort you ala wainscot," said the lady. "And on a curious smell that lingers in moth- for the pocket of his overcoat. His old farmer in the country who shaved closet and bathroom-the long, dark linen closet." "The ghost always comes out of

that," said the agent. "Oh, ho!" cried the lady. "The cat is out of the bag, The house is haunt-

"Yes, ma'am," replied the agent. "It has that reputation among ignorant people. But since the main building has been boarded in, the figure has

"The figure?" asked the lady. "All in white like an ironing-board?"

never been seen by any one.'

"All in white, but like a pretty girl of sixteen," replied the agent. "I remember the murder myself. My father was in the real-estate business where I am now. I was a school boy. I remember how the news ran through the village that Martha Penny had been killed by wild Jack Parker. and how I rushed with the crowd to see her. "Yes, ma'am, I saw her lying in her blood across the threshold of the linen closet.'

The lady shuddered and sat down in the large, chintz-covered armchair of the room they had entered.

"You can go and play in the garden," she said to the little boy whom she led by the hand. "Don't go out of sight. Now tell me the story, Mr.

"Very sensible to send the child away," the agent said. "Well, the facts were these: Martha Penny lived as seamstress with Mrs. Parker. They made her one of the family. Jack fell in love with her. The story goes that she refused him, and that he said that she should never marry any other man. Then she declared that she meant to go away, and she was getting ready to go when she saw him with blazing eyes coming down the taken to her bed. Black Ann had been afraid to sit in the room with the murdered girl. In the night Martha Penny's corpse vanished.

Jack was crazy, and he was locked up this belief I lost my consciousness. awhile, though he swore that the Yes, when I seemed to die I thought pistol went off by accident. When he | you had killed me.' was let out again his mother was dead. He is quite a rich man, but he never could bear to live on his property. He has a room at the hotel and has let all the land. At first he let the house also, but the tenants were your innocence. I do not doubt you all scared away by the ghost, they now. Be at peace. We shall meet said, so five years ago he boarded up again, and I forgive you." the main building and only let the wing. Every summer people hire it. It is prettily furnished, you see, with new things. They do say that they hear noises in the big building, but probably rats make them. And, Mrs. Smith, you don't look like a lady that who would be afraid of"-

"Martha Penny's ghost?" interrupted the lady. "Indeed I am not. Poor little Martha would do no one any harm. I should be much more afraid of wild Jack Parker, though he is

"He's an altered man, ma'am," said the agent; "quite broken, though he is rather young in years.'

"I'll take the house, Mr. Brick," said the widow, rising and beckoning through the open window to her little boy. "And my servant and I and little Tom will move in on Monday.' They did so, and soon flowers bloomed in the garden and at the the veiled face. window, and the pretty child swung under the elm trees or tossed his ball he said. on the lawn. The mother, reclining in

cheted, or walked with her boy when the day grew cool. The maid was pretty and alert. No home in the country seemed less likely to attract ghosts to itself, and Mrs. Smith, when questioned, always said that she had never caught a glimpse of Martha

Penny's specter. But though Mrs. Smith told the truth, she did not tell the whole truth. Sometimes at night-yes midslippers on her feet, would glide out wails and moans, to what seemed to | years. be a prayer, and to many repetitions of the name, "Martha Penny—Martha Penny," but oftenest "Martha" her robe.
alone. She never spoke of this to any "I worked hard for awhile, then a one, and it was plain that she felt no terror, but sometimes she wept bitterpoor, wandering ghost.

This went on for months, until one She arose in the middle of the night you through the partition, weeping and let down the great coil of her brown hair, and braided it in one braid and tied it with white ribbon. She dressed herself all in white and over her head threw a square of tulle. Then she left her house, taking a lantern with her, and stole toward a side door of the main building and tried a key in the lock and entered in.

dust rolled beneath her feet as she climbed the stairs, and spiders crawled along the balustrades and up the walls. linen closet. Opening the door, she saw piles of clothes and sheets and towels, and pillow cases, once white, Dallas, in Fireside Companion. but now powdered gray as though a snow of that hue had fallen on them.

She lowered her lantern and beheld across the sill a stain of blood, and within, on the floor, a deeper one; but she did not shudder. Indeed, a smile crossed her face-a pitiful, tender

she entered in and shut the door behind her. A small, round window, high up in the wall, let in a little admitted a breath of air; but amid | meal was ended and he was ready to | know what he was up to, he faced the the woolen blankets at the further end moths burrowed. She ways find a black marble mantel and | could see their tracks, and the other side of the hall the sitting- eaten wool made the air heavy. Al- hand reached impatiently all over the himself sitting on a milking-stool, and room and spare bedroom, and three | ready her lantern's light attracted inbedrooms up-stairs, and the linen sects that came through the broken pane above to flutter about it. She a very ghost itself-all white in the other pocket. This was on the other Globe-Democrat. faint moonlight,

She listened intently. Soon she heard the sound of a door closed carebegan to pace slowly up and down.

"Martha!" said a voice; "Martha!" Then there was silence. Then again, "Martha! Martha!"

It was a man's voice which spoke. Now it went on: "They say your ghost haunts this house. I have come here so often and

heard nothing, seen nothing, Martha, his face grew redder. give me some sign that you hear me.' The widow lifted her hand and tapped lightly on the door.

There was a little cry without, then 'Martha" came again, and now the widow spoke:

"You call Martha. She is here. For once, and once only, she is permitted to listen to you. Who are you?" "The man who loved you-Jack Parker," replied the voice. "May I see you Martha-angel Martha-may

"If you swear not to move not to try to touch me," said the widow. "I swear," replied Jack, in a chok-

The door of the linen closet moved slowly. The man on his knees in the passage without saw a white draped figure with long braids of hair hanging house mean," cried the old man, below its waist.

"My God!" he panted. "Do I see you again, Martha "I am Martha Penny," replied the widow, in a soft whisper. "Why have

you called me?" "To ask your forgiveness," the man replied. "Without it I am lost in passage, and ran into the linen closet. this world and the next. Speak to A black servant watched it all. As me, sweet angel; tell me that you know he passed the door he shot her. They | that I did not kill you with intent to arrested him and took him off to do so. Let the world think what it prison. But while the body was wait- will. Tell me you know it was not so -that you knew it even when you fell | got up, his face purple with rage. ing for the Coroner it disappeared, no one ever knew how. Mrs. Parker had there, where you stand now—tell me

so and save my soul!"
"When I fell," the faint voice whispered, "when the blood gushed from calmly, handing it to a waiter. enny's corpse vanished. the wound you gave me I believed that you had shot me purposely. In

> "But now?" said Jack. "Oh, unhappy man," replied the spirit, "night after night I have heard your moans; night after night I have heard you swear by all that is holy to | table.

With a cry the man flung himself | smiling. upon the floor, and great sobs burst

from his bosom. "At last!" he gasped, "at last. Oh, dear angel, at last. Oh, God be prais-

The white figure came nearer to the fallen man; it bent over him. "Jack," it said in more earthly tones, "I am so glad that you did not mean to kill me. Poor boy, you were always handling that revolver recklessly, but you know you threatened ne. I loved you, Jack, but I could not marry you your mother was so proud, and yet she had been so good to me, a poor little orphan. So I

swore to myself that I would go away. and never see you again unless she called me back. That is why I refused you, Jack, that is why.' Thrilling and chilling, Jack lifted

himself on his elbow and stared into

"Certainly I am really mad at last," But the voice, now even more dis-

her Mexican nammock, read or cro- tinct and full of earthly tenderness, went on:

"No, Jack, no, you are quite sane, quite sane. Remember how the body of poor Martha Penny was spirited away. Have you never thought that perhaps she was not dead, though that stupid old doctor, in his dotage, declared her so? Jack, poor Jack, she was alive. But when she came to herself the horror she felt that you should murder her was very great. And yet night-when little Tom and the maid | she did not wish to give any evidence were sound asleep, the lady wrapped that would send you to prison. She in a double gown and with woolen resolved to fly. The old negress helped her away, and lied to cover the act. into the hall, and there, with her ear | Jack, I am no ghost, I am alive, I am to the light partition that divided the flesh and blood. Touch my hand, I wing from the main building, would give you leave. Poor Jack, poor fellisten to feet that went to and fro, to low, how you have suffered all these

"As they suffer in Hades," he said,

good old man married me," she went on. "He was kind as a father, and I ly, as if she was very sorry for the have a little boy. I am a widow now, and I came back to see the old place. I live in the wing that the agent had night Mrs. Smith did a strange thing, to let, and night after night I heard and praying forgiveness of my ghost, swearing you did not mean to harm me. And I meant that you should only think my ghost forgave you. But I—I could not help telling the truth, dear Jack, once I saw you so near me and so broken hearted.

Then indeed, Jack grew bolder and dared to touch her hands and to lift The place was dry with dust, and them to his lips. He was thankful and humble, as though heaven had vouchsafed him a vision of angels, and he left her at her door as he might She passed the big chamber and the have parted from one. But, after all, little chamber, and stopped at the she was a living woman, he a man who loved her, and ere the autumn shave themselves, forty-nine out of leaves fell they were wed .- Mary Kyle fifty can hold their razors in but one

HIS MISTAKE.

The Old Man Got Slightly Mixed up on the Coats.

An old man with a florid face sat in a restaurant the other day talking "Poor little Martha Penny!" she business with another diner across said, and, without a quiver or a cry, the table, says the New York Tribune. His coat was hanging on the wall beside him, and he was so earnestly engleam of moonlight, a broken pane gaged in conversation that when the chamber, and rather than let his folks smoke he reached up his hand without looking around and began to feel never had use for a glass. I knew an garment, found the pocket, went looking at his reflection in a bucket o down into it and came forth empty. when a boy, and he said he couldn't 66 closed the slide, and now looked like Then the old man searched for the shave himself standing up .- St. Louis side of the coat, next to the wall, and it took his straying hand some time fully, feet upon the stairs, feet in the to get into it. A look of surprise passage without the door. Some one flashed over his face. He drew forth from his pocket a box of cigarettes. He put them down on the table and looked at them contemptuously.

"Cigarettes. Somebody has stolen terribly afraid of him. One of his my cigar-case and left these things in my pocket."

The old man began to get angry and "Cigarettes," he snorted, "The scoundrel! Waiter, waiter," he called his voice rising in anger.

"Yes, sir.' "Who put these things in my pocket and stole my cigars?" "I don't know, sir. I'll see about

"You should know, you do know." "Let me look in your pockets, sir; you may be mistaken.'

"Don't contradict me. I tell you they're stolen, and some one has put these d- things in my pocket." "Let me look in your pocket again,

sir. They may be there."
"You shan't look in my pocket. Don't you think I know what's in my pockets and what isn't? Didn't I just go through them? What does this standing up and shaking his finger threateningly, "by allowing a guest to have met since I began this work, you you reported, sir. I'll have you dis- have not treated me as if I were an be treated in this fashion? I'll have charged." He pushed the box of enemy and an intruder. You have

rigarettes angrily across the table. ed. As the old gentleman was lighting his cigar another man came up and reached for the coat which was hanging on the peg beside the indignant not only as a Government officer but guest. He got a fierce glance as he took down the coat. The old man

coat, sir?" he asked crisply.
"Put it on," answered the other "That is my coat, sir."

"I beg your pardon, it is my coat, replied the stranger cooly, slipping his arms through the sleeves. The old man was in a tremble.

"That is my coat," he shouted. Take it off.' The stranger's eye caught sight of the box of cigarettes lying on the

trying the flavor of my cigarettes. Won't you have another?" he added,

furious gentleman.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the stranger quietly. "Perhaps they are in my pocket here. I see the coats are big feet, and he is called Foots; anprecisely alike. I noticed that when I other is blessed with a pair of bowed hung mine beside yours.'

disturbed on its peg.
"Have a cigar?" he said faintly.

"Have a drink?" No, I thank you, I seldom drink. "Hang it, waiter!" cried the oldgentleman, "bring me my check. Are you going to keep me here all day?" "Good day, sir." said the stranger.

old gentlman. A moment later the stranger return-

"Excuse me, sir," he said mildly, "may I have one of my cigarettes?" Just then the old gentleman swore

Mistakes Will Happen.

In the rush and hurry of putting together a newspaper mistakes occur far less frequently than might reasonably be expected, but once in a while something comes up to show what is only prevented daily by the closest care. Here, for instance is the Boston Herald, a paper that is usually carefully made up, describing a man as follows:-

The doctor is a man who would attract attention in any crowd.

He is over 6 feet tall, straight and broad-shouldered. He looks to be about 55 years old. His most prominent feature is his nose, which was enormous, and the conduct of the women execerable and scandalous. Then on another page of the same

paper we read:-There was a perfect mob of people, principally women and young girls strangers to the dead and to the family, but who crushed into the house to get a sight at the furnishings upon which money had been lavished without stint. The crown is large and sharply acquiline. His eyes are blue and penetrating and his beard, which is sprinkled with gray, is worn Burnside fashion and rather long. He is a very smooth and easy talker.

Let anybody read these two paragraphs carefully, and he will be pretty sure to read them again and gasp as he does it .- Hartford Courant.

Shaving With Both Hands.

There are lots of barbers who won't hire a man who cant shave himself with either hand. Of the people who hand. Yet it is just as easy and much more convenient to shave the right side of your face with your right hand and the left side with the left hand if you only begin that way. No two men who shave themselves, do the work alike, especially if they took it up before going to a barber. I know a wealthy man who shaves himself standing in the corner of his room and facing the wall. In youth he was a poor country, boy, and, like most boys, bought a razor on the quiet. But he had no looking-glass in his wall and scraped away by sense of feeling. Once learned that way, he water. That was the way he learned

Kate Could Not Eat the Salad,

Kate Chase Sprague tells this story at Cozzen's West Point: "He gave us seats at his own especial table, and "Cigarettes," he said, with a sniff, was very kind to us, but I was greatest pleasures at the table was to mix the most fiery of salads, which he would send by his own man(who always stood behind his master's chair) with the general's compliments, to the favored few. My gastronomic tastes were far from being developed, and the old gentleman's red pepper and mustard nearly killed me. simply could not eat the burning stuff. Feeling the general's eye upon me, I vainty tried to swallow it, but failed ignominiously, with tears coming into my eyes with the effort. To add to my discomfort and mortification, a voice roared out in a deep tone from the general's throne: "The little Chase does not like my salad."

A Romance of the Census.

"Madam," said the grateful census enumerator, "you have replied courteously and kindly to all my questions. Unlike nearly every person I answered satisfactorily all the ques-"Bring me some cigars," he snapp- tions as to age, physical condition and ownership of property. Your conduct meets my hearty approval as a citizen, and with your permission I will ask you a question not down in my list. "Are you engaged to be mar-"What are you going to do with that ried to anybody?" "I am, sir," replied the handsome widow, blushing. "I feared so," said the census taker, with a sigh. And he put on his hat and went out into the cold world again, his faith in human nature restored, but his heart broken .- Ex-

Self-Identifying Offspring.

There is a negro woman living out in the country near Waynesboro Ga., who has queer ideas as to the naming "Ah," he said, "I see you have been of children. Instead of bestowing upon them the Bibical names so popular with the Afro-American citizen, "Where are my cigars?" cried the she has developed a nomenclature from their physical peculiarties. For instance, one has very thick lips, and his name is Lips; another has very legs, and he is known as Crooks. She The old man looked at his coat un- gives as a reason that as there are so many of them she could not remember the ordinary names, but as they "No, I thank you. I prefer cigar- are, she has only to look at them and she knows what to call them .- Atlanta Constitution.

Electricity is employed in a Berlin cafe to boil coffee. A platinum wire passes in spiral form through several "Good day," growled the irascible glass jars the electrical current quickly raising the water contained to a boiling point, and the coffee is thus prepared in the view of any one in the room. A small electric railway conveys the coffee to the several tables, so that the guests may help themselves to their liking.

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