

TWO OHIO YARNS.

Frog Alive in a Man for Three Years and Alligators.

These stories are vouched for by correspondents of the Cincinnati Inquirer:

At Dayton, O., Mr. Louis Whitcomb, a core-maker, has suffered for three years past with a stomach ailment that baffled medical treatment.

At Akron, O., considerable interest has been created over the discovery of an alligator six feet long in the waters of the Little Cuyahoga river.

One Oyster for Two.

We laugh at the innocent young housewife who ordered "half a dozen halibut" for dinner.

Pliny mentions that, according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters a foot in diameter were found in the Indian Seas.

But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in South Australia.

It is a new sensation when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide.

Where Politeness Was Expensive.

The Spanish lover has a very pretty way of saying, "I throw myself at your feet, senorita."

But an occasional visitor takes these polite people at their word, and they are too polite to explain the mistake.

Among the senoritas was one lady who stood conversing with the American general's wife.

It is yours, madame, with the greatest fidelity. Done the great favor to possess yourself of it.

Where Nobody Starves.

Within a hundred miles of the east coast of Australia no native in an uncrumpled condition has ever died from lack of digestible food.

A Primate's Pleasantries.

A candidate for priest's orders preaching his extempore trial sermon before the late Archbishop Taft and Dean Stanley.

THE SLEEPING SEA.

Far away fair ships are sailing— Far and faint, and dim,— Gleams of white, or glints of light, On the vague horizon's rim.

And the ocean, only varied Where the breakers cry, From the strand of gleaming sand, Stretches level to the sky.

Cloudless azure heavens bending O'er the sleeping sea— Pulsing heat about our feet— Where can peril be?

Can it be that tempests gather, Strong winds lash the deep? Tossed in pain the tall ships strain, Maddened billows shoreward lead?

Trust the lion, trust the serpent, When he sleeping lies, Trust thy hands to flaming brands— Trust not fickle seas and skies.

A PIECE OF GOLD.

When Lucien Hem saw his last 100-franc note gripped by the bank-keeper's rake,

and rose from the roulette table, where he had lost the last fragments of his little fortune, collected for this supreme struggle, he sat giddy and thought he was going to fall.

With dizzy head and tottering legs he went and threw himself down upon the broad leather settee surrounding the play table.

For some minutes he gazed vacantly on the clandestine gambling house in which he had squandered the best years of his youth.

When he arose, with a clammy mouth, he saw by the clock that he had slept for barely half an hour.

At that moment old Dronski—a pillar of the gaming house, the classic Pole, wearing the threadbare hooded woolen cloak,

and muttered a few words in his grizzled beard: "Lend me a 5-franc piece, monsieur. It's now two days since I have stirred out of the club, and for two days the 'seventeen' has never turned up."

Where Politeness Was Expensive.

Since 4 o'clock, when Lucien had shut himself up in the gaming house, snow had fallen heavily, and the street—a street in the center of Paris, very narrow, and built with high houses on either side—was completely white.

The ruined gambler shuddered under his furs, and walked away, his mind still teeming with thoughts of despair, and more than ever turning to the remembrance of the box of pistols which awaited him in one of his drawers.

On a stone bench, placed according to old custom near the monumental door of a mansion, a little girl of 6 or 7 years of age, dressed in a ragged black frock was sitting in the snow.

With a mechanical gesture, Lucien put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, but a moment afterwards he recollected that he had not been able to find even a forgotten piece of 20 sous, and had been obliged to leave the club without giving the customary "tip" to the club attendant.

Some charitable person, doubtless some lady, had passed by, had seen on this Christmas night the little wooden shoe lying in front of the sleeping child, and, recalling the touching legend, had placed there, with a secret hand, a magnificent offering.

Lucien went out in the street, pledged his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and then went to the recruiting office and signed an engagement as a volunteer in the First regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique.

At the present time Lucien Hem is a lieutenant; he has only his pay to live upon, but he contrives to make it suffice, being a very steady officer and never touching a card. It appears even that he has found the means of saving, for the other day, at Algiers, one of his comrades who was following him at a few paces distant in one of the hilly streets of Kaslin, saw him give something in charity to a little Spanish girl sleeping in a doorway.

tary name and who had never swerved from the path of honor, conceived a frightful idea: he was seized with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire.

Hurrying then, with all speed, he returned to the gambling house, scaled the stairs two and three at a stride, and entering the accursed play-room as the first stroke of midnight was sounding, placed the piece of gold on the green cloth and cried: "I stake on the seventeen!"

The seventeen won. With a turn of the hand Lucien pushed the thirty-six louis on to the "red."

He lifted the seventy-two louis on the same color; the "red" again won. Twice he "doubled"—three times—always with the same success.

In his eagerness to return to the gaming table, he had not taken off his furcoat. Already he had crammed the large pockets with bundles of notes and rouleaux of gold pieces.

And still he played, and still he won. Like a madman, like a drunken man! And he threw handfuls of louis on to the "pietone," at hazard, with a gesture of certainty and disdain!

Only something like a red-hot iron bit in his heart, and he thought of nothing but of the little niggardly sleeping in the snow whom he had robbed.

But the clock struck 1, and then a quarter, and then a half, and then three-quarters.

At length, one minute before 2 o'clock, the keeper of the bank rose abruptly and said in a loud voice: "The bank is broken, gentlemen—enough for today."

He pressed her against his bosom to warm, and, seized by a vague inquietude, and with a view to rousing her out of this heavy slumber, he kissed her eyelids.

Then it was that he perceived with terror that these eyeballs were half open, showing half the eyeballs—glassy, sightless, motionless. Upon his brain flashed a horrible suspicion. He placed his mouth close to that of the little girl; no breath came from it.

Seized by the throat by the most frightful of agonies, Lucien tried to utter a cry, and in the effort which he made, awoke from his nightmare on the club settee, on which he had gone to sleep a little before midnight.

It has been remarked that the wearing of children of red stockings coincides with pustular eruptions on their legs and feet.

The Board of Health in Paris employed M. Schutzenberger, a chemical expert, to ascertain whether the dyes coloring the stockings contained poisonous matter.

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Cats as Clocks.

Everyone knows that cats can see in the dark, but the reason they can do so is because of the peculiar construction of their eyes.

This peculiarity of the cat's eye is turned to account in a curious manner by the Chinese. The Abbe Hue relates that when he was travelling in China he asked his attendant what time it was.

The good Abbe was filled with admiration for the ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one, and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather.

Men Behind Dress-goods Counters.

If you have done much shopping you must have noticed that more men than women are employed at the dress goods counters.

It is chiefly in civil courts that complaint is made of the law's delay. Courts martial are only temporary organizations, and cannot continue cases from term to term.

It is yours, madame, with the greatest fidelity. Done the great favor to possess yourself of it.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

When she was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

When she was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

What is



Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. KINCELDOR, Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ANCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular product, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Advertisement for Ely's Cream Balm for CATARRH. THE POSITIVE CURE. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York.

JACK DWYER'S "OUR COUNTY-SEAT" A FIVE CENT CIGAR. Try this popular brand. It is one of the finest nickel cigars ever placed on sale in McCook.

F. D. BURGESS, PLUMBING, Steam and Hot Water Heating. North Main Avenue, McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

J. S. McBRAYER, House Mover & Drayman, McCOOK, NEB.

HUMPHREYS' Dr. Humphrey's medicine is a scientific and carefully prepared prescription, used for many years in private practice with success and proof fully certified by the people. Every single specific is a special cure for the disease named.

ALLEN'S TRANSFER. Bus, Baggage & Dray Line. F. P. ALLEN, Prop., McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

SMITH'S BILE BEANS. Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.

FOR MEN ONLY! VIGOR & STRENGTH. General and Nervous Debility. Weakness of Body and Mind.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.