THE LOST LETTER.

I have lost the precious letter That the mail brought yesternight; Lost it walking through the meadow Where the clovers are in white.

And if you should chance to find it-But you would not dream it mine; For my name is not upon it, Only "Dearest" in each line.

Who would tell, me that he loves me. Who would say my lips are sweet? Who would dream the wild wood blossoms Only wake to woo my feet?

That he fancied threads of golden In my brown hair's warmest glow. You might think his eyes were dazzled By a dart from Cupid's bow.

When he says my eyes have told him He is dearest of all men, You would think my cheeks would crimson So they'd never pale again.

But my name is not upon it, Only "Dearest" in each line; And if you should read the letter You would never dream it mine. -Cora A. Matson, in the Current.

"I PROMISE."

"Viva! Viva! I must go!" "You shall not! You shall not! You pelong to me!"

The beautiful little creature stamped her tiny foot on the turf, as she spoke; her eyes flamed with anger, a flush shot up into her dark cheek.

"I belonged to my country before I ever saw you, Viva," answered Tom Creighton, in a sad but steady tone.

"You shall not go though! Ah! dear, dear, darling Tom, can you leave your little lassie to die of fear? Don't you love me?"

She gathered the tall fellow's hands close to her heart, and clasped them there with strange, passionate strength. Tom stooped and lifted her to his bosom as if she had been a tiny child.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much Loved I not honor more,

he said, slowly, bending his head to her ear. A splendid head it was, crowned with close curls soon to fall before the shears, and its symmetry to be hidden by a forage cap; and the face did not belie the head; its strong, regular features, its cleft chin, and resolute lips, all "gave the word assurance of a man," while the expressive gray eyes revealed humor, tenderness, pathos, passion, and a possible flash of rage.

"Don't talk to me about hono

she at length recognized that his strength of character must dominate pers; and after a long, wild flood of tears and a convulsion of sobs, she said at last:

"If you will go-if you must-promise me to live, to come back!"

"I promise to come back it I do live, Viva. How can I say I will live? That is the chance of war and the will of God."

"Promise, promise!" she shrieked. 'You must promise me to live! Ishall die here, right in your arms, unless you do!"

Her pallid face, her streaming eyes, the sobs that seemed to rend her slight shape, the piteous curve of her red lips, took him by storm. The lovely, unreasoning, willful creature, torn by a passion of love and grief all for him, shook his strong soul to its centre. What man ever resisted such overwhelming passion, or thought it foolish when he was its object? Tom Creighton's soul blazed in his eyes as he held that tiny figure closer to his breast.

"I promise," he said.

So he went and she staved. The fortunes of war befell him; but in battle he seemed to dodge the bullets that rained upon him, manfully as he fought, for he felt Viva's imploring eyes upon him. "Crieghton's luck" was the jest of the decimated regiment; but no man charged him with cowardice. The thrill and splendor of this new life had swept off his conservatism; the war justified itself by its dash and valor. He rejoiced in the clangor of trumpets, the roar of its guns, the rush of its charges; and when the miasma of the marshes where he lay encamped defied and seared his flesh with fever, when he lay half-conscious for many a week in the hospital, the will to live, the intent to keep his word to Viva saved him. The nurses wondered to hear but two words in the low mut-

ter of his delirium: "I promise-I promise!" but those words were his talisman. Once in the field he became a wonder of alertness; hairbreadth escapes seemed to be his forte. One day,

when the battalion were entrenching themselves, and the commanding general, weary with the march, had dismounted and thrown himself under a tree for a moment's rest, Col. Creighton-for he had been promoted-dashed up on his black mare and saluted. "General," he said, "shall I ride out

beyond the lines and reconnoitre the lay of the land?"

"Do so." said Gen. B., springing up; "and I will go with you."

"Yes indeed, I will. You shall not leave me again, Tom!

So the next morning early, like a pair of cloping lovers, they were married in the near church and took the morning train for the far West; on and on the rushing wheels bore them: day after day they endured the separation of the crowd, till at last they arrived at St. George one Winter night in January. The snow was deep, but Tom must report as soon as possible, and Viva would not let him go alone.

"It is too cold, dearest," he said. "Not with you Tom." "Forty below zero, Viva!"

"If you can live in it I can. 'I promise' Tom,"

He could not refuse her after that word with all its memories. Rolled in furs, veils, scarfs, with hot bricks at her feet, they set out on their twenty-mile journey. Warned not to speak, for the air was not fit for their lungs to admit in. all its chill, silently they sped along The glittering fields of sparkling snow, on which the moon made a long wake of glory, the black shadows, the creak of their swift runners, the snorting of

the horses, whose nostrils were hung with icicles, all added a strange terror to the drive, a drive that seemed endless, but at last it was over.

"Come!" said Tom, holding out his arms as the driver drew up before the officers' quarters, where the light of a fire blazed through the deep frosted windows, but Viva neither spoke nor moved.

Mad with terror, Tom lifted her from the sleigh and rushed into the door, making his way by instinct to the fire. Viva stirred not an atom. in this way he selected until a full Hasty hands unrobed her, kind hands laid her on the sofa. Her face was set gether. and white, her lips parted, her eyes

dreadful pity. Tom dropped beside her.

Was it a year? Was it a lifetime? mand was "Fight them, boys," when Was he in heaven when he awoke out of that?

She was there, warm, sweet, rosy. "You made me promise, Tom; I did not die.'

on earth.

QUANTRELL, THE MYSTERY.

A Short Sketch by One Who Knew Considerable About Him.

The public never seemed to have a correct idea of Quantrell, says T. J. Younger, an Osceola (Mo.) correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. He came to Missouri a mystery, lived a life of mystery, and died unknown even to his most intimate friends.

He had but little to say about his career, and what he did say could not be strictly relied upon.

The only thing that was positively known of him was that he was reared in Ohio, and went from that state to Kansas, and from there to Missouri. He came to this State with a deepseated enmity toward Kansas and Kansas men.

After gathering together a band of chosen followers he proceeded to wage a terrific warfare on Kansas and all who took sides with them in the border trouble.

The secret of his success was in the fact that every man in his command was carefully selected and drilled in the use of the revolver, then given to

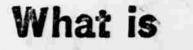
understand that he must fight when ordered to do so, selecting his own method, saving himself as much as possible, and inflicting as much damage on the enemy as possible, retreating or advancing as circumstances demanded.

which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not If he had a man unfitted for his work far distant when mothers will consider the real he was sent to the regular army, and Interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are company of tried men were banded todestroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful He had no discipline, rarely ever agents down their throats, thereby sending

glazed. The post-surgeon hurried in, gave a command, and when he did it them to premature graves." he lifted one hand, it fell back, he put was to the point. He watched the a finger on her pulse. "My God! she | movemen's of the enemy, knew when is dead!" he said, with a look of | to strike, laid his plans, and depended upon his men to execute them. When

all was ready for a fight his only compellmell they would go at the enemy with such fury that few, if any, ever

withstood their charges. He was not a tactician or an educated soldier, but simply a good judge of Tom turned on his face and wept human nature. He knew what to exlike a very child; his heaven had come pect of each and every one of his men under any and all circumstances; also Post-surgeons do not know every- what the enemy would do under any thing any more than any other man. given circumstance. His men had ab-The fact was that Viva had developed solute confidence in him and he in in the last two years a tendency to them. Hence they went to the enemy catalepsy-the result of an overworn as an earthquake to a roaring cyclone. and overexcited nervous system; and Quantrell was not communicative when Dr. Sands told her she must tell even to his best friends, except when Tom about it, she had just come out absolutely necessary. Many of his 16 of a serious attack wherein she had most daring undertakings were a prolain for hours as one dead; but she found secret to his command until would not tell him, having an idle fear they were in the swim, and then they only knew they had a duty to per-The long journey and the cold drive form and leave the rest to Quanhad brought on a severe seizure, and trell. There were few if any of his



CASTORIA

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. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

" Castoria is the best remedy for children of

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

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

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

Castoria.

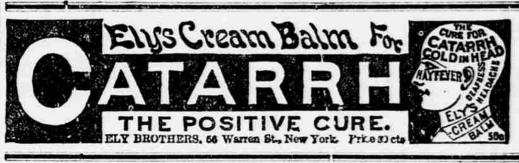
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular producus, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon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

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSART, Boston, Maga Conway, Ark. | ALLEN C. SHITH, Pres.,

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

Lowell, Mass.

DR. J. F. KINCHELOB.



JACK DWYER'S

sobbed Viva, hiding her face on his shoulder. "I shall die if you go away from me! I can't-I can't bear it!"

There was no heroism about Genevieve L'Estrange; her French descent had given her inexpressible charms of aspect and manner; she was as slight as a girl of ten years, and no higher than her lover's shoulder, but the contours of her exquisite figure showed the roundness and grace of womanhood, and her piquant, glowing face was alight with all the fire of an intense feminine nature. There was nothing childish in the red, mobile lips, the delicate, irregular features, the brilliant dark eves that sparkled or melted according to her mood, the abundant, silky black hair that fell to her feet when it escaped from the heavy coils that seemed too weighty for the lovely little head they covered.

She was spoiled from her babyhood, being the only child of wealthy parents; not a wish had the wilful creature ever been denied; never had she wanted a luxury, or failed to indulge a caprice; indeed, it was a caprice that this very Summer had taken her to the White Mountains before the great hotels were opened, to a small house near the village of Franconia. She wanted to see the Spring blossoms of the North, to gather the dawn pink arbutus, she had so often bought in Broadway, from its lurking-places under the pine needles of the forest; she had heard of "the shy Linnæa," the white wintergreen, and many another early flower that fades before fashion comes to explore its haunts, from a school friend who lived in northern New Hampshire; and so, weary of the early terrors of the great war was looming blackly in the distance, tired from the two years in Europe that followed her school days, and city, she had intimated to her obedient | during his absence, and she was parents her desire to visit Franconia; quite alone. To describe their meetand they took her to the Pine Hill ing would be sacrilege; it was House accordingly.

daily expected orders to the front.

Viva had met him often in society, a typical New Englander, strong obstinate, enduring with a rigid sense of not entirely approve of the war, for | see him; she was ill; she only saw the considered that he ought to go and go he would. It was a thorough surprise to both the pair, this meeting among the mountains; and it was the last thing Tom Creighton intended, to fall in love with Miss L'Estrange, much less to let her know it, but he could not help himself; with characteristic impetuosity she lost her heart in these solitudes, where all the real character of the young man showed

As they both trotted past the intrenchments a colonel in command called out to them:

"The evening is not far off. Do not risk your life, general."

The general smiled and looked at Creighton, who laughed; and on they went. Soon the pickets were passed, but no enemy was sighted, and, led on by the beauty of the way, as a desire to grasp the situation, they trotted fast down a wood road, turned a short corner, and behold! twenty or thirty men, a picket guard, or, rather, a reconnoissance of the fee. Quicker than a lightning flash, no pause to think, no word said, except that "I promise," branded on his inward ear, Creighton's sabre flashed from its sheath; and whirling it round his head, he looked over his shoulder and shouted, "Forward! Charge!

And putting spurs to his horse flew forward, the general instantly seconding his ruse and close beside him, rushed upon the startled enemy, who fled like sheep. Once out of sight the two men turned and ran their horses to the lines; but that swift manœuvre saved a general to the army and a lover to Viva.

So it was in the prison where scores of men died of untold agonies; for in hose dreadful depths Tom Criegton lived. When his heart and flesh failed he seemed to see Viva's upturned, woful face, and he said to himself, away from Col. Kirke on the 15th "I promise," with fresh strength each time; for he had learned faith in himself. At last the war was over; but thoroughly wedded to a soldier's life, and because a proverb among men for courage and quick resource, he was transferred to the ranks of the regular army, given a furlong of six months, and flew at once to Viva.

Poor Viva! the war had spared her the long winter of dissipation in the Tom, but both her parents had died even as the meeting of those who Here she met Tom Creighton; his arise together at the rising of the dead hair, about 5 feet 6 inches high, hav father and mother lived on a farm and look at the dawning of that near by, and the handsome young heaven which they shall spend to-gethlawyer from New York had come up er. Naturally Tom desired to hasten to say good-by to them; for he had their marriage, and Viva did not reenlisted in a volunteer regiment and fuse; for except a salaried chaperon, she was quite alone in that loneliest of positions, the inmate of a fashionand the two opposite natures, in a able boarding-house. She did not measure counterparts, had been mu- care to waste her time or her strength tually attracted. Tom Creighton was on an elaborate trousseau, she left al that to Mrs. Merwin; it seemed to her that she could not exist out of Tom's duty as his dominant trait. He did presence. Yet one day she could not

he was naturally conservative; but he | doctor, an old man, who had watched her from childhood. "Viva," he said to her, as he drew

on his gloves after an hour at her bedside, and as the nurse hurriedly called in, had left the room on some needful errand.

"Viva, you must tell Capt. Creighton.

"I will not!" she answered, angrily. "But you must!"

"I never will! After all these wretched years of waiting, do you think I

that Tom might cease to love her.

the post-surgeon's opinion; but before they made the Lawrence raid. They morning she had come back to herself, were called together, Quantrell turned and was heart-broken to find Tom de- his horse in the direction of Lawrence, lirious with grief and as unconscious and they followed. The result is well of her presence as she had been of his. known. When he destroyed Blunt's "Viva," he said, a few days after they were fairly settled in the new life, 'my darling! my wife! think what until they were head over heels in batmight have happened if I had never known about this. Promise me, Viva, hereafter to trust me. Tell me everything!'

She looked up in his troubled, tender face with a divine smile, and softly said over his talisman. "I promise." Rose Terry Cooke, in Exchange.

SILVER COLLARS.

Put Around the Necks of Slaves in his death. Centuries Ago

In the London Gazette for March, 1685, there is an advertisement to the effect that a black boy of about 15 years of age, named John White, ran inst. "He has a silver collar about his neck upon which is the Colonel's coat of arms and cipher. He has upon his throat a great scar," etc. A reward is offered for bringing him back.

1720, is a similar notice: "Went away mystery, originated the most dethe 22d of July last, from the house of William Webb, in Limehouse Hole a negro man, about 20 years old called Dick, yellow complexion, woo ing on his breast the word 'Hare' burn ed. Whoever brings him to the said Mr. Webb shall have half a guinea reward and reasonable charges."

tember 28, 1728, is an advertisement when I came to balance up I received for a runaway black boy. It is added that he had the words "My Lady Bromfield's black in Lincoln's Inn Field's" engraved on a collar round his neck.

The degrading custom of decorating male and female slaves in England with a collar bearing the name and reverse side where United States' designation of their owners had the example set for it in a high quarter.

There still exists at Hampton Cour. the bust of a favorite slave of Kinz William III., the head of which is of black matble, while encircling the throat is a carved white marble collar with a padlock, in every respect like a metal dog collar.

In the Museum of the Antiquarian Society in Edinburg there is a speci-

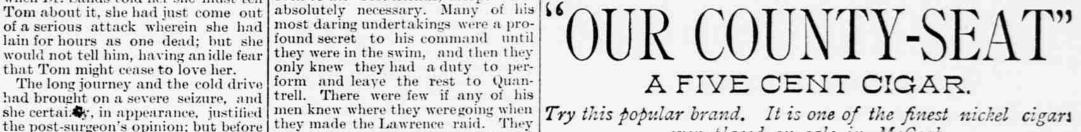
Statement of the

command, near Baxter Springs, not a man of his knew what he was up to tle. After Price's raid he gathered up Steam and Hot Water Heating, twenty-five of his old guard, started from Jackson county, Missouri, crossed the Osage river at Linn Creek, Mo., thence to Pocahontas, Ark., thence to the Mississippi river, crossing over into Tennessee, thence to Kentucky, passing himself as a federal officer, drawing supplies at the posts as they went until some of his men got drunk and shot some of his federal officers, thus letting the cat out of the wallet and his disguise, resulting

He was wounded at old man Wakefield's and taken to Louisville, where he died under the care of the sisters of charity, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery, and to this day no living man has any idea what took him into Kentucky or where he was going from there, or what he expected to accomplish. His men had followed him with blind confidence, knowing he was on some kind of a desperate mission, with willing hands to execute his orders. His death left his intention a mystery, and thus the greatest guerrilla chieftain of modern times flashed In the Daily Post of August 4, across the military skies. He came a structive band ever known, and died eaving them mystified.

Finds of a Hotel Clerk.

"For a little while recently," said Walter Conner, cashier of the Hotel Cadillac, one evening. "I thought I was out just \$20 in good money. A guest came to pay his bill and handed over a \$20 gold piece. I took it with-Again, in the Daily Journal for Sep- out looking at it very closely, but a severe shock. When I examined the \$20 gold piece I found it was considerable different from the regulation piece authorized by Uncle Sam. In the place where the word 'Liberty' appears was 'Kellogg & Co., and on the ought to be was 'San Francisco, Cal. I naturally concluded at first thought that the coin was nothing more than an advertising piece, but as it appeared so like unto gold I concluded to ask people better posted on money than I was. I went to a banker, of course, and from him I received the news that the coin was genuine, in fact that it was worth more than \$20. The banker explained that the piece was



ever placed on sale in McCook.

F. D. BURGESS, PLUMBING,

North Main Avenue,

MCCOOK. - NEBRASKA

BY A stock of best grades of Hose, Lawn Sprinklers, Hose Reels and Hose Fixtures, constantly on band. All work receives prompt attention.

J. S. MCBRAYER,

House Mover 🎭 Drayman,

McCOOK, NEB.

House and Safe Moving a Spee lalty. Orders for Draying left at the Huddleston Lumber Yard will receive prompt attention.

HUMPHREYS'

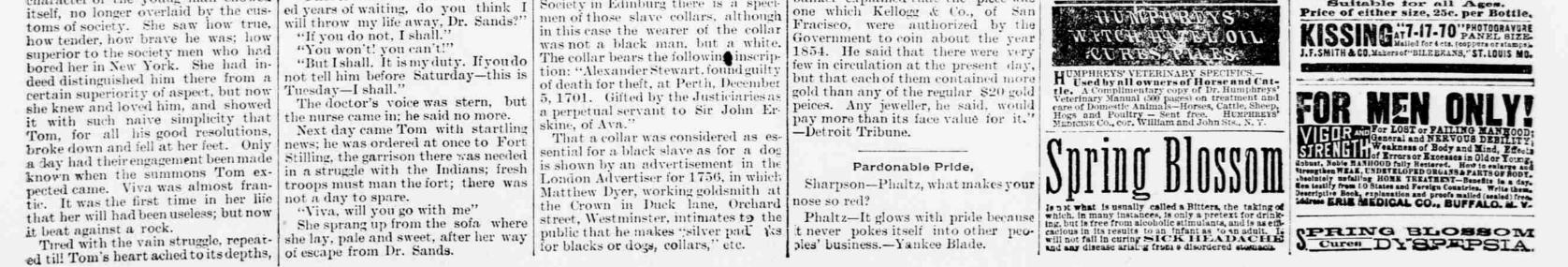
DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Spe-cific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without druging, purg-ing or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS. CURES. PRICES.



S

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. HUMPHREY' MANUAL (14 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor, William and John Streets, New York.





KILPATRICK BROTHERS.

ice, Neb. Range, Stink-ng Water and Frenchan creeks, Chase Co., iebraska. Brand as cut on side of ome animals, on hip and ides of some, or any where on the animal.

ALLEN'S TRANSFER, Bus, Baggage 🏵 Dray Line.



F. P. ALLEN, Prop.,

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Best Equipped in the City. Leave orders at Commercial Hotel. Good well water furnished on short notice.





Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the b). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT.