

BEAUTY'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.

That beauty such as thine
Can die indeed
Were ordinance too wantonly malign
No wit may reconcile so cold a creed
With beauty such as thine.

From wave and star and flower
Some effluence rare
Was lent thee, a divine but transient power;
Thou wilst it back from eyes and tips and
hair
To wave and star and flower.

Shouldst thou tomorrow die,
Thou still shalt be
Found in the rose and met in all the sky,
And from the ocean's heart shalt sing to me,
Shouldst thou tomorrow die.

—William Watson.

MAT'S HUSBAND.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wathless" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the crossroads store and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his family. Bill had a dramatic style of delivery that was very fetching, and invariably impressed strangers as being very much in earnest.

He would sit on the steps, silently chewing an enormous mouthful of tobacco and apparently listening to the conversation of his colofaters. If Sam's name was mentioned he would give vent to four or five little falsetto squeaks, which found egress through his nose; then he would draw in a long breath, puff out his fat cheeks, purse his mouth, and give a heavy, whistling sigh; this would be followed by a large quantity of tobacco juice, carefully aimed at some object in the vicinity. These preliminaries accomplished, Bill would rise to his feet, thrust one fat, dirty hand into his shirt front, wave the other in a sweeping gesture as he lowered his eyes and rolled his head sadly from side to side, and deliver himself profoundly after the following fashion:

"Ah—hum! That Sam Toms is th' laziest, mos' shifless, o'nerly, triflin cuss I ever seed—an yere I've done got 'im fr a son-in-law. Hm-hm-hm!" Another whistling sigh would close this peroration, and old Bill would resume his seat, still shaking his head sorrowfully.

And Bill was more than half right. Nominally Sam was a cowboy, but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin off a spell, 't rest up like." He had always been just so—distinguished for laziness in an easy going community—and nobody expected him ever to be otherwise, and it puzzled people immensely when energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for "reg'lar comp'ny," to say nothing of the sensation created by their wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam, but it is quite certain that she never told any one what that reason was. Sam was tall and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way; he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes too. These facts and his perennial good nature and friendly ways were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forcibly taken by his father-in-law, and also that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was morally so weak that any one could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along no one but Mat knew. Once in a great while Sam would do some work and earn a few dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But oftener than not he would "drap in jes' t' take a nip 't two," and that would settle it. At such times he would stay and buy drinks for everybody present while his money lasted. Then he would come home in a maudlin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again.

And Mat would pretend that she believed him, and would stroke his curly head until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her eyes—the tired eyes back of which were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firm set mouth and weary look might indicate ever so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of resource to carry them both over the bad places.

There were lots of bad places too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon and Mat found some means to pay the debts—only herself knew how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And, besides these things, to live—how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told, yet live they did—or rather existed—and for the most part kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never for very long. He always found some excuse for leaving a place within a few days. He could almost always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be, but he did not hasten about finding new job when he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he had heard they wanted help. Two days passed—three—four—five—and no word came from him. Mat was not a little worried, although Sam had often been away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, as he expected, he could easily have notified her. So, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, she threw her

shawl over her head and went down to her father's to find if they had heard anything of Sam.

The old fellow was standing in the doorway talking to a couple of strangers. "No," he was saying, "they hain't be'n no person long yer las' few days but what b'longs yere. Mebbe, though, he mout 'a be'n seed over yere t' Bacon's. Ben thar? No? Waal, my boy's comin in 'm thar purty soon, an he c'n tell ye. Come in an feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat staid to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officers trailing a horse thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles east and sold it at Pickett station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation a sudden nameless fear came upon her, making her feel ill and faint. As soon as supper was over she took her shawl and hurried home.

Somehow she was not surprised to find the door open. She entered hastily. Sam was in bed, asleep and breathing stertorously. He had evidently been drinking, as his clothes were scattered about the floor, and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for some one to come and feed him.

Mat leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trousers were heavy, and something jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively Mat thrust her hand into it and drew it forth, clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide, and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her awhile ago and impelled her to hurry home.

She rushed to the bed and shook Sam roughly. "Sam! Sam! wake up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at her stupidly. "H'lo, M-Mat! Yere, he ye? Gimme kiss," he said in a dull tone.

"Not twell ye tells me what ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-w-y, them—them thar, honey?"

She shook him fiercely and said in a lower tone—a tone of earnest force: "Tell me, Sam Toms, what ye done got these yere coins! Quick now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man, whose eyes opened wider as he asked querulously: "What 'n hell ye so all fired fussy 'bout? I hain't done nothin," and he laughed in a half drunken, half nervous way.

"Sam, whar did ye git 'em?" He sat dumbly staring at her.

"Sam"—her voice was full of horror—"did you steal that thar horse?"

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes, she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from her hand to the floor; slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move—not until Sam, who had been staring at her wonderingly, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring and her form trembling with anger and horror. She did not speak, but fixed her gaze on his face for a few seconds. He did not meet her look, and presently she turned and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her, but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished when Mat, accompanied by her father and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an thar's th' money," she said, and passed on out through the back door without looking at Sam.

There was a jail at the crossroads; it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the side hill, and had a heavy oak door and great steel hinges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape—and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it all happened.

It must be a drunken dream—but, no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and how and why he was there. But—he could not understand. Had Mat—was it really Mat who had given him up? There must be some mistake. The big, strong man finally began to realize it all. He lay down on the bunk and cried himself to sleep like a child.

It must have been about 1 o'clock in the morning when some one silently entered the house of old Bill Bunn, constable. This some one entered by the back door, went stealthily into the room where Bill and his wife slept, rummaged about a few minutes, and then emerged from the house. It was a woman, and she had something in her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened a little after this by a rattling, jarring sound. He sprang up just as the big oaken doors swung back and revealed the figures of a woman and two saddle horses.

"I come fr ye, Sam," said the woman with a sob. "I done bring both ponies an' on' clo'es. Le's go, Sam; we c'n git 'cros' th' rivah befo' mawnin. Come!"

He clasped her in his arms, and they clung to each other a little while. Then Mat said, more steadily: "Come, Sam. Le's go ovah t' Mexico—an mebbe we c'n try an do better ovah thar."

And they rode forth in the bright, free moonlight down toward the Rio Grande—into a new and better life.—R. L. Ketchum in Argonaut.

Tom Moore's Old Harp.
Mr. George W. Childs has the very harp that the people of Limerick presented to Tom Moore—the pride of all circles and the idol of his own. Moore's widow gave the harp to an English earl, who in turn presented it to George W. Childs. Upon one occasion he lent it to Miss Morgan, and she used it in New York at one of her concerts.—Exchange.

Luck Came at Last.

Among the arrivals by the Oregon and California train from the north were Charles D. Brewer and G. Gordon, two young men who have been for seven and five years, respectively, isolated on the ice at faraway Point Barrow, the most northwesterly tip of the United States possessions.

They went up originally for the Pacific Steam Whaling company, but soon after their arrival set out to hunt whalebone for themselves. They had a precarious time of it for several years, and rough usage in a region so stern that the thermometer went down in several instances to 72 degs. below zero.

Whales were not plentiful, and oftentimes they thought of abandoning their pursuit and trying to get a ride out on some one of the occasional vessels to civilization. They stuck to it, however, subsisting on polar bear and reindeer meat, and clad in double suits of doeskin clothes.

Now they are glad they stayed over till this year, for they captured four whales, secured the bone, and on the arrival of the St. Paul, on which they shipped it, will realize about \$25,000 from the catch. They came down themselves on the St. Paul to Nainaimo, and thence overland.

One of the young men lives in New Jersey and the other in New York, and in a few days they will leave to visit their friends. "It seemed like a good while when we were up there," said Mr. Brewer, "but now the seven years seem like a very little time."—San Francisco Examiner.

Curious Home for a Mouse.

There is a mouse which has made its abode in a down town house in such a strange place and it has such regular and peculiar habits that its vagaries are perhaps worth recording. The ceiling of the liquor shop is neatly painted, and to protect it from flies muslin was stretched across the roof of the room. On one side of the room are heavy pillars with Corinthian capitals. The muslin passes just below these capitals, and it is in one of them that the mouse has made its home. How it ever got there is a mystery, and how it has managed to live through the summer without anything to drink is a marvel, but that it has done so is a fact. Its food supply has been a curious one.

At 8 o'clock every evening the mouse leaves its sleeping place, and then running about the muslin catches such flies as have found means of getting between the ceiling and the muslin, and as these are fairly numerous the little creature makes a hearty meal every evening. But flies are evidently not fattening, for the mouse is one of the thinnest of its kind, and though a young one has hardly grown at all throughout the summer, and as flies are now happily getting scarce the animal will probably be a stunted specimen to the end of its days.—New York Tribune.

The Derby Hat.

If the derby hat is to be crowded out by the easier and softer styles of headgear, there won't be much regret over its going. In spite of its advantages as a cross between the silk hat and the slouch, it has never had the merits of either of those styles. It has always had the discomforts of the silk hat, without having its dash or beauty, and it has not been much dressier than a neat soft hat, although it has always been more uncomfortable.

It is a bad thing for a hot day, and it isn't much for a cold spell, and heaven help the man who wears it the morning after a banquet. The tendency now is to easy hats, and it ought to be encouraged. Men have laughed a great deal at women's slavery to fashion, but they have never been able to point to a more forcible illustration of that slavery than their own adherence to the derby hat supplied.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Lord Crewe's Hat.

Lord Crewe, who is in his eighty-first year, was up to last season a frequent and picturesque figure in London drawing rooms. He was notable, among other reasons, for the pertinacity with which he stuck to his hat. The crush hat had not been invented when he first began to go out, and when it appeared on the scene he felt himself too old to fall in with the new custom. Accordingly he sticks to the unyielding cylindrical head covering, sometimes known as a "topper." When the crush was great every one knew exactly whereabouts Lord Crewe was by observing an uncompromising top hat held above the heads of the throng.—Manchester (England) Times.

The Crown Claimed the Money.

A lawyer named Hemmings was engaged with others in pulling down a barn upon Steele's farm, Ashmansworth, Hampshire, early this month, when he found a bag of gold coins dated between 1817 and 1835. He got them changed at a bank at Andover into notes and current coin to the amount of £74 10s. Then Hemmings presented each clerk with a 7s. gold piece, dated between 1797 and 1809. This led to an inquiry, and, as is the custom in such cases in England, the coroner held an inquest, which resulted in a verdict for the crown.—London Public Opinion.

A Hard Winter.

Wife—I don't see what we are going to do.
Husband—What's wrong?
The iceman won't stop leaving ice until his bill is paid, and the coal man won't bring any coal unless he has the money in advance.
Um—well, I still have credit at the drug store. Get some phosphorus and put it on the ice.—New York Weekly.

A Queer Suit.

A Newton county (Mo.) woman has sued the Splitlog railroad, based on the following claim: "She was a passenger on the road, and was accidentally carried beyond her destination some distance, when the train stopped and she alighted. While returning she was chased by a bull, and in outrunning him impaired her health."—Philadelphia Ledger.

LITERARY NOTE.

The January number of Romance offers not only a cast to the lover of fascinating stories, but a peculiarly interesting field for the student of international fiction. Eight of its fifteen stories are from the pens of noted Spanish writers. They are selected primarily with a view to their general interest, but are still of so marked a flavor as to reveal clearly and in the most pleasing manner a different spirit from that which controls literature of the same class in other countries. Besides this extraordinary presentation of Spanish fiction, the number contains a special New Year story, two thrilling narrazes in the style of French art, several charming original American sketches, and two intensely dramatic stories by Julia Schayer and Barton Allen. The whole forms a number of uncommon length and variety. This magazine is issued by the Romance Publishing Company, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York, at 25 cents a number; subscriptions, \$2.50 a year.

As soon as sin begins to pay it seems to become better looking.

SPECIMEN CASES.

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wisconsin, was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd of Harrisburg, Illinois, had a running sore on his leg eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, Ohio, had five fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by A. McMillan.

The only people who can come out wrong are those who do not start right.

NOW TRY THIS.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a safty bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at A. McMillan's drug store. Large size 50c. and \$1.

The Christian religion is the only religion on earth that is not afraid of the light.

WHY WOMEN TALK.

About Wisdom's Robertine is because it has attracted more attention and given better satisfaction than any preparation known. It enjoys the distinction of being first, harmless, second, invisible, third, producing an effect which has never been approached by any preparation. All ladies remark on its delightful cooling and refreshing properties, its magical powers and true invisibility.

There are reformers who never think it worth while to work at their trade on themselves.

THE MORNING COCKTAIL.

Taken before breakfast creates a false, injurious appetite. A wineglass full of Dr. Henley's English Dandelion Tonic taken before meals strengthens the digestive organs and enable you to relish a hearty meal without injury to the stomach.

If we had no troubles but real troubles there would not be a round shouldered man in the world.

FAIR WOMEN.

All bright, beautiful and fascinating women are made more charming by the artistic use of Wisdom's Robertine. It enlivens the most regular beauty by adding freshness, purity and brilliancy to the complexion.

There are people who are willing to give up anything for the Lord except that which costs them something.

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years which were sure to lay him up, if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs, and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used, as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack, and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—Northwestern Hotel Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by George M. Cheney.

The Lord knows just how much you leave in your pocket every time you drop a two cent piece in the contribution box.

George M. Cheney, druggist, desires to inform the public that he is agent for the most successful preparation that has yet been produced, for coughs, colds and croup. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. The article referred to is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a medicine that has won fame and popularity on its own merits, and upon one that can always be depended upon. It is the only known remedy that will prevent croup. It must be tried to be appreciated. It is put up in 50 cent and \$1 bottles.

The kind of religion that is not contagious is the kind that never speaks half so loud in business as it tries to do in prayer meeting.

Mr. William T. Price, a Justice of the Peace at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago; but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "This remedy cannot be recommended too highly." Let anyone troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial, and they will be of the same opinion. 50 cent bottles for sale George M. Cheney.

The promptness with which Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops a hacking cough and induces refreshing sleep is something marvelous. It never fails to give instant relief, even in the worst cases of throat and lung trouble, and is the best remedy for whooping cough.

During the past half century—since the discovery of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the average limit of human life in civilized countries, has been considerably lengthened. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is everywhere considered the standard blood-purifier, the Superior Medicine.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by A. McMillan.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Yellow Skin or Kidney Trouble. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 75c. Sold by A. McMillan. Jan 6 1897.

As the name indicates, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a renewer of the hair, including its growth, health, youthful color, and beauty. It will please you.

Karl's Clover Root, the new Blood Purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25c., 50c. and \$1. Sold by A. McMillan.

Shiloh's Cure, the greatest cough and croup cure, is for sale by us. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children love it.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

What is 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 Diarrhoea 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 an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osceola,
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 hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
Dr. J. F. Kitchener,
Conway, Ark.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"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 Castoria, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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