

LOVE'S POWER.

Life may change, but it may fly not.
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth is veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed—but it returneth.

Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffin'd with Despair;
'Tis were Truth a sacred lie,
Love were lost—if Liberty

Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to live and bear.

—Shelley.

AN ACCOMMODATING DRIVER.

He Was Also Superintendent, So He Could Do as He Pleased.

"They have a delightful way of being accommodating in some parts of the south," said a gentleman who had traveled considerably in that section. "Of course it wouldn't do anywhere else in the world, but the way those people forget all about time is absolutely refreshing."

"I was down south once and had occasion not to patronize but to be patronized by a little street car line running from L— to L— Junction. The length of the line is half a mile and its equipment two cars, each with a single mule attachment. The official roster is condensed to the name of a single gentleman wearing a suit of Confederate gray, who fills every position on the line from superintendent to driver with perfect satisfaction to his patrons, and I must say with seeming satisfaction to himself. In his capacity of driver he was told that I would like to go down to the junction at a certain time.

"In his capacity as superintendent I was introduced to him, and assuming the authority of his highest position he advised me that he would wait for me near a certain corner. I was watching for him, and about 10 minutes before the appointed time the car stopped on the corner designated. The driver set the brake, but it was the big hearted superintendent who got down to play with the children by the roadside until I should arrive. He greeted me cordially, and I went started, with the mule in a canter.

"A man hailed the car from a house a little farther on, and we came to a stop. There was a short conversation in loud tones. Then the driver carefully wound the lines around the brake and went into the house. In about five minutes he reappeared, with a trunk on his shoulder, having probably stopped to tie a rope around it inside the house. This trunk he deposited on the front platform, and we were again going as fast as the mule could travel.

"Arrived at the junction, the driver was again transformed to the superintendent as he shook hands with me and bade me goodby. I told him I had enjoyed my trip immensely, and that he was the most accommodating man I had ever met in the transportation service. He promised to call on me in Chicago, and I'll be glad to see him too."—Chicago Post.

The Nile by Night.

"I suppose no professional globe trotter is ever satisfied," said James T. Hurd of New York, "without a sojourn in Alexandria and a voyage of four or five weeks up the Nile. The river itself, I must say, did at first sadly disappoint me. We Americans are apt to be rather exacting in the matter of rivers, naturally enough, considering the beauty and grandeur of our own. When I saw the strong stream in the hot sunshine, looking like floating mud rather than water, I hated to believe it the Nile of my dreams. Beauty, majesty and power, not utility, were what I wanted to see in the historic river. But when the sun went down and the moon gilded, not silvered, the stream, then it became indeed the river of my imagination. The unsightly banks, which by day were steep walls of black mud, like huge unbaked brick, became picturesque and even beautiful, with waving groves of palm and fields of grain."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Founded a Cartridge.

A woman of Carrollton, Ky., thought that she would be able to stop a leak in the bottom of an iron pot by driving a piece of lead into it. So she got one of her husband's pistol cartridges out of a drawer and began the driving process with a hammer. Now, the good lady didn't understand the philosophy of a cartridge and never dreamed that it would explode from the concussion of a hammer, seeing no powder about the thing. But there is no knowledge as that which comes from experience, although the price paid in that way is sometimes very high. This cartridge exploded, and the flesh of the thumb and finger with which she held it was considerably torn. And that old pot still leaks as it did before.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not That Kind of a Lead.

Tommy Albany (on board Hudson river boat)—Oh, look, mamma, what kind of a boat is that with a big step-ladder in the bow?

Mrs. Albany—That's a dredging boat, Tommy, dear, lying close to a sand bar, getting a load.

Tommy A.—Oh, mamma, was that what papa brought home the other night when he was so tired, and you asked him where he had been, and he said, "Up against a bar?"

Mrs. A.—No, darling, it wasn't sand.—New York Herald.

Dwarf Hudson.

The most noted dwarf was Jeffery Hudson, born in 1619. At the age of 8 he was 18 inches high and was served upon the table in a cold pie as a present to Charles I. At the age of 30 he began to grow and reached the height of 3 feet 9 inches. He lived to be 65 and died in prison, having been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the popish plot.

Capital punishment in Denmark is executed publicly with an ax. If several are to be decapitated in the same date, one is not present while another is executed.

WHAT A CANNON BALL CAN DO.

Chance Shots in the Chilean War That Went Through Ironclads.

In dwelling upon the wonderful power of the guns of the Indiana, Albert Franklin Matthews, in an article on "The Evolution of a Battleship" in The Century, gives illustrations from the recent Chilean civil war, showing the effectiveness of the smaller sizes of breechloading rifle guns.

A shot weighing 250 pounds from an 8 inch gun of Fort Valdivia in Valparaiso harbor struck the cruiser Blanco Encalada above the armor belt, passed through the thin steel plate on the side, went through the captain's cabin, took the pillow from under his head, dropped his head on the mattress with a thump, but without injuring a hair, passed through the open door into the mess-room, where it struck the floor and then glanced to the ceiling. Then it went through a wooden bulkhead an inch thick into a room 25 by 42 feet, where 40 men were sleeping in hammocks. It killed six of them outright and wounded six others, three of whom died, after which it passed through a steel bulkhead 5 inches thick and ended its course by striking a battery outside, in which it made a dent nearly two inches deep. It was filled with sand. Had it released deadly gases no one knows what damage it might have done.

A 450 pound missile from a 10 inch gun in the same fort struck the same vessel on its 8 inch armor. It hit square on a bolt. The shell did not pierce the armor, but burst outside the vessel. It drove the bolt clear through, and in its flight the bolt struck an 8 inch gun, completely disabling it. Such is the power of the smaller sized guns.

LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

Economy in Its Use as Compared With American Experiences.

In London, the largest city in the world, the water is furnished by companies and is charged for by the quantity. No one has a free faucet or can afford to waste his water. Every family bargains for as many gallons per diem as it needs, and this amount is placed in tanks. Then the water is shut off. If the family uses it up by noon, it gets no more until the next day unless it can borrow of its neighbor. There is no waste. The water is all measured and paid for. With three times our population London does not use one-third as much water as Chicago does, simply because the water is not wasted.

In Chicago the city furnishes the water, and every one is free to do with it what he pleases, and the result is anarchy in water. The man on the third story has no rights the man on the second is bound to respect, and the man on the first floor cheats both of them by running water via the sewers into the river and lake. So long as there is disregard of human rights by human hogs this waste will continue, and those on the upper stories will suffer because those on lower stories are running water all day to cool their rooms or to flood their lawns—in other words, are letting millions of gallons run into the sewers without being used at all.—Chicago Tribune.

Beginning to See the Point.

"What have you to say to this charge of assaulting Michael Rafferty?" asked the judge.

"Oi licked 'im," replied Mr. Dolan, looking the court in the eye. "An wid no disrespect to anybody, it's hopin Oi am that Oi done it good."

"Was there any provocation?"

"They wor that same."

"What was it?"

"Oi have a goat, yer anner—a foime animal too. 'Does yer goat give milk?' says Rafferty to me. 'It does,' says Oi. 'Thin,' says he, 'it's buttermilk.' 'It's as swate an foime as any ye iver saw,' says Oi. 'Certainly, but it is buttermilk,' says he, an thin we came together. Though Oi must say, yer anner, that when Oi come to repate it over a few toimes an consider the nature av the goat Oi'm compelled to say Oi wor a bit hashy. Bedad, if the court'll give me lave, Oi'll pologize to Rafferty, so Oi will."—Washington Star.

"The Paradise of Tips."

"The paradise of tips," as we are told by a writer in The Kleine Zeitung, is Carlsbad. His estimate is that not less than a million marks must be paid during the season in the questionable shape of "voluntary" gifts or gratuities to waiters and others, which do not appear in any bill. Everybody who does any service in Carlsbad looks for his or her "trinkgeld" before you depart. The waiter gets upon an average from 6 to 10 florins (12 shillings to £1). The maiden who serves you with water at the Brunnen expects and mostly receives 3 florins, the postman gets a florin, and there are various other male and female benefactors to whom you pay what you please.

A Valuable Play Toy.

Miss Olive Schreiner recently told the following story: She and her brothers and sisters had as one of their playthings a bright stone that they called the candle stone. It was about the size of a walnut and would flash in a bright and singular way when held to the light. Not until she had quite grown up and the candle stone had been lost for years did any of them realize that it was a diamond of doubtless immense value. The Kimberley mines were in the unknown future, but this stone had perhaps been washed down by some torrent or brought by other chance from that region.

Pulverized Diamond a Painless Poison.

According to the Mohammedans of southern India, pulverized diamond is the least painful, the most active and the most certain of all poisons. According to "Wilke's History," the powder of diamonds is kept on hand (by the wealthy only, presumably) as a last resource. But a belief in the poisonous character of the diamond also existed in Italy in the sixteenth century.—Chicago Times.

SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

CAN A HEALTHY PERSON PROLONG HIS LIFE TO 200 YEARS?

The Theory of "Retarding Vital Consumption"—Franklin and the Filiz—Work the Heart Does—Recent Experiment in the Partial Vegetarian System.

Among the various fantastic theories for prolonging life one of the most popular at the end of the eighteenth century was what was called "retarding vital consumption." Maupertuis fancied that a complete suspension of vital activity, a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep, might be produced so as to check self consumption. Bodies in this state could be laid away and then resuscitated after a lapse of two or three centuries. Benjamin Franklin even, while living in France, seems to have had faith in this. One day he received some bottles of wine from Virginia. In one of them—only one—were a few dead flies, which the great philosopher resolved to utilize in an experiment. The month was July, and these imported flies, which had been on a spree in Virginia, had fallen into the native wine and had been in this state shipped to France, where they were exposed to the heat of the French sun. Three hours passed, and the winged Virginians came to life after an apparent death of many weeks. At first a sort of convulsive movement seized them. They began then to use their legs, walked around awhile, and seeming to be aware that they were in France immediately concluded to make their toilet by rubbing their eyes with their fore feet, using their hind legs to smooth out their wings. They then flew away to associate with Paris flies. Franklin wrote of the incident:

"Since by such a complete suspension of all internal as well as external consumption it is possible to produce a pause of life and at the same time to preserve the vital principle, might not such a process be employed in regard to man? I can imagine no greater pleasure than to cause myself to be immersed, along with a few good friends, in wine and to be again called back to life at the end of 50 or more years by the genial solar rays of my native country, only that I may see what improvement the state has made and what changes time has brought with it."

It was once thought that people died from lack of what physicians called "the vital principle." It is a phrase that has a fine, vague, mysterious sound, but it really means little or nothing. Or, in other words, it is now conceded that death comes from disintegration, very gradual often, it is true, in all the bodily organs, brought about by the all important blood being blocked up by accretions which close the channels leading from the heart. Most magnificent and most wonderful muscle as the human heart is, it may get clogged in such a way by the earthy salts in the blood as to be unable to perform its regular functions. Then the life fluid cannot be kept in proper circulation. Allowing 69 or 70 pulsations of the heart—the usual average—every minute, one person has 100,000 heart beats in the space of one day. This means, of course, that the heart and arteries are contracted with such power as to keep 50 or 60 pounds of blood in healthy movement. Really it is a wonder that one does not wear out long before he usually does. And it forces a new kind of admiration from the thinking man when he sees for the first time a human being who has lasted 100 or 115 years, and whose heart is still going on after all this enormous expenditure of force. The eyes, ears and stomach all have a rest, but the heart keeps on through waking hours as well as through sleep. Pauses between the beats are all the vacation it gets, which seems to be really no rest at all. When one does not dream, even the brain seems to sleep, or at least it gives peace and quiet.

Much has been written and talked about vegetarianism in relation to health and its effect on long life. It is not claimed, however, by its strict advocates that any of the great number of people who have lived to be 100 years and over were vegetarians. In fact, most of these centenarians seem to have lived just like common folk who die at 40 or 50. If they had only taken care of themselves and kept their blood in good condition, there is no telling but 200 years may have been scored as easily as 100. Natural advantages being so great, as shown by what they did do, a vague sadness overcomes the social philosopher when he thinks of what they might have accomplished under more favorable conditions for the success of the experiment.

As to the admitted advantages of a partial vegetarian system of living, M. Françoise Sarcey, the famous French critic, has been trying it, and in a communication to one of the Parisian journals gives his experience. Since April, 1893, he has touched no meat. In August of the same year he reports that he is only "a moderate vegetarian"—that is, he only eschews meat and admits eggs, cheese, butter, milk and fish to his regimen. Contrary to the expectations of both himself and friends, he finds that he is in much more vigorous health and in better working condition under the influence of his new menu than before. At first he naturally felt hungry an hour or two after eating, but after a fortnight the flesh craving passed away, and now he not only eats at the same hours as before, but consumes much less food. The advantages of the system are described by him as most remarkable. His mind is clearer, and he feels more disposed for work. He is no longer sleepy after meals, his brain is fresher, his limbs more elastic, and, more astonishing still, he can stand more fatigue. Formerly he felt the need of stimulants, and now he has done away with such things. He does not smoke, and he is endeavoring to diminish his coffee supply. Altogether he is enthusiastic. At first it is rather like self denial, but one gets to like it in time.—Chicago Tribune.

THEORIES ABOUT BALDNESS.

Why Does the Hair Fall Out on the Top of the Head and Not Elsewhere?

A question that often arises and is seldom answered twice in the same way is as to why the hair falls out on the top of the head and not at the back and on the sides. The old fashioned theory is that baldness occurs within the lines marked by a man's hat, and as nobody has ever offered conclusive proof to the contrary that explanation may be the correct one.

The case was stated the other day to two very intelligent barbers. One of them thought that the reason why baldness occurred at the top of the head was that the brain came closest to the surface there, and this being an age in which many brains are kept going at high tension the abnormal amount of blood thus carried to the cranium produced a kind of fever in the upper scalp. Fevers, as is well known, often result in the falling out of the hair.

The second barber gave variety to the discussion by enlarging upon the notion that he had formed from the observation and reflection of many years.

"You will notice," said he, "that the first hair a baby has comes in on the top of the head and falls out before the child is many weeks old. The hair that comes to stay grows thicker and stronger on the sides and at the back, and I have an idea that the growth on the top of the head is always the weakest from infancy on to old age."

"But how do you account for the fact that women do not grow bald as men do?" queried a skeptical listener.

"Account for it? I don't have to account for it," replied the ready witted second barber. "It isn't so. Why, I used to work in an establishment where they had nine chairs in the men's department and 11 in the women's, and I want to tell you that I learned some things there that the average man and the average barber, too, for that matter, doesn't know. If you could appreciate as I do the number of women who have false hair so artistically arranged that nobody can tell it from their own natural tresses, you wouldn't ask why men grow bald and the other sex doesn't."

Hairdressers have their pet theories on this subject as well as barbers, and some of them are very plausible. But if you should ask a doctor who was not ashamed to confess his ignorance the chances are that he would tell you he didn't know much about it.—Washington Star.

Blood Stains.

To the present day the superstition is rife that blood stains cannot be washed out. During the French revolution 80 priests were massacred in the Carmelite chapel at Paris, and the stains, so called, of their blood are pointed out today.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," declares that the blood stains of David Rizzio, the Italian private secretary of Mary, queen of Scots, who was stabbed at Holyrood palace by certain Protestant leaders of her court, aided by her husband, Darnley, are still to be seen.

In Lancashire the natives show a stone called the "bloody stone," which was so marked to show heaven's displeasure at some of Cromwell's soldiers' atrocities at Gallows Croft. In "Macbeth," act 5, scene 1, Shakespeare alludes to the idea, "Yet here's a spot."

The truth is blood cannot be easily expunged. In the first place, if that of a murdered person, it is not attempted. In the next place, blood contains oxide of iron, which sinks deep into the fiber of wood and proves indelible to ordinary washing. Thus it is true that stones of a porous nature and wood not of the hardest kind are susceptible to the stain of blood produced by the oxide of iron which the blood contains. But the blood of a pig is as good as that of a murdered man.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Shower of Wheat.

In the year 1696 or thereabouts it was a report in Bristol and thereabouts that it rained wheat about this Town and six or seven Miles round, and many believed it. One Mr. Cole being curious to find out the Truth of the old Phenomenon procured several Parcels of it, and upon diligent Examination of them with magnifying Glasses, judged from the Taste, Figure, Size and Smell that they were seeds of Ivy berries, driven by a strong Wind from the Holes and Chinks of Houses, Churches and other Buildings, where Starlings and other Birds had laid or dropped them, but if so it's strange that they should fall in so great Quantities in so many Places.—Cox's "Magna Britannia."

A Thief Rewarded.

A thief in the act of breaking into a safe was greatly astonished on looking up to see a gentleman quietly watching his proceedings. He tried to escape, but the gentleman stopped him.

"Go on, my friend," he said. "I am greatly interested in your work."

"How is that?" inquired the astonished thief.

"Because I have lost the key to this safe. If you can open it, you shall be well rewarded for your trouble."—Arlequin.

Curious.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not the same length?" "I really don't know, sir, but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."—Boston Woman's Journal.

Du Maurier's Women.

Speaking of "Trilby," have you ever noticed what an important part eyebrows play in Du Maurier's faces? No matter how small the face, the eyebrow stands out as the most characteristic feature.—Critic.

Rubinstein's first teacher was his mother, and his first concert tour as a virtuoso was made when he was not quite 10 years of age.

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