

**Mrs. Andrew White of Lyons.**  
 Lyons, Neb., Jan. 9.—(Special)—Sarah, the wife of Andrew J. White, died at her home south of this city, last evening, after a few days' illness with typhoid-pneumonia, aged 45 years. Mrs. White leaves besides her husband, four children, who are Rev. George L. of McCook, Frank of Chicago, and Harry and Grace of this city. Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The above brief account of the death of the mother of Rev. G. L. White of the Baptist church of our city is taken from the Omaha Bee of Thursday. Rev. White's parishioners and friends will join in profound and tender sentiments of sympathy.

**COURT-HOUSE NEWS.**  
**COUNTY COURT.**  
 License to marry has been issued to George W. Loomis and Ida Hauxwell, both of Indianola.

Judgment rendered John P. Henson & Co. on note against C. L. Miller for \$323.55 and \$8.93 costs.

**DISTRICT COURT.**  
 Shelly-Rogers Co. vs. Samuel Ball et al.; replevin.

George W. Ball and Thomas F. Ball vs. William Humphrey and Shelly-Rogers Co.; garnishee.

Patrick Coyle vs. George A. Bagley et ux.; equity.

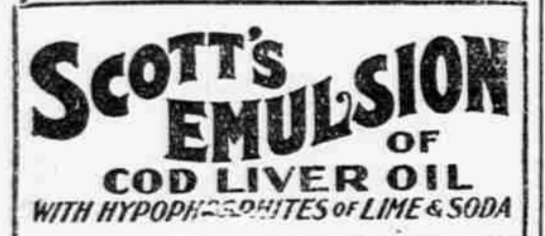
**Wolf Drive.**  
 A wolf drive will be held on January 15th, 1901, on the South Side. The east line will be the Oberlin road, beginning at the irrigation ditch; thence south within a mile of the Dodge school-house; thence west to township line; thence north to the irrigation ditch; thence east to place of beginning. Parties will start from lines at 10.30 in the morning. All are requested to participate.

**The Week of Prayer.**  
 The churches of the city observed the week of prayer by union services: In the Congregational church on Monday and Tuesday evenings; in the Baptist on Wednesday and Thursday evenings; in the Christian on Friday evening, and concluding on Sunday night in the Methodist church. The attendance has only been fair.

There has been a slight change in firm name at Everest, Marsh & Co.'s meat market, but the old winning ways and reliable goods are unchanged. Church & Marsh will more than sustain the reputation of the market for selling the choicest of everything in their line.

# Help... Nature

Babies and children need proper food, rarely ever medicine. If they do not thrive on their food something is wrong. They need a little help to get their digestive machinery working properly.



will generally correct this difficulty. If you will put from one-fourth to half a teaspoonful in baby's bottle three or four times a day you will soon see a marked improvement. For larger children, from half to a teaspoonful, according to age, dissolved in their milk, if you so desire, will very soon show its great nourishing power. If the mother's milk does not nourish the baby, she needs the emulsion. It will show an effect at once both upon mother and child.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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## MRS. GALLUP DOOMED

### A LOOKING GLASS AND A BLACK CAT BROUGHT HER TROUBLE.

She Saw in Them Her Summons From This Sinful World and Was Moved to Give Samuel Some Terrible Advice About His Future in This Vale of Sorrow.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

It was after supper, and Mr. Gallup had gone out to feed the pig and see that the henhouse door was closed for the night. He had performed these duties and was on his way back to the kitchen door when he heard Mrs. Gallup utter a long drawn shriek. He gave no start of alarm; neither did he increase his pace. As a matter of fact, he stopped to roll a barrel farther away from the path. When he reached the doorstep, he put down the swill pail in its accustomed spot to a half's breadth, entered the kitchen to wash his hands and hang up his hat, and it was several minutes before he entered the sitting room. Mrs. Gallup was lying on the lounge. He did not look directly at her, but he knew she was there. He asked no questions, but he was satisfied that she had one of her "spells" on. He sat down, with a great jar, in his favorite chair, pulled off his boots, with a grunt for each boot, and, selecting a book on "Fowls and Their Care" from the shelf, began to read. He had read the book 50 times before,



"I'll be in heaven before sunrise," but had become interested in the statement that speckled hens were more liable to the pip than white or black ones when Mrs. Gallup recovered consciousness—that is, she opened her eyes, uttered a sigh and fetched a groan and sat up. She fully expected Mr. Gallup would ask her what had happened or at least look in her direction, but just then he was busy with the poultry book's statement that a red rag tied to the tail of a would be sitting hen will scare her out of the idea. When a long two minutes had passed, Mrs. Gallup concluded that something ought to be said, and she began:

"Samuel, I want to talk to you a few minutes before I perish. You know I hev bin expectin to be summoned any day for the last ten years, or since that cow kicked me over the heart. While you were out feedin the hog the summons came. I caught sight of the back of my head in the lookin glass just as a strange black cat run across the kitchen floor. That was the way Mary Ann Davis and Hanner Sly received their summons, and there ain't no doubt that I'll be in heaven before sunrise."

Mr. Gallup scratched the back of his neck with one hand and held the book with the other as he read that some geese had been known to live to the age of 15 years, but he had no remarks to offer.

"I don't want to annoy you while you are readin," continued Mrs. Gallup as she unpinched the tidy from the head of the lounge to use as a handkerchief; "but, as I never died before, I think you kin bear with me a little. The first thing to be done after I expire, Samuel, is to hev me laid out. The mayburs will cheerfully do that. I want to be dressed in that gray dress you bought me six years ago. Be particular about that, because it's the only one I ever had that fits me across the shoulders. I don't want to go to heaven in a dress all hunched up. I want to hev my hands folded and a pink hollyhock in my fingers. I shall try to expire with a smile on my face, so as to look my very best, and if my mouth is shet nobody will notice my old teeth. Samuel, are you follerin me?"

He wasn't. He was following the author of the poultry book where he stated that ducks were strangely influenced by music and had been known to go to sleep when a fiddle was being played. Mrs. Gallup toyed with her tears for an interval and then said:

"That's all about me, Samuel. You needn't git up no big funeral or go to any big expense. The rest is about you. Even if you don't marry ag'in within four weeks you'll want soft soap fur the winter. The soap grease is down cellar in a keg, and it's as good soap grease as anybody ever had. When you are billin your soap, don't furgit to lay a sassafras stick across the kittle. I think you'll hev to buy a new tablecloth some time before spring. I've made the last one do fur two years, but it's beginnin to go. It's got three holes right in the middle. However, if you don't marry you won't mind a holey tablecloth. You know about the wash biler, don't you?"

Mr. Gallup refused to answer that question by even lifting his eyebrows. The statement that a gander had been known to commit suicide through disappointed love interested him to the exclusion of all else.

"The biler leaks in four different places, Samuel, and has fur two years, and I'm afraid you'll hev to git it mended. I'd hev tried to hang on to it fur

another year if I hadn't bin goin to die, but now it's my duty to tell you. And I'm afraid your second wife will want you to git her a new washboard. I've made ours do fur nine years, and it only cost 13 cents at first, but it's beginnin to crinkle, and nobody kin be blamed fur it. Now, let's see. Mrs. Taylor owes me two cups of brown sugar. If she cries much at my funeral, you needn't ask her fur them, but if she only sheds a tear or two she must pay 'em back. Then Mrs. Jackson has a flatiron of mine with a broken handle. She's bin sayin fur a year or two that she'd bring it back, but she hasn't done it. It ain't good fur anything as a flatiron, but you want it to crack butternuts with. Samuel, do you remember when the preacher ate supper at Joe White's? It was two years ago this fall, I think, and just about the time I fell into the cistern."

Mr. Gallup did not open his mouth in reply. He had reached a chapter in the book wherein it stated that roosters crowed in the early morning not to welcome daylight, but to scare polecats away, and he was oblivious of all else.

"Well, what I was goin to say," continued Mrs. Gallup as she wiped her eyes, "was that I believed she borrowed a nutmeg of me on that occasion to make a custard and has never paid it back. If she lends you any chairs fur the funeral and seems to feel real bad that I'm gone, you needn't mention about the nutmeg, but if she don't you might jist her about it. I owe Sarah Ann Johnson a pinch of bakin soda, and I owe Melissa Farewell some ginger, and I want you to pay it as soon as I'm buried. You'll find mayweed, smartweed, catnip and spearmint hangin up in the garret, and in the old sugar bowl on the top shelf in the pantry is the stickin salve and the mutton tallow in case you git a sore heel. That's all, Samuel. I'm leavin everything so you'll hev no trouble, and now and then, even when you are playin checkers with your second wife, I hope you'll think of me. I hope—I hope—"

At this point she broke down and sobbed, but even had she laughed instead Mr. Gallup would not have remarked it. He was reading a statement that in olden times hens used to lay eggs as big as pumpkins and that one such egg hitting a temperance lecturer in the solar plexus would have caused instant death. The sobs finally worked off, and Mrs. Gallup said:

"Never mind what I hope. I've got my summons, put my house in order, and now I'll expire. Goodby, Samuel, and goodby all."

She turned and stretched out on the lounge and was heard from no more. After Mr. Gallup had read of drakes who died of homesickness, of geese who formed personal attachments for farmers, of hens who learned to know a farmer's whistle from a lightning rod man's topical song, he closed the book and rose up with a "ho-hum" and looked around. Mrs. Gallup was sound asleep, and he had to tunk her three times on the chin to rouse her up and let her know that it was past bedtime.

M. QUAD.

## PLUCK WHICH BRED PLUCK.

Brave Things Done in the Transvaal by Irish Lads.

Bravery was cheap in the Transvaal. I knew so many brave men, so many who had done heroic things, that I took courage as a matter of course. As my prizefighter expressed it, "Pluck was always on tap." There were, however, two or three young Irish lads who carried courage to the verge of recklessness and who in consequence were killed all too untimely. I had one youngster of about 16, rather small for his years, fond of wearing top boots half as big as himself and altogether one of the best troopers in South Africa and therefore in the world. I have seen him ride down hill at a splitting pace, while he turned half round in the saddle, holding a joking conversation with some comrades behind. He could also shoot like a demon. One day he said his horse was done up. He wanted another. I replied jokingly, "Take one from the English." The next day he went prowling near their camp. He saw an officer and an orderly come out to look around. He shot the officer, the orderly galloped off, and Bobby, sneaking up, caught the officer's horse, mounted it and made off. The English fired at him with their rifles and then with their Maxim, but Bobby came galloping back to our laager, grinning all over his face.

"You seemed to be in a hurry to get away, Bobby," I said.

"I guess I was," he replied, laughing. "They were putting shells after me when I got over the ridge."—Collier's Weekly.

## Handy With an Ax.

One important feature in connection with the conducting of mining operations in Siberia is the aptitude of the Russian workman for the ax. Wood is so plentiful in the country that in no case will the price for fuel exceed \$1 per cord, and mining timbers may be figured on at a correspondingly low rate. The current anecdote that a Russian workman will, for a 20 kopeck piece, lay his left hand, with fingers spread, on a board and with full strength make an ax cut between each finger cannot be vouched for, but it is certainly true that in pick timbering in bad ground, in erecting buildings, log cabins and all manner of wood joining the equal of the Russian peasant cannot be found.

Russia absolutely forbids the employment of children under 12 years of age in industrial establishments, whether conducted by the state or private individuals.

New Zealand shares with Iceland the distinction over other parts of the earth in freedom from all forms of cattle disease.

## HATS ON OR OFF?

One Respect in Which Northern and Southern Men Differ.

According to the etiquette of the day, it is not requisite that a man shall remove his hat in the presence of a woman in a public thoroughfare or conveyance. Nobody thinks of a man's going bareheaded in a street car or a railroad car or a cab because he is in the company of women. The elevator of a business building or of a hotel is certainly a public thoroughfare, and the corridor of a business building or hotel is certainly a public thoroughfare. Ergo, in our opinion, courtesy toward the fair sex does not require a man to remove his hat in either place because there has been to be a woman present.

Having said, however, that courtesy does not require the removal of a man's hat under the circumstances recounted, we do not mean to disparage in the slightest degree the chivalrous intent of the man who does remove his head covering. If you feel that you ought to take off your hat in an elevator, do so. If you are uncomfortable with it on, get it off at once. These things are largely matters of comfort. In New York men keep their hats on with a persistence that is somewhat shocking to the southerner.

If the man in Gotham has any doubt about whether he should have his hat in his hand or on his head, you will not find it in his hand. He takes as much rope as the law will give him. On the contrary, it has not been very long since it was the proper thing in Charleston for a gentleman to stand with his head uncovered during all the time he was conversing with a lady even if he met her in the street, and there may be, for all we know, hundreds of stately South Carolinians who observe that pretty but unhygienic custom to this very day. Virginia, it will be observed, is about half way between Charleston and New York.—Norfolk Landmark.

## KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

The Little Boy Was Thoroughly Posted on the Elevator.

"Little boy," exclaimed the portly lady, "you ought to be at school instead of trying to work a lift."

"I'm not trying to work it," was the answer; "I'm working it, and if you wish to ride I shall be happy to accommodate you. So far as any obligation to be at school is concerned, allow me to remind you that this is a legal holiday, and I am exempt from attendance at an institution where, I am pleased to say, I am at the head of my class."

"You have no business trying to work that lift, anyhow."

"For what reason?"

"Because you are too young to know anything about it."

"Madam, allow me to reassure you. This lift is worked by hydraulic pressure, the principle relied on being that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this characteristic water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves and a stable equilibrium being made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiae of this particular machine, which of course has its variations from other models," he added as she gasped in astonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate, but I wish to assure you that if, after what I have said, you think you know more about this lift than I do, you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands."—Pearson's.

## Went Around the Spot.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe and made a united Germany a dozen little principalities used to annoy travelers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober (controlleur at the custom house) came forward and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonchalant way. The Yankee was ungentlemanly enough not to get out of his carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the key of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly.

"Here! Hands off!" shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry and don't care for losing a day. You're no country. You're only a spot. I'll go around you." And he did.—London King.

## A Way Out of It.

It was a man who opened the door when the book agent rang the bell, but a woman stood not far behind him, and subsequent developments indicated there had been a few warm words.

"I would like to talk to the lady of the house for a few minutes," said the book agent.

"Oh, that is utterly impossible," replied the man pleasantly. "You may see her if you wish, but you can't talk to her for a few minutes—that is, in succession—unless—as a happy thought seemed to strike him—"you both talk at once."—Chicago News.

## He Counted All Right.

"You've been in a fight," said his mother reprovingly.

"Oh, not much of a one," answered the boy.

"Did you count 100, as I told you, when you felt your angry passions rising?"

"Oh, sure," returned the boy. "I counted 100 all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's the only safe way."—Chicago Post.

# Pre-Inventory Sale

## Of Winter Apparel.

We are offering new up-to-date goods at a SACRIFICE PRICE now when you need them. Ladies' Jackets at one-half regular price marked in plain figures and cheap at the old price. We will give you a

### \$10.00 Garment For \$5.00 Etc.

Come quick before the assortment is broken. Ladies' Waist Dress Goods, Underwear, Overcoats, and Clothing all go at REDUCED PRICES.

Favor us with your Grocery Orders. Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Authorized Capital, \$100,000.  
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**Brave Men Fall**  
 Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. J. W. Gardner of Idaville, Ind., says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he don't care whether he lives or dies. It gave me new strength and good appetite. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents, at McConnell & Berry's drug store. Every bottle guaranteed.

**Beat Out of an Increase of His Pension.**  
 A Mexican war veteran and prominent editor writes: "Seeing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I am reminded that as a soldier in Mexico in '47 and '48, I contracted Mexican diarrhoea and this remedy has kept me from getting an increase in my pension for over every renewal a dose of it restores me." It is unequalled as a quick cure for diarrhoea and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by McConnell & Berry.

Evil imagination is the poison of the soul.  
 There is much difference between the tally cards of earth and those of heaven.  
 Paid Dear for His Leg.  
 B. D. Blanton of Thackerville, Tex., in two years paid over \$300 to doctors to cure a running sore on his leg. Then they wanted to cut it off, but he cured it with one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Guaranteed cure for piles, 25 cts. a box. Sold by McConnell & Berry, druggists.

**DON'T BE FOOLED!**  
 Take the genuine, original  
**ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA**  
 Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

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