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MARGARET DELAND, AUTHOR
Her Greatest Successes Written in a Barn—Friend of Birds.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, whose latest book, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," is quite as clever and interesting as the other stories that have won fame for her, is an enthusiastic floriculturist. Her love for flowers and plants is given expression in nearly all of her works. Some of Mrs. Deland's greatest successes were written in a barn. When summer comes and she is freed from the social and household obligations of her beautiful home in Boston, Mrs. Deland seeks her cottage on the Kennelbunk river, Kennelbunkport, Me. Her garden is a mass of beautiful blooms, flowering vines and sweet scented shrubs. As for the



MRS. MARGARET DELAND.

barn, its exterior and interior are more attractive than the summer houses of many persons of means. In a particularly cozy room, with large windows that let in plenty of fresh air and light, Mrs. Deland turns leisurely to her literary tasks. It was in this room that "Philip and His Wife," "Sidney," many of the "Old Chester Tales" and a large part of her last novel were pre-

pared. The authoress, however, finds much time to spend with her flowers. She is of a very retiring disposition and shuns publicity, although to a wide circle of intimate friends she is noted for a generous and gracious hospitality. She does not care for violent exercises or games, her only active recreation being the care of her flowers. She arises before 5 o'clock every morning in the summer and spends hours in her garden, which is the home of hundreds of birds. The latter have been attracted by the many quiet, cozy bowers to be found there and realize they have a safe retreat. Mrs. Deland is on very cordial terms with the birds. While she works among the flowers she talks to her feathered friends, and they saucily twitter back at her.

Coldness of Ice.
It seems strange to think that some ice is colder than other ice. The term "ice cold" always seems to signify a definite temperature. All water under similar conditions freezes at a certain definite temperature. But when the thermometer falls below that it continues to affect the ice, making it harder and colder. The test has been made by placing a piece of ice from the north and a piece of ice formed in the vicinity of New York near a stove together. The former took much longer to melt than the latter.—New York Tribune.

Viewing the Remains.
It had been a strenuous afternoon for the devoted teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time. "Where have you been, boys?" asked the father of two of the party that night, and the answer came with joyful promptness: "We've been to a dead circus."

Rubinstein on Piano Playing.
When a pupil happened to ask Rubinstein how certain passages should be construed, he invariably showed them. But if a pupil asked, "Shall I play this in this manner or that?"—both equally correct—Rubinstein invariably replied: "Play as you feel. Is the day rainy? Play it this way. Is the day sunny? Play it the other way."

A City on the Cliffs.
Precisely why the town of Bonifacio, in Corsica, is built to the sheer edge of the cliff which forms the sea frontage of that part of the island is a question always asked by the traveler who views Bonifacio for the first time, and he reiterates his question when he observes, upon visiting the environs of the place, that there is plenty of room for the town to have spread out in an inland direction. The early Corsicans apparently thought that farm land was worth more than city real estate and so crowded their dwellings to the dizzy edge of their 200 foot precipice. One's first impression is that these houses, with their walls on a vertical plane with the cliff, were purposely so situated that the body of a victim of a dark vendetta murder might be conveniently dropped out of the window into the sea beneath, with no one the wiser. Certainly there is a suggestion of romance and mystery in the aspect of the town. It forms, at any rate, one of the oddest sky lines in the world.

Bear Hunting.
Bear hunting, with the assistance of guides supplied with a well trained pack of hounds, may be satisfactory if merely the killing of them is desired, but it certainly is no sport and deserves not even to be ranked with trapping bears, as in the latter case the hunter must possess at least some knowledge of the quarry's habitat and habits. Unlike a fox, a bear, when once found by the hounds, stands no chance whatever of escaping, and there would be just as much sport in shooting the animals in a park or pen as to kill a run to bay bear. And, while this truth applies to mountain lions also, there is not even the excuse of the animal's destructiveness, which is applicable as far as the latter is concerned.—Field and Stream.

Not Responsible.
Workman—Mr. Brown, I should like to ask you for a small raise in my wages. I have just been married.
Employer—Very sorry, my dear man, but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to our workmen outside of the factory the company is not responsible.—Fliegende Blätter.

Perils of Fishing On Grand Banks

PASSENGERS on the transatlantic liners of today, vessels which carry as many persons as live in a good sized town and which the latest inventions of marine science have made as safe as a house on shore, have little idea what the psalmist meant when he talked of the perils of "those who go down to the sea in ships." But up along the fishing banks they know, and they aren't fond of the liners there, for the liners take more lives every year than the dreaded storms. The storms can't help wrecking little ships. The fishermen do not believe that the wind bloweth where it listeth; they think it blows where it is fated to blow. But they also think that no law of nature or man forces the liner to race at top speed across the fishing banks, cutting down everything that gets in its way. The fisherman thinks he is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of fish, and he curses the speed madness which causes the steamship to make short cuts at his expense. The liners don't sink fishermen on purpose, of course. They don't even collide with them intentionally. It is like a man stepping unconsciously on a bug and walking on ignorant of the catastrophe for which he is responsible. The fragile little fishing boat goes down before the steel hulled ocean greyhound without even causing the monster to quiver.

For years the men of the Grand banks have complained of this, to their minds, unnecessary addition to the dangers of their calling. Now the French government has heard them and has issued a call for an international conference to discuss changing the present steamship route so as to avoid the fishing banks. Last year the death roll among the French trawlers in Newfoundland waters was 314. Of these it is true that 135 perished in the wreck of the Cousins Reunis of St. Malo, which was carrying men to St. Pierre to equip the fishing boats there; but of the remaining 179 fatal-



DECK OF A GLOUCESTER FISHING VESSEL. Ties most were caused by ocean steamers running down fishermen as they lay at anchor or in the fog.

To change the steamship line and make it skirt instead of cross the banks would materially lengthen the distance the steamers would have to travel. The Compagnie General Transatlantique (the French line) has already agreed to accept such a change, but it will be difficult to make all the big lines follow the French company's example. Besides, there are thousands of "tramps" which come from nowhere, go nowhere.
While the discussion of this proposed change in the ocean highway goes on the big ships continue to sink the little ones. Only the other day the Red Star liner Vaderland cut the fishing schooner John A. Allen in two as she was cruising off George's banks looking for swordfish. This time, however, the liner did not flee, but stood by until every man on the sunken craft had been picked up.

"I shall go back and tell the fisher folk that I know a liner's captain and crew who are not cowards," said Captain Toothaker of the John A. Allen after he and his six men had been landed in New York.
"Something blacker than the mist loomed over us," said the captain. "We knew what that meant. We sprang to the dory, but the black thing came down upon us dead ahead. Its siren screamed, but the crash of my boat drowned the sound. The Vaderland cut us clean in two. On one side went three of my men. The other three and I caught hold of a dory and just missed the suction as the John A. Allen sank. I could hear three men in the water near by. We made for them and picked them up. All of us were safe. We looked for the big ship, but it was gone, like the other liners that sink fishermen and vanish in the fog. But no, it wasn't gone after all. The lookout on the Vaderland had sighted the schooner too late to avoid running it down, and the steamer was brought to a dead stop in five minutes."
Relinquishing all hope of a record voyage, the Vaderland circled back through the fog, blowing its siren until it heard the answering call of the wrecked fishermen. Cheered by the passengers, Captain Toothaker and his crew were hauled on board, and overwhelmed with kindness all the way to New York.

Goethe's Last Moments.

The story of the deathbed of Goethe reveals a striking picture of fortitude, artistic calm and intellectual activity under the chilling dews of death. The information is gathered from a letter written on March 23, 1832, the day after Goethe's death, by Fraulein Louise Seldler, an art student and close friend of the poet's family. On the evening before his dissolution, with an icy coldness taking possession of him and the death rattle beginning to be audible, Goethe, with his charming daughter-in-law by his side, would talk of nothing but his pet theory of color, of the treaty of Basle, of his desire that the children should go to the theater, of his plans for the near future. As sleep did not come with the night, he called for a newly published volume of history, and covered his inability to read it with a joke. Even at 7 o'clock the next morning, just three and a half hours before he died, he sent for a portfolio to talk optics and was setting himself to classify some papers when the last agony seized him. He then lay motionless, notwithstanding its violence, till respiration ceased and the heart stood still.—London Globe.

How to Handle Your Horse.

Decision should never in handling horses be confounded with unwise determination to have things your way. In this application it means the faculty of doing the right thing at the right instant and may be cultivated by frequent practice with all sorts of horses, and of course no hands were ever developed by handling any one animal or any one kind of a horse. It is decision that gives the hand the moment the horse yields; that uses the roughest methods at a pinch, for hands are by no means always delicate of touch; that frustrates the most determined attempts of kicker, rearer or bolter; that picks the best road; that makes the animal carry himself to the best advantage for the purpose of the moment. Decision is very close to intuition in effect. Decision dominates the situation at many critical moments, and the horse is quick to discern and to presume upon its absence. There is no such thing as a safe partnership with a horse. You must be the master or he will be, to your certain future discomfiture.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

Big Benefits at London Theaters.

Batterton, in 1769, when his salary was £4 a week, had a benefit and received £76 as his share of the receipts and £450 in the shape of donations. The biggest benefit performances of modern times have taken place at Drury Lane. That for Ben Webster, held in March, 1874, realized £2,000; the profit on the Buckstone celebration, in June, 1876, was £1,200; for the Nellie Farren benefit performance, in March, 1898, there was obtained £7,260, though half of this amount was secured from private donations, which flowed in when it was known that the Messrs. Rothschild had volunteered to invest what sum was realized, give the popular comedienne an annuity and, on her death, grant the theatrical charities half of the capital.—London Chronicle.

To Insure Privacy of Mail.

All private and confidential correspondence, according to a postoffice inspector, should either be sealed with wax or else addressed and stamped on the back instead of the front. Sealing with wax is an excellent insurance of privacy, but it is a difficult and awkward operation, and wax and a match, candle and seal are not always at hand. The other method is much the better. After fastening down the flap of the envelope firmly, affix the stamp across the flap's junction and write the address across it as well. Then it is absolutely impossible to steam open the letter and close it again in such a way as to escape detection.

The Creole.

A pure creole is a person born in Louisiana of French or Spanish parents. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a creole has negro blood in his veins. A creole negro is one whose forefathers were owned by the early French and Spanish settlers and who spoke a corruption of those languages known as "gumbo." Their descendants are the creole negroes and should never be confused with negroes in the true sense of the term.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Why, indeed?

At an examination of Sunday school children the following was one of the questions put upon the blackboard: "Why did your godfathers and godmothers promise these things for you?" The answer of a bright girl, written neatly on the slate, was, "Why, indeed?" She got marks.—Christian Life.

Not to Blame.

Father (sternly)—Now, Sophia, something must be done to reduce your expenses. You are actually spending more than your allowance.
Daughter—It isn't my fault, father, I've done my best to get you to increase it.—Brooklyn Life.

Doubtful.

Lady (in dry goods store)—And is this color also genuine? Salesman—As genuine as the roses on your cheeks, miss. Lady—H'm! Show me another one.—Kleines Witzblatt.

Just Badness.

Father—That kid ought to have a spanking! He's altogether too precocious; knows more than I do! Mother—But, dear, I wouldn't call that precocious.—Detroit Free Press.

Only the illiterate and the social elect can afford to treat the language recklessly.—Brainard.

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