

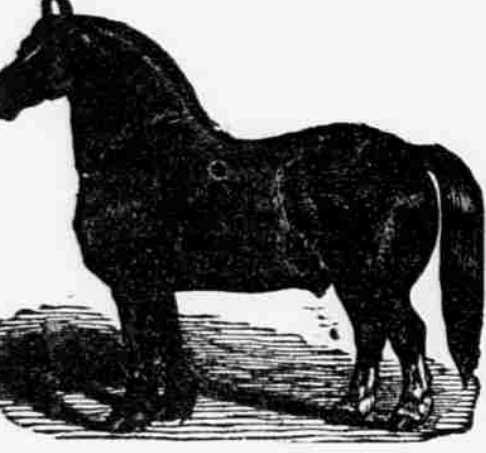


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is only a symptom—not a disease. So are Backache, Nervousness, Dizziness and the Blues. They all come from an unhealthy state of the men-strual organs. If you suffer from any of these symptoms—if you feel tired and languid in the morning and wish you could lie in bed another hour or two—if there is a bad taste in the mouth, and no appetite—if there is pain in the side, back or abdomen—**BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR** will bring about a sure cure. The doctor may call your trouble some high-sounding Latin name, but never mind the name. The trouble is in the men-strual organs, and Bradfield's Female Regulator will restore you to health and regulate the menses like clockwork.

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DAM: Rosette 18099, she by Hercule 2602, by Vigoureux, out of Margot; she by Jean Bart 710, by Bayard. Vigoureux by Jean Bart 710, by Bayard.

TERMS: \$1000 to insure mare with foal. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.

J. S. McBRAVER, Owner.

DANDY LEER.

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Dandy Leer was bred by J. M. Leer of Paris, Kentucky. Is a black jack with white points, seven years old, fifteen hands high, very blocky and heavy boned, and has fine style and action. As a breeder he has no equal in Nebraska, his mules being in dark colors—black and bay—with heavy bones, great style and good quality.

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THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcolm Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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and expectancy in that downright condemnation of the proposed action on Philip's part. It would be presenting the church in a false light to picture it as entirely opposed up to this date to Philip's preaching and ideas of Christian living. He had built up a strong buttress of admiring and believing members in the church. This stood, with Mr. Winter's influence, as a breakwater against the tidal wave of opposition now beginning to pour in upon him. There was an element in Calvary church conservative to a degree and yet strong in its growing belief that Christian action and church work in the world had reached a certain crisis which would result either in the death or life of the church in America. Philip's preaching had strengthened this feeling. His last move had startled this element, and it wished to wait for developments. The proposal of some that the minister be requested to resign was finally overruled, and it was decided not to oppose his desertion of the parsonage, while the matter of reduction of salary was voted upon in the negative.

But feeling was roused to a high pitch. Many of the members declared their intention of refusing to attend services. Some said they would not pay their pledges any longer. A prevailing minority, however, ruled in favor of Philip, and the action of the meeting was formally sent him by the clerk.

Meanwhile Philip moved out of the parsonage into his new quarters. The daily paper, which had given a sensational account of his sermon, laying most stress upon his voluntary proposition referring to his salary, now came out with a column and a half devoted to his carrying out of his determination to abandon the parsonage and get nearer the people in the tenements. The article was widely copied and variously commented upon. In Milton his action was condemned by many, defended by some. Very few seemed to understand his exact motive. The majority took it as an eccentric move and expressed regret in one form and another that a man of such marked intellectual power as Mr. Strong seemed to possess lacked balance and good judgment. Some called him a crank. The people in the tenement district were too much absorbed in their sufferings and selfishness to show any demonstration. It remained to be seen whether they would be any better touched by him in his new home.

So matters stood when the first Sunday of a new month came and Mr. Strong again stood before his church with his Christ message. It had been a wearing month to him. Gradually there had been growing upon him a sense of almost isolation in his pulpit work. He wondered if he had interpreted Christ aright. He probed deeper and deeper into the springs of action that moved the historical Jesus and again and again put that resplendent calm, majestic, suffering personality into his own pulpit in Milton and then stood off, as it were, to watch what he would in all human probability say. He reviewed all his own sayings on those first Sundays and tried to tax himself with utmost severity for any denial of his Master or any false presentation of his spirit, and as he went over the ground he was almost overwhelmed to think how little had been really accomplished. This time he came before the church with the experience of nearly three weeks' hand to hand work among the people for whose sake he had moved out of the parsonage. As usual an immense congregation thronged the church.

"The question has come to me lately in different forms," began Philip, "as to what is church work. I am aware that my attitude on the question is not shared by many of the members of this church and other churches. Nevertheless I stand here today, as I have stood on these Sundays, to declare to you what in deepest humility would seem to me to be the attitude of Christ in the matter before us.

"What is a church? It is a body of disciples professing to acknowledge Christ as Master. What does he want such a body to do? Whatever will most effectively make God's kingdom come on earth and his will be done as in heaven. What is the most necessary work of this church in Milton? It is to go out and seek and save the lost. It is to take up its cross and follow the Master. And as I see him to-day he beckons this church to follow him into the tenements and slums of this town and be Christ to those who do not know him. As I see him he stands beckoning with pierced palms in the direction of suffering and disease and ignorance and vice and paganism, saying, 'Here is where the work of Calvary church lies.' I do not believe the work of this church consists in having so many meetings and socials and pleasant gatherings and delightful occasions among its own members, but the real work of this church consists in getting out of its own little circle in which it has been so many years moving and going in any way most effective to the world's wounded to bind up the hurt and be a savior to the lost. If we do not understand this to be the true meaning of church work, then I believe we miss its whole meaning. Church work in Milton today does not consist in doing simple what your fathers did, before

you. It means helping to make a cleaner town, the purification of our municipal life, the actual planning and accomplishment of means to relieve physical distress, a thorough understanding of the problem of labor and capital—in brief, church work today in this town is whatever is most needed to be done to prove to this town that we are what we profess ourselves to be, disciples of Jesus Christ. That is the reason I give more time to the tenement district problem than to calling on families that are well and in possession of great comforts and privileges. That is the reason I call on this church to do Christ's work in his name and give itself to save that part of our town."

This is but the briefest of the sketches of Philip's sermon. It was a part of himself, his experience, his heart belief. He poured it out on the vast audience with little saving of his vitality. And that Sunday he went home at night exhausted, with a feeling of weariness partly due to his work during the week among the people. The calls upon his time and strength had been incessant, and he did not know where or when to stop.

It was three weeks after this sermon on church work that Philip was again surprised by his strange visitor of a month before. He had been out making some visits in company with his wife. When they came back to the house, there sat the Brother Man on the doorstep.

At sight of him Philip felt that same thrill of expectancy which had passed over him at his former appearance.

The old man stood up and took off his hat. He looked very tired and sorrowful. But there breathed from his entire bearing the element of a perfect peace.

"Brother Man," said Philip cheerily, "come in and rest yourself."

"Can you keep me overnight?"

The question was put wistfully. Philip was struck by the difference between this almost shrinking request and the self invitation of a month before.

"Yes, indeed. We have one spare room for you. You are welcome. Come in."

So they went in, and after tea the two sat down together while Mrs. Strong was busy in the kitchen. A part of this conversation was afterward related by the minister to his wife. A part of it he afterward said was unreportable—the manner of tone, the inflection, the gesture of his remarkable guest no man could reproduce.

"You have moved since I saw you last," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied Philip. "You did not expect me to act on your advice so soon?"

"My advice?" The question came in a hesitating tone. "Did I advise you to move? Ah, yes, I remember!" A light like supremest reason flashed over



There sat the Brother Man on the step, the man's face and then died out.

"Yes, yes; you are beginning to live on your simpler basis. You are doing as you preach. That must feel good."

"Yes," replied Philip. "It does feel good. Do you think, Brother Man, that this will help to solve the problem?"

"What problem?"

"Why, the problem of the church and the people—winning them, saving them."

"Are your church members moving out of their elegant houses and coming down here to live?" The old man asked the question in utmost simplicity.

"No; I did not ask them."

"You ought to."

"What! Do you believe my people ought literally to leave their possessions and live among the people?"

Philip could not help asking the question, and all the time he was conscious of a strange absurdity, mingled with an unaccountable respect for his visitor and his opinion.

"Yes," came the reply, with the calmness of light. "Christ would demand it if he were pastor of Calvary church in this age. The church members, the Christians in this century, must renounce all that they have or they cannot be his disciples."

Philip sat profoundly silent. The words spoken so quietly by this creature tossed upon his own soul like a vessel in a tempest. He dared not say anything for a moment. The Brother Man looked over and said at last, "What have you been preaching about since you came here?"

"A great many things."

"What are some of the things you have preached about?"

"Well"—Philip clasped his hands over his knees—"I have preached about the right and wrong uses of property, the evil of the saloon, the Sunday as a day of rest and worship, the necessity of moving our church building down into this neighborhood, the need of living on a simpler basis and, lastly, the true work of a church in these days."

"Has your church done what you have wished?"

"No," replied Philip, with a sigh.

"Will it do what you preach ought to be done?"

"I do not know."

"Why don't you resign?"

The question came with perfect simplicity, but it smote Philip almost like a blow. It was spoken with calmness that hardly rose above a whisper, but it seemed to the listener almost like a shout. The thought of giving up his work simply because his church had not yet done what he wished or because some of his people did not like him was the last thing a man of his nature would do. He looked again at the man and said:

"Would you resign if you were in my place?"

"No." It was so quietly spoken that Philip almost doubted if his visitor had replied. Then he said, "What has been done with the parsonage?"

"It is empty. The church is waiting to rent it to some one who expects to move to Milton soon."

"Are you sorry you came here?"

"No. I am happy in my work."

"Do you have enough to eat and wear?"

"Yes, indeed. The thousand dollars which the church refused to take off my salary goes to help where most needed. The rest is more than enough for us."

"Does your wife think so?" The question from any one else had been impertinent. From this man it was not.

"Let us call her in and ask her," replied Philip, with a smile.

"Sarah, the Brother Man wants to know if you have enough to live on."

Sarah came in and sat down. It was dark. The year was turning into the softer months of spring, and all the outdoor world had been a benediction that evening if the sorrow and poverty and sin of the tenement district so near had not pervaded the very walls and atmosphere of the entire place. The minister's wife answered bravely: "Yes, we have food and clothing and life's necessities. But, oh, Philip, this life is wearing you out! Yes, Brother Man," she continued, while a tear rolled over her cheek, "the minister is giving his lifeblood for these people, and they do not care. It is a vain sacrifice." She had spoken as frankly as if the old man had been her father. There was a something in him which called out such confidence.

Mr. Strong soothed his wife, clasping her to him tenderly. "There, Sarah, you are nervous and tired. I am a little discouraged, but strong and hearty for the work. Brother Man, you must not think we regret your advice. We have been blessed by following it."

And then their remarkable guest stretched out his arms through the gathering gloom in the room and seemed to bless them. Later in the evening he again called for a Bible and offered a prayer of wondrous sweetness. He was shown to his plainly furnished room. He looked around and smiled.

"This is like my old home," he said; "a palace, where the poor die of hunger."

Philip started at the odd remark, then recollected that the old man had once been wealthy, and sometimes in his half dazed condition Philip thought probable he confounded the humblest surroundings with his once luxurious home. He lingered a moment, and the man said, as if speaking to himself, "if they do not renounce all they have, they cannot be my disciples."

"Good night, Brother Man," cried Philip as he went out.

"Good night, Christ's man," replied his guest. And Philip went to his rest that night, great questions throbbing in him and the demands of the Master more distinctly brought to his attention than ever.

Again, as before when he rose in the morning, he found that his visitor was gone. His eccentric movements accounted for his sudden disappearances, but they were disappointed. They wanted to see their guest again and question him about his history. They promised themselves he would do so next time.

The following Sunday Philip preached one of those sermons which come to a man once or twice in a whole ministry. It was the last Sunday of the month and not a special occasion. But there had surged into his thought the meaning of the Christian life with such uncontrollable power that his sermon reached hearts never before touched. He remained at the close of the service to talk with several young men, who seemed moved as never before. After they had gone away he went into his own room back of the platform to get something he had left there and to his surprise found the church sexton kneeling down by one of the chairs. As the minister came in the man rose and turned toward him.

"Mr. Strong, I want to be a Christian. I want to join the church and lead a different life."

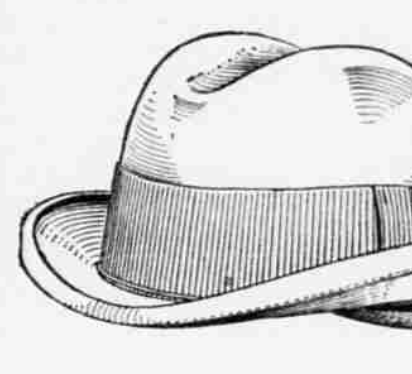
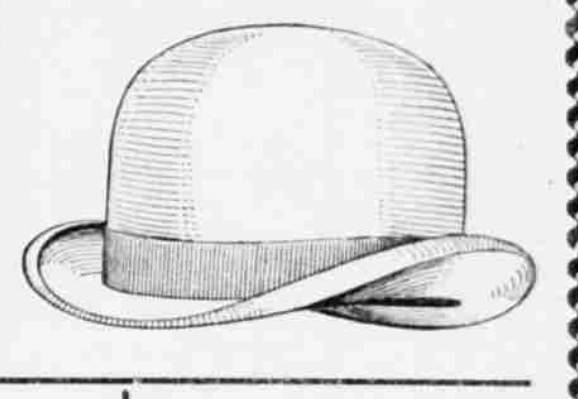
Philip clasped his hand, while tears rolled over the man's face. He staid and talked with him and prayed with him, and when he finally went home the minister was convinced it was as strong and true a conversion as he had ever seen. He at once related the story to his wife, who had gone on before to get dinner.

"Why, Philip," she exclaimed when he said the sexton wanted to be baptized and unite with the church at the next communion, "Calvary church will

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