Ask me not why I should love thes: Loves the breeze the graceful flower? Loves the storm the surging ocean, And the heart, love's own hour?

Ask me not what chains now bind me; If they be of tress or brow; Ask me not, I cannot tell thee-Cannot give thee reasons, now!

Love would reason not, it seizes On the moment's bliss supreme; Rocks not what cold caution pleases, Glows beneath the sun's warm beam

Ask me not! I know thy presence Holds my heart within its thrall; Fills my being with a languor, Oft my spirit doth appall! Yea, appall! for love's completeness

Rests not on the thing of earth;

And the heart that longest treasures Love hath no mere earthly birth! Ask me not! I know I love thee

With a fire and force today, That may wreck my bark's fond venture, But shall never know decay. -Boston Transcript.

INEZ

In one of the ancient Moorish towers near Soria stood a young girl, gazing forth at the landscape spread out as a picture before her. Away in the east were beautiful gardens and orchards, between whose green foliage a river was seen winding, like a silver ribbon, in the distance. In the north rose the lofty mountains, one point high above the others, known as the Spirits' mountain, the pride and delight of Soria-the source of its cool breezes and perpetual freshness. of its bubbling springs and never drying brooks-while in the west, behind the lake, now gleaming like a golden sea, the sun was setting, the evening glow covering the entire landscape like a royal mantle.

As she stood gazing with enraptured eyes upon the enchanting scene, her soul completely subdued by the murmuring of the crystal fountain upon the marble paved courtyard, by the exquisite harmony of the nightingale, and by the intoxicating perfume of the roses, she seemed transported to another world, and half expected to see the white arm of some princess beckon from a neighboring gallery, or see a pair of bright eyes flash through the bars. As she was standing there lost in reverie a voice suddenly exclaimed.

to break the charm which seems to hold you, but within a short time the chapel of the Temple Knights will ring to prayer, and then the spirits of the departed will ring their bell in their chapel upon the mountain. "In that ruined chapel? You are try-

ing to frighten me." "No, my cousin, you are as yet ignorant of what takes place in this country, as it is not yet a year since you arrived from foreign lands. On our homeward journey I will relate the

legend to you." The girl gave a last, lingering look on the landscape and, with a deep sigh, slowly turned away. Did a prophetic feeling at that moment warn her that this was the last time she should look upon this beautiful pict-

They descended by means of a narrow, circular stairway, but upon this same stairway had many of the proud, haughty kings and queens ascended to watch the defeat or the victory of their army. Suddenly the pair started, for, from one of the dark nooks in the wall, flew an owl, circling around their heads with its evil-boding cry, seeming doubly weird by its gloomy surroundings.

After passing through the deserted courtyard they mounted their horses and proceeded on their journey homeward. After pointing out some old towers and houses and relating bits of | not had the opportunity, like my anromantic and tragic history attached to them the young man related the

following legend: "This mountain, which is called the king, with the order to defend it. The insulted, as they could as easily defend the country as they had conthe other noblemen sprang up a deep rooted hate. The former asserted afraid. Hark! The bells sound. It affording themselves amusement. But the latter determined to arrange a es the blood of the bravest to freeze in great hunt to be held upon the moun- his veins, and turn his hair white, if tains, notwithstanding the strict injunctions sent out by the 'monks with spurs.' as they were called by their the wind, without knowing where."

opponents. "The news of this arrangement spread, and nothing could repress the energy of one party to arrange for the hunt and the endeavors of the other to prevent it. The much talked of event came at last, though it was not the wild animals who were to remember it, but a day not quickly forgotten by those parents left to mourn their sons. It was not a hunt, but a strewn with corpses and the wolves, who were to have been exterminated,

onjoyed a bloody feast. "The government authorities arrived at last and separated the combatants. | bending over the fire: The mountain which had caused so much trouble was declared to belong again." to no one, and the chapel, in whose

were buried, fell in ruins. "Since that time, it is said, on All Saints' night the chapel bell is heard The deer flee in terror, the wolves as it grew fainter and fainter until it howl, the serpents hiss, and on the finally died away.

next day the snow exhibits the footprints of the skeletons fleshless feet. Therefore it is called the Spirits' mountain and it being All Saint's day I wish to leave them in full possession of their hunting grounds."

At the conclusion of the tale, after passing the mountain and crossing a bridge spanning a struggling stream, they neared a gloomy and somber chapel. As they approached they heard an organ play the rolling, mut-fled music of the funeral service. No one could be less superstitious than Inez Comiers, but as she listened to the rolling as of muffled drums a shudder stole over her. "If I believed in evil omens I should certainly say this is one," she thought, shrugging a slumber—a light, uneasy slumber. her shoulders.

Bernino also grew suddenly silent, between the cousins during the remainder of their journey, which led gether with them, her name uttered, once beautiful, but now grown with weeds and so arched with trees they looked dim and cavernous in the

A few hours later the entire household of the count of Comiers was gathered about the huge fireplace, relating, as was the custom on All Saints' night, horrible tales and legends, wherein ghosts and goblins played the chief part, while, far away in the distance, was heard the dreary, monotonous ringing of the church

There were two persons who did not participate in the general conversation. These were Inez Comiers, who was gazing thoughtfully into the fire, and Bernino, who was watching the reflection of the light in her beautiful

"My beautiful cousin," he suddenly exclaimed, breaking the long silence, 'we will soon part, perhaps forever. I know that those lonely districts with their rough, warlike habits, and their simple, old customs, do not please you. I have often heard you sigh, perhaps at the thought of a lover in a foreign land."

Inez made a movement of cold indifference, while her lips curled scornfully. A whole character could be traced in those lines.

"Perhaps you miss the gay life you have heretofore led," the young man hastened to add. "The cause may be one or the other. I fear I shall soon lose you. Before we part I wish you would accept this jeweled diadem from me as a memento. How lovely would it adorn your dark hair. Today is a day for gifts, so will you not

Inez bit her lip and silently reached out her hand to take the proffered "I regret, cousin, that I am obliged gift. The pair became silent, and again were heard the voices relating weird tales of witches and spirits, the wind's howling and the church bells' slow ringing. After a pause of several minutes the

conversation was continued. "And before All Saints' day is past will you not also give me some souvenir of yourself?" Bernino asked, earnestly searching his cousin's countenance. This suddenly lit up with a strange

"Why not?" she cried, and passing er hand to her right shoulder, she seemed in search of something, and, adding with an air of childish feeling: Do you remember that jeweled but-

terfly I wore today." "Yes, certainly. "Well-but I have lost it-it isgone, and I thought to give it to you as a memento.'

"You have lost it, and where?" asked Bernino, springing up with hope and fear blended in his countenance. "I do not know-perhaps upon the Spirits' mountain."

"Upon the Spirits' mountain," he muttered, paling and sinking back in his chair. "Upon the Spirits' mount-

He then continued in a low broken

"You know, for you have certainly heard it innumerable times, that I am called the king of hunters. As I have cesters, of earning an imperishable name upon the battlefield I have turned my attention toward the hunt, a small likeness of the battle. To that spirits' mountain, was formerly owned | I have given the strength of my youth, by the Temple Knights, an order com- all the courage and fearlessness of my posed of both monks and knights. race. The rug at your feet was the Their chapel you see situated on the covering of wild animals slain by my shore of yonder river. After Soria hand. I know their haunts and habwas taken from the Moors they were its. I have fought with them by day given possession of the country by the and by night, on foot and mounted alone and with companions, and no Castilian nobles were thereby sorely one can say that I have ever shunned danger. Another night and I would speed away to find this trinket with a quered it. Between this new order and light heart; but this night-this night -why should I seek to hide it-I am their full and exclusive right to this has now rung to prayer. The spirits mountain, where they could hunt, thus of the mountain are now lifting their supplying themselves with food and | yellow death skulls from their graves -the spirits-the sight of which causthey do not tear him in the whirl of their wild flight, as a leaf is dragged by

As the young man spoke a smile hovered upon Inez's lips, and when he had finished she remarked in a care-

"O, I pray you do not think of it. What foolishness to go to the mountain for such an insignificant thing such a dark night-the ghost's night, and the road infested by wolves.'-

The bitter sarcasm did not escape Bernino, and, passing his hand swiftly slaughter. The mountain was left over his forehead, as if he would drive up and said in a steady voice, turning toward the young girl, who was

church-yard both friends and foes turned quickly, but when she wished, or feigned that she wished to detain him, the young man had disappeared. In a few moments the galloping of a to ring and the spirits of the depart- horse was heard in the distance. With ed, wrapped in their torn garments, a look of gratified vanity, which causpush forward between the rocks and ed her cheeks to flush, the beautiful bushes as they did in the fierce fight. girl listened attentively to the sound,

Meanwhile the others continued their ghost stories, the wind howled without, while the city church bells

rangin the distance. One, two, three hours had passed; midnight had arrived, and Inez returned to her boudoir; Bernino did not return-he did not come, although and Farm. It was in the judge's room he might have been back in less than one night when we were all talking an hour.

"He must surely have been too cowardly to go!" cried the girl, as, closing the book she had in vain endeavored to read, she went to her

After turning out the lamp and drawing the heavy curtains she fell in

The clock struck 12 in the tower. Inez heard in her sleep the slow monand only a few words were exchanged otonous deep strokes and half opened her eyes. She thought she heard, tothrough green fields and in drives but distant, very distant, and by az anxious, stifled voice. The wind was howling without the window,

"It was but the wind," she thought, and with her hand pressed upon her heart she endeavored to calm herself. But this beat louder and louder. The oak doors to her chamber seemed to turn upon their hinges with a creaking, piercing sound.

First one, then those more distant, all in order, some with a faint, short sound, others loud and long, hair-raising-then silence-a terrible silence, filled with strange sounds; the silence, the apples were what is known as the of midnight, with the monotonous rush of water far away, the distant bark of dogs, strange voices, unintelligible words, the echo of steps that came and went, the rustle of sweeping draperies, stifled sighs, together with painful shudderings of horror, all indicating the presence of something which can not be seen, but whose presence is known notwithstanding the deep darkness.

Trembling, Inez put her head out of the curtain and listened an instantshe thought she heard a thousand different sounds. She passed her hand over her forehead and listened again -nothing, deep silence.

She thought she saw shapeless figures move in all directions, but when she fixed her attention upon one point -nothing-deep, impenetrable silence, "Bah!" she exclaimed, and again placed her fair head upon her pillow. 'Am I as easily frightened as those

poor fools, whose hearts quicken when

they hear a ghost story?'

She again tried to sleep, but in vain. She lifted her head from her pillow, paler, more uneasy and fearful than before. Now it was surely no longer a fancy. The heavy brocaded curtains had surely rustled as they parted and slow steps were heard approaching upon the carpet. The sound of these steps was muffled, almost inaudible, but continued; and together with them was heard a rattling, as of wood or bones. They approached nearer, nearer-almost at the side of the couch. Inez gave a shrill shriek, threw

and held her breath. The wind howled upon the balcony, the water, in the distant fountain fell, and fell with the same monotonous sound; the bark of the dogs was brought to her ears by every blast, and the city's church bells far and near rang, with their deep sound, for the souls of the departed.

herself under the quilt, hid her face

Thus passed an hour, two, the night, a century, for this night seemed to Inez an eternity. At last day broke, and Inez, calming her fears dared to open her eyes as the sunbeams entered the room. After a whole, long sleeve across his face and said: night of watching and horror the clear and bright light of day is very beautiful. She stepped upon the floor, and was ready to laugh at her fears, when, suddenly, a cold sweat broke out over her body, her eyes stared wildly, and a deathly paleness overspread her countenance, for, out of the window she saw, lying at the gate, covered with blood, with the trinket in his hand, Bernino-dead.

When the frightened servants a little later entered to inform her of the death which her cousin had met with his fight with the wolves, they found her crouching-motionless, griping with both hands the ebony bedpost, with white lips and stiffened limbs,

FRAUD IN DIAMONDS.

Alleged Great Sales in Paris of Yellow Stones Made White by Ani-

Considerable attention has been directed to the tricks of the diamond trade in Paris by the investigation of the charge that a firm of diamond dealers had "doctored" yellowish diamonds from the Cape so that they could be sold as gems of the first water. The illegimate proceeds of the firm from this practice are estimated at \$5,000,000. The Paris professor of chemistry, Berthelot, has shed this light on the matter:

"The 'painting' of diamonds is a trick known to all dealers in diamonds. I am surprised only to learn that these men allowed themselves to be eaught so easily. To give yellowish Cape diamonds the appearance of white Brazilian or Indian diamonds a man has only to dip them in aniline. The process resembles the blueing of clothes by the washerwoman and discovered about ten years ago. The operation is so simple that now a few Parish women practice it. They buy cheap diamonds and touch them away the fear which reigned in his up just before wearing them out in an brain, but not in his heart, he sprang aniline bath. The appearance of the doctored diamonds deceives at first glance even the experts. The layer of aniline wears off quickly, how-"Farewell, Inez, farewell till we meet | ever, and the fraud is then quite evident. Diamond dealers are on the "Bernino! Bernino!" she cried, and alert against frauds of this kind and I doubt that any house could market \$5,000,000 worth of the doctore? goods. The difference between Cape diamonds and the Brazilian or Indian diamonds, which is the basis of the fraud, consists in the greater beauty and clearness of the latter, as well as in their greater durability. Yellow diamonds break easily."-New

IN A GREAT COUNTRY.

But I have heard as big stories as

Uncle Simon's tater story right here

Stories of Fertility Which Seem to Be Almost Incredible.

at home, writes Bill Arp in the Home about what a great county was Gilmer for apples and Irish potatoes and cabbages. Judge Underwood declared that you might take a sprout from any poor, no account apple tree down here and stick it in the ground in Gilmer and it would grow and bear fine apples. And General Hansell said he had been to see the famous apple tree on old man Cantrell's place, about a mile off the Dahlonega road, and he found it sixty feet high and sixty feet broad, and he stood up beside it and tried to span it with his long arms and couldn't reach more than half way round. He looked to Judge Underwood for a nod of confirmation and got it, "That's so-exactly so," said the judge. "I have seen that tree. It came from a seed that was planted by old Noonatootly, a half-breed Indian who came from North Carolina about fifty years ago." Thus fortified, General Hansell continued his remarks by saying that the average annual crop of this tree was 500 bushels, and black apple-they were such a very dark red.

Judge Underwood cleared his throat and said: "And, general, don't you remember that lane-Frazier's lane. on Laughing Gal creek-where there is an apple tree in every fence corner on both sides of the lane clear up to the top of the bill, and the limbs of the trees have got tangled up together in a solid mass and you can't see the sun above you as you drive along?"

"Oh yes," said the general, "I remember it perfectly." "And one fall when you and Trippe and Christian and Shackleford and Hanks and Hackett and John Word and Hooper and every so many of us struck that land there were twelve buggies all in a row going to court. And you and I were in the hindmost buggy and that lane was ankle-deep in apples and the horses could hardly get along, and I looked back and the horses and the wheels had mashed apples until there was a stream of cider running down the hill that was big enough to turn a mill. You remember that, general?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," said the general, but he was weakening a little. "And old man Frazier told me," said the judge, "that one year ago he turned the cider into vats in his little

tanyard and made very fine leather. Cider makes very fine tannin, you know, general. My father wore a pair were tanned with cider, and you could turn them wrong side out as easy as India rubber."

The judge had out-Heroded Herod and a general hilarity succeeded his last effort. Baron Munchausen and the "Arabian Nights" had a wonderful influence over the grand old gentlemen of the olden time. They were fine story tellers, and could make them up right along.

He Knew What He Was About. it was raining. She asked for an

evening paper. He drew his coat "Will yer have a clean one er a

dirty one?" "Clean one or dirty one? Why. a

clean one; of course;" "All right. Yer see, some folks don't care, an' a kid can't keep papers clean when it sozzles all day, an' he can't sell dirty ones as quick as clean ones, so I jes' asked."

He had folded the paper carefully and he took the pennies with "Thank yer, ma'am."

Another newsboy standing near said: Blokey is slingin'? Clean papers an' dirty ones! Why didn't yer fold de dirty ones clean side out an' sell 'em

"Hold on dere! Don't you go to gettin' fresh! I knows what I'm about."

She went on and mused over the fact that even dirty-faced and ragged and self-brought-up newsboys seemed to pick up a sense of honor and knew intuitively the principles that make a success of business. When she arrived home and opened the paper she discovered that the newsboy did know exactly what he was about. The paper was clean only on the outside. -Buffalo Times.

A Queer Tree.

The "angry tree," a woody plant, which grows from ten to twenty-five feet high, and was formerly supposed to exist only in Nevada, has recently been found both in Eastern California and in Arizona. If disturbed this peculiar tree shows every sign of vexation, even to ruffling up its leaves like the hair on an angry cat, and giving forth an unpleasant, sickening odor. This tree ought to grow in Kansas and Missouri, but it does not, so far as any botanist knows.

Forging Their Chains.

Weldless steel chains have been experimented with in England. The chains are cut from a blank after the same general methods employed in cutting out a chain from a single piece of wood. As steel is used, it is asserted that the weight can be reduced one-third from what was necessary in old chains of similar strength.

How a Circus Moves. "How is it that you manage to move

this big circus so easily and quickly?" asked a stranger of Tody Hamilton, of Barnum's show in Brooklyn.

"Well, you see, said the irrepressible Tody, "all the elephants have trunks, the kangaroos have pouches, and the heavy have cuited." Now York in many instances, is only a pretext for drinking, but is free from alcoholic stimulants, and is as emand the bears have grips."-New York Journal

or griden, the final to along the quality of the co

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