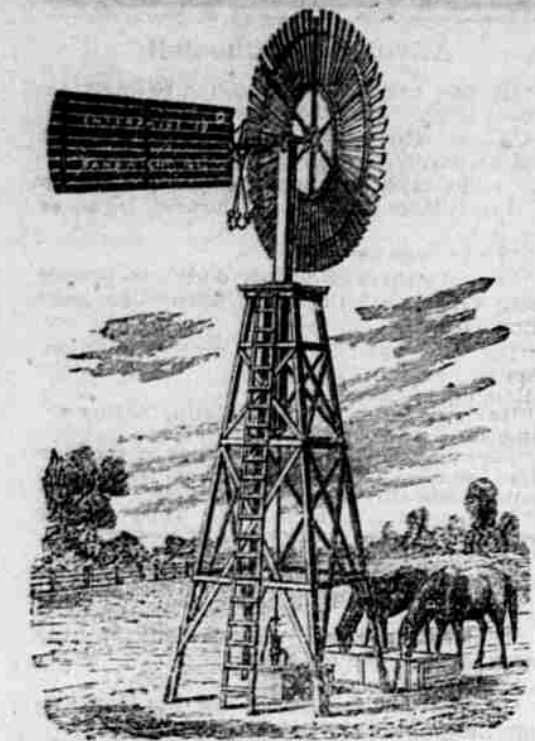


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The Meaning of Our Flag.

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all that we hope to be. It means freedom, equality of rights. It means free government, self-government, and the sovereignty of the individual. It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom. It means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. It means that the school-house is the fortress of liberty. It means that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that each man is accountable to and for the government; that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty. It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his State and his country. It means that the ballot-box is the ark of the covenant; that the source of authority must not be poisoned. It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution. It means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every State, abroad in every land, on every sea. It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws that our Government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and strong, between the individual and corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to all. It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong. It means national hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste—in whose sad faces may be read the touching records of a weary life—and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.

That flag is the emblem of a supreme will—a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut. The flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be, and, like the banner of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun.—*Robt. G. Ingersoll.*

A Mean Trick.

A man who probably hailed from Buffalo, played a powerful mean trick on a Detroit bridal couple at Niagara Falls the other evening. They went to a hotel and registered, had supper, and then started out for a night view of the mighty roarer. They had not gone far when a man called to them and said: "Have you just been married?" "We have," answered the groom. "Going to stay here a day or two?" "Yes," "Having registered at my hotel you probably intend to remain there?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I want to say a word to you. I don't want any ducky-ducky nonsense around my house. I want no poppy-opsy business on the veranda. I want no squeezing hands on the balconies or feeding each other at the table." The groom let his arm fall from his bride's waist in a slow and painful manner, and the stranger continued: "The first time you call her penches and cream or she calls you her darling out you go!" "Yes, sir." "She's no sweeter than ten thousand other girls, you're no more of a darling than I am, and I won't stand love-sick nonsense." He walked away with that, and people at the Falls who knew the bridal couple were amazed to hear them address each other as Mr. and Mrs., and to see what precaution they took to prevent touching hands or betraying any symptoms of love. They put in two wretched days, and it was only as they were upon the point of leaving that they discovered how a base villain had duped them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Singular and Curious Practice.

A Simla (Hindoostan) correspondent writes: I do not think I have ever told you of a most singular and curious practice which obtains among the villagers at "Amundale." There is a stream of water which perpetually flows down from the hillside, and which serves to keep the gardens well watered. The water, when once it reaches the level of Amundale, is carried to a small reservoir by means of long, narrow troughs. Beneath these troughs you may any day see a tiny little infant laying flat on its back, so as to admit of the mill or water flowing gently on its head. The little creature, after being subjected to this strange process for a few minutes, falls fast asleep, and remains so for about an hour. If you were to ask the mother of the child why she treats it in this manner, she will tell you with an innocence and earnestness that is not without its attractions, that it is good for the child, and that it is calculated to impart health and vigor to the constitution. I should fancy just the contrary, but there is no doubt that natives have great faith in the practice, and still persevere in it.

Death From Emotion.

From America (says the London *Lancet*) comes the record of a very instructive case in which a man died from fright, and where the death narrowly escaped being attributed to ether. The patient had received a severe injury to his hip during some blasting operations. Some days after the injury a consultation was held on his case in the Wilkesbarre Hospital, and it was considered necessary to administer ether. The man objected to this and urged that his heart was weak, but it was considered necessary to anesthetize him. This decision seemed to affect the man strongly, he breathed with great difficulty, asked for the windows to be opened, and died in a few minutes. No ether or anesthetic had been administered, and he had not suffered any pain from the partial examination of the hip that had been made. No particulars of the actual state of the heart are given, but we are told a "murmur" was present. There is no difficulty, however, in tracing the death to a powerful inhibitory influence upon a weak heart. Had the surgeons begun to administer ether his death would have been rightfully attributed to the effects of the anesthetic.

An Englishman's First Negro Acquaintance.

I mention this meal, not only because it was the first of which I had partaken for about thirty hours, but because it was the means of my first introduction to a colored gentleman. He did me the honor to wait upon me, after a fashion, while I was eating, and with every word, look and gesture marched me further into the country of surprise. He was, indeed, strikingly unlike the negroes of Mrs. Beecher Stowe or the Christy Minstrels of my youth. Imagine a gentleman, certainly somewhat dark, but of a pleasant warm hue, speaking English with a slight and rather foreign accent, every inch a man of the world, and armed with manners so patrollingy superior that I am at a loss to name their parallel in England. A butler, perhaps, rides as high over the unbutlered, but then he sets you right with a reserve and a sort of sighing patience, which one is often moved to admire. And again, the abstract butler never stoops to familiarity. But the colored gentleman will pass you a wink at a time; he is familiar, like an upper-form boy to a fag; he unbends to you like Prince Hal with Poins and Falstaff. He makes himself at home and welcome. Indeed, I may say, this waiter behaved himself to me throughout that supper much as, with us, a young, free and not very self-respecting master might behave to a good-looking chambermaid. I had come prepared to pity the poor negro, to put him at ease, to prove in a thousand condescensions that I was no sharer in the prejudice of race, but I assure you I put my patronage away for another occasion, and had the grace to be pleased with that result. Seeing he was a very honest fellow, I consulted him upon a point of etiquette: if one should offer to tip the American waiter? Certainly not, he told me. Never. It would not do. They consider themselves too highly to accept. They would even resent the offer. As for him and me, we had enjoyed a very pleasant conversation; he, in particular, had found much pleasure in my society; I was a stranger; this was exactly one of those rare conjunctures. . . . Without being very clear seeing, I can still perceive the sun at noonday; and the colored gentleman deftly pocketed the quarter.—*Longman's Magazine.*

How Was the Cash Balanced?

"Talking about making mistakes," said John Newhouse, of the West End Hotel in Georgetown, last evening, "the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank here made the worst mistake I ever heard of on last Saturday."

"What was it?"

"Why, I sent my barkeeper up to the bank to get \$2 in nickels. The paying-teller handed him two packages rolled up in paper, but they had no mark on them. He brought the packages down to me and I laid them on the shelf behind the bar. Having no occasion to use them until Monday, I opened one of them and found that instead of twenty nickels it contained twenty \$5 gold pieces—\$100. I opened the other package and it contained twenty \$5 gold pieces. So, you see, instead of sending me forty nickels, they had sent me forty \$5 pieces—in all \$200."

"Did you rectify the mistake?"

"No, sir. I took them back, called Mr. Barry, the paying-teller, to one side and gave him the gold. He thanked me and gave me \$2 in nickels and I left, wondering how in the world the bank made its cash balance on Saturday night."—*Washington Critic.*

Women on Street Cars.

Speaking about employment for women, I do not see why women are not employed more frequently as drummers; they have cheek enough. I ride down town every morning on a summer car, five of us on each seat, seven standing up in the rear rank and from six to ten standing on the footrail and holding on the handles. When a car with that load passes by one would think that any suitable for passage would hang on or war for the next car, but does lovely woman do it? Not a bit of it. She gives an imperious wave of her parasol to the driver, who puts on the brakes and stops. Then lovely woman coolly stares at every man who has paid for his seat and is on his way to work. The American male has no pluck; there is no concert of action. Woman's superior instinct picks out the weakest brother. He may be deeply absorbed in his paper, but he feels the piercing stare; he folds up his paper and meekly declines to hang on the outskirts for the rest of his ride. I have seen this racket tried every morning, and I have never known it to fail. It does not need a lovely woman to work it; I saw it done this morning by a fat woman with a market basket and an umbrella. The youth beside me removed his cigarette in involuntary admiration, and murmured, "Ain't she got a gall?"—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

A Libel Engraved on a Tombstone.

Philander Finley and Mart Beggs, of Marshall Texas brought suit against J. S. Potter and J. A. Tipping for libel in two cases. The suits are for \$3,000 in each case. The facts connected with the cases, as near as could be gathered, are as follows: Potter's son, with Finley and Beggs, went bathing in the Blackwater, a small creek south of town, about one year ago, and young Potter lost his life by drowning. No one knows how it happened except Finley and Beggs. The boy's father accused Finley and Beggs of the murder of his son, but in no way could he prove it on them. After the boy's body was recovered and buried properly Potter came to town and procured a tombstone from J. A. Tipping and had him erect it over the grave of his son, bearing the following inscription:

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee."
 "Drowned by Philander Finley and Mart Beggs."

Finley and Beggs make exception to the above and brought suit as above stated. The jury returned a verdict against defendants for \$800.

He Wasn't Trifling.

"Are you married?" asked the justice of a man who had been arrested for vagrancy.

"No, I am not married, but my wife is."

"No trifling with the court."

"Heaven save us! I'm not trifling with the court. I was married, but got a divorce. My wife got married again, but I didn't; so I am not married, but my wife is."

English Railroad Promotion.

A man began as a porter. By and by he made one of the railroad police. If he behaved well he might get to some other office; he might become an inspector of luggage trains or cattle trains; he might become the station-master of a small and then of a larger station. Similarly, he explained to me the system of promotion in the engine-driving department of the line. A man generally begins as a cleaner, then he becomes a fireman, and afterward a regular engine-driver. There is a long drifting before a man before becomes fit for what is called the foot-plate life. Indeed, many of them never become fit for it for there are countless opportunities for committing blunders, and a man who commits blunders is never fit for the work. The driver of a locomotive ought to understand from science and experience all about his locomotive. He should know all about his engine, just as a driver or rider should properly understand the temper of his horse. He begins with belonging to a class of enginemakers who are called the "relievers." In reality they have no engine of their own, but they take charge of the engines from the drivers who have come from the main line. His first work is generally on a pilot engine, where he can't do much harm to any other person than himself. A man learns to drive a goods train before he is entrusted with a passenger train; but it is generally five or seven years before he gets this promotion, and then it is on a slow train. He is then promoted to a fast passenger train, and then to an express. There are three things to which a good engine driver has to look: First, the condition of his fire, which ought to be burning well before starting; a thorough taking stock and examination of his engine before starting, and then a constant lookout for signals. The slightest mistake in overlooking the little red light, or, indeed, in not noticing any incidental signals, may wreck a train or ruin a driver.—*London Society.*

Why Not?

Give your employes a vacation. It is a cheap charity. It gives them much and costs you nothing. A full man can do more in fifty weeks than a lean man can do in fifty-two. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a motto applicable to Jack of forty as at four or fourteen, and as applicable to Gill as to Jack. Every machine needs a vacation now and then; the fires let out, the water let out, the boiler a chance to repair. The organ needs to be tuned. The watch needs to be cleaned. Even the agriculturalist has proved that as much wheat can be gotten off a piece of land in twenty years if it lies fallow every alternate year as if it is coaxed to give wheat every season. The cow cannot give milk continuously. Your horse will do better for taking off his shoes and running in pasture for a week or two every twelve months. Lyman Beecher's recipe is a wise one for all workshops—"Let water caper."

This advice is just as applicable to the house servant as to the shop workman. Bridget will get you a better dinner if for one day you get your own picnic for a week and see how jolly it is. Go back to primitive days and do your own serving; it is astonishing how simple your tastes will become when you have to satisfy them yourself. Send off all your servants for a day's rollicking, and find out what sort of a housekeeper your oldest daughter is.

Of course, it involves some self-denial. That is the blessing of it. When your servants find that you are willing to put yourself out for them they will put themselves out for you. There is only one currency that can buy enthusiasm—consideration; and enthusiasm is like charity, it covers—not it compensates—for a multitude of sins.

Of course, workmen do not all know how to use a holiday. Sometimes they use it to make beasts of themselves. They attempt a practical demonstration of Darwinism, and supply the "missing link." If they had a holiday oftener they would know better what to do with it.

It is the man who is worked like a beast who is most likely to drink like a beast. Treat a man like a man and he will prove himself a man.

Why not?—*Christian Union.*

He Didn't Relish the Blamed Joke.

"I have a good joke to tell you," said an Arkansas Colonel to his friend the General. "The other day, you know, Higgins announced himself as candidate for Judge. Well, I met him and told him that you made fun of the idea and declared that he didn't have sense enough to serve on a Coroner's jury. He is a notorious coward, you know, but he became furiously angry. Now here's where the joke comes in. 'The General,' I said, 'is the biggest coward in the world.' 'Is that so?' Higgins asked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'and what you want to do is to meet him and thrash him. He won't fight you, and you'll have an easy victory.' Everybody that is acquainted with you knows that you are a brave man, General, and when the joke gets out we'll have a good laugh." Several days afterwards the Colonel again met the General. "Hello, General, what's the matter with your eyes and nose?"

"Your blamed joke. You know you told that fellow Higgins that he could whip me."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm d—d if he didn't do it."

Circumventing Hotel Thieves.

A device has been introduced in a Chicago hotel for the purpose of circumventing swindlers. Each guest receives a small, round piece of card-board on which the number of the room he is to occupy is plainly marked. This he is obliged to present at the office whenever he desires his key. Another card, on which the name of the bearer is written, is a pass for the elevator, and it is essential for a ride. Both these checks have to be returned to the cashier when the departing visitor pays his bill.

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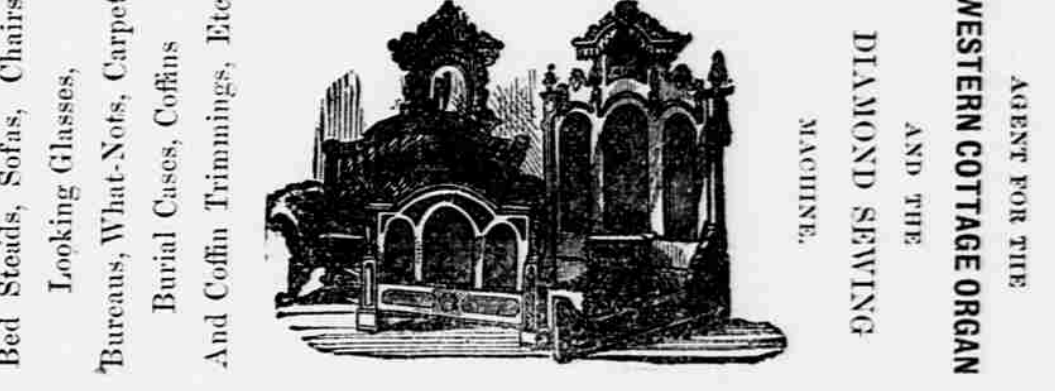
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Years past, not one has ever blown away and left the tower standing. A record no other mill can show. We offer to put up any of our PUMPING MILLS

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