

A LOVE LETTER.

A letter, love, a letter, love,
I send to you a letter,
And every line a link, my love,
And every word a letter
To bind your heart, by love's own art,
To one who loves you better

Than all the world. Although between
Your city and his prairie,
A thousand miles do intervene,
Fair fancy proves a ferry,
To bring your face, your tender grace,
Your truth that cannot vary.

A letter, love, a letter, love,
I meant to write a letter,
And every line a link should be,
And every word a letter,
To bind your heart, by love's own art,
To one who loves you better

Than all the world. But still I pause,
With precious moments palter,
And fear to tell you all because
I fear to fall and alter.
Like one who lays, with humble gaze,
His tribute on an altar.

So take the few poor words I send,
And read the lines between, dear,
And like a lenient lady lend
Your love to make them mend, dear,
All lips would speak to brow and cheek
Could heart behold its queen, dear!

—Kate M. Cleary in New York Ledger.

FELL INTO A GEYSER.

From the San Francisco Examiner.



WAS talking over mines and great discoveries with a lot of old prospectors the other day and some one mentioned the great silver ledge recently uncovered by a lucky prospector on the hills back of the Llano Diablo, when one of the party, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, told the following tale, and roused for its truth. I gave it in his own words:

"I was one of the first prospectors that ever went into that country, and you can bet your pack mule that it is rich in mineral. We took up some claims there, but the Apaches drove us out, and I never went back. I had an adventure there, though, that I'm not likely to forget, and it was worse than any Indian attack while it lasted.

"The Llano Diablo," he said, "is really an isolated valley formed by the dividing of the great Sierra Madre, in Northern Chihuahua. They call it the Devils Plain, and it deserves the name. It was in '74 that we went in there—200 miles from a settlement. We had made some good locations and were about to get out, thinking to come back after the Apaches were settled. You could hear the noise from the geysers on the Llano anywhere around there; and I made up my mind to get a close look at the extraordinary place before I went back.

"None of the boys cared to go, so I started out alone from camp at daylight. The hills that separated the Llano from our camping place were not very high and I rode over. For a few miles there was nothing particular to notice except that the roaring in the air grew louder and that absolutely nothing, not even a cactus or a mesquite bush, grew on the hills. My horse trotted on unconcernedly over the first white hill and then I began to notice how hollow his hoof beats sounded. The country was simply a shell,

and it seemed to me that this crust must be pretty thin to ring back hollow like that. I got a little scared and made up my mind to walk the rest of the way.

"I anchored my horse to a bowlder and clambered up to the nearest ridge ahead.

"Then I saw the Llano Diablo. It was worth all my climbing, I tell you. The plain is an irregular triangle, probably ten miles long on the longest side and half as wide. It was covered over with mounds and holes, and looked like the surface of a kettle of mush that had frozen before it had stopped boiling. All of these mounds and holes had been geysers, but all except a bunch of probably half a hundred in the center of the plain were no longer active. But these made noise and disturbance enough, I can tell you. They roared out of the mounds so that the mountains really shook. First one, would shoot up with a fearful noise, two or three more would join in the chorus, a dozen others would jump up, and then of a sudden they would all stop and another set would begin their music. They were about two miles from me, and as far as I could judge the strongest of them sent its waters up at least a hundred feet. I had lots of time, so I thought I would get a close view. I got down to the plain and started across its white, cracked and crumbled surface. I found that I could not get within 100 yards of the biggest spouter, so to mound about it was altogether too steep. I got pretty close to some of the others and descended right to the margin of a boiling pond.

"The GIANT FOUNTAINS were sprouting all around me and I was drenched by the warm spray that the wind blew from the columns of water. I saw them sprout up and then subside and I wondered what became of this active water after the eruption. This I made up my mind to find out if I could. A hundred yards or so west of me there was a mound that did not seem so very high. I saw

the big jet of water subside into this mound just then and started on a run toward it.

"In ten minutes I was on the mound, and looking down into a basin as smooth as the inside of one of these globes they keep gold-fish in. It was just a monster wash-basin, white and polished as porcelain. In the middle of it was a shaft, round like a well, and about four feet across.

"What first attracted my attention to this particular geyser was the strange noises that came from it. Most of the spouters just roared for a little, and then screamed, and then whistled, and then all three together. I stood on the edge listening to the strange rumblings that came from the shaft.

"Suddenly there was a sound as of five hundred windows smashing. The brittle overhanging edge upon which I stood crumbled under me. I tried to save myself, but more broke off, and in an instant I was sliding down the funnel toward the shaft. I tried to stop myself by jamming my fingers into the side, but I might as well have tried to catch hold of the clouds. The sides were as hard and smooth as glass, and I simply broke off my finger-nails. I did not slide so very fast, so I could think, but I was powerless to arrest my progress. It was about fifty feet that I had to slide before I went into that hole, and down I went, gaining speed to every foot. No toboggan ever shot over a jump-off faster than I shot into the shaft.

"I JUST KNEW I WAS A GONER. I shut my eyes, was cognizant of that sinking feeling, lost my breath, and then—

"I stopped with a jolt that almost jerked my head off. About fifteen feet below the mouth of this avenue to the center of the earth the shaft contracted so that there was only a couple of feet for me to fall through. I didn't drop squarely, so I didn't go through. A choke in the throat of the shaft was doubtless the cause of the strange sounds that I had heard come from it. Strange to say, I thought of that even before I thought of getting out. Soon, of course, I got my head back, found I was whole, and determined to get out. That was as far as I got. The sides of the shaft were of polished silica. There was neither crevice nor projection by which I could raise myself.

"How did I feel? Don't ask me. How would you feel if you were like a cork in a bottle? Only fifteen feet from liberty and safety, and yet as securely a prisoner as if you were chained to the bottom of the Pacific ocean.

"I didn't give up right away. I tried to get my knees against the other side of the shaft and work up like a chimney sweep in a flue, but it was no go. The shaft was too wide. Then I got out my knife—a good, hard, steel bowie—and tried to chip the wall. That knife might as well have been paper for all the impression I could make on those

GLASS-LIKE WALLS. I kept on, though, until my knife slipped and cut my fingers and then fell through the orifice at my feet and splashed into the water fifty feet deeper. That impelled me to look down. The narrow place in the well that had saved me was only a few feet below the shaft widened again. It was perfectly white and the water was at the bottom. While I looked down there was a gigantic sob and the water vanished, leaving black nothingness in its place.

"Pretty soon it was back again and it began to sing. That shaft must have connected with every horrible cavern under the earth's crust, and from every one of them came a noise.

"After a while, though I knew there was no one to hear me, I shouted for help.

"As the sound left my lips the water seemed to leap toward me. They jumped convulsively a foot or more and then subsided. Then back came my scream for help, ten times louder than I had uttered it. It seemed as if in every cavern there was a giant fiend who mocked me. That noise made my hair rise and for a time I was quiet.

"Then I began to do some hard thinking. If I didn't get out pretty shortly the water would come up to spout and I would be drowned like a rat in a hole. I looked down at the water: it was steaming and bubbling. I was counting to much on my luck. Instead of drowning, if I stayed there, I would be boiled alive like a lobster in a kettle.

"I couldn't get out myself; somebody had to come to my help. I took out my revolver and put it to my head. Then an idea occurred to me. There were six shots in the pistol, why not fire off five in an endeavor to attract the attention of some one who might—the chance was a wretchedly faint one—be near enough to hear. So

I BANGED AWAY. At every shot that devil water jumped for me, and the echoes roared and thundered in the caverns as if they would burst the whole country wide open.

"At last the five shots were gone. I waited, but no answering shot came. Then I swore; then I cried; then I put the muzzle of the gun in my mouth, tried to pray and pulled the trigger. I was surprised to find myself alive. My last cartridge had proved defective and failed to explode. I could not even commit suicide.

"The pistol followed the knife to the bottom of the abyss. That seemed to affront the devil of the pit. The bubbling humming ceased, and instead there came up to me a low, fierce roar that utterly destroyed any nerve I had left. I saw the surface of

the water get white and bubbly and slowly begin to climb toward me. I braced myself for a fearful death.

"It must have been within a dozen feet of me when something exploded with the noise of a thousand cannons. I felt the water hit me. Heavens, wasn't it hot!

"In an instant I was shot out of the hole and fifty feet into the air.

"You have seen a cork ball kept dancing on the top of a stream of a garden fountain. Well, here was the same effect, only I was the cork ball and the fountain was a column of water higher than a house and four feet through.

"Don't ask me how I felt tumbling and rolling and tossing and twirling and dropping and shooting up again at the top of that accursed geyser. I only knew that the water was awful hot.

AN IDEA CAME TO MY HAZY MIND to swim out of the column of water, but I got a glimpse of the hard rough plain below me and stopped thinking. If I had been heavier I would have fallen instantly, if lighter I would also have been thrown off, but I seemed to be just the right weight for that jet of hot water. I was awfully sick and the roaring and churning and turning and twisting made me dizzy, and I would have soon lost consciousness. Suddenly the perpendicular stream gave another shot and then dropped several feet. It caught me again, but the balance was destroyed, and down I went whirling like a pin-wheel clear of the column.

"Had I fallen as soon as I was shot from the cavern I must have been dashed to death at once, but the great basin was now full of water that broke my fall. I came to the surface almost dead, but with sense enough to try for my life. I strained to reach the edge, reached it and hung there. With a last roar the geyser ceased to spout. There was a fierce gurgling and the water in the basin was sucked back into the earth. I felt the awful tug with which it sought to drag me with it, but the edge held, thank God! And I managed to drag myself over it, and then I fainted.

"When I came to the geyser was spouting again. I cast one look on the column, the spray from which was drenching and scolding me, and then I fled.

"My fellow prospectors came in search of me and found me wandering plumb crazy near where I left my horse.

"I got over it, but I don't ever want to see or hear of the Llano Diablo again.

Don't Crowd Your Neighbor.

That it does not always pay to bully, simply because you happen to be stronger or richer or think you are smarter than the other fellow, is neatly exemplified in the following story in the Boston Gazette:

A remarkable case of "diamond cut diamond," occurred in Boston, recently, not far from the Providence railroad station. A druggist had fitted up a neat corner store and had established at once a fine trade. One day another druggist entered his store and said: "I want to buy you out. How much will you take?" "I do not want to sell," was the reply. "I expected that answer," said the encroaching person, "and I am prepared for it. Now if you don't sell out to me, I will open a drug store in opposition on the opposite corner. How much will you take?" The druggist, offended at this species of brow-beating, said he would sleep on it and report the next morning. At the appointed hour the aspirant was in the store and a large price was named. The bargain was bound. The druggist who had been thus ousted from a corner which he had fitted up with a view to years of peace and profit, sought the owners of the opposite corner which had been held out to him as a threat, secured from them a long lease, worked night and day, and now has a drug store in which any community might take satisfaction and repose confidence. What is more, he is doing a better business than he did in the former locality.

A Way to Heaven.

Down in Hancock county there is a town known as Tioga, where the youths are great lovers of the national game. The grounds are laid out in an open space adjoining the only church in the village, the rear of the church forming the back stop. Such is the general enthusiasm for the game that boys play on Sunday morning even while the local pastor is laboring to "hold up his end" inside the church. The other Sunday he had held his congregation pretty well until his nineteenthly, where he reached the climax. "Then, how, my dear brethren, oh, how are we to gain the kingdom of heaven?" Through the open window came the answer in a chorus of wild shouts at a runner: "Slide! slide! and you'll get there!"—Pekin Times.

The Greendale Oak.

A curious historic interest attaches to the great Greendale oak of Walbeck Abbey. One hundred and seventy-six years ago the Duke of Portland made a wager that he could drive a coach and four through the hole made in the trunk. He won his bet and ruined the tree. Measured above the duke's arch it is 35 feet 3 inches in circumference. The arch is 10 feet 3 inches in height, with a width above the middle of 6 feet 3 inches. The height of the top of the branches is 54 feet.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Peters Says He can Fly.

Patrick Peters has arrived from Prince Edward's Island, says the Portland Press, bringing a machine which he claims will solve in the most satisfactory manner the question: "Can a man fly?" Mr. Peters claims that with his machine he "can fly through the air with the greatest of ease," that he has done it many a time, and is perfectly willing to try again.

He says that five years ago he made up his mind that he could make a machine that would navigate the air. He objected to balloons, as they were too far beyond the control of those who risked their lives in them, but believed that a machine should be constructed capable of being as much under the management of the flyer as a horse-rake. What he wanted to do was to go up and down at pleasure.

Peters likes to talk about his "bird," as he calls his machine, and his talk goes a long way to make the listener have faith in his perfect honesty. He says he took the wings and motion of a bird for his model, believing that if he could "fly like a bird" it would be quite enough. He did not proceed at first, but it was only after making repeated failures that he brought his ideas to a point where he could say with any degree of confidence: "I can fly."

At last he constructed a "bird" of the following dimensions: From the head to the tail, 16 feet; from point to point of the wings, 14 feet; from the body to the end of each wing, 3 feet. The seat was in the body, and the motive power used in the propelling of the machine was obtained by a combination of wheels.

His first real trial of his machine was made when he passed over a forest, making two miles in about four minutes. From his description of the way things looked below, it would seem probable that he went at least 2,000 feet up in the air, and perhaps more than twice that distance. He says he went up and down at will, managing his 38-pound machine without the least degree of trouble.

He is anxious to give a public exhibition of what he can do, and has the machine with him, so he says. He is willing to "go up anywhere," but wants to make a little money by doing so. He says he is willing to give any desired test, and he can go any distance desired. He can keep a few feet above the ground, or go up into mid-air. He says it is a perfectly easy thing to fly with one of his machines. Portland people who know him say he is honest, and he acts that way.

Horns Form the Human Body.

Horns growing from the human skin are very uncommon in their occurrence, but one of the foreign medical journals contains an account from a physician of a case of this kind treated by him, the subject being a laboring man of 65 years. The horn projected for an inch from the lower lip on the right side, and had a blunt extremity, was firmly adherent and the skin around at the base exhibited superficial ulceration.

The fact as elicited was that it had first appeared as a small wart growth some three years previously, had slowly increased, and after being cut off with a razor on two occasions seemed to grow again quicker each time. On the opposite side of the same lip was what appeared to be another wart growth in its early stages, and the patient was in the habit of holding his clay pipe this side and not that from where the horn grew. There were no glands enlarged and the patient was in a good state of health. The treatment, which was entirely successful, consisted in the removal of the horn, together with the part of the lip to which it was attached, by means of a small V shaped incision under cocaine locally injected, and bringing the edges together with one or two sutures.—New York Tribune.

Facts About Ammonia.

The name of the chemical agent ammonia dates back to remote antiquity. In Europe the chief source of the supply of ammonia up to the latter part of the last century was Egypt. It was made originally from camel's dung collected in the neighborhood of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, hence the name ammonia. The droppings were collected in March and April by Arabs, then dried and burned and the soot collected. This was sold to merchants, and ammonia was collected from the soot by a chemical process. It is now almost entirely made from crude gas liquor in illuminating gas manufactories. Only half as much ammonia is made in summer as in winter. Hence ammonia is always more costly in summer. Furthermore ammonia is extensively used in the manufacture of artificial ice.—New York Sun.

Writer's Cramp.

John Brown, stenographer, tells The St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "People often ask me when I sit down to a long job of shorthand why I lay before me so many pencils of different sizes. My reason for it is that by picking up pencils of different sizes, and consequently weights, I am enabled to rest my hands while continuing to work. Each different pencil brings into active play different muscles, and I never suffer from cramps, as might be the case if I used but one size pencil. A horse going over an ordinary turnpike, up hill and down, will be in better condition at the end of a day than a horse which has traveled the same number of miles on a race track."

A Generation on the March.

London Wit and Wisdom. A generation on the march from the cradle to the grave is an instructive spectacle, and we have it carefully presented to us in a report of Dr. Farr. Let us trace the physical fortunes which any million of us may reasonably expect. The number to begin with is made up of 511,745 boys and 488,255 girls, a disproportion which, by-and-by, will be reduced by the undue mortality of the boys and will be reversed before the close of this strange eventful history. More than a quarter of these children will die before they are five years old—in exact numbers 141,387 boys and 121,795 girls. The two sexes are now nearly on a level. The next five years will be much less fatal. In the succeeding five years—from ten to fifteen—the mortality will be still further reduced. Indeed, for both sexes, this is the most healthy period of life; the death rate, however, is lower for boys than girls. There will be some advance in the deaths in the next five years, and still more in the five that follow, but 634,045 will certainly enter on their twenty-sixth year. Before the next ten years are at an end two-thirds of the women will have married. The deaths during that period will be 62,652 and of these no fewer than 27,134 will be caused by consumption. Between thirty-five and forty-five a still larger "death-toll" will be paid and little more than half the original band—in exact numbers, 502,915—will enter on their forty-sixth year. Each succeeding decade, up to seventy-five, will now become more fatal, and the numbers will shrink terribly. At seventy-five only 161,124 will remain to be struck down, and of these 128,559 will have perished by the time they become still more limited as enlightenment goes on. As a method for producing oblivion from pain he expects to find it further limited in application to short seasons of special, social or meteorological cast; and if it falls the influence of suggestion will fall with it.

To Suit the Room.

"Now I'll show you over the house," said a friend to me the other day. She had moved into a South Side residence, whose numerous bay windows gave one the impression of a roomy interior, when in fact the reverse is true, says a writer in the Chicago News. She had made many improvements, and was anxious to see what a good housekeeper she was.

On the third floor she threw open a door disclosing an apartment about the size of a bathroom in the average flat, and in which she stored her trunks, valises, etc.

"This," said she, "was the room occupied by the former tenants' maid-of-all-work."

"Was there a holesawed in the partition through which to extend her feet?" I inquired, as the story related by Frank Stockton flashed through my mind.

O, no! Emergencies are met in better fashion in Chicago. Instead of making the room fit the girl as Stockton did, the girl is selected to fit the room. The lady who formerly resided here told me that she had a small mark on the parlor door, and in choosing her help, if the applicant came up to the mark, she got the position, but if beyond it she had to go, no matter how superior her qualifications were.

Probably during world's fair time advertisements for help will contain some such clause as: "Do not apply if over 4 feet 8 inches in height."

Survival of Dangerous Germs.

It has been shown by M. Esmarch that disease microbes do not long survive in corpses, and as a general rule the more rapidly decomposition takes place the more quickly will the organisms perish. Experiments were made with nine different kinds of microbes, contained in the bodies of animals under the various conditions of burial in the ground, keeping under water and exposure to air. The bacillus of fowl cholera was seldom found after three weeks, though that of septicemia survived ninety days, while that of consumption did not lose its virulence until from 204 to 252 days had passed. All trace of the other organisms—including those of typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, tetanus and anthrax—disappeared in from three days to a week.

Wonders Beneath the Surface.

Workmen engaged in sinking an artesian well in Sandy Valley, near Niria, N. M., struck an open seam, from which a cold stream of air rushed with force enough to remove a twelve pound rock laid over the opening. The air was charged with millions of small yellow bugs, each having but two legs, no wings and a small red circle on his back. They lived but a few seconds after striking the warm outside air. Local scientists are puzzling over the question—How did they get so far down into the earth?—St. Louis Republic.

Funeral Music.

In a western town the other day two funeral processions met in a narrow street, and the driver of each hearse refused to give way, resulting in a blockade which lasted for hours. Meanwhile the somewhat hilarious mourners passed the time in songs. The names of the songs are not given, but nothing could be more appropriate than "If a Body Meet a Body."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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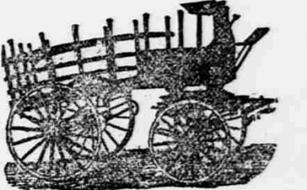
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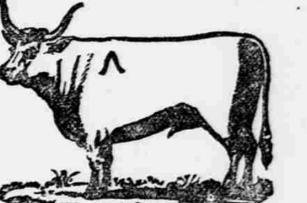
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