but her and John A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort of way, And him a blamed old bachelor confirmder

every day.

I'd known 'em all from children, and their daddy from the time

He settled in the neighborhood and hadn't ary a dinie Er dollar, when he married, for to start housekeepin' on; So I got to thinkin' of her, both her parents

ead and gone! I got to thinkin' of her and a-wondern what That all her sisters kep' a gittin married one by one, And her without no chances, and the best

girl of the pack, An old maid, with her hands, you might say, tied behind her back! And mother, too, before she died, she used to

jes' take on— When none of 'em was left, you know, but Evaline and John. And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men must be bline To see what a wife they'd git if they got

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction

*Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and neighborly; She'd come and leave her housework fer to

he'p out little Jane, And talk of her own mother 'at she'd never see again: Maybe sometimes cry together, though, for

the most part, she Would have the child so reconciled, and hap-Felt lonesomer'n ever; she'd put her bonnet

And say she'd railly haf to be a-gittin back

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say; and more I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens Her parents both abein' dead, and all her

And married off, and her a livin' there alone You might say jes' a toilin' and a-slavin' out For a man 'at hadn't pride enough to get

hisself a wife. 'Less some one married Evaline and packed her off some day; So I got to thinkin' of her, and it happened that a-way.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

HIS STEPMOTHER.

"Hush, Doras! is that rain? It sounds as if some genii were dashing pails of water against the casements." "It's rain, Guy. The equinoctial

storm, you know." "And that dreary moaning down the chimney—is it wind?"

The boy shivered a little, and drew the bedclothes up around his chin. The red flames from the blazing log on the hearth danced up and down like a magic lantern; the shaded lamp burned steadily on the table. Dorcas Wynter stitched quietly away at her sewing without looking up.

"It must be an awful tempest, Dorcas," uttered the lad, as a fresh gust of wind seemed to shake the octagonal tower to its very founda-

say that the tide had not been so high since the year the Royal Victoria was wrecked off Paine Point."

"It is better to be here, even with a | it wasn't for her." broken leg," said Guy Paley, slightly lifting his eyebrows, "than out at sea in such a blow as this!"

"A good deal better, Guy." "Not that I am a coward, Doreas!" cried the boy. "There are worse things than a storm at sea, and I have an instinct that I shall be a sailor yet; But this sickness has taught me, this sickness and you, Dorcas, that it's better to go for a thing in an honest, straightforward way, than to try to reach it by sneaking. But I always supposed it was a fine thing to run away to sea, or else I shouldn't have tried the get-out ofthe-window by-midnight dodge, and broken my leg. I'm wiser now!"

Dorcas smiled at him with melting hazel eyes and rose-red lips, revealing a line of pearls.

"Poor Guy!" said she. "It was a hard lesson, wasn't it?" "I think I need it, Dorcas. If ever there was a thorough-paced young

ruffian it was I!" groaned the boy. "But, you see, nobody ever talked to me. Scoldings without end I got, I grant you, but no one tolhed common-sense to me before. You are the only one who seemed to think me worth reasoning with; and you shall see, Doreas that, I am worth the in. trouble. Once I'm up from this scrape I'll tackle my lessons in real earnest, and try to do something better. And I say, Dorcas.-"

"Yes, Guy?" "You're the prettiest girl I ever

"Nonsense, Guy." "Oh, but you are! and the sweetest and most sensible. I can't think how you ever came to be a housemaid in

a place like this.

Dorcas colored a little. "Shall I tell you, Guy? I came as governess to the primary department, but I had no discipline, they told me. The younger boys did exactly as they pleased. I've always pleased, my boy, and Doreas says thought that Mrs. Vall. who succeeded to the position, had something to do about the bad reports of | thing, I don't approve of stepmothmy management that reached Dr. ers, but you and Dorcas love each Delfer's ears. But that can't be other so dearly that- Why, Guy, proved, neither can it be helped. I what is the matter?" for the boy had was alone here and friendless, and rushed out of the room with an odd

under the housekeeper to mend linen. firmary, and make myself generally ly-berries in her hand. useful." "I knew you were a lady!" exul- are as false as the serpent woman!

in your face." "I would rather you would call me g true woman, Guy, than a lady," | into silence.

said Dorcas, moving the lamp a few inches farther back, so that the light would not shine in Guy's eyes.

"Rather young, I am afraid, Guy only nineteen. "And I am fourteen, Dorcas. Will

you wait seven years for me?" "I shall be twenty-one then, and my own master," eagerly added the boy; "and I'll work like a slave to get a good profession, and if you will marry me, Dorcas, I'll make the best

husband that ever was to you, for I'm desperately in love with you, that I am.' Dorcas burst into laughter.

"Guy," she said, "what a child you "But you do love me, don't you?" "Yes, of course I love you; but not

bit more than I do Cecil Parker or little Frankie Gaines." "Dorcas!" "Well, a trifle more perhaps, be-

cause I've had all the care of you these four weeks, and you've really behaved very decently, but—' "I won't, Guy."

"We're engaged, all the same," said Guy, with a deep sigh of relief; "It's a bargain. And now you may get me my gruel."

"Yes, Mr. Paley," said Dr. Delfer, with a nod of his spectacled brows, 'that wild boy of yours is a different. And the infirmary nurse has done it all. Not to mention the credit the doctor gives her for keeping down the fever and managing the troublesome splints. He was the worst boy in the school. I don't mind admitting to you now that I was contemplating expelling him from our mem-

"Guy always was a wild sort of chap," admitted Mr. Paley. "But his aunts spoiled him. He never had any bringing up to speak of."

exerted a wonderful influence over his moral nature." added Dr. Delfer. 'And I really think Dorcas has done it all. Her influence has been wonderful."

"She deserves a greae deal of credit am sure, said Mr. Paley. "I should like to see her and thank her. I've brought a few presents for her—a warm shawl, a silver snuff-box and a black stuff gown.'

Dr. Delfer gasped a little. "She-I don't think she cakes snuff!" said he feebly.

"All these nurses do." "Yes-but there she is now."

The door opened and Dorcas Wynter came in, carrying a student-lamp, which she had just filled and trimmed

Dr. Paley dropped the silver snuff box in astonishment. "I beg your pardon, I am sure!" stammered he.

And when the doctor suggested that the nurse had better accompany young Guy on the journey home she assented without remonstrance.

"Nurse, indeed!" said Miss Sophronia Paley, a guant high-featured damsel of fifty. "As if a pretty simpering chit of a thing like that could "It is, Guy. I heard old Capt Lake understand anything about nurs-

> "She does, though," said Guy. 'She's a brick, Aunt Soph. And I don't believe I should be alive now if

> "You are quite well enough by this time to dispense with services," said Miss Sophronia. "A boy that eats the quantity of muffins and plum-jam that you did at tealast night cannot call himself an invalid any longer. She has been here a month, and—'

"But she's not to go away for all that, Aunt Soph," said Guy, who was devouring roasted chestnuts like a dragon. "Ask papa. She's to be Mrs. Paley one of these days and-"

"Mrs. Paley!" Aunt Sophronia 've got to say is-'

married! I'd as soon have a death's head and bones around the place any

He was sitting curled up in the the door opened, and his father came

Something in the paternal glance and movement struck the boy.

very much. Perhaps aunt Soph is going to marry some old fogy or

other, and the coast will be clear." "So you knew about it, Guy?" said Mr. Paley laughing.

"About what, sir?" "About my engagement." The book fell with a crash to the

"Your what, father?" "At least you told Aunt Sophronia about it. Well, I'm glad you are were her own son. As a general

was glad to accept a vacant position suffocating sensation in his throat. He met Dorcas coming up the garcare for occasional cases in the in- den path with a bunch of scarlet hol-

tantly cried the boy. "I could see it | You beau-" She comprehended him in an instant, though his voice was choked

"Dorcas," he cried, "Dorcas, you

She flung away the scarlet cluster and put her arms tenderly about

"Dear Guy," she whispered, "I tove "But I say, Dorcas, how old are him; but if you are unwilling-if it takes away any of the home feeling for you, it only remains for you to say so, and-'

Her voice died away, her head dropped on his shoulder. There was an instant's silence, and

Guy said bravely: "Well, so let it be. My father is a trump, and you are the only woman alive who is worthy of him. And I suppose people would say six years was too much difference in our ages, although how they're to get over the fifteen years between you and father I don't know" he added, with a forced laugh. And then and there Guy Paley learned his first lesson in selfabnegation.

Dorcas picked up her holly berries and went into the library, where her promised husband stood.

"I have just seen Guy," she said. "Isn't he pleased?"

"Yes, I think he is," hesitated Dorcas. "Guy is a strange boy-a noble nature. I am not sure, Horace," she added, with a dimness in her eves, "that I would have married Guv with me."

"And my true wife will be Guy's true mother!" said Mr. Paley, drawing Dorcas tenderly to his side.

He Tries Their Courage. Professor Cook, of Harvard Col ege, is one of the most popular instructors in the university. Every the sun's heat would entirely melt freshman has a course in chemistry this coating of ice in the same timeunder the venerable scientist. But if the course were not prescribed it is likely that his class would be fully as | "If we could build up a solid column large as they now are. An hour in of ice from the earth to the sun, two "But this illness seems to have his experiment room is like attending an entertainment. He makes things lively in the most approved "college celebration" fashion with his explosions, burning chemicals and other fireworks experiments. The professor has spent a good many years over his crucibles, retorts and receivers, and his hand trembles visibly when he picks up any one of his apparatus or instruments. One of his lectures is devoted to dangerous explosives, and a stir always goes over the room when he picks up a bottle labeled nitro-glycerine. His smile is as innocent as a child's and it reveals the most genial and sympathetic nature in Harvard College. When he icks up the bottle and holds it up the yellow liquid stirring with the shaking of his hand, he always says something like this: "Now, gentle-men, it is commonly believed that if I were to drop this little bottle we should all be blown to the skies (his hand trembles a little more, and timid freshmen look longingly at the door), but if this compound is pure, perfectly pure, mind you, I can light a match with perfect safety and thrust it down the neck of the bottle." Here he feels for a match. "But," he instantly adds, "I am free to confess that I have not enough confidence in its purity to try the experiment." (Many sighs of relief and one of the Professor's divine smiles.)

A Chimpanzee's Joke.

In a recent lecture M. Romanes is reported as having strongly denied the existence of even a trace of any feeling of the ludicrous in the renowned chimpanzee "Sally." It may be worth while to record a small fact observed by me lately, tending, I think, to favor an opposite view.

Being alone with a friend in Sally's house, we tried to get her to obey the turned green and yellow. "It's come | commands usually given by the keep- | ripe. to that, then, has it? Well I've sus- er. The animal came to the bars of The groceryman explained to her pected it this some time. And all the cage to look at us, and, adopt- that the beans were very fine eating, ing the keeper's usual formula, "Seven years from now," said Guy, I said: "Give me two straws, at the same time giving her some inwith his mouth full of chestnuts, "I Sally." At first she appeared shall be twenty-one, and she will be to take no notice; although she twenty-six. Not enough difference had been eying us rather eagerly beto signify. And," he uttered with a fore. I repeated the request with no The old lady, anxious to learn all she grin, as his aunt flounced wrathfully further result; but on a second or out of the room, "you'll get your third repetition she suddenly took walking ticket, old lady, when I'm up a large bundle of straw from the floor and thrust it through the bars at us, and then sat down with her back to us. Our request was perhaps unreasonable, seeing that we had no easiest chair in the library, reading a | choice morsels of banana with which | lady sat with the beans in her lap, a book, half an hour afterwards, when to reward her. She did not, however, her action on this occasion certainly "I never saw father look so young came very near to an expression of and bright before," he thought. humor. Rather sarcastic humor per-"Something must have pleased him | haps it was, but she certainly appeared ot take pleasure in the spectacle of something incongruous, and this surely lies at the base of all sense of the ludicrous.-Nature.

Condition of London Cemetries.

The recent official return on the condition of the London cemeteries is unsavorv reading enough. In Brompton cemetery, with an area of 28% acres, there have been buried within less than fifty years, 155,064 bodies, while in the Tower Hamlets cemetery. with twelve acres less, in about the corner and were holding a consulta same time the number is 247,000. tion. As I looked in alarmed by the When it is remembered that these light, they hurried their preparations masses of subterranean corruption to a close. One of the big fellows are accumulated in the midst of populous districts; that the soil is pecul-his teeth; another rat seized him by iarly unfited for the purpose, and that the tail, another and another quickin adition, every artificial means is ly took hold; a sudden pull was given adopted for prolonging the natural and quicker than I can relate the process of decomposition, surely it is door flew back, the mice scampered clear that the time has come for a out, and before I could walk across practical effort to be made to enforce | the room old rats, young rats, old a reform of the system .- London mice and young mice had disappeared Truth.

The Sun's Energy. The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of the enormous energy of the sun is by measuring the amount of heat which his rays are capable of generating; and further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work, we are able at once to estimate the amount of work which the sun is capable of doing, and also the quantity of energy he must be losing year by year. By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of his radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance, and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water, for instance, it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy. Like everything else connected with this wonderful body. figures gives us, says the Scotsman, no adequate conception of his energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators. Thus, Hershel considered it in relation to you if I could not always have had the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time, and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives when the sun is overhead would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen From this minutes. calculated that rounded by a sheet of ice on its sur-

can be the body of the sun were entirely surface of more than a mile in thickness namely, two hours and thirteen minutes. Prof. Young uses and even more striking illustration. He says miles and a quarter in diameter spanning the inconceivable abyss of ninety-three million miles, and if the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, not in a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum and it would be water, seven more and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except, of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained, to the solar sys- 66 tem. If we estimate in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent, on an average, to about fifty tons raised a mile high yearly, or to one-horse power consquare feet of the earth's surface. I is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kept alive and active. It keeps us warm and drives our steam engine and water wheels, it circulates our atmosphere and brings us rain and snow in due season; it grows and nourishes our plants and animals, and, in a word, is

She Strung the Beans.

the source of almost every earthly

A reporter who went down to Braidwood to gather some news regarding the destitution of the miners tells story on an old Scotch lady living in the neighborhood. The reporter heard the yarn from a storekeeper It seems this old lady had not long ago left the land of the heather and was not fully up in the peculiar ways of the Americans. One day at a store she noticed some string beans exposed for sale and she said it was a shame to pick them before they were

indeed. He urged her to buy some, structions about preparing them. He told her she must string them and then boil them until soft and tender. could of the ways of the land of her adoption, finally took a mess home Somehourslater a neighbor a (woman)came in and found the old lady busy in the preparations for her noonday meal. What she saw caused her to burst out laughing. There the old needle and thread in her hand, stringseem ill tempered at our presump- ing the beans. In a few moments the tion, and the next instant was as neighbor had shown the old Scotch lively as ever. It seems to me that woman how to string beans, but the joke was too good to keep and the groceryman heard of it.-Chicago Herald.

A Rat Story.

A Greenboro, Ga., citizen tells the tollowing story. His wife had been bothered by rats and mice playing tag in the dining-room, and set a trap to eatch them. Late that night the husband, hearing queer noises, stole down to the room What he saw he describes in these words: About a dozen small mice had been caught in the trap. This was surrounded by four or five big rats, which had dragged it to one leaving the trap in the corner, with the door shut and every vestige of the bait gone.

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