I'low it's sorter solemn-like To hear the organ pealin';
It kinder makes yer blood run cold,
An' fills ye full o' feelin',
But, somehow, it don't tech the spot— Now, mind ye, I ain't slingin' No slurs—ez that bass viol did When Sam'well led the singin'.

I tell you what, when he struck up The tune, an'sister Hanner Put in her purty treble-eh? That's what you'd call sopranner— Why, all the choir, with might an' main Set to, an' seemed a-flingin' Their hull souls out with ev'ry note, When Sam'well led the singin'.

An', land alive, the way they'd race Thro' grand old "Coronation"! Each voice a-chasin' t'other round. It jes' beats all creation!

I allus thought it must a' set The bells o' Heaven a-ringin'
Tho' hear us "Crown Him Lord of All,"
When Sam'well led the singin'.

Folks didn't sing for money then; They sung because 'twas in 'em An' must come out, I useter teel-If Parson couldn't win 'em With preachin' an' with prayin' an'

His everlastin' dingin' That choir'd fetch sinners to the fold, When Sam'well led the singin'. -Boston Globe

THE I. O. U.

I started life as apprentice to a themist where I learned many chemizal mysteries; finally I became a law student; and it was my knowledge of themistry—a science of which I am passionately fond-that gave me a my office one forenoon, indulging in certain gloomy thoughts, when the foor opened and a middle-aged man in humble garb came in, and I recognized him at the first glance as an in-Lustrious and honest machinist named William Campbell, a former neighbor of my late father's. He was flurried and nervous, and I saw at once that there was something wrong.

"Good morning, Mr. Campbell." said I. "How did you happen to find the office of a young lawyer like me?"

"By accident," he said. "I am in ram ruined. All the savings of my life will be gone unless I find some lawyer smart enough to defeat the rascality of a certain man, and I was intending to call on the first lawyer I could see, and it happened to be you. My money was lying in the bank drawing interest; but a well-to-do man I knew to be worth twenty times the amount, and in whom I had great confidence, came to me and asked me to lend him my money for a few months. I told him I should want it at the end of the year, and he said he would readily return it by that time, and he would give me eight per cent. So I let him have it, and now it is due, and I can't get it back.

"Has he any property?" I asked. "Yes-any amount of it; but I've understock he's a slippery fellow. I wish I had known that before.' "But you took his note, surely?"

"Yes, but I can't find it; that's what troubles me. I called on him yesterday, and he said he had no recollection of borrowing any money from

me; if I had his note he would pay me; if I hadn't he wouldn't." "And you can't find the note?"

"What did you do with it?" "I put it in this pocket-book, where I keep all my important papers; but when I came to look for it among

other notes, receipts, and the like, couldn't find it.' He produced a large, old-fashioned leathern pocket-book as he spoke, and I looked through it and examined a lot of receipts and notes that were packed together in one of its pockets,

thinking that two of the papers might be sticking together. "There is no note," I said. "But what is that blank sheet of paper Coing here?" And I took up a slip of white paper that I found among the

documents, "I don't know." "Who is the man that gave you the

"Alexander Bronton, the druggist." I know Alexander Bronton well. He was wealthy and penurious, and had the name of being tricky. I was satisfied that Mr. Campbell was telling the truth. I was convinced that Bronton was not a man who would be likely to forget having borrowed £1,000, and I jumped to the conclusion that he had played some cunning trick to wrong the confiding mechanic out of the fruits of many years of labor. But what

was the trick? I mused a few minutes as I again casually overhauled the papers, and then said:-

"Mr. Campbell, Idon't mean to say that Bronton is dishonest, but might he not have handed you this blank piece of paper and slipped the note in his pocket-book with the money you

"No, that is out of the question. Iexamined the note again after I reached home, before I put my pocket-book away, to see that no mistake had been made; found it all right, plain as day in every letter and figure, and I remember it as well as though it had been yesterday; I even remember no-ticing how clear and bright the ink

was; it had a kind of reddish tinge." I was in the act of handing the pocket-book back to him as he said this, but a thought suddenly struck one, and I opened it again.

reval to unaccial tracks on

"Mr. Campbal," I said carlessly,

"do you remember whether the note was filled out on a blank form or

"It was not; he wrote out an IOU in full kimself on the top of a sheet of foolscap, and cut it with a pair of scissors. I remember everything about it very clearly, for it was a very essential affair."

I examined the strip of white paper, for a startling idea was already taking shape in my mind, and I percieved that it had been cut from the top of a page of foolscap evidently with a pair of scissors.

"Do you know how you happened to place this slip of white paper in

"No, I don't remember placing it in there; I might have done so, thinking it would come handy to figure on." "Will you let me have it?"
"Certainly," he replied, somewhat surprised at my modest request.

"Well," I said, as I laid the slip on the table, and set my inkstand upon it, "I am going to make an effort to recover your money for you! I will bring a suit against Bronton at once, and have him summoned to appear before Judge D--. You can, of course, swear that you lent him the money, and the note he gave you is

missing?" "Yes, with a clear conscience. could not be mistaken about it." "Then call on me to-morrow morn-

ing at nine o'clock." "I will."

He left me, and I took up the slip of paper and examined it closely. It seemed to be nothing but a stray fragment of foolscap, but it occurred to me that it might have a history; and it was here that my chemical knowledge came into play. I remembered that Bronton was a chemist; and I also remembered a certain chemical trick self. I remembered that an ink could strict. be made with angline, iodine of ammonia, and chloride of zinc, in certain start as a lawyer. I was seated in proportions, which had a fresh reddish tinge, and that it would fade out entirely within four days, leaving no mark on the paper. Bronton no doubt knew this secret, and he used it to swindle the mechanic out of his earnings. The more I considered this subject, the more I became convinced that such was the case. The note had been written with fading ink.

But there was another chemical secret which probably Bronton did not little window." know, as I had discovered it myself by accident. This treacherous mk, on fading out, leaves the zinc in visible atoms on the paper, so that every line traced with it may be restored by the application of a certain solution of sulphate of iron and hydrate of calcium. So, no sooner had Mr. Camptrouble, and if I don't get out of it, I | bell left my office than I hurried out to a druggist's, where I obtained the so-

> Returning to my office I saturated a piece of blotting-paper with it, and applied it to a corner of the blank slip | demus the Slave," and "My Grandwith delight, for fresh and clear the £ slave's cause came naturally, as his Press. came out. I knew not what hidden father, Alanson Work, was an abolitionwords the paper contained, and I placed it in my pocket-book, corked of imprisonment in Missouri for assistup my vial-a vial of wrath it was destined to prove to the worthy Mr. Bronton-and went immediately and brought suit against him for the recovery of the amount of the note with interest and costs.

A few days later Bronton stood at the bar of justice to answer in his own behalf. It seemed so easy a case to him that he did not deem it necessary to employ counsel.

Mr. Campbell swore to the facts he had related to me concerning the loan. Mr. Bronton aswered on oath that he had no recollection of ever borrowing any money of the plaintiff. If he did, where was the note? He would thank anybody to procure it.

"Your honor," said I, addressing the judge, "I think I can produce the note in question."

"I understood you that it was not to be found," said Judge---, somewhat surprised. "It has never been lose," I said, as

I took from my pocket the blank slip of paper and handed it to him. "This is it." "I hopeyou are not trifling with the

court." he said, as he glanced at both sides, and perceived that it was blank. "I am not, your honor," said I, and I proceeded at once to explain to him the chemical fact I have already

I watched Alexander Bronton as I did so, and I noticed that he turned very pale. When I had concluded, I took from my pocket the vial containing the solution, saturated a piece of blotting with it, and pressed it upon the blank slip of paper which lay on

the judge's desk. A few seconds I left it so, then lifted it up, confident of the result, and I was not disappointed. The blank piece of paper was suddenly transformed into an I. O. U., every word, letter,

and figure as clear as sunshine. It was for £1,000, and the signature of Alexander Bronton was at the bot-

The judge gazed in amazement from the note toward Alexander Bronton, and informed him that he would have letter. something more to answer for than the amount of the loan, with interest

And so he did. Abashed and terrified at the discovery of his unsuccessful swindle, he at once gave his cheque for the amount due to Mr. Campbell, and paid the costs. In view of his confession, he was let off with two years' imprisonment, and I don't suppose he will dabble in invisable ink again.

This, my first case, attracted considerable notice, and I have never since had to lounge in my office and yearn for clients.-Tid Bits.

music upon an accordian, perambulates the streets of Windsor. His affliction attracted some time ago the attention of the Queen, who, while taking a drive, saw him in the street and compassionately gave him a donation. He now bears upon his breast a placard with the rather ambiguously worked inscription; "Blind from me dust now?

Days Store will even bed here in

esty the Queen."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Queer Story of a Smoker Told by Staid and Prosale Physician.

It was after dinner at Young's, says the Boston Globe. A well-known Commonwealth avenue physician has been dining with a few professional cronies, and, as the cigars were lighted, the talk drifted to the tobacco habit, first in its effect upon the race at as it was lying on his office table, and large, and then in its peculiar effects glanced over the items. This is a very upon various individuals.

"I know a man," said the elder physician, whose income, by the way, runs into five figures, "in fact, he is now in my employ, who is the victim of the strangest whims in regard to the use of the weed that ever came also in the dry goods firm. But on under my observation. He is a Scotch- this occasion he looked over the man about sixty years old. Twelve items, and he saw his wife was a devoyears ago he deserted from the English navy and came to this country, when I gave him a position as coach-

"One morning I went into the stable and noticed that a hole about two feet square had been cut in a partition between two stalls and a little shelf had been nailed up underneath it. I able to rent black silk dresses. Natwondered what on earth it had been urally the spouse asked him what he done for, but Donald was away at the meant. He told her. She declared time, and when he came back it had | that she hadn't bought a black silk slipped my mind.

"It was as much as a week afterward before I had occasion to go into the stable again, and when I did I found Donald standing on a stool, leaning his elbow on the shelf, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, smoking away like a good one and blowing the smoke through the little window he had cut. Upon my questioning him he told me that of the twenty years he had passed in her majesty's service ten of them perfectly. The goods were bought by had been on board a power ship, where a young lady who said she was rewith which I had often amused my- the rules against smoking were very

> "During all this time he had been accustomed four times a day to stand upon a chest and lean out of a porthole to smoke, so that no one would smell him, and when at last he took French leave he found that he could not get any satisfaction out of a pipe unless indulged in in the old posture, and so, from that day to this, you can find him after each meal, and for half an hour

> > General Sherman in Song.

The stirring song, "Marching Through Georgia," is closely associated with General Sherman's fame, although it was not sung until the war was over. It was written and composed by Henry C. Work in the autumn of 1864, but not published until March 1865. Work was the author of seventy-nine songs, among which were "Kingdom Coming," "Babylon Is Fallen," "Nicoist, who was sentenced to twelve years' ing fugitive slaves to escape. Once in 1872, while staying at a Dublin hotel, General Sherman heard the inevitable to the proprietor of a large shop. band playing "Marching Through Georgia" and concluded that a party of Americans were coming to visit him. He made hurried preparations to receive them, but the band wagon went on past the hotel without stopping, and when he asked the landlord about the tune that worthy assured him that it was "one of our old and favorite airs." This convinced the general that the music was Irish in its 1869, taking his songs with him, and they were played and sung in Dublin and other cities, being received with great favor. Work died in 1884, after losing in fruit growing in New Jersey the money he had earned by song

Grace Greenwood on Small Economies One rainy morning a few days ago, it happened to me to surprise Grace Greenwood sewing. "Do you," she asked, "use the needle?" Truth forced me to confess that I had little knowledge of its gentle mysteries. "You are fortunate," she said, "take good care you don't learn; if one becomes a busihat she can't succeed if she fritters you can imagine that the business was away her energies on too many small quite a profitible one, can't you?" economies. She musn't work in an office all day and then sit up half of the night to make her own dresses; if a man earns \$5 a week he doesn't try to save by stitching up the seams of his own coat or trousers. If he did he would never earn any more than \$5; he puts his head into his business and schemes to make himself more valuable: then he buys coats and trousers with his increased salary. A woman saves at the spigot and breaks down. I've wasted half my life sewing, but"-this with a reminiscent smile-"I was brought up to sew and I like it."-New York

A Good Man Rewarded. He was a good man. He threw a sealskin sacque over the shoulders of a fainting girl on Niagara suspension blue and green plaids, nor anything bridge. The distraught creature wore with much red in it, nor too loud a it on to Niagara Falls, where this Sam- plaid. Something in brown and white aritan relieved her of it and wended and gray, with just a dash of some his way. And verily he had his re- brighter color might do, or-oh, don't ward, being richer by \$50 customs get a check of any kind. You might duties, which his benevolence had get samples of India twill or silk warp evaded. To importers of sealskin, the Henrietta, in light and dark shades of humor of this proceeding may be dis- green, not too light nor too dark-just torted, viewed through the refractive medium; or, if you see anything pretty medium of personal interest. The in momie cloth or serge or a real soft A blind man, who plays sacred pay the tribute of delight to a nimbleness of wit that accredits civilization: For civilization has been defined "the triumph of man over his accidents."

Nowadays.

Master De Willbe Riche-Nurse! who was zat lady wiz de dog zat tissed

inflammation. Assisted by her Maj- Nurse-Why, dear, that was your mamma!

HELLA INVINICATE OF THE W

LIVED ON HER FRIENDS.

A Case Which Shows That People Should Scan Their Bills.

Recently a gentleman of this city, who is well known for his wealth and social prominence, happened to take up the bill of a leading dry goods firm, rare proceeding on his part. He usually gave a check, and then filed the bill without examining it. This proceeding was not business-like, but he had perfect confidence in his wife, and tee to black silk. He couldn't remember that his wife wore a great ny silk dresses, and that seemed odd under the circum-

When he arrived home he jokingly said to his wife that she ought to be dress for a year, and asked to see the bill. Her husband handed it over. when she identified more than half the items as incorrect; that is, she had never had those goods.

Her husband went to the store and interviewed the head of the firm That gentleman referred the matter to the bookkeeper, who showed all the items charged properly on the books. Then the clerk who sold the goods was seen. She remembered the black silk sales quested to get them by the gentleman's wife. "Could she recognize the lady?" "Oh, certainly!" said the

The next day the gentleman again called. "Glad to see you," said the proprietor, "the lady is here. There she stands." The gentleman looked, and, lo and behold the lady was an intimate friend of his wife and a lady whose parents are wealthy. Subsequent developments showed that this was a nice little game on her part. before going to bed, standing on that She ascertained who of her friends stool, blowing his smoke through the bought their goods by bill, which was paid by their parents.

The scheme wouldn't have worked with ladies who had allowances of their own. With the most of them she only made occasional small charges, like gloves, cuffs, collars, or little lingerie, but where she found that bills were not closely inspected, she plunged in deeper. Among parties who knew of the matter, the affair has caused a deep sensation. We hear it stated there is not the slightest probability the case will be brought to trial. The affair has been settled, and the lady will probably make an extended of paper. The result made me jump | father's Clock." His interest in the visit out of town.-Portland Me.,

Thieves Who Are Welcome.

"What do you do with kleptomaniacs?" was the question recently put

"We send them bills for what they take when we know them. If they are strangers we act according to Steam and Hot Water Heating circumstance. A few days ago a lady was in the shop with her daughtera beautiful little girl of twelve years. The girl was seen slipping a roll of costly ribbon into her hand-bag. We spoke to the mother, who became indignant. She opened the bag to convince us that we were mistaken. origin, but the explanation probably is when it was found to contain three that Work visited the old country in lace handkerchiefs, two pairs of gloves, and the ribbon. All these articles had been appropriated.

"That was a plain case of stealing. What did you do?" "Well, we took the things back and

said nothing. We can't afford to arrest wealthy people and injure our trade by making enemies among our rich customers." "You were speaking of sending out

"Always where the person is a kleptomaniac. We never have any prompt attention. trouble in that way. I have known of shops which kept a regular list of kleptomaniacs. Whenever they lost anything they sent bills to all of them. ess woman it behooves her to know As they all settled for the stolen goods,

Did He Remember?

"Charlie dear," said young Mrs. Jardean to her husband the other morning, as he was hurrying into his overcoat, and hastily drawing on his gloves, "would you mind stopping into Wool and Satten's and ask them to we you a few samples of their fall dress goods?"

"Oh, no, not at all," replied Charlie, obligingly. "What kind of samples?" "Well, I don't want anything very dark; and yet not too light. I don't want brown, for my summer dress was brown; and I don't believe I want any shade of blue for I've worn blue so much. You might get some plaid samples; but I don't want any of those in camel's hair, or-you don't suppose I could afford one of those Muscovite silks, do you, dear? You get samples of it, anyhow. I'd thought of something in light cloth and drap de soie; and you might ask for samples of each in-going, dear? Well, please don't forget the-he's gone, and I'll wager anything he'll come home without half those samples. Men never can remember anything!"—Puck.

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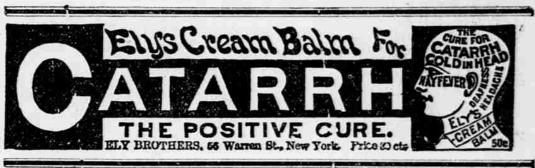
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