HANS' HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Tre year den ay baen haer vorkin, Purty quvick ay baen rich faller, Gaeten mae von tre-claim farum. Two span oxen. good sod shanty, Bind-masheen, unt fine red vagon. Ay baen smaurt like Yankee faller, Since mac teevin in Dakoty.

Ay baen sendin hundred dollar Bringen gal haer from old countree, Sveet slick gal nem Bale Kanuteson Coomen haer to baen mae vooman. On der cars (some Yankee) Narveegan fane Mit dat Bale hae gaet a foolin, Tale her "No good in Dakoty. "Stay," he tale her, "for mae vooman En Sent Pall, Minnesota. Bale she stay ant baen der vooman For dat foot (Yankee) Narveegan faller, En Sent Pall Minnesota.

Ay baen smaurt like Yankee faller, Ay nae care for Bale Kanuteson, Gaeten mae slick Yankee vidow Mit a goot pig homestead farum, Seven childs, unt fifteen cattles, Voort more es two tousand dollar, Ay not care for Bale Kanuteson En Sent Pall, Minnesota, By dese vidow en Dakoty Ay mek mae a plenty money, Bale may keep dese hundert dollar. -Doane Robinson.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Paris was blockaded-famished-at the point of death. Even the sparrows on the housetops were few and far between, and the very sewers were in danger of becoming depopulated. People ate anything they could get.

M. Morisot, watchmaker by trade, was walking early one bright January morning down the boulevards, his years. hands in the pockets of his overcoat, feeling hungry and depressed, when he unexpectedly ran against a friend. He recognized M. Sauvage, an old-time chum of the riverside.

Every Sunday before the war Morisot used to start at daybreak with his bamboo fishing rod in his hand, his tin bait and tackle-box upon his | The sun shone warm upon their backs. back. He used to take the train to Colombes and walk from there to the island of Maranthe. No sooner had he arrived ot the river than he used to begin to fish and continue fishing until evening. Here every Sunday he used to meet M. Sauvage, a linendraper from Paris, but stout and jovial withal, as keen a fisherman left the vast shadow of Mont Valerjovial withal, as keen a fisherman moreover as he was himself.

Often they would sit side by side, their feet dangling over the water for half a day at a time, and say scarcely a word, yet little by little they beevery second, as it seemed, the mouncame friends. Sometimes they never spoke at all. Occasionally they launched out into conversation, but they understood each other perfectly without its aid, for their tastes and ideas were the same. On a spring morning in the bright sunshine, when the light and delicate mist hovered over the river, and these two mad fishermen enjoyed a foretaste of real summer weather. Morisot would say to his neighbor:

M. Sauvage pointed with his finger to the heights above and said: "The Prussians are up there," and a vague sense of uneasiness siezed upon the diers drew up in line twenty paces off. two friends. The Prussians! They had never

set eyes upon them, but for months past they had felt their presence near, encircling their beloved Paris, ruining their beloved France, pillaging, massacring, insatiable, invincible, invisible, all-powerful, and as they thought on them a sort of superstitious terror seemed to mingle with the hate they bore their unknown conquerors. Morisot murmured: "Suppose we were to meet them?" and Sauvage replied, with the instinctive gallantry of the Parisian: "Well, we would offer them some of our fish for supper." All the same they hesitated before

venturing into the country, intimidated as they were by the all-pervading silence.

Eventually M. Sauvage plucked up courage: "Come along; let's make a start. But we must be cautious." They went through the vineyard, bent double, crawling along from bush to bush, ears and eyes upon the alert. Only one strip of ground lay be-tween them and the river. They began to run, and when they reached the bank they crouched down among the dry weeds for shelter.

Morisot laid his ear to the ground to listen for the sound of footsteps, but he could hear nothing. They were alone; gradually they felt reassured and began to fish.

The deserted island of Maranthehid them from the opposite shore. The little restaurant was closed, and looked as if it had been neglected for ingly.

M. Sauvage caught, the first gudgeon, M. Morisot the second. And very minute they pulled up their lines with a little silver object dangling and struggling on the hook. Truly, a miraculous draught of fishes. As their feet. They positively reveled in enjoyment of a long-for-bidden sport. They heard nothing-they thought of nothing-the rest of the world was as nothing to them. They simply fished. Suddenly a smothered sound, as it were underground, made the earth tremble. The guns had commenced firing. Morisot turned his head and saw above the bank; far away to the zine. smoke from the gun which had just been fired. Then a jet of flame burst forth from the fortress in answer, a moment later followed by another explosion. Then others, till

The officer gave an order in German. Then he moved his chair farther away from the prisoners and a dozen sol-

"I will give you one minute," he said, "not one second more."

He got up leisurely and approached the two Frenchmen. He took Morisot by the arm and said in an undertone: "Quick! Give me the word. Your friend will know nothing. I will appear to give way." M. Morisot did not answer.

The Prussian took M. Sauvage aside and said the same thing to him.

M. Sauvage did not answer. They found themselves once more side by side.

The officer gave another order; the soldiers raised their guns.

By accident Morisot's glance fell pon the net full of fish on the ground a few steps off. A ray of sunshine lit up their glittering bodies, and a sudden weakness came over him. "Good-

by, M. Sauvage," he whispered. "Good-by, M. Morisot," replied M. Sauvage They pressed each other's hands, trembling from head to foot. "Fire!" said the officer.

M. Sauvage fell dead on his face. M. Morisot, of stronger build, staggered, stumbled, and then tell right across the body of his friend, with his face turned upward to the sky, his breast riddled with balls. The Prussian gave another order.

His men dispersed for a moment, returning with cords and stones. They tied the stones to the feet of the dead Frenchmen and carried them down to the river.

Mont Valerien thundered unceas-

Two soldiers took Morisot by the head and feet. Two others did the same to Sauvage. The bodies swung to and fro, were launched into space, described a curve, and plunged feet first into the water.

The water bubbled, boiled and then the fish were caught they put them in a net which floated in the water at the with red, circled gently toward the bank.

The officer, impassive as ever, said: "It is the fishes turn now."

His eyes fell upon the gudgeon lying on the grass. He picked them up and called out: "Wilhelm." A soldier in a white cap appeared. He threw the fish toward him.

the best scientific overhauling. She "Fry these little animals for me at once, while they are still alive and kicking. They will be delicious.'

Then he began smoking again .- Guy de Maupassant in the Strand Maga-

Young Hopper Enjoyed the Play. De Wolff Hopper in his younger days was passionately fond of the When No. 71, on the L. N. and C.

IRON HORSE DISTEMPER.

AN ENGINEER ON THE WHIMS OF LOCOMOTIVES.

If an Engine Gets a Bad Name Its Fate is Sealed-Engineers are a Brave, **But Superstitious Class** of Men. Generally.

"Locomotives become deranged and maniacal, like human beings," said an old and highly skilled engineer, to a New York World reporter, not long ago. "I assure you," he continued, "that locomotives require regular rest, constant attention, even nursing when they don't feel right. An engine will take spells when nothing you can do will make it act properly. Then the shop is the only place for it, and there my machine has got to go, or I quit the service of the road."

"They certainly do grow unmanageable sometimes. Generally this is from over-work. Engines are like a thoroughbred horse in that particular respect. They will get 'off their feed' -by which I mean that they will not pump up right, the furnace will clog and the efficiency of the fuel will not be obtained. They suffer from a lack of energy. You are liable to stall on an up-grade. They will act badly on the curves, manifesting a decided inclination to mount the rails or to take sudden starts that endanger the couplings. GR.F.

"But, recurring to the temper of locomotives, they are affected by the weather, which is readily understood, but a dull, heavy sky or a dense atmosphere has a like effect. This I cannot explain in any other way whatever. Why, Mart Smith, who was a strict churchman, couldn't do anything with one of his engines during Lent. After Easter day the disinclination to make time disappeared. She would 'hustle' whenever called upon. Sounds very absurd, doesn't it? But it's true. The grip is the only distemper to which I can liken a locomotive such as Mart's was. When a machine gets so, I tell you, she must have treatment-

needs a masseur-needs galvanism." "When once a locomotive has lost force of character or self-respect, does she ever again regain it?" was asked. "Generally not," said Bowcher, meditatively, "but I know a recent case in which an engine recovered from a stroke of this paralysis and became, as she is to-day, the best on the road.



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" Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

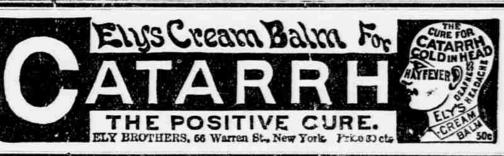
" Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.' H. A. ABCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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JACK DWYER'S

Castoria.

Lowell, Mass,

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,

"Hein! not bad, eh?" And Sauvage would reply: "I know

nothing to beat it." quite enough to engender mutual understanding and esteem.

In atumn, toward evening when the setting sun reddened the sky and cast shadows of the fleeting clouds over kings we have foreign wars, with the the water; when the river was decked in purple; when the whole horizon was lighted up and the figures of the two friends were illuminated as with fire; when the russet brown of the trees was lightly tinted with gold, and the trees themselves shivered with a wintry shake, M. Sauvage would smile at M. Morisot and say:

"What a sight, eh?'

And M. Morisot, without even raising his eyes from his float, would answer: "Better than the boulevards, hein!"

This morning, as soon as they had recognized each other, they shook end. hands warmly, quite overcome at meeting again under such different circumstances.

M. Sauvage sighed and murmured: "A nice state of things."

M. Morisot, gloomy and sad, answered: "And what weather! Today is New Year's day." The sky, in fact, was clear, bright, and beautiful.

They began to walk along, sorrowful and pensive. Said Morisot: "And our fishing, ch? What times we used to have!

Sauvage replied: "When shall we have them again?'

They went into a little cafe and had a glass of absinthe, and then started again on their walk.

They stopped at another cafe for another glass. When they came out again they were slightly dazed, like people who had fasted long and then partaken too freely.

It was lovely weather; a soft breeze fanned their faces. M. Sauvage, upon whom the fresh air was beginning to take effect, suddenly said:

"Suppose we were to go!"

- "Go where?"
- "Why, fishing!"
- "But where?"

"To our island, of course. The French outposts are at Colombes. I know Col. Dumoulin; he will let us pass through easily enough."

man.'

An hour afterward they were walking fast along the highroad toward the town commanded by Col. Dumoulin. He smiled at their request, but way rejoicing in the possession of the

passed through deserted Colombes, you. If you refuse it is death for you thing. They and found themselves in the vineyard | both and that instantly. Take your White, very white, it encircles the men are always in trouble. burst a cylinder-head by leaving the leading down to the river. It was choice." earth. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. water-cocks closed to spite the engine, If I were not crooked I could not ex-FOR MEN They neither spoke nor moved. about 11 o'clock. or they allow the bearings to heat. The Prussian calmly pointed to the ist. On the other side the village of Agenswell and jam. The element of dan-NIHIRAND For LOST or PAILING MANHOOD: General and NERVOUS DEBILITY Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects Of Errorsor Excenses in Oldor Young, Esbust, Nobis MANHOOD fully Restored. Heat to estarts and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS PARTS OF RODT. Absolutely notaling HOME TREATMENT Bearfite is a day. Hen testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them, Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (scaled) free. The queen's carpet, always spread, teuil seemed as if it were dead. The river and said: "Reflect, in five minger is largely increased when such a When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. never folded. hills of Orgremont and Saumons comutes you will be at the bottom of that What looks very long in the sun-shine and has no shadow? water. I suppose you have families." manded the whole country round. to happen if he have a cranky engine When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, The great plain stretching out as far Mont Valerien thundered unceasing-What arrives first at the marinet that can get just as stubborn as her as Nanterne was empty as air. Noth-When she had Children, she gave them Castoria. ly. ing in sight but cherry trees and and first reaches home? master. I often am impressed with The two Frenchmen stood perfectly Answer, The road. the idea that some engines are mortal. stretches of gray coil. still and silent.

tain breathed out death and the white smoke formed a funeral pall above it. M. Sauvage shrugged his shoulders.

"They are beginning again," he said. M. Morisot, anxiously watching his float bob up and down, was suddenly seized with rage against the belligerents and growled out: "How idiotic to kill one another like that."

M. Sauvage-It's worse than the brute beasts.

M. Morisot, who had just hooked a bleak, said "And to think that it This interchange of sentiments was | will always be thus, so long as there | clothes and the butler donned De are such things as governments."

M. Sauvage stopped him: "The Republic would not have declared war.' M. Morisot, in his turn: "With republic we have civil wars.'

Then in a friendly way they began to discuss politics with the calm, common sense of reasonable and peaceloving men, agreeing on the one point that no one would ever be free. And Mont Valerien thundered unceasingly, demolishing with its cannon-balls French houses, crushing out French lives, ruining many a dream, many a joy, many a hope deferred, wrecking much happiness, and bringing to the hearts of women, girls, and mothers in France and elsewhere sorrow and suffering which would never have an

"It's life," said M. Morisot.

"Say rather that it's death," said M.

go myself." They started, scared out of their lives, as they felt that some one was walking close behind them. Turning around they saw four men-four tall, bearded men-dressed as servants in livery and wearing flat caps upon their heads. These men were covering the two fishermen with rifies.

ened hands and floated aimlessly down the river. In an instant the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat, and ferried over to the island.

Behind the house they had thought uninhabited was a picket of Prussian soldiers. A hairy giant, who was sitastride a chair and smoking a porcelain pipe asked them in excellent French if they had had good sport. A soldier placed at the feet of the

brought away with him. "Not bad, I see but we have other fish to fry. Listen, and don't alarm vourselves. You are a couple of French spies sent out to watch my

I take you prisoners and order you to be shot. You have fallen into my hands-so much the worse for you. It is the fortune of war. Inasmuch, however, as you came through the lines you are certainly in possession of the password. Otherwise you could not get back again. Give me

The two friends, livid with fear, stood side by side, their hands nervously twitching, but they answered not

KISSINGAT7-17-70 "PHOTOGRAVERE NEISSINGMETT-17-70"PANEL SIZE J.F.SMITH& CO.Mazers of "BILLE BULANS," ST. LOUIS MO. same speed, less oil on the bearings, ever know it. You will go home and legs I could catch the thief; if I password. by pulling the throttle wide open on Soon they had crossed the lines, quietly and your secret will go with had eyes and mouth I could tell everythe slightest pretext. Of course, such

theatre, says the New York Sun, but road came out of the shop brand new, owing to the religious scruples of his she was successively put in the hands Quaker father and the Quaker cos. of half a dozen of the best engineers tume he wore, he was somewhat on the road. After a fair trial every man, without exception, pronounced handicapped in the fulfillment of her an utterly worthless piece of mahis desires.

ler wore citizen's clothes, and also that he was about the same build as

De Wolff. Accordingly, between them they concocted a little scheme whereby De Wolff donned the butler's

Wolff's. Things went swimmingly with Young Hopper until one fatal night one of his father's acquaintances happened to spy him at the theater run off the track into a forest and conand remarked in a casual way to the verted into the motive power for a old gentleman that he had s een his son at the play. The father called the unfortunate I went to the round-house and looked

youth into his study and said; "Son, hast thee been to the playhouse?" "Yea, father." "How many times hast-thee been to

the playhouse?' "Seventy times father,"

He Fed Them,

Quaint Riddles.

"Whom hast thee seen seventy

"Booth, father."

"And thou has been seventy times to see this man Booth?"

"Yea, father."

times?"

Sauvage.

hearted and ingenious.

The rods dropped from their fright-

be fed with proper regularity. He took an alarm-clock, and fastened officer the net full of fish, which he had | cord:

four o'clock. At that hour the alarm

went off, wound up the string, and tipped over the bucket. And so the chickens were fed by clock-work. movements, disguised as fishermen.

These curious riddles, which all have one answer and are familiar to the

chinery. The general superintendent condemned, but the master mechanic blurted out to him; " She doesn't like the run. It is a blanked mean run and she knows it as well as you do.' "You see the master mechanic wanted the locomotive to have another chance. Well, she got it, and I tell you it was to have been her last one. She'd have been sold for scrap-iron or

saw-mill. She was sent up to Indianapolis and put on the run to Monon. her over, for I'd heard of her and am curious. I was asked what I thought was the matter. I spent an hour over her and everything appeared to be right. I took an off day and ran down fifty miles on her. She made great

road and the most reliable. She can mile a minute. Now she's the pet, the

"Than if thou hast been seventy times to see one man there must be something in him. I think, son, I will mean at regular times?"

> reply. "A locomotive must be allowed to recover her resilience. That's the word, you have it spelled correctly

tive that pulls out of its berth in the round-house (where it has been in a state of quiet and rest), backs up to a He had some chickens of which he big train, and at the sound of the conhad made pets. He and his father ductor's bell rushes off on a hundredwent to their work early in the morn- mile run at fifty or sixty miles an hour ing, and while the rest of the family is under a heavy nervous strain.

it securely to one side of the barn by To fail in making the run on schedule The moment an engine is ranked as

as No. 71 had, her doom is fixed," "What is her fate?" I asked with

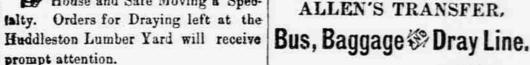
"She is put at the most menial ser-

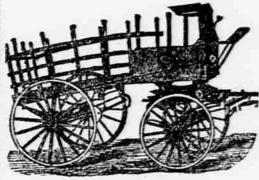
people of various parts of France, are ping' were her strong point. Morisot trembled with delight at SMITH'S "This brings me to another point. the very idea. "All right, I'm your quoted in the Revue des Traditions Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DE. HUMPHERY' MANUAL (14 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' MedicineCa.199 Fulton St. N Y. Some engineers have a way of punish-Populaires. ing engines that are refractory. Yes, They separated to fetch their rod. What goes from Paris to Lyons indeed. They can abuse a locomotive the word and I will let you go.' SPECIFICS. without moving or taking a step? worse than the most brutal driver can What goes to Paris without once maltreat his horse. How? Twenty Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the pausing? ways. For instance, they can give the Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle, I am very long, if I rose up straight engines less coal while exacting the granted it, and they went on their | a word. I could touch the sky; if I had arms The officer continued: "No one need



But it appears that the family but heard of the engine and ordered her Try this popular brand. It is one of the finest nickel cigars ever placed on sale in McCook.

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time. To-day she is the fastest on the pull a vestibule train of five cars a 'banner' engine of the road. "You speak of the need of rest. Mr. Bowcher. Must it be regular? I

"Most assuredly," was the prompt A Cleveland correspondent sends to -only one l. Remember, a locomo-

The Companion a story of a boy in that city who is commendably kind-

were away for the summer, it became Don't smile, I mean exactly what I a question how the chickens were to say. Every atom in the molecular structure of the steel and iron compos-The boy was equal to the occasion. ing it is at the highest tension. The engine, literally is out to do or die!

means of two spikes. Next he hung a time once or twice arouses suspicion. bucket of corn to a rafter, and connected it with the clock by a stout untrustworthy her decadence has begun. Unless she has a friend at court. He wound up the alarm and set it at

feelings of real sympathy.

vice, such as drawing construction and gravel trains. Sometimes she is put on a local run, stopping at every crossroad. She is treated just as if she were known to be lazy and as if 'stop-



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