But we vex "our own"

With look and tone

We might-never take back aga. For though in the quiet evening You may give me the kiss of peace, Yet it might be

That never for me The pain of the heart should cease. How many go forth in the morning That never come home at night; And hearts have broken And harsh words spoken

That sorrow can n'er set right We have careful thoughts for the stranger

And smiles for the coming guest; But oft for our own The bitter tone. Though we love "our own" the best!

Ah! lips with the curve impatient, Ah! brow with that look of scorn, 'Twere a cruel fate Were the night to late to undue th

work of the morn. -Margaret E. Sangster.

## HIS WIFE'S SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and business-like young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself to Ada re lict of Isaac Jones, his friends evinced considerable surprise at the step. The widow was, indeed, as they confessed, young and fascinating, and had, moreover, inherited a very substantial fortune from her previous husband.

But then she was dreadfully extravagant in her habits, and had lately developed a perfect mania for gambling. In fact, her losses on the turf and at the card table were becoming quite the talk of society, and it is certain that, even during the short period which elapsed between her first husband's death and the date of her second marriage, her fortune must have materially diminished by the drains she made upon it.

In another year or two, at her present rate, she would-so Tom's friends said-run through it altogether. And then he would find himself in the unenviable position of having to support a recklessly spendthrift wife entirely out of his own pocket. A few of his greatest intimates impressed this upon him before he took the final plunge and urged him to back out of his engagement ere it was yet too late. But Tom turned a deaf ear to their advice. He was very much in love with the charming widow. And besides, he entertained a strong hope that after their union he should be able to reform, or at least control, his wife's extravagance.

Instead, therefore, of trying to cry off the match, he hurried it forward to the best of his ability, in order that she might have as short an interval as possible in which to enjoy the unchecked expenditure of her money.

But when he was married to the lady he found that his hope of being able to reform her had been decidedly chimerical. Selfwilled and headstrong, she would scarcely endure advice, much less any semblance of restraint. So after a few months of useless remonstrance, he gave up all attempt to genuine reformation as a bad job, and had to content himself out: "Please, sir, will you be as quiet with showing silent disapproval ofher extravagance, or with throwing in their way such feeble obstacles as he could,

And as time went on people noticed that Mrs. Partington's gambling transactions were on a much smaller scale. And each day the once light-hearted and reckless woman grew more moody and depressed.

Tom appeared to notice this change in his wife. His manner towards her, always kind and attentive, became spirits.

His wife seemed to feel his considerare tenderness very deeply, for several is progressing." times as he sat beside her of an evening, with his arm thrown caressingly around her, she suddenly buried her face on his shoulder and burst into pressed his conviction to the husband tears-like one whose remorse is awak- | that something was weighing on the ened by unmerited and unlooked-for | patient's mind, the removal of which kindness.

On each of these occasions Tom felt by a certain subtle and impalpable instinct that his wife was on the very | hands in his, he said kindly, "Ada,my verge of making some confession-per- | dear you have something on your haps of sorrow and regret for her defiant attitude towards him in the past. But although by his comforting words and his soothing caresses he did his in a confused tone, "What makes you best to invite her confidence the con- fancy that, Tom? fession which he felt to be hanging on her lips never issued from them.

husband did not escape the notice of his disengaged hand. "Do you think Mrs. Partington's female friends. Of I failed to remark it just now when, these she had many, but by far the most favored and confidential of them was Mrs. Brandon, an old school-fel- you have shown by many other signs low with whom she had kept up a lifelong intimacy. Mrs. Brandon, who was at once a very lively and a highly sensible lady, had at an early period his shoulder, "you will not speak so detected the unusual gloom which had | kindly when you know the truth. Yet come over her friend's manner, and rallied her upon taking her new posi-

tion so serously. the course of an afternoon call, during | with me. which Mrs, Partington had been more dull than ever. "I should never have encourgingly,. "Come, little woman, encouraged you to accept Tom if I let us have the murder out." had foreseen what a deplorable effect | "Ah, you do not know what it is," your second dose of matrimony would | she went on in remorseful tones, "else here the only original observation you fortune." have made was to ask me whether I had enough sugar? What is the mst- asked quietly.

ter with you to-day?" Mrs. Partington muttered something about a "bad headache." But have you always a bad head-

self, and I cannot helpfeeling seriously | frequent it. uneasy about you. What does it mean?'

To Mrs. Brandon's surprise her into tears and buried her face in her | heavy losses day after day. handkerchief. Evidently, thought Mrs. Brandon, the once gay and sprightly Ada was very changed indeed.

"Come, Ada," she said, drawing her friend's hands, "you have something on your mind. I thought so before; now I am sure of it. Tell me all have never had a secret from one another during the last twenty years. Is it anything to do with Tom?"

don't think that!" sobbed Mrs. Partingcon.

"Well, that's a mercy!" observed Mrs. Brandon. "Then it must be

There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Partington's sobs slightly subsided. "Nell," she said presently, "It's all

your fault.' "My fault, dear!" exclaimed Mrs:

Brandon. "Your fault," repeated Mrs. Partngton. "It has all come of your introducing me to that hateful Pompadour Club. Oh, how I wish I had never entered the place!"

"You don't mean to say-" Mrs.

"I mean to say that, unknown to Tom, I have been playing there every afternoon, and losing constantly, until-oh, Nell, promise swear that you will not tell Tom this!"

"Of course not. Have we ever berayed one another's confidence, dear? But you must promise me something, too. Promise that you will tell Tom."

"I? Oh, Nell, you don't know what you are asking. You have not heard all yet. I would not have Tom know it for all the world! Rather than that I would-"

Mrs. Partington's sobs had burst forth again with renewed force. Suddenly she sank back on the sofa with a cry of pain which alarmed her friend. Perceiving that she was really ill, Mrs. Brandon summoned assistance. Many minutes did not elapse before one of the servants was hurrying off for a doctor.

Very shortly after the arrival of that functionary Mrs. Brandon herself left. She drove directly to the club where Tom Partington occasionally called for an afternoon on his way home from the city. By good luck he was there now, and the message which Mrs. Brandon sent in quickly brought him to her carriage door. A very few words passed between them, but enough to make Tom's face grow to twice its normal A Charitable Feline Adopts and

"I will be off at once," he said. "Do," responded Mrs. Brandon, "but mind, not a word yet! Not until she is quite well again."

"Trust me!" cried Tom. He was already hailing a passing hansom, and with a harried bow to Mrs. Brandon he jumped into it.

When he reached home he sprangup the steps and rang the door-bell sharply. It was opened in about half a second by the cook, who, with a look of deep importance on her face, gasped as possible. And—and—it's a boy!'

Before her bewildered master had time to make any inquiries relative to this information, the doctor, who had on the heap of sacks with her been descending the stairs when he entered, came up to him and took him by the hand.

"I must congratulate you, my dear sir," he said, "on the birth of a remarkably fine son. I am glad to tell you, too, that Mrs. Partington is going on as well as can be expected. But she is naturally very weak. So, if you actually tender in its consideration, go in to see her, do not stop more and he tried his hardest to soothe than a minute or allow her to talk. away her gathering depression of Anything calculated to excite her must be most carefully avoided. I will call in again later and see how she

At the end of a week it was evident that Mrs. Partington was only mending very slowly, and the doctor exwas essential to her complete recovery. On the same afternoon, as he sat by his wife's bedside, with one of her

A quick flush overspread her pale face and she averted his gaze, murmuring

"The eyes of love are quick to see such things," replied her husband, Meantime, what was so clear to her | tenderly, as he stroked her hair with as your glance fell on the little one there, a groan escaped your lips? And that something is troubling you.'

"Oh. Tom." she cried suddenly, leaning forward and hiding her face on I must tell you, my-my husband. You have been so kind and gentle that I cannot deceive you any longer. But "My dear Ada," she said at last, in try, Tom (pleadingly), not to be angry

"There is no fear of that," said Tom,

"How did you manage that?" he

"You may well put such a question," Brandon, more seriously. . I at defiance in the matter of gambling, pert.-N. Y. Telegram. · I will be a second of the se

should not have alluded to yet your open remonstrance and silent the subject if this were the first disapproval in time began to vex my time that I have seen you thus. But | heart. And when I discovered a sefor weeks I have observed you growing | cret gambling club, where I could inmore and more gloomy and depressed. | dulge my insatiable passion without You are getting quite unlike your old | your knowledge, I at once began to

The game was roulette, the one o all others in which I had always longed to join. I gave myself up to its fascifriend, instead of answering, only burst | nations, and staking wildly incurred

"I vowed that I would win back all that I had lost, and with that intention, for my strange gambler's craving was somehow dying away, staked chair closer and taking one of her heavily at the tables. But my endeavor was nothing else than throwing good money after bad. I lost, lost, lost, until my whole fortune was about it. It will do you good to gone. Do not," very piteously, "do confide to some one, and you and I not reproach me, Tom. My own heart is reproaching me already almost more than I can bear."

"My darling," he replied, "I have "No; no-indeed it isn't! Pray no thought of reproaching you. If I had meant to do that, I should have done it before this, for I have known all about it a long while."

"You have known all about it a something to do with yourself. What long while?" she cried, raising her tearful eyes wonderingly to his. "O Tom, how did you find out?"

"Very easily, my pet," he answered, kissing her forehead, "seeing that the founder and proprietor of the gambling club where you lost your money is no other than -myself.

She regarded him in speechless amazement. He went on to explain himself further.

"Yes, it is quite true. When I found that advice and remonstrance were lost on you, my dear, I had to look Brandon paused and looked at her about for another method of saving you from the effects of your folly. And the starting of that private gambling club was the method which occurred to me. It took some working out of details and the employment of a good bit of capital to get the thing properly about. But I enlisted the services of a competent agent, whom I paid well and undertook to indemnify in case the club were found out by the police. It has not been discovered nor never will be; for its object having been gained, the establishment is finally closed. There, Ada, that is enough to enable you to grasp the truth. But, tell me, are you sorry to learn that all the money which you lost has passed back into my hands?"

"Sorry," she ejaculated, raising herself in bed and wreathing her arms around his neck in a joyful, fond embrace. "Oh, Tom, how kind and good and clever you are. I can never love or thank you enough."

Tom Parington gave the most conrincing truth that he well could have given of his belief in the sincerity of whose birthday was at hand, some achis wife's repentance. He handed back to her the whole of her money without condition or reservation, and he has never had cause to regret it .-New York Evening World.

## CAT AND RAT.

Cares For a Homeless Rodent.

A laborer employed in one of the mills at Sutter Creek has in his home one of the strangest families in existence. The head of the family is an old cat, which is the mother of a thrifty family of five kittens; but in spite of the cares of motherhood, she has taken it upon herself to provide for a rat that she has taken under her protection.

During a storm about two months ago a half-grown rat, lame and nearly drowned, crawled into the house, evidently in search of food and shelter, and by some chance made its way to the place where the old cat lay snugly family.

Strangely the mother seemed touched with pity over the condition ed to its new owners, who at once of the wanderer, and instead of attacking him, she cooly made room for him and did everything to relieve his sufferings. The rat displayed every sign of gratitude, and the miner's family when they discovered the intruder, were so struck with surprise that they forbade anyone to disturb

The result was that the rat chose to remain with his new-found friends, and has now become as doctle as his foster mother. A warm attachment seems to have sprung up between the two, and the rat has grown fat and lazy. wandering about as it suits his fancy, and evid ntly pleased with its new surroundings-From the San Franciscio Call.

## FREAKS OF MEMORY.

The Case of a Young Woman Who Led Two Separate Lives,

Three extraordinary instances of what doctors call "periodic amnesia" were related one night by a prominent physician attached to a New York Hospital. The first was that of a young American woman who on awakening from a protracted sleep lost memory of all she had before learned. Her memory had been capacious and well stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking she was discovered to have lost every trace of acquired knowledge. All vestiges, both of words and things, were obliterated. By new efforts she again acquired the art of spelling, reading, writing and calculating, and gradually became acquainted with persons and objects like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency. After a few months another fit of somnolency possessed her. On rousing from it she morality and decency, and the official found herself restored to the state she example of the court which has been, have upon you. Do you know that you would not treat it so lightly. Oh, was in before the first paroxysm, but openly at least, in the interest of in the twenty minutes I have been Tom, Tom, I-I-have lost all my was wholly ignorant of every event cleanliess and decorum, has set a high that had befallen her afterward. The standard for society in general, and former condition of her existence she has not been without its effect even used to call the old state, and the late import he lower and more ignorant ter the new state. In the old state orders. Coarseness and proffigacy ar she continued, in a voice broken by she possessed fine powers of penman- no longer regarded with admiration frequent sobs. "You may well fail to ship. In the new she wrote a poor, and the clergy may again enjoy the understand my folly and madness. Oh, awkward hand having had neither the respect due to religion and the proache nowadays?" continued Mrs. Tom! Tom! though I used to set you time nor the means to become an ex- fessed union of church and state.

## A CONFUSION OF NAMES.

How an Actress Was Astonished by a Minister and Astonished Him.

Miss Jennie Yeamans, a bright actress, has apartments at the Leland. The number of her parlor door is 146. In room 246 is Mrs. Yeamans, a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union from Boston. She lectures upon the evils of intemperance now and then. Recently a South Side minister called upon Mrs. Yeamans to ask if she would occupy his pulpit on Sunday evening.

The bell-boy who took his card upstairs also took one to Miss Yeamans from an interviewer. Miss Yeamans told the reporter to step up. Mrs. Yeamans was out. The bell-boy got his dates mixed up and told the preacher, to step up to 146. To the reporter he conveyed the word that the lady was out.
"This is Mrs. Yeamans?" asked the

preacher as he was admitted to the parlor of the actress.

"Yes," was the answer, I was glad to receive your card." "You are very kind. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, though, I've been delighted with you on the stage.'

"You flatter me, sir." "Not at all. You have done a deal ofgood in the East, and I hope you will reap a glorious harvest here. Have you any engagement for Sunday

"May I ask why?" "I thought you would like to portray to my congregation the horrors of looking on the wine when it is red. We have not had a good temperance talk in our Church since Francis Mur phy was here."

"Pardon me, sir; but while I practice temperance I do not preach it. What do I know about the remorse

At the word jag the minister jumped to his feet and asked whom he was talking to. When he was informed that Miss Yeamans, was not Mrs. Yeamans, the temperance lecturer, went out of the room as if the cry of fire had been started .-Chicago Herald.

## A PARROT YARN.

Baron Rothschild Is Made a Present of a Bird That Talks too Much, The Baron de Rothschild of Paris,

so runs the tale, was desirous of sendng to his kinsman at Frankfort, ceptable token of remembrance. I should fancy that a member of that cult person for whom to choose a gift, and so the Baron found. After much cogitation, and many investigations he decided upon a wonderfully trained and talkative parrot, whose faculty in learning any phrase that he had been told a few times was particularly noted. One of the clerks of the Steam and Hot Water Heating, Paris House was deputed to convey the precious fowl to Frankfort. Now the weather was cold, the young man disliked travelling, and above all the parrot, with the usual perversity of nis race, screamed and screeched all night, so that none of the occupants of the sleeping car in which he and his guardian were installed could get any rest. "Shut up, you confounded Jew! exclaimed his protector in a passion more than once, moved to antisemitic feelings by the disagreeable journey

and the parrot's bad behavior. At last the bird and its disgusted protector arrived safe in Frankfort, and the parrot was formally presentcommenced trying to coax it to talk, Polly listened to M. de Rothschild's discourses for a few minutes, and then in reply enunciated with startling distinctness the latest phrase he had Huddleston Lumber Yard will receive learned, "Shut up, you confounded Jew!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Electric Lights on Carriages

"Pretty nice turnouts I see along the boulevard," remarked William Furness, of the City of Mexico, who was looking out of one of the big windows of the Auditorium Hotel. 'But there's one thing we have that I haven't seen in the United States. I mean the electric light attachment to a turnout.

"A Mr. Cazeaux, I think his name is, introduced them down there not long ago. And the other rich residents are having the attachments put on their carriages. It is the incandescent lamp ied by a storage battery placed under the driver's seat. From the battery wires extend to the two side lamps, to a small cluster in the top of the carriage inside and along the backs of the horses over their necks to a small lamp on their foreheads, between the eyes. If one likes he can have lamps of different colors distributed all over his carriage and horses and make a decidedly fetching effect." -Chicago Post.

## What a Good Woman Has Done.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the reformation wrought in the general tone of English society by Queen Victoria in the fifty years of her reign. The fierce light that beats about a throne has never been able to reveal a flaw in the purity of her personal character. All her life she has striven to promote public and private -- From the Chautauq uan.

# What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

### Castoria.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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

DR. G. C. OSGOOD

them to premature graves." DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,

# Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular producus, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,

Conway, Ark. | ALLEY C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.



# JACK DWYER'S OUN COUNTI-SEAT

A FIVE CENT CIGAR.

family would be an exceedingly diffi- Try this popular brand. It is one of the finest nickel cigars ever placed on sale in McCook.

## F. D. BURGESS, PLUMBING.

North Main Avenue,

McCOOK - NEBRASKA Bprinklers, Hose Reels and Hose Fixtures,

constantly on hand. All work receives prompt attention.

J. S. MeBRAYER, House Mover & Drayman,

McCOOK, NEB. House and Safe Moving a Specfalty. Orders for Draying left at the

## **HUMPHREYS**'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World. LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS. CURES.

Fevers, Congestion, inflammations. 23 Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colle. 25 Crying Colle, or Teething of Infants. 25 Diarrhea, of Children or Adults. 25 Dysentery, Griping, Rilious Colle. 25 Cholera Morbus, Vomiting. 25 Cholera Morbus, Vomiting. 25 1 | Fevers, Congestion, inflammations. . 25 Dyspepsia, Billous Stomach. 25 Suppressed or Painfal Periods. 25 Whites, too Profuse Periods. 25 Broup, Cough, Difficult Breathing. 25 

## ECIFI

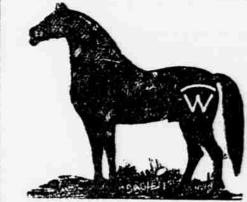
Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. Hummarys' Manual, (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.



of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, S Hogs and Poultry - Sent free, Hunfung Municipa Co., cor, William and John Sts., N. Y.

tious in its results to an infant as to an adult. It is not fall in curing SICK HEADACHE

# KILPATRICK BROTHERS.



P. O. address, Imperial. Chase County, and Beat-rice, Neb. Range, Stink-ing Water and Frenchnan creeks, Chase Co., Brand as cut on side of ome animals, on hip and sides of some, or any

ALLEN'S TRANSFER, Bus, Baggage & Dray Line.



F. P. ALLEN, Prop., McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Best Equipped in the City. Leave orders at Commercial Hotel. Good well water fursished on short notice.



pation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, taka the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

Use the SMALL Size (40 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages.
Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle,



PRING BLOSSOM Curen DYSPEPSIA.