

A SHARP REBUKE.

CLEVELAND FLEES FROM THE OFFICE SEEKERS.

GIVES THEM A PIECE OF HIS MIND.

The President-Elect Says He Does Not Want to Be Bothered by Peace Hunters Until After He is Inaugurated—He Leaves New York for a Much Needed Rest—Other Late Political News.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The President-elect Cleveland left town to-day in search of rest. Since election he has been fairly overrun with callers, and the volume of his correspondence has been something enormous.

Talking before his departure to-day with a reporter, Mr. Cleveland said: "I fully appreciate the good will and friendliness which these letters indicate, and shall not omit, as time allows, to read every one of them. These good friends, of course, will not expect any replies to their communications, for that would be utterly out of the question, and the most that I can do is to say through the press that I am not unmindful of their kindness. Many of the callers whom I have been obliged to receive would not, I think, have encroached upon my time if they had given the matter a moment's reflection. Those who have called upon me to talk about offices, it seems to me, have been inconsiderate and premature. I desire to give as much publicity as possible to the statement that I do not propose to consider applications for office prior to my inauguration and I shall avoid all interviews on that subject. Those who, under any pretense, gain an opportunity to present their applications orally, and those who burden me at this time with written applications, cannot possibly do anything which would so interfere with their chances of success. Written applications will be so little regarded that I doubt if they ever see the files in Washington, for there is no reason or decency in my being overwhelmed with such matters at this time."

Upon being asked how long he expected to be away on his vacation, Mr. Cleveland replied: "I am not certain, it will depend upon various conditions. I expect, however, to be absent two weeks, and when I return, unless I am somewhat relieved from the unnecessary demands upon my time to which I have been subjected here thus far I shall shut up my city house and find some more quiet place to spend the winter. Certainly between now and March 4 I ought to have some time to devote to other matters than receiving callers and considering subjects which should be postponed."

MISSOURI'S OFFICIAL VOTE.

Grover Cleveland Carries the State by 41,866 Plurality.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 23.—The canvass of official returns has progressed sufficiently to announce the following results: For President—Cleveland 268,628, Harrison 226,762, Weaver 41,183, Bidwell 4,298; Cleveland's plurality 41,866.

For governor—Stone 265,144, Warner 235,354, Leonard 37,276, Sobieski 3,393; Stone's plurality 29,790.

For judge of the supreme court, division one—Macfarlane 267,375, Edwards 228,155.

Judges of the supreme court, division two—Sherwood 266,260, Burgess 265,835, Shirk 264,817, Nagle 229,053, Moulton 38,538.

Female Suffragists.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 23.—Susan A. Anthony and Mrs. Laura M. Johns have announced their intention of camping with the Republican house of representatives until it passes a bill submitting an equal suffrage amendment to the constitution to the voters of Kansas. Mrs. Anna L. Diggs and other female Populist agitators will look after the senate and the chances decidedly favor the submission of the proposition.

Mrs. Lease Is Willing.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 23.—Mrs. Mollie E. Lease, who came here last evening and registered at the Dutton house, was at once besieged by callers and was forced to fly to a private house for rest. This morning she held a reception in the hotel parlor and announced to one and all that she would accept the senatorship if it was offered to her. In speaking of her ambition, her favorite aphorism was, "The office should seek the woman as well as the man."

Anti-Snappers at Work.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—An Albany special indicates that in a secret meeting the "anti-snappers" have determined that Edward Murphy shall, if he reaches the United States senate, have a rocky road to travel. It is stated that counting McLaughlin of Brooklyn, a neutral at present, the anti-Murphy men have just nine state legislators upon whom they can rely on joint ballot for federal senator.

Wyoming's Next Senator.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Nov. 23.—It is now certain that the Democratic and People's parties which fused in this state will have a majority on joint ballot in the legislature. The vote for United States senator will be 27 fusion and 22 Republican.

Penitentiary Employees May Strike.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Nov. 23.—All the employees at the state penitentiary declare that they will walk out in a body whenever Warden Case is removed. They say that this will completely upset the institution.

A Polish Priest Betrays a Trust.

HAZLETOWN, Pa., Nov. 23.—The trustees of the Hungarian Catholic church of this city have sworn out a warrant for their pastor, the Rev. Joseph Kossalko for embezzling \$3,200.

SAFE.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled ear;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

—Whittier.

BETSY'S SLIPPERS.

I was traveling in Ireland, with some friends. We were in the southeastern part of the island and were traversing Connemara, the poorest part of that poor country. If anything can give a horrible impression of drought and misery it certainly is Connemara.

A profound dolor seems to rest upon that corner of the earth. Low plains destitute of verdure extend to the right to a chain of mountains, which are bare, as though they had been ravaged by fire. These immense spaces are without a village, often without even a single dwelling.

The few which we pass at long intervals consist only of four stone walls piled up without cement, and with a black roof. From the back of these dreary cabins issues a thin thread of blue smoke.

In front of them one sees children from five to twelve years old with naked feet, sun scorched skins and ragged clothing. They utter uncouth sounds in a language which is partly Irish, partly English. They usually run after the carriage for several miles. With a supplicating hand they extend to you some sort of rude merchandise; it may be roughly hewn wooden shoes; it may be woolsen stockings; it may be a little bunch of flowers plucked from the mountain side. They run shouting, hurrying, hustling each other.

"Penny, please! penny, please!" they repeat over and over. A penny is finally cast to them.

Immediately there is brawling, struggling and fist pounding. The conqueror deserts the ranks of our followers, but the others still pursue the carriage. One by one the small flock drop away. First the youngest become exhausted and stop. At last there are only three—then two—then only one, who in his turn rolls in the dust raised by the wheels, uttering a last "Penny, please!" with labored and panting breath.

About 11 o'clock we arrived at Oughterard, near Lake Corrib. This lake is said to contain as many islands and also as many inhabitants as there are days in the year. Here we took breakfast.

For a long time a little girl of about twelve followed our carriage. She alone had persisted of five or six children; the rest of whom had dropped away as we passed along. Tall and slender for her age, she had a charming face of the true Irish type of beauty. Her complexion was darkly browned and she had large blue eyes. Her long run had put roses into her cheeks; her parted lips showed her brilliant teeth. A ragged brown linen waist and skirt composed her costume. Her naked feet, which were remarkably small and pretty, seemed to fly through the dust. Poor little one! Our hearts ached to look at her!

Suddenly she uttered a cry, extended her arms and fell forward. We stopped the carriage, but fortunately nothing serious had befallen her. A projecting stone had slightly cut her foot, which bled a little. We asked her who she was and from whence she came. She called herself Betsy and said that she lived at Oughterard. We told her to climb into the carriage and we would carry her to her home. She looked at us in bewilderment, as though she could not understand what we were saying. We repeated our offer. She blushed with pleasure and gave us a look which, although full of inquiry and wonder, was yet most grateful. She seemed to be overjoyed at riding in a carriage. It was her first experience of that kind.

Ten minutes later we were in Oughterard, a poor village of forty houses. We gave two shillings to the child as a parting present. She looked at it as though she could not believe her eyes. It occurred to me that the wound in her foot might be inflamed by a walk in the dust. I therefore entered a shoemaker's shop, the only one the place afforded, and bought a pair of slippers for the poor child.

Betsy watched this operation in profound perplexity. When I extended the slippers toward her, saying they were for her, she was dumfounded, intoxicated, dazzled. She dared not take them.

Finally, as I firmly insisted that the slippers were for her and her alone, she seized them and fled with a bound of joy, and without even saying "Thank you!"

"Little savage!" thought I, "she does not even know how to thank anybody." I rejoined my companions, who were already seated around the hotel dining-table, and we had soon finished our breakfast and were about to climb into our carriage, when I felt a little hand within mine which sought to detain me. "Come, sir!" she said, "come!"

"And where do you wish to lead me?" "To our house. It is very near."

I followed her. My companions were not a little puzzled. She led me to the bottom of a narrow street. There we paused before a humble cottage. She pushed the door open and we entered. The interior consisted of a single room. It was without a floor and contained scarcely any furniture. It was dimly lighted by the feeble rays which entered through a paper covered window, near which sat an old woman spinning. She was Betsy's grandmother. At our entrance three little black pigs scampered under her bench grunting. In the corner stood the lowly bed of the grandmother, at its side the little cot of the child. Just above her pillow Betsy showed me a kind of rough staging leaning against the wall. Upon the middle

board covered with a very white linen cloth, beneath an image of St. Patrick, and between two bunches of white flowers, I perceived—the little slippers!

The poor child looked at her shrine of beauty with admiration and even with religious awe, as upon a precious relic.

"But you should put the slippers on your feet. They are for you to wear," said I. I could not help laughing to see them set up as sacred objects of devotion.

She appeared astonished, almost angry. "Oh, never!" she said earnestly. They are too beautiful!"

We slipped some money into the pocket of the old grandma and bade adieu to Betsy; but she could not bear to leave us yet, and followed us quite to the carriage, and looked after it with eyes full of tears as long as it could be seen.

A month later we passed through the same place on our return trip and made a halt there as before. We did not see Betsy. Before quitting that country, to which I never expected to return, I wished to see her again, if only for a minute.

I sought out and knocked at the door of the poor little cabin.

No one opened it.

I lifted the rude latch and entered.

A sad spectacle presented itself to my eyes. Around the little bed of Betsy, lighted by three smoking candles, some old women were kneeling and reciting prayers in a monotonous voice. Upon my entrance the chant stopped and one of the old women arose and came to me. It was the grandmother. She recognized me immediately, and two large tears ran over her wrinkled cheeks.

"Betsy," murmured I; "where is Betsy?"

In a few broken words she explained to me that Betsy had taken a fever and had just died.

I approached the cot. The pale face of the child wore a peaceful expression. Her long black hair lay over her shoulders in heavy curls, but her beautiful bright eyes were shut. Clasped in her thin, blue veined hands and pressed closely to her heart were the image of St. Patrick and the two little slippers. During all the time she had been sick, the old dame told me, she had held them in her hands. I begged the old woman to bury them with her.

A tear came to my eyes. I leaned over the poor Irish child and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.—Translated from the French of Jacques Normand by Harriet L. B. Potter for Romance.

Bread Made of Peanuts.

The imperial German health authorities have been engaged in experiments, the object of which was to ascertain whether a healthful bread could be made of a mixture of rye flour and peanuts. Incidentally it was discovered that the refuse left after the oil has been extracted from peanuts contains 50 per cent. of albuminous matter. Such being the case, bread made with an admixture of peanuts or peanut refuse would certainly be highly nutritious, inasmuch as the nutritive element of any kind of bread is mainly albuminous.

Wheat and rye flours have only about 11 or 12 per cent. of albuminous matter in them. When oil has been extracted by pressure or otherwise from a vegetable substance, the residue is called "oil-cake." All oilcakes are largely albuminous. Flaxseed oilcake contains more than 40 per cent. of such elements, and the oilcake of cotton seed is about the same. It is generally supposed that peanuts are very indigestible. Another question involved is whether they could be grown more cheaply than wheat, which would seem to be very doubtful.

Perhaps, however, peanut bread is to be looked forward to as a luxury of the future.—Washington Star.

Nutcrack Night.

All Hallow Even, or Halloween, the evening before All Saints' Day, the 1st of November, has yet another title in the north of England—namely, Nutcrack Night, the derivation of which is obvious enough. Impartially weighed against the others, it is perhaps the very best time of the whole year for discovering just what sort of husband or wife one is to be blessed with.

Of old time, to go back to the usual source of such things, the Romans had a feast of Pomona at this time, and it was then that the stores laid up in the summer for use in the winter were opened. The appropriateness of the use of nuts and apples at this time thus becomes apparent. But when a festival flourishing in the British isles has been connected with it, look sharp for a Druidical origin and it will not usually be necessary to look far. Now Halloween has been connected with it and a Druidical connection, if not actual origin, seems highly probable.—New York Tribune.

What "Winkers" Are For.

One of the employments of electricity just now is to make "winkers," to hang from high places. They are incandescent lights, hoisted on a flagpole or run out from a window, and the current is interrupted and turned on again by clock-work mechanism. A man sees the light, then he notices that it is gone. While wondering what has become of it it reappears. This is supposed to rouse his interest to such an extent that he will ask somebody what it is for, and the man who displays the light then get an advertisement—if he has luck.—New York Sun.

Learning Dentistry in Japan.

A twelve-year-old Japanese boy sat on the floor in a dentist's office in Japan having before him a board in which were a number of holes into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was attempting to extract the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. As the strength of this natural pair of forceps develop by practice the pegs are driven in tighter. After a couple of years at peg pulling the young dentist graduates and is able to lift the most refractory molar in the same manner that he now lifts wooden pegs.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The laws of health are taught in our schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases could easily be done. If some scholar who had just contracted a cold was brought before the school, so that all could hear the dry loud cough, and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue, and later as the cold develops, see the profuse watery expectoration and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold are. The scholar should then be given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely that all might see that even a severe cold can be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. For sale by Chenery, druggist. Nov. 1mo.

The time when it makes a man the maddest to call him a liar is when he knows you tell the truth.

An honest Swede tells his story in plain but unmistakable language for the benefit of the public. One of my children took a severe cold and got the croup. I gave her a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and in five minutes later I gave her one more. By this time she had to cough up the phlegm in her throat. Then she went to sleep and slept good for fifteen minutes. Then she got up and vomited; then she went back to bed and slept good for the remainder of the night. She got the croup the second night and I gave her the same remedy with the same good results. I write this because I thought there might be some one in the same need and not know the true merits of this wonderful medicine. Chas. A. Thompson, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Chenery, druggist. Nov.

If there were no stingy people in the church the devil would have to work a great deal harder.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at A. McMillen's drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Only about one prayer in a thousand offered in a church has any real meaning in it.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by A. McMillen.

Patience is the gold we get by going through the fire of trial.

A great many persons who have found no relief from other treatment have been cured of rheumatism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Do not give up until you have tried it. It is only 50 cents a bottle. For sale by Chenery, druggist. Nov. 1mo.

About the poorest man you can find is the rich man who never gives.

The smallest "cat-boil" is large enough to show that the blood needs purifying—a warning which, if unheeded, may result, not in more boils, but in something very much worse. Avert the danger in time by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Cured others, will cure you.

If you want to preach right, live well.

Scalding pains while urinating indicate kidney troubles that lead to Bright's disease. Oregon Kidney tea will stop them.

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 health 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."

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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, morphia, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Knechell,
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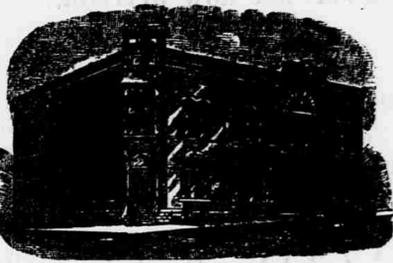
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Say That You Saw it in The Tribune.