

# KNIPPLE Leads All

## Groceries

## Queensware.

## Cornet and Sterling

### BRANDS OF FLOUR

## VERY BEST ON EARTH!

Store open till the usual hours.

## FALL AND WINTER STYLES.

I wish to announce the arrival of my Fall and winter Stock of

# CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

## HATS AND CAPS.

Every Purchaser of \$10 Worth of Goods will Receive an Elegant Crayon Portrait.

## The Eagle Clothing House,

C. W. KNIGHTS, PROPRIETOR.

**PRICE REFUNDED!**

Beware of dealers or companies who make false statements and try to sell you a substitute. Buy the genuine.

**INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD**  
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Cows, Calves, Lambs and Pigs  
Prepared by a Stockman. Harmless for stock in any condition. Purifies the blood and permanently strengthens the entire system. Our Superior medication guarantees 150 Feeds in each 50-cent box.

**3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT**

24 Fine Stock Engravings and hundreds of testimonials Free at—Druggists, Grocers, General Dealers, etc., or direct from us.  
**Greatest Known Hog Cholera Preventive.**  
Sole agents wanted. International Feed Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

**INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD**

**Farewell.**  
Of all the words of grief and woe where misery doth dwell  
The saddest intonation lies within that one—  
farewell.  
It serves to sever souls for aye, for who is there  
can tell  
If hearts will ever meet again when once they  
say farewell?  
It carries not a tone unkind; no wrath does it  
compel;  
'Tis breathed from out the bosom's depth, that  
deep, that long farewell.  
The aching heart is rent in twain and lies a  
shattered shell.  
Then, with a longing, anguished cry, it says its  
last farewell.  
—Sir Walter Scott.

### AN INDENTURE.

Tom Barrett and I had been chums almost as long as we had been cousins, which I must confess was nearly twenty-four years. Tom was six months younger than I, and I ruled him with a rod of iron. But one day—the day when I became twenty-four years old—the worm turned. He told me that he loved me.

"Of course," I remarked coolly. "I'm your relation, I guess. You've got to." And then he burst out with a lot of stuff about his not loving me as a relation, but as a wife.

"Tom Barrett," I said sternly, "do you think I would ever marry a man six months younger than myself? I have brought you up, and you know it. If I ever marry anybody it will be a mature, ready-made man, who will guide and control and make me respect him! Don't you ever say another word to me about this as long as you live."

And I went up stairs and cried because my old Tom was gone.

One of my birthday presents had been a check for twenty-five dollars with which "to take a little trip," my blessed old uncle said, and I decided just to run down to Ann Arbor on that excuse and stay as long as I wanted to with my old friend, Orpha Reynolds. I might join some classes or do some reading and be contented there for a long time—until Tom had forgotten. And with a telegram to Orpha the next afternoon I was off.

Orpha was delighted to see me.

"I am so glad you came just now," she said as we sat together in the half dark after supper. "I shall need you to help me manage Ed."

"Ed who?" I inquired with some surprise, wondering if Orpha had been adopting an infant. My friend seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"Why, Ed Rice," she answered slowly. "I guess I haven't told you about him, have I?" No, I guessed she had not.

"He is a young boy in the law department," she went on with a conscious air, "who rooms next door. His eyes have given out temporarily, so that Dr. Carrow has forbidden all college work, and I have just been trying to amuse him and keep him out of mischief." All this was certainly very nice and philanthropic and quite like Orpha, but what on earth was she blushing about? I waited for her next words. She spoke very fast and would not look at me.

"I wish you would take him off my hands for awhile—you won't have much else to do. I hate to be with him much myself, he has been acting so for a week or two. I'm afraid he is beginning to think he cares for me—especially, you know. He doesn't of course—such a kid!" with scornful emphasis and an altogether unprecedented lapse into slang.

"How old?" I inquired concisely, with mental visions of a big-headed, owl-eyed infant prodigy bearing a law folio under each arm.

"Oh, twenty-two, or maybe twenty-three," she returned nonchalantly. "But that for a man is mere infancy. Now a woman!"

But this valuable philosophical disquisition was abruptly cut short. A subdued stamping and shaking was heard outside—it had been snowing all day—and we sat listening until some one banged the street door behind him and started up stairs three steps at a time, whistling under his breath. "That's Ed," said Orpha and rose to light the lamp, but she had only just scratched the match when there was a faint knock. The sitting room door was slowly pushed open, and a clear, boyish voice exclaimed:

"Just lighting up? You're late, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Orpha, turning up the wick. "Just wait till we have some light on the subject and I'll introduce you to an old friend of mine who came this afternoon from Grand Rapids. Miss Barrett, Mr. Rice," she concluded.

He bowed stiffly and murmured the conventional happiness, then, with a sudden, frank impulse, walked over and shook hands heartily, showing as he smiled two unmistakable dimples in a sensitive, extremely attractive face.

He had been there an hour, though it did not seem half that, when Orpha sent him home. She had to both out a French grammar lesson for an eight and a quarter the next morning, so I went to bed and left her swearing at Dupy in a pious sort of a way.

Really I did not mean to relieve Orpha of her young mission, but how could I help it. Under Orpha's orders he cheerfully pointed out to me the professional residences, the frathouses and all the other inevitables; conducted me around the boulevard to Cascade and School-girls' glee, to Lovers' retreat, and finally even to the sable fortune teller's on the Observatory road. In return I imparted to him all my little botanical lore and allowed him to join my daily constitutional, so that every day, wet or dry—generally wet in Ann Arbor, you know—we sallied forth together in search of "specimens" and exercise.

I got acquainted with Ed very fast these days, and as I came to know him better I grew infinitely disgusted and enraged with Orpha for failing so entirely to appreciate him, but I dared not say a word for fear of ruining what little chance Ed might still have with her.

Before a month had passed Ann Arbor had laid her spell upon me. I determined to stay on the year anyhow, do-

ing full college work, and it might be that I would even complete a regular course. So at the beginning of the second semester I entered as a "special." Ed was now allowed, conditionally, to attend lectures, and so on both sides our time for walking and scientific investigation was much curtailed. We still found time, however, for a short daily tramp, and as spring came on for frequent longer excursions. The beauty of May days was wholly irresistible, so that even our sober-minded and church-going Orpha was induced to spend one perfect Sunday morning with us in a quiet wood strewn thick with spring beauties and adder-tongue. She confessed afterward that at first she thought it was wicked, but when we got there she knew it wasn't.

Well, with botanizing and tennis and examinations the last days of this blessed year slipped past.

The Saturday before commencement Ed and I went up the river for orchids. We found only a few yellow ones, but could not feel much disappointed. The sky and the river would have made up for a much greater loss. We drifted back almost in silence, listening to the soft splash of the water against the boat, the dreary whispering of the trees on the bank and at intervals the far-off cry of a hawk.

Presently Ed interrupted it all.

"I want to give you something before you go," he announced suddenly. "May I?"

"Why, yes, if it isn't too valuable," I answered priggishly in a desperate attempt to be proper.

"I assure you it is absolutely worthless unless you care for it," and he dexterously tossed a long, folded paper into my lap. Another of the legal jokes he was always laboriously perpetrating! Yes—a deed this time, carefully filled out, except a short blank space near the top.

This indenture, made this 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, between Edward Mills Rice, party of the first part, and ——— of the second part, witnesseth that the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of love and affection to him in hand paid by the said party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged, does by these presents grant, bargain, sell, remise, release, alien and confirm unto the said party of the second part and to her heirs and assigns forever all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate and being at present in the city of Ann Arbor, county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit: An ordinary enough piece of goods, reasonably well educated and moderately well fixed; twenty-three years old and quite alone in the world, with no eyes to speak of, and at least two years of grinding yet ahead, together with all and singular, the hereditaments and appurtenances belonging or in anywise appertaining to have and to hold the said ———

I read no further.

"Ed, why don't you give this to Orpha?"

"Orpha!" he echoed. "She wouldn't have it; you know she wouldn't. And besides," added the audacious youth, "she has paid me the 'consideration' on it, and therein."

"Well, goodness knows I didn't suppose I had, either. Ed. But—what shall I do with this?"

"You might just write your name in the space I left for it," he suggested.

I didn't quite dare to.

I leaned my chin upon my hand, looked into the water and thought. But Ed's face floated persistently between me and all prudential considerations. "He is a year younger than you. What about the mature 'ready-made man' whom you assumed Tom you should marry? What would Tom say? And how supremely ridiculous and inconsistent! Refuse Tom because he wasn't old enough and marry a man six months younger than he and twice as boyish looking! But, if I choose to be inconsistent, whose business is it anyhow?" I would not reason. I would not "consider." I shot a swift smile up into Ed's anxious face and then with my fountain pen traced in round deliberate characters across the space he had left—Kate Marion Barrett.

I have the old deed yet. Since our marriage it has lain in state, the sole occupant of a convenient pigeonhole in my writing desk. Here I often run across it and smile as I wonder whether in dear old Ann Arbor, fragrant with the memory of countless student romances, the momentous question was ever before or since asked and answered in such unpoetic fashion. But Ed and I don't care. We have had our poetry since—Kitty Carew in Detroit news.

**Spiders' Webs for Telescopes.**

The astronomers of the naval observatory have looked all over the world for spiders' webs. Such gossamer filaments spun by industrious arachnids are utilized in telescopes for cross lines extended at right angles with each other across the field of view, so as to divide the latter into mathematical spaces. Threads of cobweb are employed for the purpose because they are wonderfully strong for their exceeding fineness, and also for the reason that they are not affected by moisture or temperature, neither expanding nor contracting under any conditions.

Specimens were obtained from China because it was imagined that the large spiders of that country would perhaps produce a particularly excellent quality of web. However, it was found that the best web is spun by spiders of the United States, such as are plentiful in the neighborhood of Washington. Accordingly expeditions are made early in June each year to get from the fences and barns hereabout the cocoons of the big "turtle-back" spiders. Each cocoon is composed of a single silken filament wound round and round, though there are apt to be some breaks in it where Mistress Spider left off work for a time.

Attempts have been made to use the cocoons of spiders like those of silkworms, and exquisite fabrics have been manufactured from them. Unfortunately it was found impossible to make the industry a commercial success, owing to the combative inclination of these creatures. When kept together they will always gobble each other up in a short time, the final result being a single very large and fat spider and one cocoon.—Washington Cor. Boston Transcript.

### List of Patents

- Received at the McCook U. S. Land office on December 10th, 1892.
- John L. Kingsbury
- John L. Kelso
- Martin Lester
- Charles S. Moore
- Annie E. McGibbon
- John H. Moore
- Thomas R. McGinnis
- John McGinnis
- John M. Morse
- Maria Morrison
- Isaac F. Pitterburgh
- Jesse M. Parker
- Caroline E. Paves
- George F. Pierce
- Abraham Peters
- Hosann Peterson
- Elphadett Pottor
- William S. Pottor
- Milton F. Pierson
- Anthony Kowley
- Wyman A. St. Clair
- Daniel Sherman
- Aaron F. Swart
- Abner W. Shaffer
- Sars L. Seward
- William T. Taylor
- Harvey J. Vandervoort
- Willard M. Wiley
- Edward E. Wiley
- Elizabeth Warnock
- John Whitman
- John Wolfe
- Charles W. Wood
- Oscar A. Williams
- Mary M. Winfield

### NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS.

The commissioner appointed to examine a road commencing at the northwest corner section 17, town 4, range 26, in North Valley county, Nebraska, issuing an order of attachment for the sum of twenty-two dollars (\$22) in an action pending before him, whereby John Wentz, plaintiff and Aaron Headley, defendant; that property of defendant in the hands of the U. & M. R.R.Co. (Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad company, owners) consisting of moneys, has been attached by order of garnishment against said party.

Said notice was continued to the 23d day of December, 1892, at 10 A. M.

JOHN WENTZ, Plaintiff.

### Notice of Attachment.

Aaron Headley will take notice that on Oct. 18th, 1892, J. E. Kelley, Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of twenty-two dollars (\$22) in an action pending before him, whereby John Wentz, plaintiff and Aaron Headley, defendant; that property of defendant in the hands of the U. & M. R.R.Co. (Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad company, owners) consisting of moneys, has been attached by order of garnishment against said party.

Said notice was continued to the 23d day of December, 1892, at 10 A. M.

JOHN WENTZ, Plaintiff.

### LAND OFFICE AT McCOOK, NEB.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, that said proof will be made, before the Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, Dec. 17, 1892, viz:

WILLIAM E. KETCH,  
D. S. No. 6695, for the S. W. 34, Sec. 22, Twp. 5, N. R. 23, W. 6th P. M. He declares the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Hubert Beach, of Box Elder, Nebraska; Harvey Stewart, of Box Elder, Nebraska; Sever House, of McCook, Nebraska; Arthur Houze, of McCook, Nebraska.

J. P. LINDSAY, Register.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Weitz, judge of the district court for Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 6th day of June, 1892, in favor of Stull Bros. as plaintiffs, and against Joseph Boze as defendant, for the sum of sixty-nine (\$69) dollars, and 25 cents, and costs taxes at \$43.78 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant to satisfy said judgment, to wit: south half of southwest quarter of section twenty one (21), township one (1) north range twenty three (23) west sixth (6) P. M. in Red Willow county, Neb. and will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1893, in the building herein the last term of court was held, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated December 6th, 1892.

E. R. BANKS,  
Sheriff of said County.

### NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Frank H. Fowler, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the district court of Red Willow county, state of Nebraska, made on the 3d day of December, 1892, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold on the following described premises on the 13th day of January, 1893, at 10 o'clock a. m., at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, or for part cash and the balance, not to exceed three-fourths of the purchase money, on a credit of not more than three years; said money for which credit is given to be secured by bond of the purchaser and by mortgage on the premises sold; the following described real estate, or a sufficient amount of the same to bring the sum of \$1,650.04 to wit:

First:—The undivided one-half interest in the east half of the northeast quarter, and the west half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-nine, township four, range twenty-nine, Red Willow county, state of Nebraska.

Second:—The undivided one-half interest in lot eleven, block thirteen, West McCook, Nebraska.

Third:—The undivided one-half interest in lot nine, block six, third addition to McCook, Nebraska.

Fourth:—The undivided one-half interest in lot eight, block twenty-two, original town of McCook, Nebraska.

Said sale will remain open one hour.

HENRIETTA FOWLER, Administratrix  
of the estate of Frank H. Fowler, deceased.

33.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale on decree of foreclosure of mortgage, issued out of the district court for Red Willow county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1893, at one o'clock, P. M., at the front door of the court house in Indianapolis, Red Willow county, Nebraska, that being the building in which the last term of the district court was held, sell at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, the real estate, described in said order of sale as follows, to wit: The northwest quarter of section twenty-six, (26) in township two, (2) north of range thirty, (30) west of the 6th P. M. in Red Willow county, Nebraska. Said property to be sold to satisfy J. Lowell Moore the sum of nine hundred seventy dollars and forty-two cents judgment, with interest thereon from June 6th, A. D. 1892, to satisfy the Globe Investment company, co-defendants, to the sum of ninety-three dollars and forty cents judgment, with interest thereon from the 6th day of June, A. D. 1892, and twenty-nine dollars and seventy-eight cents costs with interest thereon from June 16th, 1892, until paid, together with accruing costs, according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Red Willow county, at its June term, A. D. 1892, in an action therein pending wherein J. Lowell Moore was plaintiff and Joseph A. Brewer, J. W. C. Brewer and others were defendants.

Dated this 14th day of December, A. D. 1892.

E. R. BANKS,  
Sheriff of Red Willow county, Nebraska.

J. E. KELLEY, Attorney.

### Children Cry for Pitcner's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### Chamberlain's Eye & Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Pradle Scarcities, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes. For sale by George M. Cheney, Nov. 20-1892.

A. J. BITTENHOUSE. C. H. BOYLE.  
**BITTENHOUSE & BOYLE,**  
**ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW**  
McCOOK, NEB.  
J. E. KELLEY,  
**ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,**  
AGENT LINCOLN LAND CO.  
McCOOK, - - - NEBRASKA.  
OFFICE: Deposited First National Bank.

HUGH W. COLE, LAWYER,  
McCOOK, NEBRASKA.  
I will practice in all courts. Commercial, and incorporation law a specialty. Money to loan. Rooms 4 and 5 old First National bld'g.  
R. B. DAVIS,  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
McCOOK, NEBRASKA.  
OFFICE: HOURS: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Rooms over First National bank.

A. T. RICE, M. D.,  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**  
I have located permanently in McCook, Neb. All calls answered promptly by day or night, in the city or country. Special attention given to diseases of children. Office over Lowman's store, south of Commercial Hotel. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Residence 2 doors south of brick school house.

### CHASE CO. LAND & LIVE STOCK CO.

Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder.  
P. O. address, Imperial, Chase County, and Beatrice, Neb. Range, Stinking Water and Frenchman creeks, Chase Co., Nebraska.  
Brand as cut on side of some animals, on hip and sides of some, or anywhere on the animal.

**J. S. McBRAYER,**  
**House Mover and Drayman.**  
McCOOK, NEBRASKA.  
House and Safe Moving a Specialty. Orders for Draying left at the Huddleston Lumber Yard will receive prompt attention.

### R. A. COLE,

— LEADING —  
**MERCHANT - TAILOR**  
OF McCOOK,  
has a fine stock of Cloths, Bindings, and other trimmings always on hand.

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For the treatment of all Chronic and Surgical Diseases and Diseases of the Eye and Ear. The object of this Sanitarium is to furnish best medical and surgical attention to those suffering with Rheumatism, Diseases of Women, Diseases of the Urinary and Sexual Organs, Diseases of the Nervous System, Lung and Throat Diseases, Piles, Cancer, Tumors, Etc., Etc. Surgical Operations performed with skill. Books free to Men and Women. For further information call on or address DR. C. M. COLE, Kansas City, Mo.

### DR. HENDERSON,

102 & 104 W. 11th Street  
KANSAS CITY, MO.  
A Regular Graduate in Medicine, Over 28 years practice—12 in Chicago. Established 1865.

**THE OLDEST IN AGE, and LONGEST REPUTED.**  
Authorized by the State to treat Chronic, Nervous and "Special Diseases," Seminal Weakness, (NIGHT LOSS), Sexual Debility (LOSS OF SEED), Aged Men's Nervous Debility, Poisoned Blood, Ulcers and Swelling of every kind, Urinary and Kidney Diseases, Etc. Cures Guaranteed or Money Refunded. CHARGES LOW. Thousands of cases cured every year. Experience is important. No necessary or injurious medicine used. No time lost from business. Patients at a distance treated by mail and express. Medicines sent everywhere from 6:00 to 8:00. Free your case and send for terms. Consultation free and confidential, personally or by letter. For particulars see—

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THE GREAT TURKISH RHEUMATIC CURE. A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. \$50 for any case this treatment fails to cure or help. Greatest discovery in annals of medicine. One dose gives relief, a few doses remove fever and pain in joints; Cure completed in a few days. Send address of case with stamp for Circular. DR. HENDERSON, KANSAS CITY, MO.