

**Forest Planting.**  
In the coal regions of Pennsylvania nearly every piece of available timber has been cut away to form props for the archways and for various other uses in connection with coal mining. Nearly every stick and every piece of plank used in these regions now all have to be brought from a distance. The Girard estate has endeavored to solve the problem by making some small plantations as a test. Eight years ago a large number of larches and Scotch pines were planted; plow furrows were simply driven through the underbrush growing up where the old forests had been cut away, and one-year-old seedling larches and pines planted. The larches now average some seventeen or eighteen feet high, and are particularly healthy and thrifty. There can be no doubt, from these experiments, that forest planting in these regions would be an undoubted success.  
It may be noted that the larch was the most popular of forest trees in the early planting on the western prairie, but the leaves were attacked by a fungus; the timber therefore did not properly mature. It finally fell into disfavor for forest planting. On these early experiments the larch has suffered much in reputation, but it must be remembered that the western prairies furnish unfavorable conditions for the larch. It is a mountain tree, one thriving in comparatively poor soils, and the low altitude and rich earth of western prairies were entirely foreign to its nature.  
The Girard plantings are some 1,400 or 1,500 feet above the level of the sea; these are the conditions of its own home, and the remarkable healthiness of these trees shows that they appreciate the position in which they find themselves.—Meehan's Monthly.

**One Man's Pessimism.**  
"The pessimism of some men is simply astounding," said a visitor in the city. "Why, I know a fellow who actually insulted another man for saving his life. The way it happened was this: 'A devilish, bright but knockabout sort of a chap named Whittaker was one day sitting on the veranda of a country hotel in a southwestern town chatting with a number of friends. Some one happened to call him by name, and an old white whiskered gentleman standing near by came waltzing up to the crowd, and holding out his hand to Whittaker said: 'Is your name Whittaker?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Ain't you little Willie Whittaker, of Balesville, Ark.?' 'Yes,' again. 'Well, don't you remember the time you fell off a flatboat into the river about twenty years ago, and how you'd a' got drowned if I hadn't dived in and saved you?' 'Yes,' Whittaker said, 'I do, you old fool. What good did it do? I've been playing poker for twenty years and never won a cent. I've been kicked and cuffed ever fourteen states, and I'm out of a job now. Goodby.' And the really indignant Whittaker stomped off down the steps, leaving his innocent benefactor aghast with surprise."—St. Louis Republic.

**The Origin of Profanity.**  
Swearing, it is presumed, began with the original man, for as Adam was an agriculturist it is not presumed that he was free from the trials and troubles, vexations and weaknesses of other farmers. The old Greeks and Romans were most proficient and picturesque swearers, and were accustomed to rattle up their gods in the most finished style when things weren't coming their way. To speak colloquially, it was a cold day when the Olympian deities did not hear their names taken in vain by the impatient mortals who pursued their ordinary duties or paved the way to classic textbooks for future generations. This reprehensible practice has prevailed in the Latin countries to the present day, and the French woman says "mon Dieu," and the Italian or Spanish woman swears by the sacred properties with as little compunction as Octavia or Cornelia would have emphasized the name of Jove or coupled the altar of Vesta with an ordinary statement of fact.—New York World.

**Last of the Seine Swimming Baths.**  
The great floating baths which from their large number form so conspicuous a feature of the Seine in Paris will before very long cease to exist. Under an order of the prefect, dated some years ago, they are gradually disappearing. No new ones are allowed to be built, and the old ones must not have any substantial repairs done to them, but must be broken up when no longer, if the term may be permitted, seaworthy.  
The largest of all is called "La Samaritaine," and as this does not seriously impede river traffic, and it is owned by a number of small shareholders, whose interest in it is being gradually extinguished, the new rule about repairs is less rigidly enforced than in some other cases. La Samaritaine is, moreover, considered as in some sort a public establishment, inasmuch as it grants tickets at greatly reduced rates to children in public schools and to the poor of Paris.—London News.

**A "Close" Minister.**  
The Rev. Mr. Jones, of Blawbury, with a nest egg of £300 and a stipend amounting to £50 per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years, and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house, nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners to keep himself from starving of cold rather than light a fire at the rectory.—Casell's Journal.

**Woman as an Animal.**  
Professor (to boy in natural history class)—Are animals known to possess the sentiment of affection?  
Boy—They are, sir.  
Professor—What animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?  
Boy—Woman.—Exchange.

**A REAL GHOST STORY.**

**STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF A RESPECTABLE BUSINESS MAN.**

**Three Times in the Course of His Life He Has Seen the Shade of His Dead Mother, and Each Time She Seemed to Be Trying to Warn Him of Danger.**

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio" —  
It came to the knowledge of a reporter quite by accident that in an eminently respectable house lying between Madison and Fifth avenues, on an eminently respectable street, a gentleman well known in business circles has repeatedly experienced what may be called, on lack of a better word, visitations. This the reporter learned, while the gentleman was quite unaware of his connection with the press, Thanksgiving evening, when conversation turned on mesmerism and other occult subjects. From talk to experiment the step was easy, when it was discovered that the man in question was an almost perfect "sensitive" to hypnotic influence.  
The discovery was probably a surprise to most of those in the room. The man is perhaps forty-five years old, under the medium height, stout and inclined to baldness, fond of the good things of life, a shrewd business man, yet he was absolutely at the beck and call of an amateur of tolerably developed hypnotic power. When, after some grotesque manifestations, the subject was restored to consciousness, the company, with one accord, pressed him to explain his feeling while under the influence.  
"You are asking impossibilities," said the man good humoredly, "for while in the hypnotic state my waking self is submerged, and I—real I, the ego of the metaphysicians—am what is called unconscious, although something that must be a second I, or, after ego, is obediently active. It is all as great a marvel to me as it can be to any of you. I am not a weak willed man or one easy to influence by ordinary methods, yet I have always been keenly susceptible to psychic influences."  
This caused a stir of expectancy in the little company.  
"I do not often speak of these things," went on the man after a little pause. "Such a nature as mine must seem uncanny to others, and to be frank, in a business way I could not afford to be known as a 'sensitive,' but I think I am safe to speak under this roof."  
"I can remember when quite a small boy seeing my uncle drive toward the country home where I then lived. While he was yet far off, and neither face nor attitude could have borne to me any visual hint, I knew that his son, my cousin William, was dead. I ran and sobbed in my mother's lap: 'Oh, mamma! Willie's dead! Willie's dead!' She chided me for my folly, as she believed. In a long two minutes my uncle drove up, looking ashen gray and sad, and the questions my mother would have put died upon her lips. It was true. My cousin had died unexpectedly after the briefest illness. I couldn't have been more than six years old, and had never heard of occult art of any sort, for ours were old fashioned country folk.  
"As I grew up experiences of this kind were more common. I was a stupid, bullet headed fellow in the main, but in this special sense, as I must think it, I was and am extraordinarily gifted. To this I attribute the fact that on three occasions I have seen the ghost of my mother, who died very soon after the incident which I have just related."  
A stir of incredulity caused a rustle in the room, and one festive chap whistled a bar of "Over the Fence Is Out."  
"Oh, I don't expect you to believe it," resumed the narrator easily. "In a way I don't believe it myself. That is, I can't account for it, and my mind revolts against accepting anything against my reason. Yet I am brought face to face with the fact. Thrice in my mature life, while wide awake, fully clothed and as much in my right mind as I am at this minute, I have seen the shade, ghost or aura of my dead mother, seeming not worn and thin, as I remember her, but young and fairer. And here is the curious part of it. She was clothed as in the days before my birth—there were older children than I—in a dress which I had never seen or heard described, and of which no picture is in existence. Yet, by my description of the dress as I saw it, my oldest sister recognizes it perfectly."  
"What did the ghost say to you?" asked one of the party.  
"Nothing. Yet in each case the visit came before some misfortune which was in a sense avertible. It seems to me as if the wrath of my mother was trying ineffectually to warn her favorite and youngest child. The set face, the mournful air, all so indistinctly seen, might convey that impression. All the visits were at night. Twice the vision came when I was alone. The last time my wife was with me. I said nothing to her at the time, not wishing to alarm her.  
"But she can testify that I was wide awake. The room in which we sat is large, and was at the time lighted only by a well shaded lamp, which left the farther end of the room in semiobscurity. But the figure seemed interpenetrated with a light of its own. It did not move or beckon. It simply was and then was not."  
An odd Thanksgiving night tale, was it not? "I don't want my business associates to suspect me of seeing visions," the gentleman concluded, "but this is my story, and I would like to know what you make of it."—New York Recorder.

**The Oldest Amateur Orchestra.**  
The oldest amateur orchestra in London is named "The Wandering Minstrels," and is composed of people belonging to the highest social rank. This society was organized about thirty years ago in the smoking room of the Guards' barracks at Windsor under the direction of Sir Seymour Egerton, afterward earl of Wilton. For twenty years it was led by Lord Fitzgerald in his house in Sloane street.—New York Press.

**A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.**

**Happy School Children in an Indianapolis Schoolroom.**

In Indianapolis I entered one of the rooms containing the youngest children at the time of the opening exercises. The scene I encountered was a glimpse of fairyland. I was in a room full of bright and happy children, whose eyes were directed toward the teacher, not because they were forbidden to look in any other direction, but because to them the most attractive object in the room was their teacher. She understood them, sympathized and loved them, and did all in her power to interest them and make them happy.  
The room itself was charming. The window sills were filled with living plants, and living plants were scattered here and there throughout the room. The teacher's desk was literally strewn with flowers, and upon each of the children's desks flowers had been placed to welcome the little ones to school.  
The book used during the reading lesson was the book of nature—the plant they had just been studying. The scene presented by the happy little children, each with a flower in his hand, surrounding the teacher, who was smiling upon them, was truly beautiful.  
For reading matter the children were called upon for sentences expressing thoughts concerning their flowers. The sentences were written upon the board by the teacher, and when a number of them had been written the pupils began to read them. The children were interested because they all took an active part in the lesson from the beginning to the end. They were all observing, all thinking.  
Some of the little ones even committed the crime of laying their hands upon the teacher, and she so far forgot herself as to fuddle them in return. Yet the discipline was perfect. What is perfect discipline in the classroom but perfect attention? There was no noise, there were everywhere signs of life, and such signs of life as become a gathering of young children.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Forum.

**The Madonnas of Botticelli.**  
As we examine the various madonnas by Botticelli in the galleries of London, Berlin, Paris and Florence we cannot fail to be struck by the ardor of emotion that seems to have animated the painter in his search for the perfect type beauty realized in the "Crowning of the Virgin." The construction of the head of the Virgin is essentially the same in all Botticelli's pictures, but the flesh mask and the expression vary, and the final charm of each one remains an undecipherable puzzle.  
We feel that this madonna is an intimate vision of the ideal woman who "imparadised" the painter's soul; so Dante speaks of Beatrice, the object of surpassing desire. We marvel at the swoon, at the eyes, at the eyelids, at the mouth of the brows, at the thick golden draped hair, at the splendor of the head held over which angels hold a crown, at the beautiful color of the flesh, which suggests a souvenir of the "Vita Nuova."  
She hath that paleness of the pearl that's fit in a fair woman; so much and not more: She is as high as nature's skill can soar: Beauty is tried by her comparison.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

**Charged Corsets.**  
Now that electricity is being more and more widely used it is no longer safe for a woman to carry her watch in the place where it has always been most secure—in her corsets. A New York woman a few days ago was going to pay a visit of curiosity to an electric light plant. She was warned that her watch might be charged with electricity, and so she did not take it with her.  
The precaution was useless. The next day the movements of the watch were most eccentric. Now it was fast, now slow, but never right. She asked her husband, who was an electrician, what could be the matter with it, and he soon found that her corset steels had been charged with electricity during her visit to the plant, and that next day, when she placed her watch in its usual resting place, the charge had been communicated to its works.  
Of course women have often worn corsets that have been "charged"—at the shop. But here is a new idea.—New York World.

**Horses at Grass.**  
In the neighborhood of Turin there is to be seen, at the entrance to a field, the following notice in large letters:  
"Horses admitted to graze at the following rates:  
"First—Horses with long tails, three francs.  
"Second—Horses with clipped tails, one franc."  
If you go to a countryman and ask him the reason for that difference in the charge, he will reply:  
The reason is very simple. The horses with long tails can easily drive away the flies, while those with clipped tails cannot do so, and they are so tormented by these insects that they eat absolutely nothing.—Mondo Umoristico.

**A Fortune in "Attendances."**  
A certain hotel keeper in London decided not to charge his customers for attendance, but he found that many of them objected to the omission, and accordingly there appeared the charge of eighteen pence a day in each bill. That eighteen pence produced £2,000 a year. He began business with only £1,500, and he recently retired into private life worth £150,000. He was at one time in domestic service, and he has recently bought an Essex estate, with its old mansion and deer park.—London Tit-Bits.

**Gaining Time.**  
Teacher—What is the height of Pike's peak?  
Boy—Do you mean how high it is above the surrounding country?  
"How high is it above the sea?"  
"Um! At high tide or low tide?"  
"Either."  
"I forget."—Good News.

**SPECIMEN CASES.**

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wisconsin, was troubled with neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.  
Edward Shepherd of Harrisburg, Illinois, had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, Ohio, had five fever sores on his legs, doctors said it was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by A. McMillen.  
If you want to have plenty of coal in your own cellar, do something to keep your neighbor's fire from going clear out.  
NOW TRY THIS.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough and Whooping Cough, is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from the Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Retail bottles free at A. McMillen's drug store. Large size 50c. and \$1.

A good way to find out what kind of religion people have is to watch them when they can't have their own way.

**WHY WOMEN TALK**  
About Wisdom's Kobertine is because it has attracted more attention and given better satisfaction than any preparation known. It enjoys the distinction of being first, harmless, second, invisible, third, of producing an effect which has never been approached by any preparation. All lauds remark on its delicately cooling and refreshing properties, its magical powers and true invisibility.  
The man who loves his neighbor as himself is not the one who smokes on a street car platform.

**THE MORNING COCKTAIL**  
Taken before breakfast creates a false, injurious appetite. A wineglass full of Dr. Henley's English Dandelion Tonic taken before meals strengthens the digestive organs and enable you to relish a hearty meal without injury to the stomach.  
Give a lie the right of way and it would wreck the universe.

**FAIR WOMEN.**  
All bright, beautiful and fascinating women are made more charming by the artistic use of Wisdom's Robertine. It enhances the most regular beauty by adding freshness, purity and brilliancy to the complexion.  
For a steady thing, the light of a tallow dip is better than that of a sky rocket.  
The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years which were sure to lay him up if not detected at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs, and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used, as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack, and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—Northwestern Hotel Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa. 50c. bottles for sale by George M. Cheney.

A law-breaker is always a coward in heart, no matter how brave he may look.  
George M. Cheney, druggist, desires to inform the public that he is agent for the most successful preparation that has yet been produced, for coughs, colds and croup. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. The article referred to is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a medicine that has won fame and popularity on its own merits, and upon one that can always be depended upon. It is the only known remedy that will prevent croup. It must be tried to be appreciated. It is put up in 50c and \$1 bottles.

The smell of tobacco on a Christian's breath never does the Lord any good.  
Mr. William T. Price, a Justice of the Peace at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago; but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "This remedy cannot be recommended too highly. I cannot be troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial, and they will be of the same opinion. 50c. bottles for sale George M. Cheney.

You can't tell much about the prayer meeting by the size of the church steeple.  
The continual succession of boils, pimples, and eruptions from which many suffer, indicates an impure state of the blood. The most effective remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It expels the poison harmlessly through the natural channels, and leaves the skin clean and clear.  
Every time a sermon is heard without repentance the devil gives his fire another stir.  
Provide yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine, it has no equal, and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.  
When you pray for a good meeting don't take your dog to church.  
Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by A. McMillen.  
People who think too little are sure to talk too much.  
Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Yellow Skin or Kidney Trouble. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 75c. Sold by A. McMillen. Jan 6 1897.  
Many a man who is honest enough to apologize is too stubborn.  
If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.  
If a man could have a wife made to order he would find fault with her.  
Karl's Clover Root, the new Blood Purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25c., 50c. and \$1. Sold by A. McMillen.  
It seems to be all right to have the pictures of babies in church hymn books around the heads, but how everyone kicks at a live one there.  
Shiloh's Cure, the greatest cough and croup cure, is for sale by us. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children love it.  
In dealing with some men, if everything runs smoothly, you may know that there is something wrong.

**For Sale or Trade.**  
Two lots with improvements as follows: a house, kitchen, cellar, well, stable, fruit and forest trees. Will trade for a good team. Enquire at this office. 34-11.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

**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."  
Dr. G. C. GOOD, Lowell, Mass.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 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 prodos, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."  
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,  
The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

**GEO. J. BURGESS,**  
Dealer in All Kinds of First-Class  
**Implements and Machinery**  
Wagons, Road Carts, Buggies.  
A Square Deal. The Best are the Cheapest.  
COME AND SEE ME.  
Yard West of First National Bank, McCOOK, NEB.  
**F. D. BURGESS,**  
**PLUMBER & STEAM FITTER**  
NORTH MAIN AVE., McCOOK, NEB.  
Stock of Iron, Lead and Sewer Pipe, Brass Goods, Pumps, and Boiler Trimmings. Agent for Halliday, Eclipse and Waupun Wind Mills.

**J. A. WILCOX & SON.**  
we will receive within a few days an elegant line of Ladies, Misses and Children's Cloaks direct from the manufacturers; also Shawls and want you to look at our stock before purchasing.  
Will also receive a large stock of Shoes, Rubbers, etc.  
Our new dress goods are now arriving.  
For Hats, Caps, Ladies, Gents. and Children's Underwear, Gents Furnishing Goods, Groceries, Flour, etc., etc. Call on

**J. A. WILCOX & SON.**  
**NEBRASKA LOAN AND BANKING CO.**  
OF McCOOK, NEBRASKA.  
CAPITAL - \$52,000.00.  
**FARM LOANS. CITY LOANS.**  
LOANS MADE ON ALL KINDS OF APPROVED SECURITY.  
P. A. WELLS, Texas and Mass.  
Correspondent—Chase National Bank, New York.