

WINTER MONTHS.

Beloved one, did you sometimes think—
Sitting your cheerful heart beside,
While boisterous winds through every chink
Of door and casement moaned and sighed—
That, after autumn's days are done,
Some loathly birds—poor reckless things—
May strive through storms to reach the sun,
But spread too late their fragile wings?

Alas! how many, dear, must die,
Of those sad, shivering emigrants!
At thought of it tears cloud you eye;
Long shall we miss their joyous chants.

Tonight you love me, and you say
That their return with spring is sure,
But not those birds who flew today?
And you—ah! will your love endure?
—Florence Henniker in Temple Bar.

A STRANGE TONGUE.

Professor Jonathan Dominic Adams was a very great scholar. As everybody knew who knew anything, he was considered the authority on the Greek posts and everything appertaining to the Greek language, both ancient and modern. Greek was his hobby, his pleasure, the dream of his life, the alpha and omega of his every day's existence, and to any one who would or could not converse on his favorite topic the professor was most decidedly a bore.

Dr. Adams was sufficiently a man of the world to know that he owed his being in a very great measure to a woman. He was aware also that besides the heroines who lived in his books there were women who moved in the outer world. But beyond this knowledge he knew nothing of the weaker sex, to whom Greek, in most cases, was but a word and nothing more. Therefore it was with the greatest consternation that one summer evening, as he was strolling homeward across the Green park, he caught him. If thinking, not of his favorite and only topic, but of a woman, and that woman a very sweet and pretty creature of twenty-five.

Dr. Adams tried his hardest to bring his thoughts into their usual and to him proper channel, but to no avail. To his horror he found that he had even forgotten some lines of Homer, but that he could not forget a pair of bright blue eyes and the smile of rosy lips. To the credit of the profession it must be said that he gave up the struggle and for the remainder of the evening dreamed of Miss Julia Drewry, while Homer for the time being was dethroned.

Now while Professor Jonathan Adams was dreaming of Miss Julia Drewry, Miss Julia Drewry was dreaming of Professor Jonathan Adams, thinking of him and the study of Greek literature. For she also was a great scholar, having left Girton with all the honors that it was possible for the fair student to take away with her. But, although she knew everything that there was to be known about divinity, classics, mathematics, natural science, moral science, history, German, Anglo-Saxons etc., her favorite subject was Greek.

Somewhat to her father's dismay he perceived that his daughter ignored the natural pleasures of youth, while she pestered him from morning till night with dissertations on this dead language. Learned man, as he was himself, and an old college friend of Dr. Adams, he would have preferred Julia to take more interest in her surroundings and mix freely with her fellow creatures, instead of spoiling her pretty eyes with continuous study. But no; Miss Julia turned up her little nose at the girls she met, and at the young men, too, for up to the present she had not found one with whom she could talk upon the subjects which engrossed her mind.

Her father had one slight consolation, and that was that the girl, with all her faults, took an interest in her personal appearance, dressing well, in the Greek style. Whether she wore blue stockings he never inquired, and of course we cannot; besides, it has nothing whatever to do with the story.

It so happened that one day, while taking his morning constitutional, Mr. Drewry stumbled across Dr. Adams; or, to put it more correctly, Dr. Adams stumbled over Mr. Drewry. The worthy professor, instead of looking where he was going, was walking along with his eyes fixed on the ground in a brown study.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Drewry; "why, it's Adams. How are you—how are you? What an age it is since we have met!"

"It must be ten years—ten long years; and yet it seems only yesterday," replied Adams.

"Long enough for many changes. My poor wife has been dead these ten years; but, thank God, I have a daughter to look after me. You saw her when she was fifteen. And you, are you married?"

"No, indeed," said the professor; "I am but wedded to my work."
"Ah, yes; I have seen your name mentioned now and again in connection with your Greek studies. But don't let us stand here talking; come home with me. Julia has often expressed a wish to see you again. She has questions to ask you and some theories to propound, for she also is Greek—very much so."

The two friends walked home to Mr. Drewry's humble but neat little cottage in Fulham, and from that moment—and I tell it with sorrow—Mr. Drewry had, to put it vulgarly, to take a back seat. The professor found Julia charming, and Julia considered the professor delightful, while poor Mr. Drewry had to listen to endless arguments upon the eternal Greek. At first he endeavored to divert his guest and draw him out about old college days, but five minutes after Dr. Adams would turn to the daughter and take up the conversation at the point where he had been interrupted.

The next day the professor called again, and also on the next and so on and so on until he was regarded in the light of a tame cat. Mr. Drewry took to his newspapers and his books, leaving his guest for hours with his daughter.

And what were the consequences?
Why, that Professor Adams after six weeks found his eyes wandering to the

fair Julia's face instead of keeping them upon the books the two were studying together. And Miss Drewry would think to herself as she waited for the professor's diurnal visit that she had at last met a man whom she would be happy to marry, despite the fact he was on the wrong side of forty and had a very bald head.

Matters had come to this serious point on the day Dr. Adams walked across the Green park, and when the image of the girl totally obliterated the image of Homer. That night the professor, as has already been told, gave himself up to dreaming about Miss Julia, and the following afternoon he put two questions to her.

The first was whether she would be willing to help him with a work he proposed to bring out in twenty volumes—namely, the "Lives of the Greek Poets," with criticisms on their poems, the whole to be written in Greek. To this proposition Julia readily consented.

The second question was that as the undertaking would be a work of years, and they would have to be continually together, would she object to becoming his wife to facilitate the plan. To this Miss Drewry, after a proper amount of womanly indecision, also consented.

Mr. Drewry at first somewhat naturally objected to the marriage, but he was very soon overruled, and in two months the wedding took place. Although autumn was united to summer the combination turned out a bright and happy one. The professor came to live at the cottage in Fulham, Mr. Drewry remaining with his daughter, and a more peaceful and contented trio never existed.

The "Lives of the Greek Poets" went on flourishingly. The first volume appeared and was received with great favor by the critics. But when the second volume was but half written a sudden interruption took place. It was a very natural one and one to be wished for—a young Master Adams made his appearance upon the scene, of course to the overthrow of his mother's work.

"For the time being only, I trust," the professor would say to himself as he laid down his pen to act the part of errand boy, for he was continually being desired to run for either the baby's bottle, or linewater, or such like infantile requisites. Then he was asked to step up stairs and see his son smile for the first time, and now and again was even required to hold him.

But after a few weeks of this unaccustomed occupation Dr. Adams became impatient for his wife to return to the study and help him to carry on the work they had commenced together. So after hinting many times that he wished for her assistance, which hinting she seemed to ignore, he decided one morning to ask her point blank to give the baby in charge of the nurse and devote a few hours to the "Lives of the Greek Poets."

With this intention he went up stairs to his wife's room, and as the door was open he heard her addressing somebody or something in a very peculiar and to him entirely new language. He paused on the landing and listened. If he had had any hair on the top of his head it would have stood on end. Could this be his classical Julia, speaking this extraordinary jargon? This is part of what he heard:

"Didums then love his icle barthy-warty? The darding icle boysey-woysey! Ago! Ago! Didums try and bite the spongey-wongey? Naughty icle sing! Naughty icle sing to make his back as stiff as a poker."

Dr. Adams peeped through the opening of the door and beheld his wife washing the baby. He continued to listen.

"Ago! Ago! Didums want to cry den when he's taken out of de nicey warm water. There, then, does him want to kick, kicky-wicky, kicky-wicky—nurse, where is the powder? Ah! thank you—was him being basted, then, like a icle chicken? Oh, I could eat him up, my pretty pretty-wetty! I lub him so! Ah, poor, poor icle wee ting! Didums have the hiccouggs? Naughty, naughty hiccouggs! Shall mummy beat the horrid, nasty hiccouggs then—nurse, pass me the sugar, please. Perhaps that will do the little darling good. No sugar up here? Just ask Dr. Adams to fetch the sugar basin from the dining room cupboard."

Professor Adams beat a precipitate retreat, and on gaining the hall seized his hat and went out for a long walk. With his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and his hat placed over his eyes he gave himself up to very deep thought. But he thought not of the Greek language, but of the new tongue he had just heard. At first his face was very stern, but it gradually and gradually relaxed until it beamed forth into a very pleasant and sweet smile.

"Ah, what a fool I have been!" he exclaimed. "What a pretty picture it was to see her bending over my baby boy, and speaking a language to him that he only could understand! Greek in future shall be for me. Baby in future shall be for Julia, with just a little bit of him for me also. Women can be and are very great, but what a little thing will upset their greatness and make them what they ought to be—sweeter and—and—well—why, women!"

The "Lives of the Greek Poets" came out, but at longer intervals than was at first intended, for Dr. Adams did all the work himself. His wife was always ready to listen to the MS. when he read it aloud to her, and the professor was glad to get any advice that she might be able and willing to give.

Mrs. Adams in future attended to the comforts of her husband, her baby and her father, and was also glad to get any advice they were willing and able to give.

Mr. Drewry was more happy than he had been for many a long day, for he could now get his daughter and son-in-law to talk on subjects other than Greek. But if he was ever at a loss for companionship, he could always resort to the new language, in which he was very proficient, and converse by the hour with his grandson to their mutual benefit and pleasure.—Edric Vredenburg in Wit and Wisdom.

WHALEBONE IN PILES

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH STORED IN ONE BUILDING.

How the Precious Stuff is Guarded—Great Care is Necessary in the Handling of the Product—Whalebone is Very Valuable Nowadays.

In a little brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of the bay there is a million dollars' worth of whalebone stored, and it is guarded as jealously as if it were so many twenty-dollar gold pieces or its weight in precious stones. It is the property of the Pacific Steam Whaling company and came off the whaling barke Beluga, Mary D. Humm, Agenor and America, in from the arctic.

The building is a perfect vault with brick and stone sides, iron roof and iron doors. All around the top runs a perforated pipe by means of which the whole interior could be flooded if a fire should by any possibility break out. Rats are thick on the water front and can do a great deal of damage to a cargo of whalebone, so small iron doors have been put in to answer as barricades when the big ones are opened to air the place. Oilskins such as the fire patrol use are spread over the cargo as the final additional precaution that human ingenuity can suggest.

The uninitiated on first stepping into the cold, cheerless place, with its damp cement floor, are apt to wonder why it has all been done. The long black stalks don't look like much piled against the walls, and to hear their immense value set forth is enough to take the breath away. But the place does not always contain a \$1,000,000 stock. The season was a most profitable one and in consequence the warehouse is nearly full.

"The lady purchasing a few sticks of whalebone on her shopping tour scarcely realizes the immense risk and the great amount of labor necessary to place it on the counter," said W. R. Wand, one of the representatives of the whaling company. "There is a big risk even here. We can take no chances. In the rough, after a simple polishing, the bone is worth five dollars a pound, and we have at least 200,000 pounds on hand now. When the vessel docks at the wharf yonder we pitch in and work day and night until the cargo is housed here, and then we try to get it off on the railroad as soon as possible. While it is here this little structure is guarded day and night. A million dollars is something of a responsibility, I can assure you."

"Where does most of the bone go?" was asked.

"A great deal of it goes to New York," replied Mr. Wand, "but most of the cutting is done in Paris and at Bremen. A little is done in London. We polish it off here, get the color, assort it out and put it up in bundles. Then it is forced through to its destination as rapidly as possible. You see, the bone with a light or pearl shade is worth more than the black and we have to separate it."

Several of the bundles bore the mark M. D. H. in a diamond. "That," said Mr. Wand, "is the name of the vessel from which the bone was taken, in this instance the Mary D. Humm, a vessel which brought the most valuable cargo ever received from the arctic seas. One or two of these bundles are marked 'cut,' you observe. That is to guide the buyer when the bone is offered for sale. It signifies that the bone is nicked on some portion of it. The value is greatly reduced, and we must therefore handle the cargo like eggs. If roughly handled a cargo of whalebone can be well nigh ruined. The slightest cut in a stalk brings it down in value about one-half."

"The bone you know is the teeth of the whale, and a fair sized front molar is worth about fifty dollars. In every whale's jaw there are 473 teeth, and one good sized head is worth a good deal of money. On the last trip the men on the Jessie D. Freeman brought one big fellow alongside, the head of which produced 3,000 pounds of bone. The mouth of the whale is simply a huge suction pump. The monster travels along with his mouth wide open on the surface. The only food he will take is a little red bit of animal life that floats on the northern seas. He sucks in enough to make a good mouthful, and then ejects the water. The food is sifted down through the soft teeth, and is filtered like a lot of sawdust would be in a sieve."

"This black hair that fringes the bone has a separate value. It is cut from the teeth and is used for making fine furniture. It has become so valuable, however, that it cannot be used to any great extent."

"When do you expect to ship this cargo off?"

"As soon as ever Providence will let us. It is something extraordinary for us to have such an enormously valuable load here, and we won't hold it a day longer than necessary, I can assure you!"

"Ever troubled by thieves?"

"No," was the laughing response. "The bone is a trifle too heavy to run away with and the place is too well guarded. Fire is the greatest danger, and you can see how that has been guarded against."

Out in the bay six of the most unsightly ships that ever huddled together in port were tossing. Put up at auction the lot would scarcely bring its value in old lumber, but those hulks brought in as valuable a freight as many a treasure ship has been laden with.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Swede Violets."

"About the best thing I've heard this season," said a veteran actor on the Thespian corner of Broadway, "was in Omaha a short time ago. There are a great many Swedes out there and they were getting up a celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Sons of Sweden. A committee of the order called upon Gus Heege, who was playing there in 'Yon Yonson' at the time, and invited him to take part. They asked him incidentally what they'd better sing."

"Swede Violets," said Gus promptly.—New York Herald.

SPECIMENCASES.

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 leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by A. McMillen.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood and cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. As the Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

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, Coughs and Colic is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and you will see it is just what you need. It is. Trial bottles free at A. McMillen's drug store. Large size 50c. and \$1.

To preserve a youthful appearance as long as possible, it is indispensable that the hair should retain its natural color and fullness. There is no preparation so effective as Ayer's Hair Restorer. It prevents hair falling out, and keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy.

WHY WOMEN TALK

About Wisdom's Robertine is because it has attracted much 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 ladies remark on its delightfully cooling and refreshing properties, its magical powers and true invisibility.

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Itall's Hair Renewer.

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.

There is now and then a preacher who has nothing about him to make you think he is religious but his white cravat.

FAIR WOMEN.

All bright, beautiful and fascinating women are made more charming by the artistic use of Wisdom's Robertine. It enlivens the most regular beauty by adding freshness, purity and brilliancy to the complexion.

True wealth does not consist in things that can be packed in a trunk or locked up in a vault.

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored 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. 50 cent bottles for sale by George M. Cheney.

The devil never throws any stones at the preacher whose religion is in his head.

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 50 cent and \$1 bottles.

The windows of heaven are always shut against the man who will not work.

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." Let anyone troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial, and they will be of the same opinion. 50 cent bottles for sale George M. Cheney.

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