



PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
A Perfect Success. VILL
The Rev. A. Antoine of Roulog, Tex., writes:
As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor
Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success for
any one who has suffered from a most painful
neurosis as I did. I feel like myself again
after taking the Tonic.

WEST SIDE, Iowa, Oct. 4, 1890.
I was suffering from nervousness, brought on
by overwork, for about three years. I could
not sleep nights, I could not work, and my
memory got injured. I commenced using
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and after giving it a trial,
I feel much better, my sleep has returned, and I
am every way well pleased with its effect on me.
THOMAS DOWLING.

WOODBURY, Minn., Nov. 27, 1890.
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me of
"heart trembling" and "swimming in the head."
ANDREW JANSEN.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous
Diseases sent free to any address.
This medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend
Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1875,
and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5.
Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$10.

DANGER SIGNALS
SET
MEN
THINKING.
Head-ache, Loss of Appetite, Wakefulness,
Nervousness, Back-ache, Drawing-down-aching
Pains in the Small of the Back, Weakening
Eyesight, Dropsical Swellings, Shortness
of Breath, Frequent Desire to Urinate, Con-
stipation, Hot Dry Skin, are DANGER SIGNALS and
indicate

KIDNEY DISEASE.
BE WARNED IN TIME...
IT IS NOT TOO LATE
OREGON KIDNEY TEA
WILL RESTORE YOU TO
PERFECT HEALTH.
TRY IT.

THE MILD POWER CURES.
HUMPHREYS'
Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and
thoroughly prepared, and are used for the
private practice and for over thirty years by the
people with entire success. Every single Specific
is a special cure for the disease named.
They cure without drugging, purging or reducing
the system, and are in fact the Sovereign
Remedies of the World.

- | | |
|---|-----|
| 1—Fever, Congestion, Inflammation. | .25 |
| 2—Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic. | .25 |
| 3—Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness. | .25 |
| 4—Diarrhea, or Children's Colic. | .25 |
| 5—Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic. | .25 |
| 6—Cholera Morbus, Vomiting. | .25 |
| 7—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis. | .25 |
| 8—Nervousness, Headache, Vertigo. | .25 |
| 9—Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo. | .25 |
| 10—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation. | .25 |
| 11—Stomachic, or Sick Stomach. | .25 |
| 12—Whites, Too Profuse Periods. | .25 |
| 13—Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness. | .25 |
| 14—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions. | .25 |
| 15—Rheumatism, or Rheumatic Pains. | .25 |
| 16—Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague. | .25 |
| 17—Piles, Blind or Bleeding. | .25 |
| 18—Ophthalmia, Sore or Weak Eyes. | .25 |
| 19—Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head. | .25 |
| 20—Whooping Cough. | .25 |
| 21—Asthma, Oppressed Breathing. | .25 |
| 22—Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing. | .25 |
| 23—Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swelling. | .25 |
| 24—General Debility, Physical Weakness. | .25 |
| 25—Dropsy, and Scanty Secretions. | .25 |
| 26—Men-Sickness, Sickness from Riding. | .25 |
| 27—Kidney Diseases. | .25 |
| 28—Sore Throat, or Canker. | .25 |
| 29—Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed. | .25 |
| 30—Painful Periods. | .25 |
| 31—Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sores & Eruptions. | .25 |
| 32—Chronic Congestion & Eruptions. | .25 |

EXTRA NUMBERS:
28—Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness,
or Involuntary Discharges. 1.00
29—Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation. 1.00
30—Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance. 1.00

SPECIFICS.
HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL
"THE PILE OINTMENT."
For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding;
Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum.
The relief is immediate—the cure certain.
PRICE, 50 CTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CTS.
Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED from 15
to 25 lbs. in
per month by
remedies that do not injure
the health or interfere with one's business or
pleasure. It builds up and improves the general
health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion.
No wrinkles or fatness follow this treatment.
Endorsed by Physicians and Scientific Societies.
PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.
Dr. W. F. Snyder, 816 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

THE WONDER OF THE 19TH CENTURY
GUARANTEED PREVENTIVE AND CURATIVE
FOR LADIES ONLY.
SAFE HARMLESS AND AFFORDABLE.
NO STOMACH-DRUGGING, NO INTERFERENCE.
ONLY ARTICLE IN THE WORLD LIKE IT.
PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.
CROWN-CHEMICAL CO., 357 & 359 BEECHMAN ST., N.Y.

JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.
5-TON WAGON SCALES, \$60.
BEAM BOX
BRASS-TASE BEAM
Freight Paid.
Warranted for 5 Years.
Agents Wanted. Send for Terms.
FARMERS'
Horn and Warehouse Scales.
JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS AND PREMATURE DECAY IN CAN BE CURED.
MIDDLE AGE Health and youthfulness restored.
and life prolonged even in advanced years by a miracle of modern science. Call for trial and enclosing \$1, state case fully and get a trial treatment and advice of a regular specialist. Many years' experience.
J. J. DEFFENBACH DISPENSARY,
225 W. 12th Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PILES
"ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is a reliable cure for Piles. Price, \$1. By Druggists or mail. Send for free. Address: "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

A WITCH STORY.

The story I am about to tell you is curious as having been told by an old colored woman of Virginia, a slave "before the war," and one who can neither read nor write.

Years ago there lived in Virginia a gentleman named McKin, who was greatly respected by all who knew him. He was rich; he was kindly; he had the good wishes of all his neighbors; he was an excellent master and a good friend.

He owned a great deal of real estate, and among it was the finest mill property in the county. It was known as McKin's grist mill, and was very valuable. He always kept a miller there, and of course the miller had his men, and a thriving business was carried on for years. Meanwhile Mr. McKin remained a bachelor and lived in the old family mansion with his mother and sisters until the former died and the latter married, and people began to say that now no doubt McKin himself would marry.

However, neither maid nor widow of the place could flatter herself that the bachelor's attentions were "particular." He lived alone with his large retinue of servants for a year, and at last astonished his friends by marrying a lady who was an utter stranger to every one, a very beautiful young woman who had golden hair, great black eyes, a skin like cream and a brown mole on her left cheek.

He gave a great supper to introduce her, and she was admired by all. Her dress was exquisite. She sparkled with jewelry, and a magnificent cluster ring which she wore on the middle finger of the right hand attracted much attention. It was, like all the rest, a gift from Mr. McKin.

The host did his best. The supper was delightful; there was a band of music from Richmond; there were roses everywhere. Mr. McKin had tried to make to make the affair a splendid one, but when it was over the guests began to acknowledge to one another that they were disappointed. Why they could not say. Perhaps Mrs. McKin was cold in her manner. Some people could not help being that. But they had not been happy, and in old times every one had enjoyed themselves so much at the McKins.

Then some one hinted that the house servants did not like their new lady, and liked still less her foreign maid, little and dark and withered as an old monkey. "No," old Phoebe, the cook, had said to some one, "we all don't like madame's maid—we all don't like her. We got no right to talk about de madame now. But madame's maid, she jes' a nigger, same as de rest, and we all reckon she mighty cur'us—mighty cur'us."

The day after the party was Saturday. Mrs. McKin professed herself weary and remained in bed until supper time. Sunday morning, however, she rose. As she was eating breakfast her husband spoke of the hour.

"We shall have to make some haste, my dear," he said, "in order to be at church in season."
It was some time before his wife answered him; then she said:
"I will not go to church today."
"I am very anxious that you should, my dear," Mr. McKin said. "It will be expected of us."
"You can go alone," she answered coldly.

"Alone, the first Sabbath after my marriage!" he cried. "Oh, my dear, impossible! See what I have bought for you for the occasion." And he took from a table a small parcel, unfolded it and handed to Mrs. McKin a beautiful little prayer book bound in blue velvet, with silver clasps, and her name on the cover in silver letters. As he placed it before her she uttered a low cry and fainted away. The maid rushed to her and they carried her to her room, where she remained for some time. From that moment Mr. McKin's beautiful young wife seemed to be bedridden. She never left her pillow. Mr. McKin consulted the most celebrated physicians. None of them could discover what ailed her. Her maid nursed her continually. Mr. McKin was not encouraged to enter the room; he always made his wife's head ache when he spoke to her. Finally he contented himself with a brief call of inquiry every morning. He was a very unhappy man, more unhappy than in his bachelor days.

Old Phoebe began to tell strange stories to her friend, the housekeeper at the hotel.

"Marsy Jack mighty nigh done broke his heart," she would say. "Ize mighty sorry for Jack, but we all jes' despise de madam. She sick in bed all day, but in de night I reckon she mighty well—yes, she mighty well den, and she get up and dress herself and eat a big supper and go out ob de do'. Yes, she do. And dat little chipmunk of a maid she go along wid her, and dey done come back jes' befo' sun up. Yes, we all knows dat de libin' truff."
"Why don't you tell your Marsy Jack?" the housekeeper asked.

"Dere ain't nobody dast tell dat yar to Marsy Jack McKin," said Phoebe; "nobody."
And nobody did dare. But soon it was whispered everywhere that Mrs. McKin had a lover whom she went to meet in the pine woods at midnight.

But there was something else that Mr. McKin was to hear shortly. There was trouble at his mill, and the trouble was of a supernatural sort—the miller and his men had seen a ghost.
One by one the men had been frightened away, and the miller was alone at his post. At last he came up to the McKin mansion one day and resigned his millership. He was reluctant to give his reasons, but finally did so. The ghosts—there were two of them—manifested themselves every night. They were not to be frightened away, and did mischief to the grain and set fire to the mill in various places, though he had always found the flames in time to put them out. Now they threatened to kill him if he was not out in three days.
"I am amazed to hear such a story from a white man of intelligence," was

Jack McKin's comment on the tale. "Some one is evidently trying to frighten you away. Remain, and on the night they threaten to take your life the sheriff and his men shall be with you."
Finally the miller returned to the mill and at dusk on the third day was seen alive and well by people who came with grist. When the sheriff and his men came stealthily through the woods an hour later the mill was perfectly dark. They lighted their lanterns and went through it, calling the miller by name, but receiving no answer, until they found him in his own room lying on his face, a pistol in his hand, an eye turned lamp beside him, dead. He had been shot through the heart. There was no living human being in the old mill, and for a long while nobody went near it. At last people began to say that the miller had shot himself by accident and that the negroes had frightened him. Another miller applied for the place and remained three days. In fact, to cut a long story short, the only other miller who dared to brave the warning that the ghost gave them all was found dead, as the first one had been.

The mill was soon spoken of as haunted by every one. No one would work there, and finally Mr. McKin closed it, and it was left to itself and to the ghost.

All this while Mrs. McKin remained an alleged invalid, shut in her room all day, watched by her maid and talked of in whispers by her servants.
No one believed McKin's mill would ever run again, but one day a tall, strong, broad shouldered young fellow walked up the steps of the McKin mansion, asked to see the master, and begged to be allowed to take charge of the grist mill.

"I've heard the story," he said, as Mr. McKin began to explain. "I don't believe in ghosts, and they can't scare me anyway. I'm in hard luck, and I'm a good miller. Trust me and your mill shall work better than ever. You'll do me a service, and I'll do you one."
In vain Mr. McKin set before him the fact that two millers had been already killed there in the haunted mill. The young giant declared that he should not be, and finally the gentleman engaged him.

The mill was opened and the miller set to work. He took with him into the mill a Bible, a revolver and a large sharp ax.
For the first two nights he saw nothing, but heard noises like the falling of heavy millstones upon the floor above and feet upon the stairs. He had expected something like this and remained in his room reading his Bible by the light of a shaded lamp.

On the third night, having heard the same noises and quietly disregarded them, his door was dashed open and a hideous form entered. It was something between a woman and a great bird of prey. It wore fluttering white robes, and had instead of hands great black claws. It floated toward him through the air, and behind it came another like unto it, but smaller.

The first creature swooped downward and made a clutch at the lamp. As it did so he snatched his revolver from his belt and fired, emptying all the chambers. The strange beings vanished with a wild shriek, but in a moment they entered again. This time the largest one made a furious clutch at the lamp. As he did so he lifted his ax above his head, and with one blow severed the hideous black claw from what looked like a shriveled human arm; then he hurled his Bible at the head of the smaller fiend. Instantly screams, oaths and horrible curses filled the air. The strange beings vanished and silence reigned.

The black claw dropped to the table. It was such a hideous sight that the miller covered it with a cloth, that he might not see it. He kept watch all the night, and early in the morning Mr. McKin, who had been told that firing had been heard in the mill, came to make inquiries. The miller told his tale, and Mr. McKin complimented him on his bravery. Of course he was desirous of seeing the amputated claw, and the miller proudly drew away the cloth. Behold! there lay upon the table, not a claw, but a woman's beautiful hand—a right hand, on the middle finger of which gleamed a splendid cluster diamond ring. At the sight of this horror seized the miller, and Mr. McKin seemed about to die. He knew the hand; he knew the ring. Then, without a word, he walked out of the mill and homeward and into his wife's chamber. She was in her bed, as usual. The maid, pale, and with a great bruise upon her forehead, interposed to prevent his approach.

"Madame is very ill," she said.
"Out of my way, woman!" he cried and pushed her aside.
Then, bending over his wife's bed, but without his usual show of tenderness, he said sternly:
"Show me your hand."
She thrust forth her left one.
"The other," he said.
She uttered a scream and turned down the counterpane, but there was none to show—only a bandaged stump, from which the hand had been severed.

The next morning the whole village was in wild excitement for Jack McKin, whom they all knew and loved so well, had gone to the graveyard and there shot himself through the heart beside his mother's grave. And the servants had told their tale and the miller his, and there was the lady's hand, with the ring upon it, to be seen by all.
"Burn the wretches," a man cried, and a band of men, both black and white, bore down upon the McKin mansion. They entered the door and marched up the stairs and into madame's room, but there was no one there. Nobody had seen the two women depart, but they were gone and were never seen again, and since that time no fool has ever entered the old mill and it has slowly fallen into decay.

The lady's hand, however, is still preserved in spirits in the town hall, and the old negro who acts the part of watchman declares that at midnight it always changes to a hideous black claw. However, no one else ever witnessed this transformation.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

PAYING A DEBT OF KINDNESS.

An Indian Brave Who Never Forgot the Mercy Shown His Band.

About the middle of this century there was a terrible uprising among the Yucatan Indians. For a time they were able to wreak vengeance on their white conquerors, and their ferocity and cruelty were horrible. Even so dark a page of history as this, however, is not without its story of kindness and mercy between enemies. The town of Peto was so situated in the Indian territory that it was taken by the Indians and recaptured by the whites many times. Once, when it was in the hands of its rightful owners, a number of Indian prisoners were held.

Less cruel than the savages, the whites killed only in battle; they allowed their prisoners to live. But provisions became more and more scarce, and the Indians were left to die of hunger. One day Don Marcos Duarte, a wealthy inhabitant of the town, was passing the house where the Indians were and stopped, shocked at the sight of a miserable, emaciated creature.

"What are you doing?" he asked.
"I am eating my shoes, as you see," was the reply. "I am starving to death. For twelve days we have had almost no food. Most of my companions are dead and the days of the rest are numbered."

Don Marcos looked at the miserable survivors and said, "You and they shall live," and he sent them food every day and finally procured their freedom. Whatever were the rights of the question between Indians and whites in this case, human pity spoke first in his heart.

Some time later Peto was captured by the Indians, and the inhabitants were massacred. Don Marcos, with his wife and children, awaited death on their knees in prayer. They heard a party of savages approaching the house, and felt that the end had come.

The head of the band, however, stationed sentinels around the house and gave this order, "Not a hair of the head of this man or his family is to be touched, on pain of death."

The family of Duarte was the only one that was spared. The Indian who had inspired the pity of Don Marcos was paying his debt.

Twenty years afterward in a successful uprising the Indians sacked a number of villages and country houses. They retreated loaded with spoil and dragging with them many household servants, of whom they intended to make slaves. The chief of the expedition asked one of them what was the name of his master.

"Don Marcos Duarte," he replied.
The chief immediately called a halt. "How many men belong to Don Marcos?" he asked.

"Twenty-four," replied the man to whom he had spoken.
"Name them," said the chief.
Having collected the twenty-four men, he returned to them the spoil which had come from the Duarte house and said, "Go home, friends; you are free." It was the Indian once more paying his debt.—Youth's Companion.

Why She Reads the Last Chapter First.

"Of course I always read the last chapter of a novel first," admitted a young woman, "and I think it a very sensible plan. But I read such books in two different ways. I confess I read some trash. When I get a novel that I consider in this class I read the last chapter first. Then I read the next to the last chapter, and so on until I finish the first chapter. I find that the only way in which to enjoy such books. If I read it straight through from the beginning I would never be in doubt as to the ending. I have read so much of this light literature that I can always tell pretty well on reading the first chapter or two what the outcome of it will be.

"On the other hand, if I begin at the end my curiosity is aroused to a lively pitch. Here I have the unraveling of misunderstandings and the restoration to happiness of all the worthy people in the book. But I cannot tell how the doubts and differences came about. One can anticipate the close of such a novel near its beginning, but not its beginning near its close. So I read the chapters in reversed order with continued pleasure."
—New York Tribune.

Only a Score of White Rhinoceroses.

From a letter addressed to that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of northern Mashonaland, which has kept the native hunters to the west of the Umfati river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of south central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, "be ten or even twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more, I think, than the latter number."
—London News.

Where Crocodiles Are Found.

Crocodiles are found in Africa, Asia, the tropical parts of Australia, Central America and the West Indies, while the alligators, with the exception of one species discovered some few years since in China, are found only in America. They are all of them terribly destructive creatures. The young feed principally on fish, but as they grow larger they attack every animal that they can overcome, dragging their prey into the water and so drowning it. It has been said that more people are killed by crocodiles than by any other of the wild beasts of Africa.
—London Saturday Review.

Worms That Are Good to Eat.

The earthworms of Cape Colony, South Africa, specimens of which may be seen in any well regulated American college museum, have a maximum length of 6 feet 5 inches and are thick accordingly. When Mr. Meer and the other Dutch explorers first visited the Good Hope regions these slimy creatures were a regular article of diet.—St. Louis Republic.

FOR THROAT AND LUNG

complaints,
the best remedy is
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
In colds, bronchitis, la grippe, and croup, it is Prompt to Act sure to cure.

First day of Publication January 13.
Notice of Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license to sell real estate, granted by F. B. Heall, Judge of the District Court of Adams county, Nebraska, bearing date December 18, 1892, in an action then pending wherein Albert W. Cox, administrator of the estate of Abraham Yeazel, deceased, is plaintiff, and Luova Test and Mary Yeazel, minor heirs of Abraham Yeazel, deceased, are defendants, wherein Albert W. Cox, administrator, prays for a license to sell real estate, said Nebraska Court, in and to the following to-wit: This cause coming on to be heard before me, F. B. Heall, Judge of the District Court of Adams county, Nebraska, on this 31st day of December, 1892, sitting at chambers in Alma, Harlan county, Nebraska, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day in pursuance of the order to show cause herein, signed by me the 26th day of November, 1892. And upon proof of the due service of the order to show cause heretofore signed by me, I have this day proceeded to the hearing of the petition filed in this case, and have read and examined the petition, and the proofs of the petition, and no person appearing to oppose the application, and it appearing to me that it is necessary to sell the whole of said real estate described in said plaintiff's petition, and being situated after a full hearing upon the petition, and an examination of the proofs and allegations of the parties interested in said real estate, I have ordered, that a sale of the whole of the real estate mentioned in plaintiff's petition, to-wit: lot 17 in block 27 in the town of McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska; also a one-third interest in lot 20 in block 22, in the original town of Hastings, Adams county, Nebraska; also the following parcels of ground, beginning at the point of intersection of the southeast corner of block 41 feet and 3 inches north of the southwest corner of block 23, original town of Hastings, Adams county, Nebraska, running thence north 88 degrees 15' 15" west, 150 feet, thence west 23.88 feet, thence north 20 feet and 3 inches, thence west 88 feet, thence south to the place of beginning; also a one-half interest in that part of the southeast quarter of section 12, township 7, north, range 10, west of the 6th P. M., Adams county, Nebraska, described as follows: beginning at a point on the south line of Second street, in the city of Hastings, Nebraska, 70 feet south of the southwest corner of block 5, in McCook, Nebraska, to the east line of said Second street, 132 feet for a commencement and thence north 88 degrees 15' 15" west, north 132 feet, thence east 88 feet, thence north 132 feet to the place of beginning, is necessary for the payment of the valid claims against the deceased, Abraham Yeazel, and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered and decreed by me that Albert W. Cox, administrator, proceed to advertise and sell the whole of the real estate authorized and empowered to proceed to advertise and sell within one year from the making of this order, but not after that period, according to law, the whole of the real estate described in plaintiff's petition, for the payment of the valid claims against the estate of the deceased, Abraham Yeazel, and charges of administration. And upon confirmation of sale to make a good and sufficient deed for said premises to the purchaser or purchasers thereof.

It is further ordered by me that said Albert W. Cox, administrator, before the sale of any part of any real estate as herein ordered, shall give a bond to the Judge of the District Court of Adams county, Nebraska, in the penal sum of \$500, with good and sufficient sureties, to answer for all the proceeds of the sale that shall remain in his hands after the payment of the debts and charges, and to dispose of the same according to law.

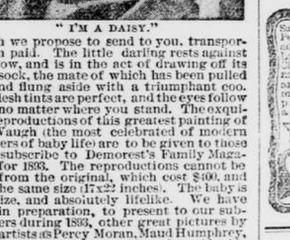
F. B. HEALL,
Judge Dist. Ct. of Adams & Harlan Cos., Neb.
I will on Saturday, the 11th day of February, 1893, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the morning, and the setting of the sun on the same day, sell the following described real estate at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash: lot 17 in block 27, in the town of McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska.

Said sale shall be held at the west front door of the store building situated on said lot in the town of McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska, and said sale shall be held open for one hour between the hours of 2 o'clock and 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated this 10th day of January, A. D. 1893.
ALBERT W. COX,
Administrator.

DO YOU WANT TO ADOPT A BABY?

Maybe you think this is a new business, sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original source as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well! that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This is the only baby-white engraving you can get you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.



"I'M A DAISY."
which we propose to send to you, transportation paid. The little darling rests against a pillow and in the act of drawing off its pink sock, the mate of which has been pulled off and lying aside with a triumphant ego. The flesh is so perfect, and the eyes follow you, no matter where you stand. The exquisite reproductions of this great painting of the baby, the most celebrated of modern painters of baby faces are to be given to those who subscribe to Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893. The reproductions cannot be subject matter, besides, furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect. Give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$1, and you will really get over \$25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

Those who subscribe for Demorest's Family Magazine for 1893 will possess a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter. It will keep everyone posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect. Give you, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$1, and you will really get over \$25 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

My Sweetheart's Face
—that's my wife's you know—wears a cheerful, life-is-worth-living expression, ever since I presented her a box of

KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP

She is always recommending Kirk's soaps to her friends—says she is through with experiments—has just what she needed to make labor easy, and ensure perfectly clean clothes. She knows what she's talking about—don't forget it.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

Dusky Diamond Tar Soap The Soap for Cuts and Bruises

WONDERFUL!

The cures which are being effected by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases, by their compound Oxygen Treatment, are indeed marvelous.

If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, send for information about this treatment, and their book of two hundred pages, giving a history of Compound Oxygen, its nature and effects with numerous testimonials from patients, to whom you may refer for still further information, will be promptly sent, without charge.

This book aside from its great merit as a medical work, giving, as it does, the result of years of study and experience, you will find a very interesting one.

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