S. M. COCHRAN & CO.,

ARE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

Union Press Drills and

One Horse Hoe Drills.

WAGONS AND BUGGIES.

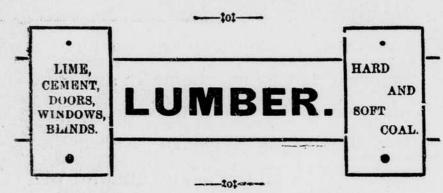
ALSO KEEP REPAIRS FOR ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.

Absolutely Rust Proof Tinware

Their prices on all goods are as low as the chickest until I felt a driveling idiocy lowest possible.

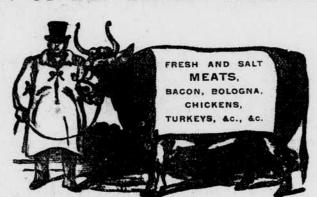
S. M. COCHRAN & CO.,

W. C. BULLARD & CO.



RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS. WU. J. WARREN, Manager.

B. & M. Meat Market.



F. S. WILCOX, Prop.

Notary Public.

Justice of the Peace.

LOANS AND INSURANCE.

Nebraska Farm Lands to Exchange for Eastern Property. Collections a Specialty.

MoCook

NEBRASKA.



Mexican Mustang iniment.

A Cure for the Ailments of Man and Beast

A long-tested pain reliever.

Its use is almost universal by the Housewife, the Farmer, the Stock Raiser, and by every one requiring an effective

No other application compares with it in efficacy. This well-known remedy has stood the test of years, almost

No medicine chest is complete without a bottle of MUSTANG

Occasions arise for its use almost every day. All druggists and dealers have it

"petticoat interest," as Kenelm Chillingly so facetiously dubs that sneaking regard for feminine charms. I took a pride in my defensive attitude and plumed myself on every possible occasion with my stoical invulnerableness and scornful indifferentism toward the blind god of the

And since I had just attained to the eminently sensible age of thirty I fancied-aye, felt positive-that I might be pronounced "out of danger," so to speak. and that I need no longer fear the artfulness of the weaker sex.

The gay and reckless period of youth -from eighteen to twenty-eight-I had passed quietly and happily, having experienced none of the "pangs of disprized love nor the infinite (?) bliss of an affection returned."

To insure my safety I had not lived the life of a recluse and refused all concourse with the adorable fair. On the contrary, I had first made a study of the sex, and in order to do this effectually and successfully I must needs mingle with them, lavishly flatter them, hypo-critically worship at the shrines of beauty and a meager intelligence, rush the fashionable functions, talk society style that I finally fell a sore victim to realism. indigestion.

Verily, this butterfly life is not what it's cracked up to be, soliloquized I-end so, without further ado or ceremony, I dropped out of the madding crowd and sought the level of commonplace.

Ah, these social castes! What hollow mockeries, what monumental lies!

The social waters glisten with a clean, sparkling surface; there are beautiful, clear cut waves that flash a thousand blinding lights; the white billows roll on in magnificence of state, and the view to one standing on the hot, burning sands is one of awe and a grandeur unrivaled.

But when one leaps into those tempting deeps, lured into them perhaps by the siren voice of some false Loreleiwhat a delusion! Ach, Himmel! It is all mud and weeds beneath. The currents are cold, and they are the currents of public opinion and conventionality. Huge monsters clasp us in the death grip of their savage tentacles, and these we call avarice, jealousy, hypocrisy, ambi-tion and vainglory, each with its thousands of fiendish allies. Ah, it is a n.iserable specter-this social apparition!

Occasionally one comes upon a coral cave, rich in its purity and stainless beauty, and one wonders how such a marvel can exist in all this ugly filth and

loathsome decay.

All honor be to him who seeks to drain away the dregs of social sins and brings a sweet wholesomeness to unhealthful task, what a chimerical fanaticism, holy though it be!

Wearied and disgusted with the horrible sham, I quit its slimy deeps to lay | thing it used to be, but an eager, ammyself down upon the sun bathed shores of simplicity and unworldliness.

love. I, a scoffer at the grand passion, what cared I for the senseless babble of | happy-what a God given mission! the world-I was no longer of it. I lived | New aspirations, new ideals, new hopes

cynic, though by no means a misan- its meaning! thrope. I took life luxuriously and complacently. College days had come and gone. I had wandered aimlessly about 'neath blue Italian skies, amused myself for a time in a German university and had now, in response to an unconquerable longing, returned to my native clime, here to suffer the one calamity of my otherwise tranquilly happy existence. Had I but known to what fate my steps were leading me! Could the impenetrable veil of the future but have been drawn aside and the vision of that impending what misery spared, what heartache, what intolerable bitterness!"

By one of those strange, inexplicable impulses so common to us all, I was urged to the scene of early youth. Thus it was that in the beautifully picturesque and popular summer resort known as -, on the shores of Lake Michigan, I found myself one glorious day in Juneone of those rare, heavenly days in that dear month of roses.

The old place had undergone a decid-I had ceased to call it home. The lazy, been quickened into a more vigorous acout by the new.

had been winding my way through the about my neck. tortuous paths of H—— park, musing But her arms upon the had beens and the might have old days, and unconsciously I found my steps directing me along the familiar walk. An ideal silent land it is. Somber, yet intensely soothing, it seems always to speak a word of good cheer to the living and bid us fear not the scythe of the dread reaper.

Wandering over the stupendous hills and down long ravines, I emerged at last a furious scratch at my eyes: "Great upon a towering cliff looking out upon guns! Hain't you never got no mercy on the waters of the great lake. There was | nobody?" a solemnity, a grandeur unspeakable in the view. I bowed my head in reverence to the creator of such marvelous beauty. My soul was faint with emotion. I sank down upon the earth and closed my eyes to shut out the dazzling light. I fell into a half wakeful, half sleepful dream—a dream of elysium. How long I lay in this delicious slumber I know not. Suddenly, impulsively I opened my eyes, to behold—oh, ye Fates! -an angel from heaven. So she seemed to me as I gazed into the lustrous depths of those unfathomable eyes.

A divinity! A daughter of the gods! She stood majestically on the edge of the

THE WITCH MAIDEN. cliff, her perfect physique distinctly outlined against the clear sky. She was clothed in pure white, with a single bunch of wild violets at her throat. Her From my earliest years I had always features were startlingly classic; the evinced a pronounced aversion for the neck and shoulder, partly bared, were dazzling whiteness; her hair, unconfined. fell in shimmering waves below 1 r waist-"golden meshes to entrap the hearts of men;" her eyes, rivaling in color the violets at her throat, were brimming with a heavenly light, while a bewitching smile played about the corners of her perfect mouth.

And I? Awed, inspired by this glimpse of an Eve in paradise, I could not move, until, my divinity turning to go, I bounded toward her. But she was gone-like a mist she fled before me. Over hills and hills I leaped, bruising my hands with harsh branches and hazarding my life in the mad chase. In vain! I had lost her. When the realization of the fruitlessness down exhausted to collect my scattere ! thoughts.

Good heavens! what had I been doing? I, the hoary cynic, the irrepressible scoffer of love and its bold intrigues!

Was it not all a wild delirium? It must be. I had been duped, enslaved. captivated by a mad, insane dream. Away with such bosh! I will go and eat a good dinner.

The is nothing like a well cooked dinner to bring one out of the realms of rocreeping on, and live in such epicurean | mance into the cruelly same and interest of

> The illusion has not been dispelled. The same phantom came to me in the night; the same thrilling eyes looked interrogatively into mine; the same irresistible smile challenged my daring, and I awoke-alone. I felt out of patience with myself. With the desire to forget this tantalizing witch maiden I resolved to throw myself in the crowd of pleasure seekers at the resort.

But oh, the resistlessness of fate! Passing through the flower stalls, I saw again the form of my divinity. The eyes looked worlds into mine and seemed entreating-socks. ly to draw me to her. I followed to where she stood behind huge bunches of me a spray from a knot of flowers in her hair, she vanished again like a will-o'the-wisp.

I passed my hands over my eyes in per- open for ventilation. plexity. Surely this was no delusion. had seen her in a crowd of mortals. Farewell, cynicism! Welcome, love! I am conquered.

And so, day after day I continued the search for my witch maiden, and day after day successfully she eluded me.

One night while sitting on the cool verandas of the hotel, she glided past me chance to visit his abode that night. -spiritlike, radiant with the reflected light of the stars. I stretched my arms toward her-she was gone. And yet I hoped unceasingly. She had looked win her in the end.

Life took on a new phase. It was no longer the dull, listless, half hearted band's vertebrae. bitious, consuming fire. There was somedesires. I would live for her-for my as the eternal enemy of marriage! But | beautiful witch maiden. To make her

At thirty I was a bachelor and-a yearning. Happiness! Ah, now I knew vaguely off and he realized no more.

How I laughed at my old time scorn of I was a fool then-now I am wise.

What a heaven is open to me! Unworthy that I am, I dare to kneel before to contract to its former shape. the throne and crave the love of its scepter queen-my peerless witch maiden.

It was the full of the moon. A calm almost divine had settled upon the star kissed tips of the hills, while all nature of the waters as they touched the shores gloom been for a moment visible! Ah, and again receded disturbed the weird enchantment of the night.

> reveled in pictures of the future. I saw myself in a sumptuous home, surrounded by all the elegancies and luxuries of life joyous hours, the sympathizer of every thought, my solace in all earthly trials.

cry of distress. I look up; I see-a edly revolutionary metamorphosis since nymph bathing in the moonlight. She has dared too far into the deep; she is ard. waves. It needs but a glance to reveal tion. Old landmarks had disappeared her to me. It is the witch maiden. I with the influx of wealth. Old customs | make one desperate plunge; she is in my fashion, and old faces had been crowded | clasp her to me with fierce ardor. The long golden masses of hair, dripping and In a mood of morbid retrospection I sparkling with the spray of the lake, coil

But her arms hang limp; her face is Murfree to himself as he cautiously sat pale and expressionless. I lay her tenbeens. A haunt in the city of the dead | derly upon the beach, chaff her cold had been a favorite one with me in the hands and rain passionate kisses upon the velvet lids that cover her purple eyes. I implore her to speak. Breathlessly I wait the return of consciousness. Slowly the wondrous orbs open and look bewilderingly upon me. She rises-again pour out its burden of love.

In . ____rrotlike voice she exclaims, with

I walk slowly back to the hotel. I am -ach Gott! I get to my room, mechanically change my clothes, pack my luggage and walk down stairs to pay my bill. As the clerk hands me a receipt she walks through the room, glancing back at me over her shoulder with the same mischievous laugh in her eyes.

I have just enough energy, just enough curiosity to gasp, "Who is she?" Unfeelingly, unsuspiciously, comes the

dread answer, "Our dishwasher." Farewell, love! Welcome, cynicism! -Ethel Soper in Detroit News.

about you, Ulysses," said Mrs. Manaree as he distinguished on the top of the cabas she brushed out her back hair in front inet to the right of the glass the missing like Parian marble, so spotless in their of the dresser glass preparatory to rair. revolver. ing for the night. "Not a particle," she emphatically repeated. "What on carch your mother was thinking about when sure that I never saw a man more un- of riled; I don't believe I'm such a cowlike his namesake. I have known you to ard after all." be positively cowardly at times."

Mr. Murfree looked up in a weary self and advanced cautiously, keeping way from the corner where he sat. "I'm his eyes on the bent figure. sure, my dear," he began.

"No, you're not," snapped his better half, giving the pincushion a whack words; "you are not sure; you are never shrank down behind it despairingly. sure of anything-you only think. Bah of my search dawned upon me I sat I hate a man who 'only thinks.' "And she searched busily, and Mr. Murfree, gathauburn lock with additional force. about that paragon of a husband of hers I was simply consumed with envy. It shows how much to believe in names. Look at you two men; look, I say!"

"Yes, my dear," responded Mr. Mur-free, pulling off his boots in a resigned

way, "I'm looking. 'Bah!" retorted his wife, "I mean your

names-Ulysses Murfree, Peter Jenksjust think of the difference, and yet Peter Jenks knocked a burglar down stairs this week with one fist: one, I assure you: and you-you are afraid to go calling on the Simsongibbers after dark because they keep a dog."

"Well, my dear," feebly expostulated Mr. Murfree, "it is a very large dog and

Here Mrs. Murfree suddenly turned around, and through lips containing sundry hairpins, combs and such trifling articles hissed, "Don't talk to me!" in such an impressive and disgusted manner that Mr. Murfree subsided at once and proceeded to finish pulling off his

He was not disturbed again until the moment came for retiring, when, conpurple piolets; but, laughingly throwing trary to their usual custom, Mrs. Murfree turned the gas entirely out, leaving the room in darkness, save where a streak of moonlight fell through the window,

Now, if there was anything that Mr. She was flesh and blood like myself. I Murfree hated it was to have the bedroom gas turned off at night, but knowing the defiant state of mind which prompted his wife to extinguish it, and fearing to provoke another outburst he climbed sadly into bed, and lay cogitating a plan whereby he should be able to shoot a burglar in the dark should one

"I don't see how I could do it." he sighed, turning uneasily. "Are you ever going to lie still and let

a person sleep?" snapped the partner of upon me not disdainfully, but ever with his joys and sorrows as she flounced life! But, ye gods! what a herculean a teasing pleasure in her eyes. I would over, dragging half of the comfortable gency, she proceeded to faint away. with her, and thereby causing small chills to chase one another down her hus-

Mr. Murfree laid still.

He held his breath, figuratively, until thing to live for-something besides the the deep, not to say sonorous, breathing Some said I had been disappointed in mere gratification of my own selfish of his amiable companion told that peace and quietude had folded their downy wings apon the bosom of Mrs. Murfree, Then he sighed again.

in the quiet of my own thoughts—nature my only mistress. came surging through my being, filling he murmured sleepily. "Dear me—if—my only mistress." he murmured sleepily. "Dear me—if—me with a strange acestasy—an exquisite—1"— And here his thoughts floated

Quiet fell on the room for a time, broken only by the musical sounds from love, my condemnation of womankind! the alcove, where slept the pair, and an occasional snap as the willow rocker, objecting to the strain of the day, tried

Just as the city clock was striking 1 Mr. Murfree awoke with a start and looked in a dazed way up into the dark-

"What's the matter with me?" he muttered, a sensation of uneasiness creeping slept. Only the fond, caressing murmur over him. "I think-ha! What's that?" And, broad awake now, with the cold perspiration starting from every pore, he became conscious of a faint rustle in the I walked along the beach. My fancy room, the cause of which the heavy portieres draping the alcove prevented him ascertaining.

Cautiously he reached under the mat--my sweet witch maiden, the guardian tress for his revolver, and to his horror angel over all, the dear companion of my found that, after cleaning it on the previous day, he had carelessly forgotten to replace it in its wonted spot.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he chattered to A sudden splash in the water and a himself, trying to keep cool. "No revolver, no nothing, and a burglar, sure as Samantha was right; I am a cow-What on earth shall I do? If I dreamy atmosphere of the village had struggling to keep her head above tho wake Samantha I will never hear the last of it; she will nag worse than ever; besides, she is sure to yell, and then we will all be murdered." And the poor man had been superseded by new flights of arms-my own, my beautiful Undine; I shook so that the springs creaked and sent him into a fresh fit of trembling.

Rustle, rustle, it came again, and then a soft thump and a clink. "He's got my pants," ejaculated Mr.

up in bed and tried to calm himself. Thump. "I can't stand this any longer," said

Mr. Murfree in a whisper, beginning to get huffy. "I'm a fool. No wonder Samantha said so. I will certainly find out what is outside of those curtains, and this time Samantha shan't have a she is close in my embrace-my heart is chance to brag over me. Perhaps I shall be able to do something for once.'

Keeping weil away from the separation between the portieres he carefully let one foot out of bed.

As it touched the floor the rustle sounded again, and so near that Mr. Murfree nearly lost his balance with shivering with the cold and the shock of fright, and found himself on his feet the next moment shaking with alarm lest he had provoked the marauder's attention to the alcove or awakened the sleeping Samantha.

> But, no; all was quiet, and as soon as he plucked up a sufficient amount of courage he peered cautiously through the curtains.

With difficulty he repressed an exclamation of horror.

The moon's rays fell across the dresser, weird distinctness, and just in the Siftings.

stooping figure of a man. "There is not a particle of heroism drawer, and Mr. Murfree gasped for joy

"If I can only reach him," said Mr, Murfree to himself, "jump on him as he is bending over, and secure the revolver before he recovers himself-it's a good she named you I can't imagine. I am plan and the only one. I'm getting kind

With a mighty effort he braced him-

In the uncertain light the man looked unnaturally large and heavy, and seemed each second to be on the point of rising. Indeed, as Mr. Murfree reached the cenwith the hairbrush to emphasize her tertable he thought all was over, and But fortune was kind; the burglar still

jerked the tangles out of a refractory ering himself for a grand effort and nerved to the point of desperation, made "When Mrs. Jenks was telling tonight a flying leap, and landing with terrific ... ce upon the burglar's shoulders cabbed the revolver, yelling, "Police! tnieves! oh"-

Over he went, bumpety bump, and as he found himself prostrate on the floor, with a chair and something soft and thick over him, he finished his exclamation with "-- it!"

"Oh, Ulysses! Ulysses!" screamed Mrs. Murfree, tangling herself up in the bedclothes in her efforts to rise. "Help! Where are you?"

Mr. Murfree was on his feet in a flash, holding in his arms the harmless cause of his fright and disturbance, Mrs. Murfree's fur cape, which she had hung over the chair back, in front of the dresser, and which, with its high shoulders and collar, had looked in the dim light like a stooping figure.

Men think quickly sometimes, and Mr. Murfree realized the situation with remarkable speed, and being on his mettle determined not to be made a fool of.

Knocking Mrs. Murfree's jewel case from the dresser as he fled he rushed out of the room pellmell, stepping on the cat, the author of the mysterious noises that had first awakened him.

With a savage kick he sent her ahead of him, as he flew down the front stairs,

and banged the front door open and shut. Then he panted breathlessly up again, sinking on the top stair, sore, bruised and mad, just as his wife succeeded in lighting the gas.

"Burglar," he gasped. "Where, oh, where?" she screamed excitedly, half helping, half dragging him

"Gone," he managed to say; "knocked him over-got away-front door-see there?" pointing to the jewelry strewn around the floor.

Mrs. Murfree gave one look, and then. with that faithful sense of obligation to the tradition of her sex which the average woman seems to possess in an emer-

Mr. Murfree dumped her into a chair. He was too weak to hold her, and besides he felt a fiendish exultation in glorying in his superior strength of mind, so when she recovered he was picking up the cleverly scattered trinkets with as bored an air as he could assume.

"What are you scared of?" he said scornfully. "Man's gone; I'm here; I rather think I have protected you even "I do hope no one will come tonight," if I am a coward. Perhaps you will kindly leave the light burning after this so that I shall not be obliged to struggle for my life in the dark," and he wiped from his forehead a few drops of blood trickling from a scratch he received in his encounter with the large pin on his cape burglar, making his face as gory as possible with the small amount of mate-

> Veritably the tables were turned. Mrs. Murfree looked at him a moment in a hysterical way, and then falling on his neck alternately implored forgiveness and wept over her former severity. calling him her hero and all the delightful names which Mr. Murfree's soul was thirsting for.

"I'll never say such mean things again," she sobbed, "never, never."

"There, there," said her spouse, straightening up and putting on a patronizing air to conceal the nervous shaking of his muscles-scarce over their recent shock. "You sit down and I will search the house, so that we can feel easy during the remainder of the night." So that while Mrs. Murfree hid behind the bed curtains for fear of another visitor, her Ulysses went out into the hall and stayed five minutes in a dark corner, returning with a serious air and the assurance that all was well.

Locking their door, the couple once more sought repose, but both were too excited for sleep.

"Won't I just gloat over Mrs. Jenks," exclaimed Mrs. Murfree as she convulsively patted the pillow into a more accommodating shape. "Oh, Ulysses, I'll tell every woman in the block."

Just then the ludicrous side of the thing struck Mr. Murfree, and he stuffed the corner of the sheet in his mouth and shook convulsively. "What's the matter, dear?" cried his

wife. "What's the matter, Uly?" As soon as he could speak he mut-

tered, "Only a chill-don't bother about it-guess I took cold." "Shan't I get you something hot?"

asked his spouse anxiously. "Nonsense," he replied, controlling himself with difficulty: "just go to

sleep. I'm tired." "All right, dear," responded she; "I do hope you won't be sick. It's very funny, Ulysses, that the policeman on our beat didn't hear anything or come running up to the house when that dreadful man made such a noise at the door. Dear me, if I didn't know you had a chill I should think you were

laughing."
And Mr. Murfree was.—Carolyn Wade in Buffalo News.

An Industrious Woman.

Mr. Honeymoon-Did you sew that button on that coat, darling?

Mrs. Honeymoon-No, sweetheart; 1 couldn't find the button, but I sewed up bringing out each article on it with a the buttonhole. Is that all right?-Texas