

A PRISON AND PALACE.

Behold the tall and lambent spire
Irradiate with sunset fire,
Those windows smit with twilight beams,
With evening's iridescent gleams:
How they reflect the early night,
Its mingling gold and lazulite,
And how those tall transfused towers
Bloom 'gainst the night like granite flowers;
How grandly lifts yon burnished dome
A skyey shape of fire and foam!
"What are the buildings, friend?" said I.
"That loom against the eastern sky,
And dashed with many a sunset gleam
Look like the palace of a dream?"

"Them buildings, boss," the man replied—
A sly smile in his features pale—
"You just lookout you keep outside;
Them buildings is the county jail."

Pained at this ending of my dream,
This anticlimax to my theme,
I found a poitice for my pain
In this wise moralizing strain:

We all live in a county jail
Whose towering walls we cannot scale,
Though firmly, all in vain, we press
Against its granite stubbornness.
Dull, cold as fate, its walls arise
And shut our vision from the skies.
But when hope's sunlight falls upon
Its thick and heavy walls of stone,
They loom against the coming night,
Transfigured in a mystic light,
And, bathed in gold and amethyst,
The granite grows as soft as mist—
Transformed becomes the culprit's jail.
And from its towers cloud banners fling
Their gorgeous windings to the gale—
It is a palace of a king!

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Bride Hunting For Bridegroom.

A policeman at Portobello on going his rounds very early one morning discovered a young man on the roof of a low building, and naturally believing him to be a burglar seized him. He was surprised on seeing that he was evidently in his best clothes, and still more so when on searching for burglar's tools he found only a piece of bride cake. The captive offering no explanation the officer was puzzled. Suddenly a party of young women—a bride and bridesmaid—approached in an excited state. They were evidently searching for some valuable which had been lost. On catching sight of the culprit there was a shout of "Why, here he is!" The poor bride seemed greatly moved.

During the marriage festivities he had for some unexplained reason slipped away from the scene, and his friends had divided into parties, searching high and low for the runaway. They were naturally greatly astonished that he had preferred a cold roof in winter time to the society of his charming bride. Without any more fuss they took possession of the fugitive from matrimony, who looked somewhat depressed, and bore him away in triumph.—Scotsman.

A Bewildered Sunflower.

Sir Robert Ball tells an amusing anecdote illustrating Moore's words, "The sunflower turns to her god when he sets the same look that she turned when he rose." An explorer, he said, intent on proving the truth or otherwise of this theory, took out a sunflower seed to the arctic regions and planted it there. In the course of time the plant came up and flowered vigorously—just, however, at the season when the sun never sets in the arctic circle; so the poor sunflower, true to its nature, followed the process of the sun, expecting it to disappear at night in the ordinary course, but as the sun did not set at all, the flower strained itself round and round until it twisted its own head off.

A Deathbed Scene.

A Scotch lad of 20 died, leaving a widowed mother, a sister and two brothers younger than himself. He had been their main support, and while dying was full of anxieties as to what should become of them. His last words were, holding the hand of the brother next to himself in years and looking at the poor sobbing woman, "Try and do as weel's ye can."
—"Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's."

Dimensions of the Coliseum.

The largest single structure in the world for audience and spectacular purposes is the Coliseum at Rome. It is in the form of an ellipse. Its long diameter is 615 feet, its short, 510; the height of the outer wall, 164. The arena is 281 feet long by 176 broad. The tiers of seats accommodate 100,000 spectators.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Valuable Cook.

Knowit—My cook is a treasure.
Wantoknow—You're in better luck than most people then.
Knowit—I wasn't till lately. You see, she had a row with the grocer, and to revenge herself she is very saving with the groceries. The bill is only half what it used to be.—Exchange.

A Lawyer's Defense.

Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I acknowledge the reference of counsel of the other side to my gray hair. My hair is gray, and it will continue to be gray as long as I live. The hair of that gentleman is black and will continue to be black as long as he dyes.—Exchange.

A Cabman's Retort.

Irascible Old Gentleman (putting head out of 4-wheeler that is crawling along at an unconscionable pace)—I say, cabby, we're not going to a funeral.
Cabby (promptly)—No, and we ain't goin to no bloomin fire either.—London Tit-Bits.

In a list of 163 different firms and professional people who were engaged in business in Bay City, Mich., 25 years ago there is not one but who has undergone a change either in name or in partnership.

It does not seem possible to emphasize too strongly the importance, which indeed amounts to a necessity, of freeing the body of some of its waste products by physical exercise performed daily.

Photographers have begun to use storage battery plants, which operate a ruby colored incandescent light in the darkroom, and the effect on their health has been very beneficial.

The *Patriot* when discovered was as uncultured as the Papuan now is, yet the former approached as near positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity.

MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE HILL COUNTRY.

A Southern Clergyman Refutes the Charge That Ignorance and Squalor Are Prevalent to Any Remarkable Degree in the Mountain Districts.

Sectionalists who desire to create for themselves a field of operations and an income in a charming and healthful southern climate not infrequently write very touching articles for the northern press on the deplorable condition of the "mountain whites" of the south and the need of "mission work" among them. Such persons, in descriptions of life among the mountains of western North Carolina and east Tennessee, "pile on the agony" in a marvelous manner. Sometimes they do it with an utter disregard for the truth. They represent the exception to be the rule, and picture scenes and conditions common enough in parts of the north and west perhaps, but very rare among the people of the Appalachian region of the south. One would think from their accounts that the southern mountains were swarming with cave dwellers. The aim seems to be to perpetuate the ideas of that class of philanthropists who find a peculiar pleasure in contemplating poverty, ignorance and degradation in the south since the civil war.

Not long since *The Sun* noticed an appeal of this sort for aid to "mission work for mountain whites," showing that it was in effect a libel upon the people it professed to describe. Any person familiar with the Appalachian region of the south would see at a glance how absurd the whole thing was. The *Christian Union* for Dec. 31, 1892, contains a letter from Rev. D. Atkins, a Methodist minister of Hendersonville, N. C., which completely demolishes the "mountain white" myth. Mr. Atkins will be conceded to know what he is writing about. He was born and reared in the God-forsaken region of poverty, ignorance, vice and degradation. He entered college there, entered the ministry there and spent 17 years there as minister and teacher.

"As a Methodist minister," he says, "I have gone into the most out of the way places and mingled freely with all sorts of people in 20 counties of North Carolina and Virginia and in nearly all the worst parts of east Tennessee. I have visited these people at their homes, have eaten with them, slept in their houses and seen them in every condition." Yet Mr. Atkins has not once beheld the squalid scenes Mrs. Paddock described in a recent number of *The Christian Union*.

"Your correspondent," he says, "must have found some secluded spot I never saw, for in all my travels I never saw the things she writes of, and it seems strange that I would not even have heard of such things in all these years. There is poverty here and ignorance, too, but neither is in that prevalent form you would suppose from the article of Mrs. Paddock. You might live here an age and never hear of such savage and weird funeral customs as Professor Bemis, another correspondent writing from the south, told your readers about."

The situation is not such as was described by *The Union's* correspondents. Putting it in a nutshell, Mr. Atkins says of Mrs. Paddock's picture: "She has presented the very worst possible case that could be found in the remotest part and made it a sample of all the 2,000,000 here, so that if any one should receive an impression from such writing he would suppose no other kind of people could be found here."

As a matter of fact, the "mountain whites" are not a distinct class. Their ancestors, says Mr. Atkins, were not outlaws, but pioneers from the coast country. They generally own their farms and make a comfortable living. To say they hunt for a living is absurd. There is little wealth and not as much luxury as might be, but the people live decently. There are some log houses, three-fourths of which have windows. None are plastered with mud, as alleged, or without wooden floors. But few have only one room. Generally the houses are quite comfortable. All have good open fire places. Fuel is abundant and costs nothing, so that the correspondents' story of children "covering their limbs with warm ashes to keep from freezing" is specially absurd. The people, Mr. Atkins affirms, are already religious and moral. They observe Sunday and attend Sunday school. There is scarcely a district where there is not a school for at least three months in the year. Few persons are unable to read and write, and such cases are so rare as to excite surprise among the neighbors.

As respects the girls who were described as overworked and vicious, Mr. Atkins says not one in a hundred would know herself by that description. "The common virtues," he says—"chastity, honesty, truthfulness, etc.—are rather more prevalent than in other sections I have seen. The girls are healthy, strong and full of spirit. They marry at a good age, make excellent wives and mothers, and do much less hard work than their sisters of the north and west," and Mr. Atkins spent four years in the west. They do not work in the field. "It is by no means," says the writer, "the custom of the country. Home life is as pure as it is anywhere I have been." In a word, the "mountain white," with his abysmal degradation, is a myth and needs no "mission."
—Baltimore Sun.

In Memory of Columbus.

A public library has been founded in Panama in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. Three hundred volumes were provided to start the library, and 300 more were donated by the Society Progresso del Istmo.—New York Evening Sun.

Might Try It.

Mrs. Binks—Do you believe that story about a young woman swallowing a razor?
Mr. Binks—Well, I dunno. Perhaps some one told her that razors were good for the complexion.—New York Weekly.

The Memory of Villains.

Although the world is said to know nothing of its greatest men, it has always had an unaccountable and it would seem invincible propensity for retaining remembrance of the very worst specimens of humanity, and it is really questionable whether the laurel of the conqueror and the bays of the poet are, in the long run, quite so certain of enduring fame as the halteres which have strangled the most notorious of scoundrels. The French have not forgotten those old time villains Cartonche and Mandrin, while in England Dick Turpin and his apocryphal ride to York have not passed from the public memory.

The exploits of Jack Sheppard as a burglar and prison breaker turn up from time to time in the public prints, and it is an almost scandalous fact that quite modern fashionable dressmakers have devised a costume named after Claude Duval, a rascal in whose career there is not one single picturesque or romantic feature beyond the dubious story that he once refrained from stealing the jewels of a lady whose coach he had stopped on condition that she would alight from her equipage and dance a coranto with him. The varlet was a discharged footman of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and, taking the highway, was in due course of time caught, convicted and hanged at Tyburn. Yet somehow or another it seems next to the impossible to bury the memory of these and similar malefactors in oblivion.—Boston Herald.

Left In One Car In One Month.

A brown paper parcel of goodly proportions was turned in at the lost article bureau of the Wagner Palace Car company a few days ago, the contents of which give a fair idea of the kind of articles that the travelers on the rail leave behind them in their forgetfulness. The bundle aforesaid contained the collection of lost articles made by the conductor of one sleeping car for a month. The variety of articles thus accumulated was amusing as well as interesting. When the bundle was untied on the broad table in the lost article bureau, the first thing that rolled out was a silver handled shaving brush. There was no accompanying razor, the owner probably having remembered to put that useful instrument back in his satchel. A full set of false teeth nestled cozily in a cluster of false hair and a small copy of the Episcopal prayer book was jammed against a neat leather covered pocket flask. Of toothbrushes and hairbrushes and combs there were half a dozen each.

Other things in this odd collection included a baby's milk bottle, a pair of ladies' slippers, one patent leather shoe once worn by a man, a woolen undershirt, manicure set in Russia morocco case, two or three empty portmonnaies, and, most singular of all, a dainty little bonnet so attractive in form and color that it is a wonder how any woman could have forgotten it.—New York Times.

Hunting For an Old Man.

In the biography of Dr. Norman MacLeod there is an amusing account given of a visit he paid to one of the Western islands to see a man who was celebrated in the district for his great age. The doctor found an old man (we can only quote from memory) sitting on a bench outside the house and gave him the usual greeting, "I heard that you were a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." "It'll be my father you want to see," said the old man of the bench. So the visitor went inside, and there, sitting over the peats, was a very old man indeed, bent and doubled up, but still, for all that, with all his wits about him. "Good day to you," said the good doctor. "I have heard about you, a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." Then he, too, declined the imputation and pointed with his stick to the "ben" of the house. "It'll be my father you want to see," said this old man of the fireside. So there in the "ben" the original Simon Pure was discovered at last, a very, very ancient old man indeed, as may well be imagined.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Scene In a Maine Town.

One of Caribou's popular young business men was in Buckfield recently with his bride, and when about leaving town, just before the train started, the bride discovered that she had left one of her wraps behind. A messenger was dispatched in haste to bring the garment, and the conductor very kindly held the train. The messenger arrived, and the conductor, impatiently waiting for the couple to enter the car, saw them start on a mission among their many relatives, and then remarked that unless his train started at once he would be obliged to claim a kiss from the bride. The happy young married man heard the remark and hustled his bride on the car, while his relatives and many friends shook their handkerchiefs and hands as the door closed and the train pulled out from the station.—Aroostook (Me.) Republican.

Crow Quills Make the Best Pens.

A quill penmaker says that no pen will do as fine writing as the crow quill. It requires the assistance of a microscope to make a proper pen out of such a quill, but when made it is of wonderful delicacy. The microscopic writing told of in books of literary curiosities was all done with a crow quill. The steel pens of the present have very fine points, but somehow a finer point can be given to a quill than has ever been put on a steel pen, and for delicacy nothing can equal it.—New York Tribune.

An Instinctive Choice.

Uncle (to little Moses, aged 8)—Moses, as a reward for your diligence at school I will buy you a new book. What kind would you like?
Moses—Well, if I may choose, get me a savings bank book.—Exchange.

Its Usefulness Gone.

Mamma—Why don't you play with that clockwork elephant Santa Claus brought you?
Little Dick—It doesn't scare the cat any more.—Good News.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated into Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at A. McMillen's drugstore, regular size 50 cents and \$1.

Always do a kind act in a kind way; to do it otherwise destroys all its value.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of the vital organs. If the liver be in active, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic Look and if the Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alternative and Tonic and acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at A. McMillen's drugstore. 50 cents per bottle.

Better be upright with poverty, than wicked with plenty.

Captain W. A. Abbott, who has long been with Messrs. Percival & Hatton, Real Estate and Insurance Brokers, Des Moines, Iowa, and one of the best known and most respected business men in that city, says: "I can testify to the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Having used it in my family for the past eight years, I can safely say it has no equal for either colds or croup. It seems to expel the mucus from the lungs, and leaves the system in good condition, as before taking the cold. We have also used several other kinds but unhesitatingly say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best of all." 50 cent bottles for sale by George M. Cheney, druggist.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

Your rheumatism may be bad; we will admit it to be very bad, and that you have expended a great deal of money for medicines and treatments without receiving much benefit; but remember that others have suffered even more, and yet been permanently cured. No case of rheumatism can be so bad that Chamberlain's Pain Balm will not ease the pain and help it, and hundreds of cases that have long been regarded as incurable have yielded to the soothing effects of this great Remedy. The prompt relief from pain is alone worth many times its cost. 50 cent bottles for sale by George M. Cheney.

Time never rests heavily on us when it is well employed.

A Good Record. "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for ten years," says druggist E. B. Legg, of Vail, Iowa, "and have always warranted it and never had a bottle returned. During the past ninety days I have sold twelve dozen, and it has given perfect satisfaction in every instance." It does not dry up a cough; but loosens and relieves it. It will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment, 50 cent and \$1 bottles for sale by George M. Cheney.

A woman's belt is always waistful.

An obedience to the simple laws of hygiene and the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will enable the most delicate man or sickly woman to pass in ease and safety from the icy atmosphere of February to the warm, moist days of April. It is the best spring medicine.

It is no crime to hook a fish.

People troubled with sick and nervous headaches will find a most efficacious remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, and thus afford speedy and permanent relief.

Whatever you dislike in another, correct in yourself.

Are you Troubled

With gravel, diabetes, or any derangement of the kidneys or urinary organs? Oregon Kidney Tea is a safe, sure and speedy remedy for all such troubles.

Never stop to argue the point with an excited hornet.

Wisdom's Robertine

Is the only preparation used by fashionable ladies to perpetuate a beautiful complexion. Ask your druggist for it and do not be induced to take anything else.

How to make both ends meet—tie 'em together.

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.

The lady who dyes her hair wants to keep it dark.

"Take it before breakfast," because it will give you an appetite, regulate the bowels and cleanse the system of all impurities—Dr. Henley's English Dandelion Tonic. Sold everywhere.

The spot most dear to cattle—their fodder-land.

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 17r.

A kiss—a legal tender always taken at the face.

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.

Venison is plentiful, but deer as usual.

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.

On a windy day everything looks blue.

"God's blessing to mankind," say thousands who have been cured by the celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea. Sold everywhere.

A grave error—burying a man alive.

You have no appetite for breakfast. A few doses of Dr. Henley's English Dandelion Tonic is what you need.

Court Calendar.

CHASE COUNTY:—March 27th, jury; June 30th, no jury; November 13, jury.

DUNDY COUNTY:—March 13th, jury; September 5th, no jury; November 20th, jury.

FRONTIER COUNTY:—April 30th, jury; September 14th, no jury; November 6th, jury.

FURNAS COUNTY:—April 17th, jury; September 11th, no jury; October 30th, jury.

GOSPER COUNTY:—February 27th, jury; September 1st, no jury; December 4th, jury.

HITCHCOCK COUNTY:—March 6th, jury; June 27th, no jury; October 23d, jury.

HAYES COUNTY:—April 24th, jury; September 8th, no jury; December 11th, jury.

RED WILLOW COUNTY:—May 8th, jury; September 18th, no jury; December 18th, jury.

Dated at Cambridge, Neb., Jan. 1, 1893.
D. T. WELTY, Dist. Judge 14th Jud. Dist.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

What is

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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 Syrup, 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. Osgood,
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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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