

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.
"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."
Dr. J. F. Knickerbocker, Conway, Ark.
Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular product, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

TO BE worthy of being called the very **Brains.**
TO SELECT a large stock suitable for your needs requires **Experience.**
TO BUY the goods right—which means strictly for cash—requires unlimited **Capital.**
TO SELL them to the universal satisfaction of our large and increasing trade requires **Tact.**

We have these Requisites. They are at your Disposal. We Request your Trade...

S. M. COCHRAN & CO.,
—Dealers in—

Farm Implements, Hardware, Wagons, Buggies, Etc.
WEST DENNISON ST., M'COOK.

W. C. BULLARD & CO.

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| LIME, CEMENT, DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS. | LUMBER. | HARD AND SOFT COAL. |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|---------------------|

RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS.

U. J. WARREN, Manager.

B. & M. Meat Market.



F. S. WILCOX, Prop.

PRICE REFUNDED IF

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD

3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

24 Fine Stock Engravings and hundreds of testimonials free of charge. Greatest Known Hog Cholera Preventive. Sole agents wanted. Write for details. Sole owners of the Latest IMPROVED MEDICATED FOOD.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD

A WINTER THOUGHT.

The wind swayed daisies that on every side through the wide fields in whispering companies. Serene and gently smiling like the eyes of tender children long bedfast: The delicate thought wrapped buttercups that glide. Like sparks of fire above the wavering grass And swing and toss with all the airs that pass. Yet seem so peaceful, so preoccupied.

These are the emblems of pure pleasures flown— I scarce can think of pleasure without these. Even to dream of them is to disown The cold, forlorn midwinter reveries Lulled with the perfume of old hopes now blown.

No longer dreams, but dear realities. —Archibald Lampman.

THE POTENCY OF PIE.

When the Federal General Grierson made his famous cavalry raid through Mississippi, the women of the state were speechless with indignation at the ruthless invasion of their sacred soil. Not a tear was shed as the Roman matrons buckled on the armor of the home guards—old, gray haired "majors" and "colonels," who had mustered with flintlocks, and young boys just in their teens.

All who could "bear arms" went pouring forth with impetuous speed and swift formed in the ranks of war. The invaders were beset, flank and rear by an undisciplined but pertinacious foe. The wily general's march was executed in deuce terms to avoid the harassing enemy which he dared not halt and disperse. Many bluecoats from the invading column were picked off by the way-side, and every straggler was gobbled up by the ubiquitous home guards. They sent the wounded Yankees to the nearest hospital. A number were taken to Columbus, where a Confederate hospital had been established under the supervision of the Soldiers' Aid society. The society was composed of the women of Columbus, who had organized at the beginning of the war. The hospital was full of sick and wounded Confederates, but the ladies made room for the "hated Yankees" as a Christian duty.

To relieve the crowded hospital a dozen Confederates were removed to the house of a dear old lady, who made them comfortable on cots in her parlors. This dear old lady had three sons in the army. Her husband was on duty with the home guards.

Her carriage horses were in the artillery service, and a pair of plantation mules pulled her carriage.

Her spinning wheels and looms were manufacturing gray jeans, and even while she slept her fingers moved, as when awake she knitted socks for the soldiers.

Daily she drove to the hospital and went through the wards, followed by her negro woman bearing a basket of homemade dainties, which she dispensed to the sick. With Christian charity she extended her ministrations to the Yankee ward. She could not love them—they had invaded her home and shed the blood of her kinsmen—but she could return "good for evil." It required, however, no small effort on her part to divide with the enemy's sick the dainties so hard to get in the blockaded south. She did so because it was a duty, but her heart was not in the work.

There was one of Grierson's soldiers—scarcely a man in years—who lay on his cot in the delirium of fever. The kindly black face of the nurse who bathed his head was strange to him, but he smiled feebly when he looked into the gentle face of the dear old lady who bent over him, and he called her "mother."

At that moment the heart of the dear old lady surrendered, and she took that Yankee boy for her own.

Never was invalid more tenderly nursed, and never hung life on a more slender thread. She watched him from day to day and administered with tireless hand medicine and liquid food. He lingered days and weeks, his brain clouded with fever fancies and the flesh shrunken upon his bones.

One morning there was a gleam of intelligence in his pale blue eyes as he looked up at the kind, earnest face of the southern woman, and he whispered, "Water." After a few sips he continued, "I thought you was mother, but I guess as how I won't see her no more."

He closed his eyes, and the dear old lady sent at once for the surgeon. The doctor felt his pulse and remarked, "His vitality is very low—we must try to build him up with stimulants and nourishing liquids."

These were obtained, but he refused positively to touch the whisky, as he had promised his mother never to do so, he said, and had taken the pledge. He swallowed the beef tea with reluctance. The fever had gone, and with it nearly all the life that was in him.

The dear old lady looked sadly upon the emaciated form and sunken cheeks of the poor boy. She forgot that he was an enemy and saw only a mother's son among strangers and sick unto death. Her soul went out in a great wave of sympathy to the invalid.

In vain she tempted his appetite with each of the liquid foods within the formula allowed by the surgeon. She could not persuade him to take stimulants, and his vitality continued to sink daily.

To her question whether there was anything that he would like to eat he answered, "Pumpkin pie."

But the doctor said it would kill him in 24 hours.

"Pumpkin pie," became the lad's day long and night long plaint. It made the dear old lady's heart bleed to refuse it.

"Doctor, can't you save the poor fellow?" she asked.

The doctor answered gravely, "Madam, I am afraid all your work has been in vain. He cannot hold out much longer."

After the doctor had gone, the dying boy opened his eyes and whispered wistfully, "Please—just one piece!"

"Yes, you shall have it!" said the old lady, and as she stepped into her carriage and ordered the driver to "whip up those mules and drive home quick" there was in her face the same expression of determination which may be seen on that of the soldier when with blanched

cheek he clinches his musket and dashes at a battery of galling guns.

The pumpkin pie was made. The crisp crust was rolled out by the beautiful hands of the dear old lady, who was careful not to let the tears that rolled down her cheeks drop on it.

The same evening the homely mules trotted briskly to the hospital.

It was a terrible thing she was about to do.

She went again to the surgeon's office. Again she asked, "Doctor, is there no hope for that poor Yankee boy?"

"Madam, I can do nothing more. He will be dead before morning," was the answer.

Quickly but resolutely she made her way to the couch of death. She dismissed the nurse and took her seat. After awhile the boy opened his eyes, and she held out a slice of the pumpkin pie.

He opened his mouth, and she broke the pie into bits and fed him, weeping quietly the while. When the slice was finished, his hollow eyes seemed to devour her as he murmured, "More."

She hesitated a moment, and then whispering "God forgive me!" she gave him a second slice.

He closed his eyes, and she watched him until he breathed regularly, and then she quickly stole away. She felt as a murderer must feel, but she could not make up her mind to watch her victim dying.

At home once more, the dear old lady looked herself in her room.

Early the next morning those mules again trotted briskly to the hospital.

The nurse reported that her patient had slept quietly all night. While the old lady looked anxiously down on his wasted form, he opened his eyes and said in a strong voice, "Where's the other section of that pumpkin pie?"

Coffins were very scarce in the confederacy, and the hospital steward congratulated himself that the surgeon was mistaken when he said that the Yankee boy would die.—Lylie O. Harris in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The "Crucifixion Plant."

Those versed in plant and flower lore say that the celebrated "plant of Calvary" was unknown in the flora of the world prior to the date of the crucifixion of Jesus. According to the tradition, the original plant sprang up in the track made by Pilate when he went to the cross for the purpose of placing that infamous "title" over the head of him of whom the Jews said, "Say that he called himself 'King of the Jews.'"

The plant as it is now known is a common trefoil, resembling the common clover in many particulars, especially in its peculiarities of growth. There is but little doubt that in truth it was originally a native of Turkey or India, but Christians who discredit the story of its miraculous origin still claim that its native home is Palestine.

Under the name of Calvary clover it is known all over Europe. At present the three round, green leaves of the plant each have a carmine spot in the center, which looks for all the world like a drop of blood. During the day the three leaves stand erect, the two side ones laterally taking on almost the exact form of a cross. During the season a small yellow flower appears, its form and make-up reminding most startlingly of the crown of thorns.—St. Louis Republic.

Its True Derivation.

It is truly surprising what erroneous ideas are entertained by the general public concerning the true meaning of many terms in general use. A striking example of this is the word "terme" as applied to tin plate. Usually it is understood that this word is derived from the French one, meaning "dull." This is totally incorrect. Terme plate is a sheet or alloy of iron and steel covered with an plate of tin and lead in the proportion of two-thirds lead and one-third tin. It is this union of the three metals—iron, lead and tin—that gave rise to the word terme plate, terme being an equivalent to the English term, meaning "threefold." The origin of the erroneous definition of this term was the fact that because of the large percentage of lead used in coating terme plates it is duller in hue than the ordinary tin plate, which is frequently designated "bright plate" in contradistinction to the former.—House Furnishing Review.

Objections to a Brave Soldier.

A young sergeant distinguished himself by his gallantry at Donelson and was recommended for promotion. He was summoned to appear before a military board at Washington and closely questioned by West Point graduates. None of his answers was satisfactory. When the report reached President Lincoln, he fidgeted for a moment, laid the paper on his desk, then taking one gaunt knee in his hands said: "I don't know what to do with this case. Here's a young fellow who knows nothing of the science of losing battles. He doesn't even know the technical name of the fortification on which he ran up the stars and stripes in the face of the enemy." He thought a moment, then indorsed the report: "Give this man a captain's certificate."

A. LINCOLN.
—Harper's Young People.

A Curved Human Figure.

A figurine 20 centimeters high, carved in mammoth ivory, was discovered with other human remains at Bruns, Austria, 4½ meters below the surface of the ground. It is the figure of a muscular man, and its most remarkable feature is the shape of the head, which, besides being extremely long or dolichocephalic, (cephalic index 65.68), has a capacity of 1,350 cubic centimeters and shows the frontal sinuses and glabella very prominent, a characteristic of a low type of skull.—Exchange.

Sincere Sympathy.

An old family servant said recently to a member of a stricken household: "I did feel so bad when I heard Mr. Frank was dead. I couldn't sleep at all last night; but, Miss Belle, I've cried so hard I'm afraid I won't be able to cry at the funeral."—New York Times.

The New Figure in French Politics.

The deputies went home after Cavaignac's speech, convinced that a new man had arisen, and that M. Carnot had found at last a dangerous rival for his chair. It is much too soon to decide yet whether this anticipation will be realized, but it is by no means an impossible one. That M. Carnot's reputation has been slipping down an inclined plane has for some time past been evident to every observer. No one accuses him either of speculation or corruption, though the acquittal does not everywhere extend to every member of his household, but a bitter feeling is abroad that he must have known more or less what tainted instruments he was using, and that he has been inexplicably wanting in the resolution to probe the affair to the bottom and prosecute the guilty.

As often happens, even the tainted are in favor of severity, and before M. Cavaignac's speech men were talking of dissolution in order to secure a full inquiry from a new house, and asking whether M. Brisson, the chairman of the Panama parliamentary committee, would not make an excellent president. The austerity of M. Brisson, however, rather daunts his friends, as he is as yet unknown to the general population, his commission having been so far to speak, smothered by the legal inquiries and nearly baffled by its want of power to put interrogations and compel witnesses to attend. M. Cavaignac's name, like M. Carnot's name, is, however, known to every man in France, and since Sedan his father's candidature against Louis Napoleon has been counted to him for credit.—London Spectator.

Bottle Blowing by Machinery.

At the present time the eyes of the bottle making world are turned toward New Jersey. Their glance centers upon Woodbury, for in that quiet village the destiny of the bottle blower may be said to be on trial. The Ashley bottle making machine has been set in operation to see if it cannot do the work of human hands and lungs and do it better and more economically. The machine was described before the British association in 1889, when it was stated that bottles had been made by the machine, quite complete, which had successfully been subjected to an internal pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch. The career of the machine in England, we believe, has been most unfortunate, but this does not at all diminish the interest which its introduction into America has excited.

The advantages to be gained by the use of such a machine are much too solid to permit small obstacles to hinder its success. The trial run at Woodbury has been fairly successful. The automatic principle has not been developed to the full extent in these machines, but it has been carried so far that one man and three boys—none of them necessarily skilled glassblowers—can operate two machines, each of which is capable of turning out two bottles a minute.—Professor C. H. Henderson in Popular Science Monthly.

Last of the Druids.

We regret to announce the death of the high priest of the sun at the ripe age of 92. To the eye of faith he was the last of the Druids. The profane knew him only as Dr. William Price of Llantrissant, in Glamorganshire, and characterized him as "a most eccentric man." It must be admitted that they were not altogether without excuse for this opinion. He attempted to imitate the pontifical raiment of his predecessors in the priesthood, wearing a whole foxskin on his head, a light green coat with trousers to match and a scarlet waistcoat.

As a reproduction of Druidic costume the profane may perhaps be again excused for thinking this a little unconvincing. Even high priests of the sun are not without human weaknesses, and Dr. Price signified this truth at the age of 81 by marrying his housekeeper, a girl of 19. One must allow that this step is a touch of prose in such a character, but he redeemed it shortly afterward by attempting to burn the body of his dead child on a funeral pyre which he erected in a neighboring field. The Druid could hardly take account of the constable.—Pall Mall Budget.

Coincidence in Death.

It is a singular fact that three noted men have died within a few weeks of each other, whose names are inseparably connected with one of the most exciting episodes in congress, when John Young Brown was censured for having given free rein to his tongue in defining what he conceived to be Butlerism. General Butler, in a characteristic speech, demanded that Brown be punished. Mr. Lamar opposed the motion in quite as vigorous a speech, and Mr. Blaine, who was then the speaker, was called upon to administer the censure, which he did in such a low tone that nobody could hear him, out of consideration for the feelings of the disgraced member.—Boston Herald.

Spontaneous Combustion in the Mills.

Spaulding & Co., the State street jewelers, received yesterday the remains of a package sent out last December. At that time it contained a solid silver filigree comb with celluloid teeth. There had been a miniature conflagration in the box, evidently caused by spontaneous combustion. The edges of the box were charred, there was some burned cotton, a piece of tarnished silver, but no comb. The only explanation offered is that the box must have been placed too near the stove.—Chicago Tribune.

A Noble Indorsement.

Governor and Mrs. McKinley set a noble example of honesty and integrity to the world. The good wife was not an indorser upon the fatal paper, but she indorses her husband's honor and manhood. Such an example in these days is worth millions in money.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Paderewski's Paw.

Paderewski's digital abscess will, it is stated, cost him and his managers a loss of \$30,000 in unrecited recitals. It isn't always best to have your business at your finger ends.—Albany Press.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

For information and free Handbook write to: MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest Bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$5.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., BUSINESS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

HALF POUND FULL WEIGHT

CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND

SUN CURED JAPAN TEA

HIGHEST GRADE GROWN CHASE & SANBORN JAPAN.

C. M. NOBLE,
LEADING GROCER,
McCook, - NEB.
SOLE AGENT.

WOODS' PHOSPHORINE.
The Great English Remedy.

Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh, leucorrhoea, and all effects of Abuse of Excesses. It is sold in thousands of cases. Is the only scientific and honest medicine known. For particulars see Wood's Phosphorine. It offers some of the most valuable medicine in place of a doctor, and we will send by return mail, free of charge, 25 copies of the book "One Will Please, One Will Cure," together with a bottle of the Phosphorine.

The Wood Chemical Co., 531 Howard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

For sale by L. W. McConnell & Co., G. M. Cheney, Albert McMillen in McCook and by druggists everywhere.

CURTIS & BATES

For a Clean Shave or An Artistic Hair Cut.

REAR OF CITIZENS BANK.

J. S. McBRAYER. MILTON OSBORN.

McCRAVER & OSBORN,

Proprietors of the McCook Transfer Line.

Bus, Baggage and Express.

ONLY FURNITURE VAN In the City.

Leave orders for Bus Calls at Commercial Hotel or our office opposite depot.

J. S. McBrayer also has a first-class house-moving outfit.