

THE PHEBE BIRD IN SPRING.

The water drips from the mossy eaves In jewel drops on last year's leaves; The earth is wrapped in a vale of mist, And through this gauze of anæsthesy Comes the phebe's note, so clear, so sweet, The call of the phebe bird: Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!

The sun is shedding its rosy glow On tufts of crocuses white as snow That bloom by the old stone wall, And from the woods by the waterfall We faintly hear, so clear, so sweet, The call of the phebe bird: Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!

The breath of violets most rare Is wafted on the gentle air, While from each mead and ferny dell Comes a plaintive note like a silver bell, So piercing fine, so clear, so sweet, The call of the phebe bird: Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!

—Alice B. Waite in New York Sun.

A DECEPTION.

The bombardment had come to an end. Every fort along the line had been silenced, and in common with the other men-of-war lying in the harbor we were sending landing parties ashore.

As chief surgeon on board I was busy below with the poor fellows who lay suffering unpeppable agonies with compressed lips and white, haggard faces. Bending down with my assistants over the prostrate body of a young midy, I did not hear footsteps approaching and started when some one laid his hand on my shoulder. It was Lieutenant Harold Patterson.

"Carter, old man," he said as I stood up and wiped my hands, "this rough work has niggered me a bit. I've got a nasty knock here, see?" He lifted up his left arm painfully with his right hand, and I then saw that the dark blue cloth was torn and stained and stiff with congealed blood.

"Bit of a small shell," he continued, with easy carelessness. "I want you to doctor it up a bit, for I've got to go ashore with Teaser."

Teaser was his gun. It was a light machine gun, a capital weapon for square or retreat work. Patterson was a perfect child with his gun. He treated it as if it were one of his greatest friends on earth.

"There's going to be some sport on the other side of those batteries, I can assure you," he said, pointing with his thumb through the porthole toward the land.

"Old Teaser's going to make things hum round there a bit, or she's going for old iron when we get back. Candidly, Carter, did you ever see a gun like her? Did you ever see a piece of metal pump bullets like she does? Lord, I'd stick against a dead wall and back up 500 howling niggers with her single hand."

When I had fixed him up, we went on deck. The hot air between the bulkheads made me feel sick and dizzy, and I wondered at a government like ours taking it into their heads to send out women as nurses among the wounded.

Out in the offing I could see the transport that was bringing the soldiers and the women.

The advent of the women was a confounded nuisance. I told Harold so.

"Fie, doctor," he said. "I should never have thought of you! Shame on you for speaking of the ladies in that disrespectful way. Why, the little dears, they'll be the means of bringing round the fellows a lot more quickly than you and your crew could ever hope to. Three cheers for the ladies, I say."

And as he raised his cap and waved it round his curly head I felt that there was a soft place in his heart for women in general by reason of the fact that one of them far back in England was sighing for her bronzed and handsome lover, who was just now so enthusiastically championing their cause.

But although I had been in his company for at least three weeks he had never once mentioned to me the name of the girl I was now convinced was responsible for this outbreak of vehemence.

His wound did not prevent his taking his place in the pinnace. Teaser was there in the bow, carefully wrapped in yellow tarpaulin.

I watched them take her ashore and saw through my glasses how carefully and tenderly he superintended her manipulation until at length the whole battery disappeared from sight through a breach in the fortifications.

A couple of hours later the big transport arrived. She brought out two regiments and half a dozen voluntary nurses. One of them came to our ship. I fear the reception I gave her wasn't a very cordial one, but I didn't want her there at all and expressed my annoyance in my actions.

The expression of the face, tanned by exposure during the voyage, was firm and intellectual, and there was a look of businesslike savvy about her manner that we doctors always admire in any one. But time alone would show her worth.

ed to follow them down below one of the men said to me in a hoarse whisper: "Gun burst, sir. For God's sake don't say he's going!"

They loved him, all these men did. He had been like a brother to them. I knelt by the side of the boy—he was only a boy. He still breathed, though slightly, but, cruel sight! he was blind, and his once handsome face was horribly disfigured.

He raised his hand slowly and felt my arm and carried the fingers up to my face. I bent down to catch the words which fell from his moving lips.

"Ah, Carter, old fellow, I'm back, you—you see. Low—trick of—Teaser, wasn't it? Thought she might have had—a little—more—respect for me, eh, Carter?"

His lips moved again, and as I bent down I heard a faint footstep behind me. It was mine.

She came over and knelt on the opposite side of the mattress and took his hand in hers. He gave a little start and then removed the hand which he was holding on my breast and smoothed the one that held his.

"Hullo, Minnie! You're—late to-night—never do to be late. Naughty—little—girl. I've been—wanting you a lot—dear. I've missed you—dreadfully. Have you—missed me, Minnie?"

Out of pure delicacy I arose quietly and withdrew. When I came back at the end of a quarter of an hour, he was smoothing her cheeks.

Then the poor hand passed down over the collar of her dress, down to the bib of her apron. This, I saw, was wet with his life's blood.

"Been gardening, Minnie?" he murmured as his hand came into contact with the moisture. "You've got yourself wet. You'll catch cold, deary. Be careful."

Then another short silence, while the hand traveled up to the bonny head of hair that crowned her form.

Slowly and painfully he drew out the hairpins, one by one, and the tresses fell down over her shoulders onto the blood stained coverlet.

"You—haven't had it—all cut off. You told me you would. But that—was long—ago. I thought you—didn't mean it."

She was a brave woman, that nurse. Few could have gone through the ordeal as she did. I do not know her now. I do not even know her name, and I have never seen her since she left the ship for the transport a few weeks later at the termination of the war.

The heat of the cockpit, combined with the motion of the vessel, made me feel a bit giddy, and I went up for a breath of fresh air. I tried to look cheerful and to speak a word to the purser as I passed him.

But, confound it all, the word wouldn't come, and the dry, tickling sensation in my throat made me cough until my eyes watered.

But I never could leave the dying boy down there without me, so down I went again.

"And—now—you'll kiss me, Minnie—won't you?"

I looked at the eyes and blackened countenance as he turned his poor head toward her. I looked at the pale, quivering lips of the noble girl who had thus lightened the end of one for whom she had nothing more than pity. He placed both arms about her neck, and she kissed him.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Rebuke. Mr. Abner Jennings was never known to say a harsh thing to or about any one. His form of speech was invariably mild, and exaggerated statements were viewed by him as almost as reprehensible as lies. Once, in the spring of the year, when the Blueville roads were in a fearful condition of mud and mire, the team of a "traveling merchant" was stalled a short distance from Mr. Jennings' house. The old man at once brought out his oxen and went to the peddler's assistance.

A WOUNDED AMAZON.

Standing apart in dumb, deep agony, With none of all her warring sisters near, With none to help her or console her here, She says the price of those who would be free.

Hast thou, who in thy proud virginity, A maid to care with heroes didst not fear, Found that such glory might be bought too dear When one, who should have shielded, wounded thee?

Yet, gazing on thee where thou standest now, He whom no amazonian arms could quell Before thine unarmed womanhood would bow, Until your lifted eyes should re-engage The strife of which our latest stories tell That he and thou forevermore must wage, —Alfred W. Benn in Academy.

WAS HE A COWARD?

"Oh, Cousin George," said Mrs. Flitters as they walked into the house from the garden, "I do wish Harry were not such a coward."

"Are you quite sure that your husband is one?"

"Well, last night I thought I heard burglars in the house, and do you know I positively believe he was afraid to go down stairs."

"Didn't he go?"

"No; he insisted that it was only the cat and refused to get up."

"And did it happen to be thieves, after all?"

"Oh, no. As a matter of fact, it was the cat, as he suggested. But I think it would have been more manly if he had gone, don't you?"

"Perhaps as he was convinced that it was the cat it was not necessary."

"Still I admire pluck in a man, and I shan't have nearly so much confidence in Harry's bravery as I once had. Now, I want you to do me a great favor. Will you promise?"

"Anything in reason, my dear Kate."

"Well, I want you to play the burglar tonight. I will give you the key to the back door, and you must come in between 1 and 2 o'clock and put the lower part of the house in disorder, just as if thieves had broken in and ransacked the place."

"But suppose Harry hears me?"

"I shall, of course, see that he does. But I am sure we shall find that he will be afraid to stir out of his room."

"Yet, if you should be mistaken, it would be rather awkward for me. He is a powerful man."

"I assure you it is perfectly safe, George. If Harry shows any disposition to go down stairs, I have only to insist on his staying to protect me, and he is certain to allow himself to be persuaded."

"Might he not fire at me out of the window?"

"There isn't such a thing as a revolver or a gun in the house."

instructed him in the wisdom of keeping his hands off other people's property. I sprang on him like a tiger, and before he could utter a word he had been all over the kitchen—under the table, into the grate, among the pots and kettles beneath the dresser—everywhere! Next he went to know his way around the time. As for the crockery, I don't believe there is a whole piece left. We returned to the scullery, where I cleaned the sink with him and kicked him out of the door through the glass window of the conservatory.

"Oh, Harry! How could you be so cruel? I think you are a brute!"

"Well, if that isn't rich! The other day you called me a coward for not going down stairs in the middle of the night to kick the cat. Now I am a brute for attacking a burglar enemy handed!"

"I certainly think you ought to have asked him who he was and what he was doing there and to have given him an opportunity of explaining."

"Fiddlesticks! While I was waiting for his visiting card he might have brained me. One really cannot waste courtesy on a burglar."

"I wish now that I had not awakened you."

"So probably does he!"

DEAR KATE—You say in your letter that you are sorry I did not see you before I came away. I must say that I do not think the interview would have been pleasant to either of us. I consider you have, for some reason best known to yourself, played me a mean and contemptible trick. I do not accuse you of plotting the whole affair with that murderous husband of yours, but I think that you must have known what a dangerous man he is. No doubt you got some fun or satisfaction out of the business, though what I cannot for the life of me think. I am certainly quite ignorant of having done anything to earn this revenge of yours. That man behaved like a perfect fiend. He did with me just as he liked, and in what he liked he was not very particular. I was in bed for a week, hardly able to see out of my eyes or move a limb. I am also covered with scars. I may not return to England for some years, and when I do I am not likely, in my present mood, to renew my acquaintance with my cousin Kate Flitters and her amiable husband. If you take my advice, you will not enlighten Mr. Flitters as to the facts of that disgraceful affair. Yours faithfully, GEORGE CHALFOUNT.

Kate took her cousin's advice and believes to this day that her husband is absolutely ignorant of the disastrous burglary plot. She thinks he is the bravest man in the world, while he laughs up his sleeve and is happy.—London Tit-Bits.

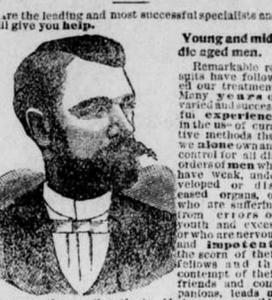
Luther's Wife. Believing that "a good wife is of the Lord," Martin Luther chose a good woman—Catherine de Bora—a lady of noble birth, a nun, and, if we may credit Holbein's portrait, a very pretty woman. Better still, she was a faithful and affectionate wife, though her temper was not the sweetest and her tongue at times could scold. Luther loved her dearly. With him indeed reverence for woman was at once a natural instinct and a point of doctrine. He observed that when the first woman was brought to the first man to receive her name he called her not wife, but mother—"Eve, the mother of all living"—a word, he says, "more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of Demosthenes." So when Catherine frowned he smiled, when she scolded he bantered. With the gentlest soothing he chided her anxieties, and with the most self-denying devotion he sought to make her life happy. And a happier home, it is said, than the home of Luther was not in that land of domestic tenderness. In one of his letters to his wife he says: "The greatest favor of God is to have a good and pious husband, to whom you can intrust your all—your person and even your life—whose children and yours are the same. Catherine, you have a pious husband, who loves you. You are an empress. Thank God for it." And more playfully he says another time: "If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble in despair of finding one in any other way." He addresses her sometimes as "My Love Catherine," "Catherine the Queen," the "Empress," the "Duchess," or as "Catherine, the rich and noble lady of Zeilsdorf," where they had a cottage and a few rods of ground.—Quiver.

The Cost of Firing the Thirteen Inch Gun. The cost of each pound of projectile is 18 cents, which makes each one fired represent \$307. The powder costs 33 cents a pound, or \$181.50 for the charge. Bags in which it is incased, fuses, etc., bring the cost of each shot up to \$400. The expense of each shot makes it exceedingly desirable that each one hits the target it is sent at.

There are other remarkable features about this levitator besides the projectile. Powder such as no one ever dreamed of 10 years ago is used. It is technically known as brown prismatic and takes the latter term from the peculiar shape of the grain. Each grain is probably 2 1/2 inches high and 2 in width and is prismatic in form, with a small hole through the center. Eleven of these grains make one pound. Each grain would make several rounds for an ordinary fowling piece. The extent of the charge necessitates its being placed in four parts, each part also prismatic. These parts are forced in the gun, and when in place hug one another closely. Thin muslin bags hold the powder in place.—Baltimore Sun.

Wales Rejected For Insurance. The Prince of Wales was very heavily insured at one time, his motive in securing the insurance being, it was stated, to protect the money lender Farquhar, with whom he was implicated before the Duke of Fife cleared up the prince's obligations by marrying into the royal family. Just how much insurance the prince carried at that time is not known, but it is certain that he got as much as the British companies would give him and then applied to one of the companies in this city. Being a person of high estate, he refused, however, to permit the company's medical examiner to inspect his royal person, proffering instead a certificate from his personal physician, which certificate the company refused to accept, and so the insurance was never effected.—Exchange.

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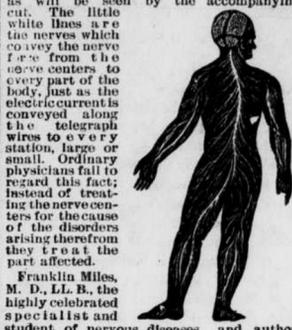
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SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY! A Great Mistake.

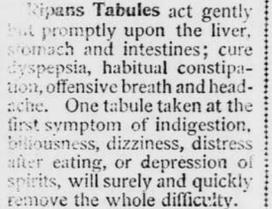
A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system is like a telegraph system, as will be seen by the accompanying cut.



The little white lines are the nerves which convey the nerve force from the nerve centers to every part of the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fail to regard this fact; instead of treating the nerve centers for the cause of the disorders arising therefrom they treat the part affected. Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., the highly celebrated specialist and student of nervous diseases, and author of many noted treatises on the latter subject, long since realized the truth of the first statement, and his Restorative Nerve is prepared on that principle. His success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is wonderful. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve is a reliable remedy for all nervous diseases, such as headache, nervous debility, prostration, sleeplessness, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus' dance, epilepsy, etc. It is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. Restorative Nerve positively contains no opiates or dangerous drugs.

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