Of faith. How could his silent voyage seem When she, whose joyless days had new be-

Said "Absent" with a smile which meant the Was only dimmed by clouds? Then, if a throng
Of painful thoughts pressed hard, it made her

To think how he would wish life's duties In her sweet face, where grief had left its

A tender gladness dawned as years took And brought the meeting near. Nor did she That from her trusting heart there shone a

For eyes too weak to bear the larger gleam
That led her on, as stars redeem the night.

—Mary Thacher Higginson.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Just before the war broke out between France and Germany I arrived in the latter country with the view of studying at one of the southern universities. In the meantime, however, I was spending a few weeks at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where I found much to interest me, and especially in regard to the early life of Goethe, who was born there. But the pleasure of the sojourn was greatly damped by the trouble the police gave

At this time, although well acquainted with German grammatically, I could speak but a few words of the language. to get on pretty well, all the waiters in the hotels and cafes knowing something of that tongue, and most of the tradespeople talking it a little. Having besides spent a little time previously in Paris, I had perhaps become somewhat Frenchified. I had to this extent anyway-that I wore my hair rather short and waxed the ends of my mustache. To this circumstance and to the fact that I spoke French in preference to either English or German must, I imagine, be attributed the annoyance, and even trouble, to which I soon began to be sub-

When I first took up my temporary abode in the imperial city, I made the necessary announcement of my intention to the police. I made it from the Hotel Garni, in which I first installed myself. I made it again from the private lodging I hired. I repeated it when I removed to more commodious and salubrious quarters in the suburbs of the city.

But all this was not enough. I had no sooner settled down in my new quarters -nay, before I had time thus to settle down-I was honored by one of the gentry with the pickelhaube and sword who pass for policemen in that land of soldiers.

He generally commenced by asking my name and profession, where I was born, who was my father and who my mother, what I came to the fatherland for and other similar questions. While thus catechising me he would take minute stock of my apartment. His visit would be followed in a day or two by that of another officer, who would put me through the same or a very similar catechism. Then, by way of variation, I would be summoned to one of the district police stations-places more like barracks than anything else-there to be again subjected to a perfect enfilade of questionings and cross questionings. These were all the more perplexing because of my inability to express myself in German and my tormentors' ignorance of either French or English.

This went on, as I say, for some time, till, in fact, I was at my wits' end to know what it all meant. I asked several of my friends, but they could not enlighten me. I proposed to shut the door in the face of the next pickelhaube that called and refuse to respond to the summons of the next inspector-or whatever he might be-of police. But the bare suggestion of such a course horrified my friends, for Frankfort was then a conquered city and was treated as such. They informed me that to act in such a way would be regarded as tantamount to high treason, and that as the result I might find myself in prison or else conducted with scant ceremony over

Finally I had a summons from the chief of police himself. He was a major of the Prussian army and was a tall, broad shouldered and very austere looking personage. My first interview with this gentleman lasted over half an hour. He asked me if I had ever been in the army, used a rifle, played with the sword; if I knew Paris, Bordeaux, Strasburg; where I was born, where my mother was when I was born (a literal fact), if I had any brothers and sisters; their names, and so forth.

A second, third, and even a fourth time I was closeted with this same functionary, each time being plied with more and more perplexing, and, as they seemed to me, absurd questions. On the occasion of one of these visits I was asked to produce a photograph of myself, if I had one. As I happened to have one which had been taken a little while previously in Paris, I forwarded this with my compliments to the major, with the hope that when he wished to look upon my face again he would satisfy himself by gazing upon my "counterfeit presentment" instea

Finally I became so tired of these inquisitions, and, as I had reason to believe, private examination of my papers when I was out, that I was sincerely thinking of relinquishing my real purpose of becoming acquainted with German philosophy and making a little money by newspaper correspondence. I had gone so far as to give my landlady notice to quit, when suddenly a change

came over the scene. Responding one day to a summons from the major, I was agreeably surprised to find the worthy fellow in a remarkably good humor. He shook me by the hand, as though I had long been his dearest friend, smiled all over his face, assured me that I was all "goot" and

"recht," and so dismissed me more perplexed than ever.

Very soon afterward war was declared, and in the turnoil, danger and excitement that ensued I well nigh forgot the annoyance and frequent inconvenience I had been put to by the suspicions of the police. Possibly I should have thought no more about them and have quite forgotten them by this time but for an incident that occurred

shortly after the close of the war. I was again in Frankfort, paying a chort visit to friends. One evening I was at a party given by a lady residing in the city. While engaged in conversation with the editor of one of the local papers the hostess approached me and

"Allow me, Mr. —, to introduce you to my very good friend, Colonel Gutsmicht."

I turned to be introduced, and who should I see before me but my friend the major, formerly the chief of police

at Frankfort! We both smiled as we recognized each other.

"Ah, you have met before, then?" said the lady.

We both replied in the affirmative. "Then I will leave you to yourselves. You do not need any introduction from

The colonel had been through the war and had distinguished himself greatly. During our conversation I said: "I wish you would tell me, colonel,

why you paid me such constant and unremitting attention when I first came to Frankfort." "Ah, yes, you would like to know!" said. "Well, come to my office to-

Knowing French, however, I managed morrow, and I will show you. That will be better than telling you," he added, with a broad smile. He gave the address of his office,

which was still connected with the police, and I called there on the following morning. After a few minutes' conversation on

the subject of the war and our experiences in connection therewith Colonel Gutsmicht remarked:

"But you wish to be enlightened in regard to the attentions people paid to you when you first came among us?" I replied that it would gratify me very much to be enlightened on the

He thereupon unlocked a drawer in his escritoire, and after a little search drew forth a small bundle of papers tied together with tape. Undoing these, he handed to me a photograph and said: "That, I think, is your photograph,

At first I thought it was, but on looking a second time I saw that it was not

and said: "No, colonel, that is not the photograph I gave you a year or more ago, but it seems to me it is so much like

myself that it might very well pass for "I beg your pardon. This, then, will be yours.

He handed me another, which was the real one I had given him.

I compared the two and was really astonished at the resemblance they bore to each other.

"Can you wonder," asked the colonel, 'that we took you for some one else?'' "I can't," I said. "But who was the some one else, and what did you want him for?"

"This individual," replied the colonel, taking the photograph of my double and speaking with great delibera-"this individual was an Alsatian and was wanted as a spy. He gave us a great deal of trouble—he was so clever. We took you for him. We were almost certain you were the man, although we were considerably nonplused by your apparent innocence of all knowledge of arms and military matters. But though we had our doubts you would probably have suffered had we not found the right man in the nick of time."

"Suffered?" said L "In what way?" "In this way," replied the colonel, and he made as though tightening a rope beneath his right ear, at the same time emitting a sound like the dropping of a catch or bolt.

I comprehended his meaning. I had very narrowly escaped hanging as a supposed spy. It was gratifying, but made my blood run cold.

'We were much troubled with French spies about that time and had to be severe with them," added the police official, with a shrug of the shoulders, as he put away the papers and photographs. "You now know the reason of the little attentions we bestowed upon you."-Alfred J. Story in Million.

A Generous Husband.

The miller's wife was just breathing her last, the family and neighbors were praying, while above the soughing of the wind could be heard the husband's fervent "Amen" each time a neighboring widow repeated "O Lord, thy will be done.'

The wife turned to the sorrowful members there and said: "I'm dying, but before I go, Reuben, remember I want you to promise me you will put a little flower on my grave. Will you, dear?" The miller looked at the handsome young widow and replied, "My dear, don't worry or let that detain you, for you sha-shall have a-a bu-barrel of the best brand in my mill every summer!" She recovered. - Arkansas Trav-

Pleasing the Teacher.

Teacher-Why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?

Boy-He had so many wives to advise Teacher (a strong minded female)-Well, that is not the answer in the book, but you may go up head. -Good

A Paris Epitaph.

The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries:

I am anxiously expecting you. A. D. 1827. Here I am. A. D. 1867. So the good woman was 40 years making up her mind to follow her husband. -Paris Journal. THE TYPEWRITER'S WORK.

Your Wife May Think She Is Only Orna mental, but She Is Not. Few people imagine the amount of la-

bor involved in a day's typewriting or realize the distance the hand travels in that length of time.

The highest rate of speed ever attained is 200 words a minute. This is supposed to be the result of the most rapid movements the human hands are capable of. The person making this record maintained this speed for only four consecutive minutes and has never been able to exceed that limit.

Assuming the words averaged six letters apiece, 1,200 letters a minute were

It is estimated that to make each letter the fingers are raised to a height of two inches from the keyboard. Two inches added for the descending movement make the fingers travel four inches before each letter is struck. So this expert's hand in writing these 200 words traveled 4,800 inches, 400 feet during the minute in which she wrote the 200

But this is unusual, of course. Very rapid writing is a speed of 75 words a minute, and this rate is too fast for comfort. Practical work is 10 pages of legal paper an hour. Each page contains 300

Six hours' steady writing can be regarded as an entire day's work. This is a speed of 50 words a minute, and the practical worker writes during the day 60 pages-18,000 words, or 108,000 let

If her fingers travel four inches to make each letter, during the day they travel 432,000 inches.

This provides for the perpendicular movement only, and it is fair to increase this distance by one-third to estimate the distance the hands travel over the keyboard in a horizontal direction. The total sum in inches is 576,000.

This is equivalent to 48,000 feet, or a little over nine miles a day. In a week the hands can cover 54

miles; in a year's steady application to business over 2,800 miles.—Bookkeeper. And She Never Sent Them to School. They say that the school attendance officer in a thriving provincial town,

which shall be nameless, was recently

the victim of a practical joke. He received an anonymous letter informing him that at a certain house were "two kids" who were not attending school. He at once started for the house indicated, and in reply to his official knock came the good woman of

"You have two children who do not go to school," said the officer. "Children?" said the woman. "We've

no children." "Oh, yes, you have!" said the officer.

The woman stepped back and called her husabnd: "Here, John, here's a man says we

have some children and they don't go to school." John came forward.

"You are mistaken, sir," said he. "But read this," persisted the officer

The man read, at first with a puzzled expression, and then a light broke over his face.

"Yes," he said at last, "I suppose I must admit. My kids don't attend school, certainly, because I really don't like to send them."

"It doesn't matter what you like. They will have to go," said the officer. 'Let me see them!'

The man meekly led the way to an outhouse, where, calmly reposing by the side of an old nannygoat, were the two veritable "kids."-London Tit-Bits.

A Hero. "Last summer a man in my employ exhibited an act of presence of mind and self control that might well be compared to the deeds of daring on the field of battle," remarked John L. Nevins, a New York contractor. "Two workmen were engaged in repairing the lightning rod of the steeple of a church. To accomplish this somewhat difficult and dangerous task it had become necessary for one of the workmen to stand on the shoulders of his companion. While in this position a sudden gust of wind caused him to spill a quantity of molten lead, which fell on the hand and arm of his friend. Notwithstanding the sudden and intense pain, the brave man never flinched and had the courage to remain motionless while the lead burn-ed its way into his flesh. He knew that a movement of his was liable to precipitate his companion from the dizzy height into the street below, and he endured the pain rather than risk the life of his fellow worker."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Government Time Signals. As the government's time signals are not generally understood, it may be said that the United States time ball is dropped from the top of a flagstaff on the dome of the Masonic temple as follows: The time ball is hoisted to the top of the staff, 350 feet above the level of the lake, five minutes before noon, central standard time, every day (Sunday excepted), remains mast headed five minutes and is dropped by electricity exactly at the instant of noon. Should any accident occur by which the time ball is dropped before the exact instant of noon, it will be hoisted again immediately and left up until five minutes after noon and then be slowly lowered, instead of being dropped. Similarly, should the time ball fail to drop exactly at the proper instant, it will be kept up until five minutes after noon and then slowly lowered. - Chicago Tribune.

Sisterly Sarcasm.

"Have you a sistah?" said Willie Wishington.

"No," replied his friend.

"Then you cannot wealize what it is to be so humiliated. I was telling my sistah last night about a young woman sometimes call upon. I wemahked that she made me feel like a fool."

"And what did your sister say?" "She said that I was too self conscious."--Washington Star.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

HAS BEEN PROVEN TO BE CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS.

A letter from Mrs. Mary A. Shear, of Jennings, La., states: "I am recommending your Pe-ru-na to every one I hear complain. Several people have already commenced taking it. My disease was Bright's disease of the kidneys and catarrh of the bladder. I

am quite well now." The symptoms of Bright's disease are: Dull pain in the back; scanty, high-colored urine, containing albumen and various sediments; puffiness of the face and feet; dropsy of the legs; shortness of breath and general weakness; pallor and dryness of the skin; chilly feelings, alternating with fever and sleeplessness. The treatment is: A teaspoonful of Pe-ru-na before each meal, between meals and at bedtime, and enough Man-a-lin at night to produce one natural action of the bowels each day.

Send to the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ohio, for a free copy of the Family Physician No. 2, devoted to catarrh in all forms and stages.

Irving and Terry will come back to America in 1895.

Humphreys' Specific No. 10 cures dyspepsia, indigestion and weak stom ach. A small bottle of pellets, just fits your vest pocket. 25c at all drug-

Coxey, Browne and Jones were sentenced by Judge Miller in the Washington police court Monday afternoon to twenty days in jail for violating the statute of the United States prohibiting the display of partisan banners in the capitol grounds; and Coxey and Browne were fined \$5 each additional for tresspassing on the grass, the alternative being another ten days in jail. Jones was acquitted on this last charge. Keep off the grass.

GOVERNOR CROUNSE appointed William Cline, of Hastings, Monday, as steward of the asylum for the incurably insane at Hastings, vice A. S. Campbell, who resigned to accept an appointment from the government to a position in the McCook land office. The governor states that in pursuance of the plan adopted when he came into office superintendents of state institutions select their own subordinates and are held responsible for the management of the institutions. Thus when Steward Campbell resigned, Superintendent Johnson named Mr. Cline. It was understood that the appointee was to have been selected from the Fifth congressional district.—Lincoln Journal.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Welty, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 7th day of July, 1893, in favor of Harry S. Bartholomew as plaintiff, and against George W. Bede et al., as defendants, for the sum of ten hundred and ninety-six (\$1099) dollars and thirty (30) cents, and costs taxed at \$21.23, and accruing costs. And Burton & Harvey on their cross petition obtained a decree for the sum of \$38.40. I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants to satisfy said judgments, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section 13, town. 4, north of range 27, west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county. Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 11th day of June, A. D., 1894, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

Dated May 2d, 1894.

E. R. BANKS, W. S. MORLAN. Sheriff of said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. D. T. Welty, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 19th day of March, 1894, in favor of the Hartford Theological Seminary, a corporation, as plaintiff, and against Stephen Goucher et al. as defendants for the sum of seven hundred sixty-eight (\$768.00) dollars and (48) cents, and costs taxed at \$36.93, and co-defendants Burton & Harvey the same date having obtained a decree for the sum of \$40.00, and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendants to satisty said judgment towit: The southwest quarter of section 31, township 1, north of range 30, west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1894, in front of the south door of the court house in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. P. M. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.
Dated May 2, 1894.
W. S. MORLAN.
Attorney.

Sheriff of said county.
50-5t.

NOTICE OF SALEUNDER CHATTEL MORTGAGE Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage executed on the 22d day of April, 1893, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 15th day of May, 1893, executed by James M. Starr to Winnie D. Stoddard to secure the payment of the sum of \$175.00 and interest at some part cent from data and many country of the sum of \$175.00 and interest at some part cent from data and many country of the sum of \$175.00 and interest at some part cent from data and many country of the sum of \$175.00 and interest at some part cent from data and many country of the sum of \$175.00 and interest at some part cent from data and many country of the sum of \$175.00 and interest at some part of the sum of \$175.0 interest at seven per cent. from date, and upon which there is now due the sum of \$187.75, dewhich there is now due the sum of \$187.75, default having been made in the payment of said sum, and no suit or other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: One bay mare six years old, weight about I,100 pounds, and one brown mare seven years old, weight about I,200 pounds, at public auction at the intersection of Main and Dennison streets, in the city of McCook, in Red Willow county. Nebraska. tion of Main and Dennison streets, in the City of McCook, in Red Willow county, Nebraska, on Saturday, the ninth day of June, 1894, at one o'clock p, m. of said day.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1894.

WINNIE D. STODDARD, Mortgagee.

By W. S. MORLAN, her Attorney.

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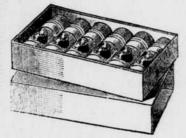
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IT WILL CURE YOU Of Back-ache, Inflammation of the Bladder or Kidneys, Diabetes, Loss of Piesh, Dropsi-cal Swellings, Constipation and all complaints arising from a morbid condition of the Uni-nary Organs.

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Young and middle aged men.

Remarkable results have followed our treatment. Many years of varied and successful experience in the use of curative methods that we alone own and control for all discretes orders of men who are suffering from errors of youth and excessor who are suffering from errors of youth and excessor who are suffering friends and companions, leads us patients, if they can possibly two exclusive treatment of the nerve system is like a telegraph system. The nerve system is like a telegraph system, as will be seen by the accompanying cut. The little white lines a rethen nerves which convey the nerve force from the debay, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every part of the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every part of the telegraph system.

You want to get cured of that treatment that you can use at t ing the nerve cen-ters for the cause of the disorders arising therefrom they treat the part affected.

M. D., LL. B., the highly celebrated specialist and

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 Nervine is prepared on that principle. Its success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is wonderful, as the thousands of unsolicited testimonials in possession of the company manufacturing the remedy amply prove.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine 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 Nervine positively contains ne opiates or dangerous drugs.

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