

UNCLE PETER'S SERMON.

"Wha's yo' recod', tremblin' sinnaht? Wha's de lites yo' bringin' in? Do yo' spect t' be a winnaht? For yo' Christyun wuk begin? Hush! up! Secuh yo' lodgin'.

THE SHOEMAKER.

In mountain girt Salzburg, noted if only for being the birthplace of Mozart, there dwelt once a shoemaker of the name of Siebold Veit.

Siebold was a bachelor from choice, but often let parts of the house, a quaint red tiled, low ridged, many gabled dwelling at the end of one of the serpentine streets characteristic of Salzburg.

Occasionally in the evenings the student would drop into his host's cozy workroom and read him versions of the Greek and Roman writers, and, carried along by his listener's whole souled attention and undisguised rapture, would not infrequently continue the inspiring myths away into the night.

One summer evening, having finished his work early, the shoemaker sauntered out upon his porch to smoke and meditate the while on a recent narration of the student's.

There were many queer characters in Ballantyne's printing house in Edinburgh, and one of them declared that he knew who wrote the Waverley novels, "almost as soon as the master," Mr. James Ballantyne.

"I had just begun a new sheet of 'Guy Mannering,'" he would say, "one night while after 12, and all the compositors had left, when in comes Mr. Ballantyne himself, with a letter in his hand and a lot o' types.

"That will do now, Sandy, I think," were his words, and off he went, never thinking he had left the letter lying on my bank. I had barely time to get a glimpse at it when he came back, but I kept the hand wheel and the signature, and it was 'Walter Scott.' I had a great lang ballant (ballad) in Sir Walter's ain hand o' write at home, so that I was nae stranger to it. So, you see, gentlemen, I kent the grand secret when it was a secret."

Mr. Slimmy—I don't like that Miss Biter. She said I was a perfect idiot, don't you know.

Mr. Bumme—She didn't mean it, of course, Slimmy. Anybody knows that nothing human is perfect.—Detroit Free Press.

She—There is one serious obstacle before us.

He—Your parents?

She—No; but my little brother is unalterably opposed to our attachment.—Baltimore Life.

eral days, pausing often to break the stillness of dell and glade with the dulcet voice of his violin.

At last he came upon a hamlet nestling, like his own picturesque town, in a stream threaded valley at the foot of a range of hills. The dampness of the day veiled the hilltops heavily in mist, a circumstance which seemed to disturb the simple villagers very much. They were gathered in a knot in front of the mountains regarding wistfully the summits of the nearest range. The wandering musician, following the path that skirted the base of the hills, loomed suddenly in sight, and with one impulse the peasants hailed him as a being sent from other realms—to aid them perhaps. They conjured him to disperse the clouds that for several days had hung about the mountains and prevented their getting to their flocks grazing on the heights.

The traveler replied serenely in an unintelligible dialect that the clouds certainly were fine evidences of a dull day, but that the herdsmen were not to be further alarmed, as he was provided with the sovereign remedy for such exigencies. Seating himself on a stump near by, Herr Veit began confidently to woo the sun god with sweet music. The anxious rustics concluded that this procedure was the magical way to dissipate the mists and went by twos and threes contentedly about their various callings.

As the hours wore away, however, with no marked lightening of the atmosphere, the people began to doubt the stranger's power and to exhibit signs of impatience, some manifestations being so stormy as to affect the musician—and his measures—tremulously. Phoebe, too, apparently was angry, for though Herr Veit, with his liveliest notes, besought an audience, the day closed unblest with a glimpse of the sun god's radiance. As the night became darker and darker, the music grew more and more faint, but it was only when the weariest villagers had sunk to rest that the melody ceased. In order to give their would be deliverer sufficient time, the inhabitants had resolved to leave him to his methods until the following day. Bright and early next morning the sun appeared, but long before its rays gilded the mountain tops Herr Veit, fearful of another trial, had stolen from the scene of his exertions—sighting after many hardships the familiar roofs of Salzburg.

One evening soon after Herr Veit's return the student was asked to sup with him, and over the coffee the adventure was recounted. The legend which had turned the shoemaker's head must have been of Amphion, under whose magic music the ramparts of Thebes are reputed to have arisen, for when the episode had been rehearsed mine host, prefacing by way of momentum, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," reflected that in the olden time it must have been no small matter to build up a wall by the power of music, seeing that nowadays it was most difficult to move even a cloud by the same.

"True," Gabriel acquiesced, "such feats seem practicable enough on paper; but, success granted, I warrant that the achievements one comes across in chronicles were not the crust breaking performances that the old bards report. Times, moreover, have changed. We live in another age; different conditions environ us. Waiving enigmas abroad or in remote periods, there are problems at our very doors clamoring for solution. Reviewing it all and recalling a trenchant observation touching the happiness of home keeping wits, I am more than ever impressed with the force of our adage—

"Schuster, bleib' bei deinen leisten!" (Shoemaker, stick to your last) anticipated Herr Veit gleefully, and for once at least aptly.—I. I. Summerscales in Kansas City Times.

Discovered. There were many queer characters in Ballantyne's printing house in Edinburgh, and one of them declared that he knew who wrote the Waverley novels, "almost as soon as the master," Mr. James Ballantyne.

"I had just begun a new sheet of 'Guy Mannering,'" he would say, "one night while after 12, and all the compositors had left, when in comes Mr. Ballantyne himself, with a letter in his hand and a lot o' types.

"I am going to make a small alteration, Sandy," said he. "Unlock the form, will you? I'll not keep you many minutes."

"Well, I did as I was bidden, and Mr. Ballantyne looked at the letter and altered three lines on one page and one line on another.

"That will do now, Sandy, I think," were his words, and off he went, never thinking he had left the letter lying on my bank. I had barely time to get a glimpse at it when he came back, but I kept the hand wheel and the signature, and it was 'Walter Scott.' I had a great lang ballant (ballad) in Sir Walter's ain hand o' write at home, so that I was nae stranger to it. So, you see, gentlemen, I kent the grand secret when it was a secret."

She Didn't Go. He (after a tiff)—Going home to your mother, eh?

She—Yes, I am.

He—Huh! What do you suppose she'll say to you?

"She'll say, 'I told you so.'" He made up.—New York Weekly.

Consolation. Mr. Slimmy—I don't like that Miss Biter. She said I was a perfect idiot, don't you know.

Mr. Bumme—She didn't mean it, of course, Slimmy. Anybody knows that nothing human is perfect.—Detroit Free Press.

The Course of True Love. She—There is one serious obstacle before us.

He—Your parents?

She—No; but my little brother is unalterably opposed to our attachment.—Baltimore Life.

IS IT TO LOVE OR TO BE LOVED?

Who cares for love if one may love? In that the rapture lies, What reck's a heart that it be won If it may win the prize?

There is no heart which stays at home, Contented to be sought, But, ever restless, seeks to win The heart where love is fought.

Yet hearts are not all conquerors, Sometimes a doubting one Is overcome, and as a slave His aftercourse is run.

The heart thus conquered may submit And seldom will rebel, But dreams of triumph come to it Contentment to dispel.

How oft in story and in song We read of those who die For those they love! They take no thought Of other reason why.

But is there in the crown of love Great sacrifice, this gem Of martyrdom—that any die For those who most love them? —Detroit Free Press.

A Pass From Almost a Stranger.

The man about town who is always nodding to people and making himself agreeable even to comparative strangers had a little experience the other day which goes to prove that politeness and civility sometimes pay in a financial as well as a social sense. He was standing in the railroad station in Baltimore, waiting for the train to New York, when he noticed a man who kept glancing at him. Every time he looked in the direction of the stranger he noticed that his eyes were turned toward him. Strolling over that w— he bowed to the stranger.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I thought you recognized me." "I beg yours," said the stranger. "I thought I recognized you, but I am not sure now."

"My name," said the man about town, "is L—." "Oh, then, I was right!" said the other. "My name is H—. We met only once, about 15 years ago. Are you going through to New York?" added H—.

"Right through on this train," answered the man about town. "I hope you are too." "Yes," said the other; "I am sorry to see that you bought your ticket. I have a pass for myself and one."

"Oh, I haven't bought my ticket," answered L—, with a chuckle, "and I am just your man." So his nodding was his passport.—New York Tribune.

Human Labor at Great Altitudes.

Investigation among the workmen on the Peruvian Central railroad has brought some curious facts to light concerning the capabilities of men to labor in rarefied atmosphere. The line starts at Lima, in latitude 12 degrees, and the highest point reached by the road is at the tunnel of Galeria, which is 15,645 feet above sea level. From deductions made by the investigators, it appears that the men were able to perform a fair "sea level" day's work at any place along the route where the altitude was not greater than 8,000 or 10,000 feet, providing they had gradually worked up to that height from lower levels. At altitudes above 10,000 feet and under 12,000 the amount of work performed by each man showed a sudden falling off of from one-fourth to one-third, and at from 13,000 to 15,000 feet 100 men could do no more work than 50 would at sea level.—St. Louis Republic.

The World on a Side Wall.

On the wall of one of the big downtown steamship companies' offices is a huge map representing the earth. On this are miniature ships about two inches long, representing in the aggregate the company's fleet. From day to day, according to the average rate of speed of the vessel, the dummy is moved in her course so that any one looking up at the wall can tell exactly where every vessel is, or rather ought to be, at the moment. Of course storms or accidents may vary the actual and supposed position, but when things go right with the vessel the owners are apt to get a cable announcing the arrival of the ship at her port on the same day that, according to the dummy, she ought to have reached it.—New York Mail and Express.

A Conversational Failure.

"Don't you like Professor Thinkins?" asked one girl. "Oh, dear, no!" replied the other girl. "He's so fatiguing."

"He has the reputation of being very brainy."

"That's just the trouble. When he talks, you have to listen to what he is saying, or you can't reply to his remarks."—New York Recorder.

Nails.

Sir George—Dreadfully annoying, is it not, my lady? They have scratched my horse at the last moment.

The Citizens Bank of McCook. Collections made on all accessible points. Drafts drawn on principal cities of Europe. Taxes paid for non-residents. Tickets for Sale to and from Europe.

The First National Bank. AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$100,000. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$60,000. OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS: GEORGE HOCKNELL, President. B. M. FREES, Vice President. W. F. LAWSON, Cashier.

TIME TABLE. GOING EAST—CENTRAL TIME—LEAVES. No. 2, through passenger, 5:40 A. M. No. 4, local passenger, 9:10 P. M.

WHERE HEALING WATERS FLOW. Hot Springs, South Dakota, is a place that everyone should visit. It's a health resort; the best in the west. It's a charming place where pure air and healing waters put sickness to flight and make anything but perfect health well-nigh an impossibility.

Republican State League meeting, Lincoln, Neb., June 12. Tickets on sale June 10 to 12, inclusive. Nebraska State Funeral Directors Association, Omaha, June 12 to 15. Tickets on sale June 8 to 15, inclusive.

The County Fair affords an excellent opportunity for the pick-pocket to get your watch. If you would be proof against his skill, be sure that the bow (or ring) is a Non-pull-out. This wonderful bow is now fitted to the Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases.

Incorporated Under State Laws. Paid Up Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$10,000. DOES A GENERAL Banking - Business. Collections made on all accessible points. Drafts drawn on principal cities of Europe. Taxes paid for non-residents.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. DR. HATHAWAY & CO., SPECIALISTS (Regular Graduates). Are the leading and most successful specialists and will give you help.

CHASE CO. LAND & LIVE STOCK CO. Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder. P. O. address, Imperial, Chase County, and Beatrice, Neb.

SUN CURED JAPAN TEA. HIGHEST GRADE GROWN CHASE & SANBORN JAPAN.

C. M. NOBLE, LEADING GROCER, McCOOK, - NEB. SOLE AGENT. J. S. McBRAYER. MILTON OSBORN.

McBrayer & Osborn, Proprietors of the McCook Transfer Line. Bus, Baggage and Express. ONLY FURNITURE VAN. J. S. McBrayer also has a first-class house-moving outfit.

DR. HATHAWAY & CO., SPECIALISTS (Regular Graduates). 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 disorders of men who have weak, undeveloped or diseased organs, or who are suffering from errors of youth and excess or who are nervous and impotent.

PATRONIZE FRANK ALLEN'S DRAYS. Draying in all its Branches. Sand Hauling. Safe Moving a Specialty. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR HAULING TRUCKS AT NIGHT.

R. A. COLE, LEADING MERCHANT - TAILOR OF MCCOOK. Has just received a new stock of CLOTHS and TRIMMINGS. J. A. GUNN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. McCOOK, NEBRASKA.