



THE FISHER-BOY.

Little Jack lives close by the stormy sea; The son of a fisherman brave is he, Who sails away in a stout old boat, The bravest and truest man afloat.

Little Jack with his mother stays at home, But he loves on the sandy shore to roam, And he is first to catch a sight Of his father's boat coming back at night.

And he is first, when it comes to land, To offer a ready helping hand, And there's not in the town a lad so spry In spreading the net, nor woe'er 'twill dry.

And he helps the men who have worked all day Unload the fish in the merriest way, And when the cargo is all ashore, He runs ahead to the cottage door.

There the mother waits, with the supper spread, But stoops to pat fondly the curly head, For fond and proud of her boy is she, The lad who a fisherman brave will be.

And then he lies down to slumbers light, He dreams of a boat with sails so white, And he sails in dreams far over the sea, And who so happy and say as he?

Ah, the day he is distant from the shore He may watch for the boat that returns no more! When he turns to the cottage with weary tread And the mother weeps for the father dead!

—Harper's Young People.

What is a Coward?

"You are a coward." "Am I?"

It was one of the crowd of boys who were pouring out of the public school who made the statement, another who asked the question. Then a closely cropped red head and a curly blond head, a gray jacket and a black one, four fists, four knickerbockered legs and two bookbags seemed to mix themselves up in the center of the street, and a crowd of other boys closed in about them.

Not being acquainted with the rules of "the ring," I cannot tell you of the fight, but I believe that whatever the little blond fellow who had been called a coward could do with his fists to prove that he was not one, he did in the interim between the first blow and the arrival of a very large policeman, who lifted the pair apart as a giant of the fairy tales might a pair of Tom Thumbs, and inquired sternly:

"Say, what's the matter with you?" There was so much the matter in the shape of bruised foreheads, black eyes and bloody noses and puffed lips that I imagine motherly tears were shed over both red and blond heads, and I am sure that both these boys were told never to fight again, because it was both wicked and ungentlemanly.

But what can a boy do when he is called a coward? And if he will not fight he is a coward; and worst of all things is to be that, argued Johnny. And he is right. A boy who is that is worthless. And if it is necessary to fight in defense of honor, of country or weaker folks, let him be ready to do it.

But there are other things necessary, too, and a great many fighting characters are arrant cowards at heart; men who, when you come to get at the root of the matter, are only braggarts who delight in terrifying peaceful people.

In many Western country places are men known as "Jim the Terror," or "Sam the Shooter," who are spoken of as having "painted the town red one day last week" and being dangerous to the community. I've no doubt that some boys fancy that, however bad these fellows are, they must be brave men. On the contrary they are the most contemptible of cowards—a record of their exploits will prove it. Two of them will rush through the town armed to the teeth, raid the saloon and drink some mild German's beer without paying him for it, smash the sashes of the candy store, roar hideous oaths at the window of the paragon, overset an old man with a basket of eggs, devour the poor fruit woman's apples and oranges, threaten to shoot the polite, respectable elderly tailor on his way home with a new suit of clothes, demolish things in the Chinese laundry and cut of Chung Foo's precious pig-tail despite his mild petitions for mercy, and insult country ladies who have driven in, to shop, but will like spinach in boiling water when faced by three stout townsmen with good revolvers.

I remember seeing one of these men who had been supposed to threaten a certain village with destruction at noon, hanging out of the "lock-up" window at dusk, weeping and begging "some good Christian" for heaven's sake to give him a "chaw of tobacco." He was a coward of course.

There is another person you think very brave, perhaps. Your cousin John who is at college. He looks such a fine fellow as he sits telling you little boys of the fun they have "hazing the freshmen," and you think that when you are old as he you will "haze freshmen" also.

Now there are few more cowardly deeds done in this world than much of that same college hazing, and the fact that boys have been at it here and in England for 200 years makes it no better. To heap insult and injury on some unoffending young stranger, to cover him with mortification when he naturally wishes to appear his best, to pain his heart and harm him physically, can be fun to no one but a coward. Now and then

a tragedy occurs, and hazing takes another shape and becomes murder, and the public learn plainly that the ringleaders of college hazing are coarse, brutal and contemptible cowards. A boy who teases a girl is a sort of a coward. I do not like the little fellow who wilfully upsets his sister's work basket or throws her doll down the well, or laughs at her when she practices her music lesson. I like a little boy to whom his sisters come to get him to mend their toys, or show them how to do their sums, to take care of them when a dreadful dog barks, and who is always ready to help them. That shows that he has the spirit of the protector in him, and one who has that is never a coward.

Another thing is very cowardly—to tell lies. You may fight all the boys in your county, but if you habitually tell falsehoods you are a coward all the same. Sometimes it is the bravest of all brave things to tell the truth. Do it for that reason. Do not have it on your soul that you have lied to save yourself from a reproof or even a punishment; do not know in your heart that you are a coward.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Gentleman Brown.

Brown was simply a large dog, who was so strong, so fearless, so intelligent and so active in affairs that he was considered the champion of the town.

He could thrash any dog round about, and always did it when it was necessary.

But he was extremely kind and benevolent. He showed great kindness to tramp dogs, and protected many a little vagabond, and saw him safely out of the town in good condition.

One day he brought a specially bad specimen home with him. He came into the house and into the dining room, where the family were at dinner, the wretched little tramp dog at his heels.

He looked up at his master, wagged his tail asking for something to eat. A plate of food was set down and the little dog snatched at it ravenously. Brown seemed to think that was all right. He did not offer to touch the food. When the little dog was through he asked for another plateful and had his own dinner.

He kept the little dog for quite a while, always permitting him to eat first. At night he took the dog into his kennel, himself sleeping outside.

He was not at all intimate with the dog, but treated him as a visitor, not at any time as a friend. The tramp finally went on his way, strong and well, and as plump and sleek as any dog need be. What was said between these two dogs, both at meeting and parting, would be very interesting to know.

Bad Breaks.

A clergyman was explaining to a class of boys the passage of scripture, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." He told them that this very strong expression was meant to show the extreme difficulty, adding:

"You know it would be impossible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

"Of course it would, sir, on account of its hump," responded the naturalist of the class.

An Irish clergyman called upon an old lady. Just as he entered the room she stirred the fire, causing it to send a cloud of sparks up the chimney.

"Aye, aye," said she. "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward; though indeed, sir, I never could see what trouble the sparks have in flying upward."—Irish Life.

Do Animals Love Fun?

There seems no reason to doubt it. Monkeys are full of frolic for its own sake, and enjoy themselves most of all when playing mischievous jokes. Mr. Romanes' terrier performed its tricks so conscientiously that when no one praised it for them it used to become quite sulky. A flock of geese have been known to cause a number of pigs to run the gauntlet between them, merely to hear the squealing of the porkers as they were bit at by the birds.

There was a soldier's horse that was wont to be fastened by a river's bank, and the creature had the ill habit of kicking at passing men, in order to make them fall into the water. The jackdaw will watch boys at their games with evident appreciation of the fun, and the amount of roughness in kittens is perfectly notorious.

Both Are Waiting.

A schoolmaster once said to his boys that he would give a crown to any one of them who would propound a riddle he could not answer. "Why am I like the prince of Wales?"

"Well," said one of them, "why am I like the prince of Wales?"

The master puzzled his brains for some minutes for an answer, but could not guess the correct one. At last he exclaimed: "I am sure I don't know."

"Why," replied the boy, "because I'm waiting for the crown."—Amusing Journal.

Jennie at Church.

Four-year-old Jennie went to church on Sunday with her father. The men of the congregation could not have been very devout, for when she came home and her mother asked her what the people did at church she said:

"The preacher and the womens prayed, and me and papa and the mens sat up and looked at 'em."

Accepted the Doctrine.

Little Frances' parents have been discussing reincarnation and the small maiden has acquired some of its phraseology.

"Mamma," she said one day, "my kitty must have been a pin in a previous state of existence, for I can feel 'em in her claws yet."—Judge.

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

REED'S ELOQUENCE.

Choice Extracts from His Speech on the Tariff, February 1, 1894.

The history of protection is most remarkable. Fifty years ago the question seemed to be closed. Great Britain had adopted free trade, the United States had started in the same direction, and the whole world seemed about to follow. Today the entire situation seems to be reversed. The whole civilized world except Great Britain has become protectionist, and the very year last passed has witnessed the desertion of English principles by the last English colony which held out. This has been done in defiance of the opinions of every political economist in England who wrote prior to 1850, and of most of those who have written since.

When you add to this that the arguments against it have seemed so clear and simple that every school boy can comprehend them, and every patriot with suitable lungs could fill the atmosphere with the catchwords [laughter], the wonder increases that in every country it should still flourish and maintain its vigor. Ten years ago it was equally true at one and the same time that every boy who graduated from college graduated a free trader, and that everyone of them who afterwards became a producer or a distributor of our goods became also a protectionist.

The arguments of the political economist, clear as crystal, do not seem to have convinced the world, nor, what is much worse, do they seem to have made any substantial progress. On the contrary, these economists have taken up the task of tearing each other to pieces, so that today there is hardly a nameable important proposition on which they agree, and the more the facts of the universe are developed the more confused and more divergent they become. Meanwhile the world has proceeded in its own way without much regard for their theories and their wisdom. I do not mean that studious men have not discovered great truths and had glimpses of still greater, but in the main they have only passed from one inaccuracy to another, because they have forgotten that the whole race is wiser than any man. [Applause.]

Whether the universal sentiment in favor of protection as applied to every country is sound or not, I do not stop to discuss. Whether it is best for the United States of America alone concerns me now, and the first thing I have to say, is that after thirty years of protection, undisturbed by any serious menace of free trade, up to the very year last passed, this country was the greatest, and most flourishing nation on the face of the earth. [Loud applause on the republican side.]

Moreover, with the shadow of this unjustifiable bill resting cold upon it, with mills closed, and hundreds of thousands of men unemployed, industry at a standstill, and prospects before it more gloomy than ever marked its history—except one—this country is still the greatest and the richest that the sun shines on, or ever did shine on. [Renewed applause.]

The question of wages is all-important as bearing upon the question of consumption. All production depends on consumption. Who are the consumers? In the old days, when the products of manufactures were luxuries, the lord and his retainers, the lady and her maids were the consumers, a class apart by themselves, but today the consumers are the producers. Long ago the laborer consumed only what would keep him alive. Today he and his wife and their children are so immeasurably the most valuable customers that if the shop had to give up the wealthy or those whom it is the custom to call poor there would not be a moment's hesitation or women's doubt.

Unfortunately the gentlemen on the other side have persistently retained the old idea that the producers are one class and the consumers are another, and hence we hear on all hands such stupidities of speech as those which sum up the workers in each branch and compare them with the whole people. One hundred and fifty thousand workers in woollens—you ask what they are compared with 70,000,000 consumers; 200,000 workers in steel, what are they compared with 70,000,000 consumers; 200,000 workers in cotton, what are they compared with 70,000,000 consumers, and so on all through the long list, forgetting that all these people added together make the whole 70,000,000 themselves.

It so happens that America is filled with workers. There are idle people, but they are fewer here than elsewhere except now, when we are living under the shadow of the Wilson bill. If those workers are all getting good wages they are themselves the market, and if the wages are increasing the market is also increasing. The fact that in this country all the workers have been getting better wages than elsewhere is the very reason why our market is the best in the world and why all the nations of the world are trying to break into it. We do not appreciate the nature of our market ourselves.

I have given you already the glowing testimony of Englishmen who have seen us with their own eyes. "Amazing prosperity," "Greatest market in the world," "Paradise of the working-man." These are strong words; but let us see if cold mathematics do not put to shame the fervor of adjectives.

We are nominally 70,000,000 people. That is what we are in mere numbers. But as a market for manufactures and choice foods, we are potentially 175,000,000 as compared with the next best nation on the globe. Nor is this difficult to prove. Whenever an Englishman earns one dollar an American earns a dollar and six cents. I speak within bounds. Both can get the food that keeps body and soul together and the shelter which the body must have for 60 cents. Take 60 cents from a dollar and you have 40 cents left. Take that same 60 cents from a dollar and you have a dollar left, just two and a half times as much. That surplus can be spent in choice foods, in house furnishings, in fine clothes and all the comforts of life—in a word, in the products of our manufactures. That makes our population as consumers of products, as compared with the English population, 175,000,000. Their population is 37,000,000 as consumers of products which one century ago were pure luxuries, while our population is equivalent to 175,000,000. [Applause on the Republican side.]

Farm Mortgages and Demagoguery. Wealth comes slowly to new sections.

"Calamity howlers" menace not the rich alone, but the poor and the great middle classes most of all. Everyone who had carefully considered the matter knew that the census investigation would show just what it did establish—that mortgages, especially upon farms, are, in the main, evidences of prosperity. They represent the purchase price of farms by young men, the purchase price of lands which prosperous farmers have added to their original farms, to add to their productiveness or the comfort of the owners. They represent improved labor-saving machinery, and when they are not evidences of prosperity they represent in most instances money squandered in idleness and dissipation. Ninety-five per cent of all the mortgages in this country represent and were the means of the improved condition of the mortgagors.

The continual talking about the unequal distribution of wealth, and the causes to which it is attributed by a class of people in this country not inaptly called "calamity howlers," and the continued falsifying of facts, has for its object the creation of dissatisfaction with existing conditions, the rendering of personal and property rights insecure, the weakening of the respect of our citizens for law and order, the sapping of the foundations of Republican government. The prosperous and wealthy are not alone concerned in the maintenance of law and order and in the prosperity of the country. The laboring, dependent classes, above all others, are interested in maintaining a stable government, in the maintenance of the laws which provide protection to all citizens alike, whether rich or poor, in such protection to capital as will secure its active employment in the great industries of the country which give employment to labor.

Discussions of the propositions for legislative enactments to show their effect upon the condition of the people are legitimate and desirable; but I denounce the man who, for the purpose of advancing his own personal interests, or the interests of his party, appeals to the prejudice of a class and seeks to array one class of citizens against another, and to mislead the people by false statements, as an enemy to his country, deserving no better fate than that which has always overtaken men false to their country, men willing to sacrifice the country for a little temporary personal or party advantage. Concerning such men we may ask, in the language of Addison: "Is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

MORE ABOUT AD VALOREM DUTIES.

The Class of Goods They Will Admit at Lower Cost Price.

The gentleman from West Virginia [Mr. Wilson] in commenting upon high ad valorem under existing law made an exhibit of two pieces of cloth suited, as he declared, to the use of our laboring people, upon which there was a duty of 200 to 300 per cent. Through the courtesy of the gentleman I have those identical samples before me. Here they are. A laboring man would be ashamed to wear either. What are they? One is a plush with cotton back and warp and a filling of mohair waste, while the other has the additional adornment of cows' hair. There was not an ounce of wool in either. We placed a high duty on the stuff for the purpose of keeping it out of our market, and saving our laboring people from being imposed upon with these cheap fabrics. Having driven our workmen out of employment by your free-trade policy, you now offer them the consolation of lower ad valorem on clothing of cotton and cows' hair.

When commenting on high ad valorem on crockery, the gentleman omitted to state that a toilet set of twelve pieces, which in 1878 cost \$13.25, can be had now for \$4; that a tea set of fifty-six pieces, decorated, which cost in 1878 \$11.75, costs now but \$3, and that a decorated set of 125 pieces, which cost in 1878 \$46.70, can now be secured, after fifteen years of high ad valorem on crockery, for \$13.

Let me say to the gentleman that the masses of the people, however, at this time are not specially enthusiastic over the prospects of lower ad valorem. Shivering by desolate hearths over the expiring embers of the last handful of coal, they are not solicitous about ad valorem, but fuel.

Progress.

The republican party has been the party of the common people from the hour of its birth until the present time. Every policy adopted and carried through to completion by that party has been born of an unselfish desire to develop the material resources of this country and better the conditions of the people without regard to class, section or party. The results of years of republican rule can be seen throughout the great north and west where there has been no opposition to the onward march of civilization and progress. There one sees every condition favorable to happiness and prosperity, while on the other hand the south shows a striking contrast in every condition surrounding their people, because southern leaders and a democratic policy have stood in the path of human progress and effectually blocked its way.

What is Your Answer.

If protection oppresses the common people, why were the first congress of the United States and President Washington all protectionists?

If protection is unjust, why was Abraham Lincoln, who was recognized as a just man by all parties in all states, a protectionist?

If protection is unconstitutional, why did not the interpreters of the law enacted by the first congress declare it so?

If protection is unconstitutional, why did the men who formed the constitution make such a law?

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