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GRANDMA.
A stitch always dropping in the everlasting knitting. And the needles that I threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day. And I've hunted for the classes till I thought my head was splitting. When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles. When the other boys were burning tar-barrels down the street. And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles. And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her—when she went to evening meeting. When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off. And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of exhortation. First on one foot and the other, and 'most strangled with a cough.

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you are scarce. It's Old America that has the inside of the track! There's no one with her thimble and calls me a young varlet. And then she looks so woe-begone I have to take it back.

But: There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket— When she never was a pocket that was half so big and deep. And she let the candle in my room burn way down to the gutter. While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one is scattering. She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way to make you cry. She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering. And when I fear my jacket I know just where to go!

And when I've been in swimmin' after father said I shouldn't. And mother has her slipper off according to the rule. It sounds so sweet as silver, the voice that says "I wouldn't." The boy that won't go swimmin'; such a day would be a fool!

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing. And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse. And who she is by this time there is no need for there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house! —Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Little Corners.
Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Some one had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song:

In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

"What do you rub at them knives forever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," said Georgia, brightly. "You in your little corner," you know, "and I in mine. I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again: "You in your little corner, and I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can I s'pose I must. If he knows about knives, it's likely he does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done, to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over;" but when she heard about the knives she hid her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done," Helen said, and Emma, laughing answered, "that is owing to Georgia," then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend, who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! What do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will with you," and they went to the prayer meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening," that was what their pastor said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying. Again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn't listen to him; but to-night he said, "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "I'll find my corner too; I'll try to shine for Him." And the sick man was Georgia's father.

her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk?"

"No, ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told her about the knives. The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. "If that dear girl in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave \$25 to our dear people in India to-day." Twenty-five dollars?" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor."

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could and he did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine. —The Pansy.

Overheard in the Toy Closet.
"Heigho!" said the wax doll, wearily. "I'm awfully tired. I sat through two doll's teas this afternoon, and then stood on my head in the corner for one mortal hour. I don't know which is stupider—tea, or standing on one's head."

"They're both hard work," said the rubber doll. "But think of me. The baby left me in the bath tub this morning, and I was under water for forty minutes. I never got such a soaking in my life. I'm afraid I caught cold. Doesn't my whistle sound a little hoarse?"

"It is sort of squeaky," put in the hoop; "but I'd rather be squeaky in my voice than dizzy. I was going round and round for an hour and a half steady this morning; and the worst part of my work is that the more I attend to my duties the more the children hit me with a stick."

"I'm very sorry to have to hit you," said the stick. "It hurts me just as much as it does you."

"I know, my dear," returned the hoop. "You are as gentle with me as you can be. I suppose I ought to be glad you are not made of hardwood, like the bat."

"Yes, indeed you ought," cried the baseball. "I'm nearly dead being hit in the head by that old bat."

"I miss you as often as I can," said the bat.

"That's true enough," said the ball, "but I think it's pretty hard on me just the same. The only pleasure I get is in stinging Bobbie's hands when he catches me. I hit his palms so hot and hard yesterday he had to drop me. He thought I was a bee."

"Well, isn't there ever going to be any rest for us?" asked the wax doll. "Seems to me we ought to have a vacation."

"You'll get it," said the old rag baby up on the shelf. "Wait until after next Christmas, and you'll have just as much rest as I'm getting, and you won't like it much. Mollie used to play with me all the time, but last Christmas when you came I was tossed up here, and here I've been ever since."

"Why don't you complain?" asked the rubber doll.

"Yes—and get given away!" returned the rag baby. "I might be worse off than I am."

"So might we all of us," put in the baseball. "I'm satisfied with things as they are. Let's be happy as we are."

"That's what I say," said the singing doll, "and if the rubber band will accompany me, I'll warble you all to sleep."

And the rubber band good-naturedly agreeing, the singing doll did as she promised, and very shortly the toys were all snoring away as contentedly as can be.—Harper's Young People.

Angel Wings.
Little Kate's claims to beauty are hampered by a pair of remarkably large ears, which stick straight out from the head and seem to get larger all the time despite the tender offices of a fond mother and other admiring feminine satellites of the small damsel. Kate has heard these large ears mentioned frequently, but does not seem at all disturbed by their size and general aggressiveness. One afternoon the little maid appeared on the lawn, just fresh from her bath, and arrayed in the fleeciest of airy white gowns. "Come here this instant and kiss me lovely Kate," exclaimed an enraptured admirer, "you sweet little summer girl! You look like an angel only you haven't any wings," Kate advanced graciously and bestowed the desired salute, with an unwonted generosity then she waved her small hands toward her head with bewitching grace and asked jocosely, "No wings? What's the matter with my ears?" —New York Tribune.

But That Isn't What It Spells.
"What does g-l-a-s-s spell?" asked a backwoods teacher; but there was no answer.

"When the window is broken what do you put in it?" was the teacher's next question.

"Pap's ole hat," said one of the boys promptly.

Johnnie's View of It.
Six-year-old Johnnie walking through a cemetery and seeing inscription on a tombstone, "Not dead, but sleeping," said:

"Well, I know if I was dead I wouldn't tell a story about it!"

Johnnie, seeing his twin cousin for the first time—Isn't it funny, mamma? Mamma—What, dear? Johnnie—Why, this baby is a philopena.—Inter "

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.

AD VALOREM DUTIES.

This Substitution for Specific Duties, a Step Back Into Barbarism; a Law Impossible to Honestly Enforce; Abandoned by all Other Nations of the Earth, but Now Dressed Up by Southern Theorists.

The most startling feature in the Wilson bill is the change made almost entire in the senate, from specific to ad valorem duties. The house bill started the change, the senate committee composed of three southern members have extended it over 90 per cent of the whole list.

Under the McKinley act every duty was, where possible, levied on the yard, pound or quantity. This avoids undervaluations, bears equally upon all and is the only rational method. Mr. Wilson claimed the committee had been induced to take this step so as to show exactly how much the importer was contributing to the general tax. Does it give salt less or more savor to know that the duty of 8c per 100 pounds, which the importer pays, equals 80 per cent of the selling price of home products? If the duty be found too high on any article it may be reduced, but the rate should be one which would be fair to all, easily estimated and not a weapon for fraud.

The German shoddy goods maker can swear down his prices so as to flood our markets with his "cheap and nasty" goods as they have done elsewhere. Adulterations are cheaper than honest goods and will be bought in at so much less that we will get the itch outside and dyspepsia within from their use. These ad valorem duties are condemned by the almost unanimous verdict of those whose opinions are entitled to respectful consideration. The judgment of every secretary of the treasury investigating the subject from Hamilton to Manning is invoked in refutation of the democratic position. It is unnecessary to quote from the unvarying testimony of secretary of the treasury, from our customs inspectors and from our consuls abroad, who all have close and daily experience in the practical workings of this subject. It will be sufficient to quote from Mr. Cleveland's secretary of the treasury, Manning, under date of December 7, 1885, as follows:

"It is desirable that in revising and reducing rates of duty they should be made specific instead of ad valorem, so that the nature of the merchandise will admit. Theoretically considered, ad valorem are preferable to specific duties; but in practice, under such rates as we have had and must continue to have for years to come, the former are the too easy source of deception and inequality at the custom house. Congress has it in its power to change from time to time, as may be advisable, specific rates so as to meet any permanent change in values."

Secretary Manning summed up the whole matter as follows:

"One hears it often said that if our ad valorem rates did not exceed 25 per cent or 30 per cent undervaluations and temptations to undervaluations would disappear; but the records of the department for 1817, 1840 and 1857 do not uphold that conclusion. Whatever successful contrivances are in operation today to evade the revenue by false invoices, or by undervaluations, or by any other means, under an ad valorem system, will not cease even if the ad valorem rates shall have been largely reduced. They are incontestably, they are even notoriously inherent in that system."

In view of this overwhelming testimony, it is futile to contend in favor of the superiority of ad valorem over specific rates. Against the opinions of the mere theorists of today, I interpose the substantial judgment of practical business men, experienced officials and the practice of the most enlightened nations on the globe. In all continental nations except the Netherlands ad valorem tariffs have been substantially discarded. France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Sweden and Norway, Russia, Switzerland, Belgium, Portugal and Spain, as the result of long experience with both systems, have settled down to the collection of their custom revenues almost wholly to a specific basis. It is more than folly, therefore, to attempt to foist upon this country a system condemned by a century of our own history and the experience of the leading European nations.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE GALLERIES.

A Democratic Speaker Threatens to Clear Them Out Because They Know a Good Thing When They Hear It.

Mr. Burrows, from Michigan, made a notable tariff speech in the house on January 9th last. In his closing remarks he quoted from "Bradstreet" a statement there are, "in New England 65,200 unemployed and 154,000 dependent; New York and New Jersey, 23,250 unemployed and 563,750 dependent; Pennsylvania, 151,500 unemployed and 449,200 dependent; Central Western states, 227,340 unemployed and 443,310 dependent; Northwestern states, 64,900 unemployed and 4,700 dependent; Southern states, 43,065 unemployed and unemployed and 122,650 dependent, making a frightful aggregate of 885,000 people unemployed and 1,956,710 dependent."

Yet the half has not been told. The record of this year's industrial and individual suffering resulting from proposed legislation will never be made up. It exceeds the possibilities of human calculation.

I implore you to abandon this suicidal policy. Have you not pursued it far enough to become convinced of its disastrous consequences? It is no longer an experiment—it has become a public crime. You have it within your power to instantly relieve this appalling situation. You have only to substitute for the pending measure a joint resolution declaratory of your purpose to maintain existing laws in full force and effect during the continuance of this administration, and business activity would instantly take the place of business depression. It would arrest the slaughter of our flocks, open our mines, re-light the fires of our furnaces, unchain the wheels of our industries, start every spindle and loom; while whistles and factory bells would call the tramping starving millions back from enforced idleness to profitable employment and the American republic would leap with a bound to its accustomed place in the van of industrial nations. [Prolonged applause on the floor and in the galleries.]

The Chairman—The chair begs to re-

mind our visiting friends in the galleries that such demonstrations are not allowable under the rules, and a repetition of them will warrant the chair in having the galleries cleared. [Renewed applause.] The sergeant-at-arms will be directed to remove visitors from the galleries unless they cease their demonstrations.

A Member—They vote, Mr. Chairman. [Laughter.] They will vote and their votes will be counted.

Work, Not Brag.
Working, not bragging, should be the business of the campaign. Instead of assuming that the democrats are already defeated, go on with the hard work needed to beat them. Tell the voters what the democratic leaders have done to deserve defeat, as by giving the rapacious Sugar trust \$50,000,000 of taxes. Organize in every precinct, prevent ballot box stuffing and get out the full vote. These are the methods that lead to victory, not boasting about sweeping the state from end to end because some disoriented democrats in the Fourth judicial district slapped the first candidate—for a non-political office—who came along and relieved themselves of their wrath thereby on the blunders of their party leaders in Washington.—Chicago Tribune.

Star-Eyed Goddess Speaks.

With overwhelming changes of party majorities going on all about us—in the face of such a popular rebuke to the incapacity of leaders as no politicians ever received before in the history of the country—it is worse than folly, it is a crime, for democrats who yet retain some self-respect and to whom the people have been wont to look for unselfish counsel, to bate their breath and hold their tongue. The feathers of the ostrich are fair to see, but his methods of self-protection are ridiculous. They are not to be initiated by democrats. The tariff bill which is about to pass the senate is abominable. Practically, it will yield the consumer little, if any, relief. It presents the democratic party in the character of both a fool and a fraud, crippling the cause without a shadow of compensation. The administration should in some way—there are many ways—disentangle itself. The house should throw it out by a single vote. The committee of conference should promptly report itself unable to agree. The ways and means committee should as promptly bring in a measure involving revenue only—a simple tariff scale raising \$50,000,000 on fifty single items—no schedules and no classifications with their misleading subterfuges and confusing incidents—and, if this be rejected—as it doubtless would be—adjourn congress and go to the country, placing the responsibility where it belongs, pledging the party to stand by its guns and to fight its battle upon the line of principle and honor until the people shall decide, conclusively and for all time, whether we are to live under a free trade system or under a protective system.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Who Deceives the Laboring People?

Here I place beside each other a statement of perhaps the greatest Democratic economist living and the statement of Grover Cleveland, uttered about the same date upon the same subject.

CLEVELAND, THE DEMAGOGUE.
At any rate the consumer has found life harder since this reform (i. e., the McKinley tariff) than before, and if there is a workman anywhere who has had his wages increased by virtue of its operation, he has not yet made himself known.—Speech at Providence, R. I., April 2, 1893.

ATKINSON, THE INVESTIGATOR.
There has never been a period in the history of this or any other country when the general rate of wages was as high as it is today, nor a period when the workmen, in the strict sense of the word, has so fully secured to his own use and enjoyment such a steadily and progressively increasing proportion of a constantly increasing product.—May Forum, 1892.

Added to the foregoing is the further statement of Mr. Atkinson:

There has been during the twenty-seven years since 1865, subject to the temporary variations and fluctuations, a steady advance in the rates of wages, a steady reduction in the cost of labor per unit of production and a corresponding reduction in the price of goods of almost every kind to the consumer.—May Forum, 1892.

The following is an extract from the summary of the report of the bureau of statistics of labor, written and issued by a democrat under a democratic governor, August 23, 1892:

"It appears that there was a net increase in wages of \$6,377,925.09 in the year 1891, as compared with the amount paid in 1890, and a net increase in production of \$31,314,139.68 in the year 1891 over that of 1890. A simple analysis of this table further demonstrates the interesting fact that of the sixty-seven industries covered 77 per cent of them showed an increase either of the wages or produce, or both; and that there were no less than 89,717 instances of individual increase of wages during the same year."

Quorum Counting.

There seems to be a spirit of investigation which is growing daily, as to the ultimate results of the late rule adopted by the democratic house of representatives, which provides for the counting of a quorum. Underlying this principle is the fact that the majority are responsible for the action of the body, and therefore this method of force is brought into use. If it be true and its application is essentially necessary in the government of the house of representatives, would it not be well to substitute the same rule in the government of some of our states, by which a very small majority are allowed to be the governing power, notably in the state of Mississippi, which, with a voting population of 271,000 at the presidential election of 1892 cast but 52,809 votes. The aggregate white vote of the state is 120,000. The aggregate colored vote of the state is 150,400. Here 17 per cent, or less than one-fifth of the voting population of the state, controls the entire business and welfare of the people. Would it not be wise on the part of the people of Mississippi to raise the question of a quorum and adopt, if possible, the democratic method that no business could be transacted until a visible quorum were present at the polls?

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