

McELEE'S Wine of Cardui

has demonstrated ten thousand times that it is almost infallible

FOR WOMAN'S PECULIAR WEAKNESSES,

Irregularities and derangements. It has become the leading remedy for this class of troubles. It exerts a wonderfully healing, strengthening and soothing influence upon the menstrual organs. It cures "whites" and falling of the womb. It stops flooding and relieves sup-



pressed and painful menstruation. For Change of Life it is the best medicine made. It is beneficial during pregnancy, and helps to bring children into homes barren for years. It invigorates, stimulates, strengthens the whole system. This great remedy is offered to all afflicted women. Why will any woman suffer another minute with certain relief within reach? Wine of Cardui only costs \$1.00 per bottle at your drug store.

For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Rev. J. W. SMITH, Camden, S. C., says: "My wife used Wine of Cardui at home for falling of the womb and it entirely cured her."

California Excursions

Via Burlington Route. Cheap; quick; comfortable. Leave Omaha 4:35 p. m., Lincoln 6:10 p. m., Hastings 8:50 p. m., and McCook at 11:40 p. m., every Thursday, in clean, modern, not crowded tourist sleepers. No transfers; cars run right through to San Francisco and Los Angeles over the Scenic Route—through Denver and Salt Lake City. Cars are carpeted; upholstered in ratan; have spring seats and backs and are provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. Uniformed porters and experienced conductors accompany each excursion, relieving passengers of all bother about baggage, pointing out objects of interest and in many other ways helping to make the overland trip a delightful experience. Second class tickets are honored. Berths \$5. For folder giving full information, call at nearest Burlington Route ticket office, or write to J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska. 4-25-98.

A full line of bill books and purses at the BEE HIVE.

McCook Markets.

Corrected Friday morning.

Corn	12 1/2
Wheat	67
Oats	12 1/2
Rye	32
Barley	18
Hogs	3.00
Potatoes	.60
Eggs	.16
Butter	.18 @ .20

Buy your gloves at the BEE HIVE.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

THE DANGER

to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding and dread with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's severest trial is appreciated by but few. All effort should be made to smooth these rugged places in life's pathway for her, ere she presses to her doom her babe.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change goes forward in an easy manner, without such violent protest in the way of Nausea, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations—she passes through the ordeal quickly and without pain—is left strong and vigorous and enabled to joyously perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

"I know one lady, the mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, who obtained a bottle of 'Mother's Friend' of me before her fourth confinement, and was relieved quickly and easily. All agree that their labor was shorter and less painful!"

JOHN G. POLBELL, MACON, GA.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by express on receipt of price.

BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent FREE on any address upon application, by THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Commissioners' Proceedings.

[OFFICIAL—BY AUTHORITY.]

The following claims were examined and on motion rejected:

A. B. Wilson, constable East Valley precinct election	\$ 3.00
T. E. Quinley, JURY, FEBRUARY TERM, 1897	4.00
M. H. Holmes	6.00
Wm. Eysenart	6.00
Frank Reed	6.00
M. E. Horner	6.00
A. D. Johnson	6.00
W. P. Burns	2.00
B. F. Olcott	2.00
Maurice Roddy	2.00
O. D. Mosher	6.00
E. E. Lister	6.00
W. O. Russell	2.00
Joseph Spotts	6.00
V. J. Gathercole	4.00
R. C. Catlett	6.00
G. W. Arbogast	6.00
C. B. Hoag	6.00
John Ervin	6.00
Joe Schwarz	6.00
J. W. McKenna	4.00
James Bontman	4.00
Maurice Griffin	4.00
Edward Price	6.00
J. S. Brittain	6.00
W. A. Gold	2.00
Thomas Crabtree	2.00
J. P. Notley	4.00
Andrew Carson	2.00
R. E. Hatcher	2.00
Lafayette Miller	2.00
James Kinghorn	2.00
Chas. Masters	2.00
Ira J. Miller	2.00

JURORS, NIGHTS, OCTOBER TERM, 1897.

Jesse Smith	2.00
D. R. Kimball	4.00
A. Reed	2.00
Josiah Moore	2.00
John Williams	2.00
Soren Simonson	2.00
George Cramer	2.00
August Wesch	2.00
C. P. Viland	2.00
John Whittaker	2.00
John Delong	2.00
Gus Aubry	2.00
J. M. Bell	2.00
James Jones	2.00
E. C. Clark	2.00
Albert Wagy	2.00
James Pinkerton	2.00
Chas. Wentz	4.00
Geo. Elbert	4.00
J. F. Bohmstedt	2.00
J. Steinmetz	2.00
L. E. Gilcrest	2.00
C. F. Elliott	2.00
James Wingate	2.00
F. Cain	2.00
D. H. McMurrin	2.00
T. J. Pate	2.00
Geo. P. Weick	2.00

PROOF OF SINCERITY

How An Army Officer Stood the Supreme Test of Belief in Fatalism.

In the days of the "old army" on the frontier, when military posts were sometimes hundreds of miles from any civilized place, there was little to do in the way of amusement in the winter time when the post was snowbound, and it was then that the reputation the army has for card playing and drinking was gained. And it is true that a great deal of both was done at that time.

It was in these days that an event transpired that showed that the principal actor had the courage of his convictions, and that he was most certainly born under a lucky star. It was after a very "wet" stag dinner party, and all had partaken most freely of the wine, and, strange as it may seem, the subject that came up for discussion was the Mohammedan religion. The Mussulmans believe in fate. To them a man's fate is written above, and the time of his death is set, and nothing can advance it. Well, this belief had been discussed long and earnestly. The pros and cons had been gone over at length, till one officer wanted to know of what use was reason if every one was born with a tag of destiny attached. One officer finally arose and said there was no use of discussing the matter any further. The only way was to make a practical test of the question, and he would give himself as a subject. Could a man willfully dispose of his life when the fatal moment had been chosen at his birth from above?

He could get no one to try the experiment on him. Finally a wager was made.

"Who will pay you if I lose?" said the subject as he drew his pistol and showed that it was loaded. He placed the pistol against his temple and pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire.

"A joke," yelled the crowd.

The fatalist smiled, and, recocking the pistol, aimed it with a steady hand at the clock on the wall. He fired, and the bullet crashed through the center of the dial.

"Apologize to me now," he said. "I have won the bet. I always believed in fate."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FISH AS FOOD.

The Dark Is Better Than the White For an Active Person.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in The Ladies' Home Journal, contends that there has not been a sufficiently accurate analysis upon which to base any table regarding the chemical composition of fish at all reliable. "The albuminoid matter in white fish, as cod, haddock and halibut, is in about the same proportion as in beef and mutton. They contain, however, more phosphorus—the active fish, such as trout and pickerel, containing a still greater amount, due no doubt to their activity. The amount of carbon depends largely upon the amount of fat they contain. The whitefish are, therefore, deficient in carbon. If you should ask an intelligent cook what vegetable to serve with a boiled white fish she would answer quickly, potatoes, as they supply the wanting carbohydrates.

"There are other kinds of fish, however, such as salmon, catfish and sturgeon, that are quite well supplied with carbohydrates, in consequence of which they are not so easily digested as the white fish. The more oil they have dispersed through the body, the more difficult the digestion. In the white fish the fat is held in the liver; in the dark fish it is dispersed through the entire flesh. From this fact we learn that dark fish make a much better diet for the active man. Many authorities affirm that the more active fish, as well as the more active animals, give better muscle making food than their more indolent relations."

Kaiser and Painter.

There was a touching exchange of compliments the other day between Emperor William and the Russian painter Verestchagin, whose works are now on exhibition in Berlin. The kaiser went to the gallery and was gracious enough to remind the artist that they had met before. "Yes, your majesty," replied Verestchagin, "and then you were only 'highness,' but now you are 'majesty.'" To this the kaiser is said to have replied, holding out his hand, "And you, who were a great painter then, are now a greater one."

It is not altogether surprising that the Russian is reported as expressing deep respect for the emperor's critical powers, or that he quotes, as showing limitless historical knowledge, the emperor's declaration, made at this momentous interview, that "if ever a judgment of God broke over a man, it was over Napoleon at Moscow." Meanwhile Verestchagin's pictures will continue to reveal the horrors of militarism, and thus supply one with the pleasant mental recreation of wondering what Europe's one real war lord can see to admire in them.—New York Times.

Punished.

Perturbed Parent—Who has eaten the cake in the pantry?

Undaunted Infant—I did.

P. P.—And what did you do that for?

I. I.—I heard you tell Jane always to keep the cupboard shut. Yesterday she forgot, so I thought I would punish her by eating all the cakes.—Pearson's Weekly.

Thirty-two Times For Peace.

Out of 60 arbitration treaties among the nations of the world since 1815 the United States has borne a part in 32, far more than any other nation.—Boston Globe.

Schoolteaching seems to be the most popular of all the fields that are open to college women.

In 1890 there were in the United States 735 women who were professors in colleges and universities.

At one time during the life of John Bright there was no fewer than seven members of his family with seats in the house of commons.

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A Question of Streets.

A stranger to the city boarded a Columbus avenue cable car as it was passing the postoffice and asked of the conductor:

"Do you go anywhere near 80 Seventh street?"

"I pass right by it," replied the conductor.

"Please let me know when we get there," said the stranger as he settled himself behind his paper.

When the car reached Twenty-third street, the stranger looked up uneasily and glanced appealingly to the conductor. He said nothing, however, and the car sped on up town as he turned again to his reading. At Forty-second street he laid aside his paper and stared steadily at the conductor from that time until the car began to turn the corner at Fifty-third street. Then he got up, approached the conductor, and asked in a confidential tone, "Aren't we almost at Seventh street?"

"Seventh street? We passed that 20 minutes ago. You want Eighty-seventh street?"

"Oh, no!" mildly responded the stranger, "I asked you for No. 80 Seventh street."

The conductor pulled the bell rope. "Take the next car down," he said simply.—New York Mail and Express.

She Wanted It Removed.

She was rather fussy and evidently given to magnifying mole hills into mountains, and when a man entered a car in which she sat and leaned a gun he was carrying against the door she called out:

"Oh, sir, won't you please point that gun the other way?"

"There isn't the slightest danger, madam," he said. "I am used to guns."

"Well, I'm not. It would go off in a minute and kill everybody in the car, if anything struck the nozzle."

"You mean the muzzle," said the man, laughing.

"It's all the same by any name. Conductor, I wish you would ask men with firearms to stand outside the car."

"He says it isn't loaded," answered the conductor.

"What! Not loaded! Then stop the car quick and let me out! Good gracious, to think I've been riding all this time in the same car with a gun that wasn't loaded. Why, I might have been killed 20 times!" And she nearly fell off in her haste to leave the car.—Detroit Free Press.

A Real Widow.

She was a dear old lady, always sweet and bright, and now she has the reputation of being a wit. She has been living for a year or so in the thick of the American colony in Paris, where, as every one knows, there's as fine a collection of women whose husbands live in America as there is on the continent of Europe, which is saying a great deal.

She was speaking one day at an afternoon tea of a very lovely woman, over whom she became quite enthusiastic.

"She's very young," she said, as a sort of climax, "but a widow!" They added quickly, "With a real dead husband too!"—New York Herald.

Ocean Wave Power.

J. M. Dwyer, a San Francisco man, has invented and put in practical operation a new method of utilizing the power of ocean waves. His scheme is to anchor at some distance from the shore a big buoy supporting a strong-mast. From the top of the mast a wire rope runs to the motor proper, erected on land and consisting of a simple arrangement whereby the intermittent pull of the swaying mast raises a weight which gives continuous motion to a heavy fly-wheel.

The Horse.

Dr. Romanes places the horse, in point of intelligence, below the ass and the elephant. The doctor says intense fear in the horse corresponds to the emotion of anger in man, and he characterizes it as a brief madness.

The first statutory mention of pins is to be found in an English law passed in the year 1483.

The first patent pin machine was one of American make—Wright's machine of 1834.

If you should go to Greenland, you would be surprised at the size of the potatoes there, for they grow no larger than a marble.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

What shall I do lest life in silence pass? And if it do And never prompt the bray of noisy brass, Remember say the ocean deeps are mute. The shallows roar. Worth is the ocean. Fame is but the brink Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known? Thy duty ever.

This did full many who yet slept unknown— Oh, never, never! Thinkst thou perchance that they remain unknown? Whom thou knowest not? By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is blown. Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life? Discharge aright Thy duty ever.

The simple duties with which each day is rife, Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise Will life be led, While he who ever acts as conscience cries Shall live, thou dead. —Schiller.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells of Some Very Unpleasant Experiences With Mirrors.

"I have had," said the retired burglar, "some very unpleasant experiences with mirrors. I think I have told you how I once fired at my reflection in a mirror, mistaking it for another man—a mistake that I thought I should never make again. But within two years after that I struck at a man in a mirror, and smashed the glass and smashed my hand and made myself uncomfortable generally. It may seem strange to you that a man could make such mistakes, but in a dim light, and where everything is strange to him, and he's all sort of keyed up himself, I don't know as it is after all. Still, after that last experience I did think it would be some time before I had any more trouble with mirrors. But within a year I had an experience that was a great deal worse than either of them.

"When I came out of a room in a house I was in one night, on the second floor, looking down the hall—this was pretty near the front where I was—I saw the figure of myself in a mirror at the other end. It was plain enough, even in that light, but it startled me a little at first, and I threw up my gun at it. Of course the figure's hand went up and down, just the same as mine did, and it made me kind of laugh to think of it, and I could imagine the shadow laughing, too, at a man who was afraid of his own shadow.

"Then I went into the next room, and when I came out of that into the hall again my eyes sought the mirror again. It wasn't very pleasant to see yourself in the dark in that way, but it would have been a mighty sight less pleasant not to. But then I was all right, and I stood and looked at it a minute and threw up my arm at it same as before, just up and down, a sort of unnecessary test, but it made me feel just a little easier, and up went the arm in the mirror with mine, but this time, when mine came down, the arm in the mirror staid up.

"Now, don't raise your hands," the man said, covering me with a gun in his upraised hand, voice kind of drawling, but meaning business, you know. You know when a man means business, and this man did mean it, and I kept my hands down.

"Oh, Bill!" he says, not moving a muscle and not shouting it out, but just kind of drawing it out like the other.

"Then a man appeared beyond the man that was holding me up, coming toward him and me. He walked right through the mirror, past the other man, and kept coming. It was all plain enough then. In fact, I'd guessed at it before, as may be you have. The mirror wasn't a mirror at all, but a doorway, an opening midway of a long hall, and the frame was the frame of the doorway. There were rooms beyond, just the same as those on the side where I was, and it was the doors of those that I had seen in the mirror and not the reflection of those on my side. And it was out of one of those doors that Bill came. The man with the gun had been ready for me the first time I looked, but it must have been that Bill wasn't then. But Bill was ready now, and he came on past the other man, careful to keep out of his range, of course, making for me, and he came around behind me and took two or three turns of a rope around my body and arms. Then the man with the gun came up, and between them they tied me up good and strong. And that was a matter of some four years."—New York Sun.

Legal Equality.

The women are again moving in the state of Illinois in the interest of equality before the law. God bless them and God speed them in their righteous quest! The shame is that it is left for the women to lead. Let the men inaugurate the movement that will make for justice. This cause has lost its newness. It has had to pay full price for the crudities and extravagances that gather around every reform, but at the core the demand is a righteous one, and it must be heard, and ultimately it must triumph. Let no one lose heart and let no one delay any legitimate effort. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho have fully enfranchised their women. "Eastward the star of (this) empire takes its way."—Chicago New Unity.

Mineral Wool.

She—What is this mineral wool one reads so much about?

He—Mineral wool? Why, that's the wool they shear from hydraulic rams.—New York Times.

Caps of linen, wool, straw, bark of trees and leather were extensively worn in Egypt and Arabia in early times and were usually of a pointed or peaked shape.

The variety of headresses used by the Egyptian ladies was very great.

There are more than 200 lakes within the boundaries of Venezuela, one of the largest being 1,600 feet above the level of the sea. The Orinoco river, the largest in Venezuela, is 1,160 miles long.

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