

# A Word to Doctors

We have the highest regard for the medical profession. Our preparations are not sold for the purpose of antagonizing them, but rather as an aid. We lay it down as an established truth that internal remedies are positively injurious to expectant mothers. The stress and discomforts experienced during the months preceding childbirth can be alleviated only by external treatment—by applying a liniment that softens and relaxes the over-strained muscles. We make and sell such a liniment, combining the ingredients in a manner hitherto unknown, and call it

# Mother's Friend

We know that in thousands of cases it has proved more than a blessing to expectant mothers. It overcomes morning sickness. It relieves the sense of tightness. Headaches cease, and danger from Swollen, Hard and Rising Breasts is avoided. Labor itself is shortened and shorn of most of the pain. We know that many doctors recommend it, and we know that multitudes of women go to the drug stores and buy it because they are sure their physicians have no objections. We ask a trial—just a fair test. There is no possible chance of injury being the result, because **Mother's Friend** is scientifically compounded. It is sold at \$1 a bottle, and should be used during most of the period of gestation, although great relief is experienced if used only a short time before childbirth. Send for our illustrated book about **Mother's Friend**.

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ATLANTA, GA.

## CALIPSO #6989.



Will make the season of 1900 at my barn in McCook, Nebraska.

Calipso is a beautiful black horse weighing about 1,600 pounds. Entered in the French stud book as No. 6989, Vol. 6. He was foaled March 10, 1890, and imported Aug. 20, 1892, by Springer and Willard.

SIRE: Maachard 7084; he by Leduc 7969, she by Monton. Leduc 7969 by Introuvable out of Mellarie.

DAM: Rosette 18009, she by Hercule 2602, by Vigoureux, out of Margot; she by Jean Bart 719, by Bayard. Vigoureux by Jean Bart 716, by Bayard.

TERMS: \$10.00 to insure mare with foal. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.  
J. S. MCBRAVER, Owner.

## DANDY LEER.

Will make the season of 1900 at my barn in McCook, Nebraska.

Dandy Leer was bred by J. M. Leer of Paris, Kentucky. Is a black jack with white points, seven years old, fifteen hands high, very blocky and heavy boned, and has fine style and action. As a breeder he has no equal in Nebraska, his mules being in dark colors—black and bay—with heavy bones, great style and good quality.

TERMS: \$10.00 to insure mare with foal. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.  
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INCORPORATED 1882

# THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" "Malcom Kirk," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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larger than those who voted for him.

"Under all these circumstances I have deemed it my duty to say what I have thus far said and to ask the church to take the action I now propose. We are met here this morning in full membership. Here is a soul just led out of the darkness by the spirit of truth. He is one known to many of you as an honest, worthy man, for many years faithful in the discharge of his duties in this house. There is no Christian reason why he should be denied fellowship around this table. I wish, therefore, to ask the members of the church to vote again on the acceptance or rejection of Henry Roland, disciple of Jesus, who has asked for permission to this body of Christ in his name. Will all those in favor of thus receiving our brother into the great family of faith signify it by raising the right hand?"

For a moment not a person in the church stirred. Every one seemed smitten into astonished inaction by the sudden proposal of the minister. Then hands began to go up. Philip counted them, his heart beating with anguish as he foresaw the coming result. He waited a minute—it seemed to many like several minutes—and then said, "All those opposed to the admission of the applicant signify it by the same sign."

Again there was the same significant, reluctant pause, then half a dozen hands went up in front of the church. Instantly from almost every part of the house hands went up in numbers that almost doubled those who had voted in favor of admission. From the gallery on the sides, where several of Philip's workmen friends sat, a hiss arose. It was slight, but heard by the entire congregation. Philip glanced up there, and it instantly ceased.

Without another word he stepped down from the platform and began to read the list of those who had been received into church membership. He had almost reached the end of it when a person whose name was called last rose from his seat near the front, where all the newly received members were in the habit of sitting together, and, turning partly around so as to face the congregation and still address Philip, he said:

"Mr. Strong, I do not feel as if, after what has taken place here this morning, I could unite with this church. This man who has been excluded from church membership is the son of a woman born into slavery on the estate of one of my relatives. That slave woman once nursed her master through a terrible illness and saved his life. This man, her son, was then a little child. But in the strange changes that have gone on since the war the son of the old master has been reduced to poverty and obliged to work for a living. He is now in this town. He is this very day lying upon a sick bed in the tenement district. And this black man has for several weeks out of his small earnings helped the son of his mother's master and cared for him through his illness with all the devotion of a friend.

"I have only lately learned these facts. But, knowing them as I do and believing that he is as worthy to sit about this table as any Christian here, I cannot reconcile the rejection with my own purpose to unite here. I therefore desire to withdraw my application for membership here. Mr. Strong, I desire to be baptized and partake of the communion as a disciple of Christ simply, not as a member of Calvary church. Can I do so?"

Philip replied in a choking voice, "You can." The man sat down. It was not the place for any demonstration, but again from the gallery came a slight but distinct note of applause. As before, it instantly subsided as Philip looked up. For a moment every one held his breath and waited for the minister's action. Philip's face was pale and stern. What his sensitive nature suffered in that moment no one ever knew, not even his wife, who almost started from her seat, fearing that he was about to faint. For a moment there was a hesitation about Philip's manner so unusual with him that some thought he was going to leave the church. But he quickly called on his will to assert its power, and, taking up the regular communion service, he calmly took charge of it as if nothing out of the way had occurred. He did not even allude to the morning's incident in his prayers. Whatever else the people might think of Philip they certainly could find no fault with his self-possession. His conduct of the service on that memorable Sunday was admirable.

When it was over, he was surrounded by different ones who had taken part either for or against the sexton. There was much said about the matter. But all the arguments and excuses and comments on the affair could not remove the heartache from Philip. He could not reconcile the action of the church with the spirit of the church's Master, Jesus, and when he finally reached home and calmly reviewed the events of the morning he was more and more grieved for the church and for his Master. It seemed to him that a great mistake had been made and that Calvary church had disgraced the name of Christianity.

As he had been in the habit of doing since he moved into the neighborhood of the tenements, Philip went out in the afternoon to visit the sick and the sorrowful. The shutting down of the mills had resulted in an immense amount of suffering and trouble. As spring came on some few of the mills had opened, and men had found work in them at a reduction of wages. The entire history of the enforced idleness of thousands of men in Milton during that eventful winter would make a large volume of thrilling narrative. Philip's story but touches on this other. He had grown rapidly familiar with the different phases of life which loafed and idled and drank itself away during that period of inaction. Hundreds of men had drifted away to other places in search of work. Almost as many more had taken to the road to swell the ever increasing number of professional tramps and in time to develop into petty thieves and criminals. But those who remained had a desperate struggle with poverty. Philip grew sick at heart as he went among the people and saw the complete helplessness, the utter estrangement of sympathy and community of feeling between the church people and these representatives of the physical labor of the world. Every time he went out to do his visiting this feeling deepened in him. This Sunday afternoon in particular it seemed to him as if the depression and discouragement of the tenement district weighed on him like a great burden, bearing him down to the earth with sorrow and heartache.

He had been in the habit of going out to communion Sunday with the emblems of Christ to observe the rite by the bedsides of the aged or ill or those who could not get out to church. He carried with him this time a basket containing a part of the communion service. After going to the homes of one or two invalid church members he thought of the person who had been mentioned by the man in the morning as living in the tenement district and in a critical condition. He had secured his address, and after a little inquiry he soon found himself in a part of the tenements near to him.

He climbed up three flights of stairs and knocked at the door. It was opened by the sexton. He greeted Philip with glad surprise. The minister smiled sadly. "So, my brother, it is true you are serving your Master here? My heart is grieved at the action of the church this morning."

"Don't say anything, Mr. Strong. You did all you could, but you are just in time to see him." The sexton pointed into a small back room. "He is going fast. I didn't suppose he was so near. I would have asked you to come, but I didn't think he was falling so."

Philip followed the sexton into the room. The son of the old slave master



The gray shadow of the last enemy was projected into the room. He was sinking rapidly. He was conscious, however, and at Philip's quiet question concerning his peace with God a smile passed over his face, and he moved his lips. Philip understood him. A sudden thought occurred to Philip. He opened the basket, took out the bread and wine, set them on the small table and said:

"Disciple of Jesus, would you like to partake of the blessed communion once more before you see the King in his glory?"

The gleam of satisfaction in the man's eyes, told Philip enough. The sexton said in a low voice, "He belonged to the southern Episcopal church in Virginia." Something in the wistful look of the sexton gave Philip an inspiration for what followed.

"Brother," he said, turning to the sexton, "what is to hinder your baptism and partaking of the communion? Yes, this is Christ's church wherever his true disciples are."

Then the sexton brought a basin of water, and as he knelt down by the side of the bed Philip baptized him with the words: "I baptize thee, Henry, my brother, disciple of Jesus, into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Amen," murmured the man on the bed. And Philip, still standing as he was, bowed his head, saying, "Blessed Lord Jesus, accept these children of thine, bless this new disciple, and unite our hearts in love for thee and thy kingdom as we remember thee now in this service."

He took the bread and said: "Take, eat. This is my body, broken for you." In the name of the Master, who said these words, eat, remembering his love for us."

The dying man could not lift his hand to take the bread from the plate. Philip gently placed a crumb between his lips. The sexton, still kneeling, partook and, bowing his head between his hands, sobbed. Philip poured out the wine and said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus, this cup is the new testament in his blood shed for all mankind for the remission of sins." He carried the cup to the lips of the man and then gave to the sexton. The smile on the dying man's face died. The gray shadow of the last enemy was projected into the room from the setting sun of death's approaching twilight. The son of the old slave master was going to meet the mother of the man who was born into the darkness of slavery, but born again into the light of God. Perhaps, perhaps, he thought, who knows but the first news he would bring to her would be the news of that communion? Certain it is that his hand moved vaguely over the blanket. It slipped over the edge of the bed and fell upon the bowed head of the sexton and remained there as if in benediction. And so the shadow deepened, and at last it was like unto nothing else known to the sons of men on earth, and the spirit leaped out of its clay tenement with the breath of the communion wine still on the lips of the frail, perishable body.

Philip reverently raised the arm and laid it on the bed. The sexton rose, and, while the tears rolled over his face, he gazed long into the countenance of the son of his old master. No division of race now; no false and selfish prejudice here. Come, let the neighbors of the dead come in to do the last sad offices to the casket, for the soul of this disciple is in the mansions of glory, and it shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the darkness of death ever again smite it, for it shall live forever in the light of that Lamb of God who gave himself for the remission of sins and the life everlasting.

Philip did what he could on such an occasion. It was not an unusual event altogether. He had prayed by many a poor creature in the clutch of the last enemy, and he was familiar with his face in the tenements. But this particular scene had a meaning and left an impression different from any he had known before. When finally he was at liberty to go home for a little rest before the evening service, he found himself more than usually tired and sorrowful. Mrs. Strong noticed it as he came in. She made him lie down and urged him to give up his evening service.

"No, no, Sarah! I can't do that! I am prepared. I must preach! I'll get a nap, and then I'll feel better," he said.

Mrs. Strong shook her head, but Philip was determined. He slept a little, ate a little lunch, and when the time of service came he went up to the church again. As his habit was, just before the hour of beginning, he went into the little room at the side of the platform to pray by himself. When he came out and began the service, no one could have told from his manner that he was suffering physically. Even Mrs. Strong, who was watching him anxiously, felt relieved to see how quiet and composed he was.

He had commenced his sermon and had been preaching with great eloquence for ten minutes when he felt a strange dizziness and a pain in his side that made him catch his breath and clutch the side of the pulpit to keep from falling. It passed away, and he went on. It was only a slight hesitation, and no one remarked anything out of the way. For five minutes he spoke with increasing power and feeling. The church was filled. It was very quiet. Suddenly, without any warning, he threw up his arms, uttered a cry of half suppressed agony and then fell over backward. A thrill of excitement ran through the audience. For a moment no one moved; then every one rose. The men in the front pews rushed up to the platform. Mrs. Strong was already there. Philip's head was raised. Philip's old friend, the surgeon, was in the crowd, and he at once examined him. He was not dead, and the doctor at once directed the proper movement for his removal from the church. As he was being carried out into the air he revived and was able to speak.

"Take me home," he whispered to his wife, who hung over him in a terror as great as her love for him at that moment. A carriage was called, and he was taken home. The doctor remained until Philip was fully conscious.

"It was very warm, and I was very tired, and I fainted, eh, doctor? First time I ever did such a thing in my life. I am ashamed. I spoiled the service." Philip uttered this slowly and feebly when at last he had recovered enough to know where he was.

The doctor looked at him suspiciously. "You never fainted before, eh? Well, if I were you I would take care not to faint again. Take good care of him, Mrs. Strong. He needs rest. Milton could spare a dozen bad men like me better than one like the dominie."

"Doctor," cried Mrs. Strong in sudden fear, "what is the matter? Is this serious?"

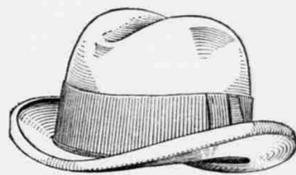
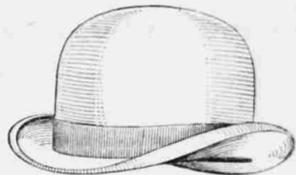
"Not at all. But men like your husband are in need of watching. Take good care of him."

"Good care of him! Doctor, he will not mind me! I wanted him to stay at home tonight, but he wouldn't." "Then put a chain and padlock on him and hold him in!" growled the surgeon. He prescribed a medicine and went away, assuring Mrs. Strong that Philip would feel much better in the morning.

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### Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D.B. Cargile of Washita, I.T. He writes: "Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give her no help, but now her health is excellent." Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, salt rheum, tetter, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels; expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50c. Sold by McConnell & Berry, druggists. Guaranteed.

W. S. Whedon, cashier of the First National bank of Winterset, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ that will be of value to other mechanics. He says: "I had a carpenter working for me who was obliged to stop work for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhoea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled and that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the druggist here and informed me that one dose cured him and he is again at his work." For sale by McConnell & Berry, Druggists.

The Ohio woman who gave birth to four boy babies the other day will be pardoned for wearing a look of patriotic pride when the census man calls.

A Nebraska congregation is attempting for a minister who can "preach the plain gospel." This looks like an endeavor to revive one of the lost arts.

All who suffer from piles will be glad to learn that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will give them instant and permanent relief. It will cure eczema and all skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits.