

## WOMEN IN TROUBLE.

The Approach of Motherhood is the Occasion of Much Anxiety to All.

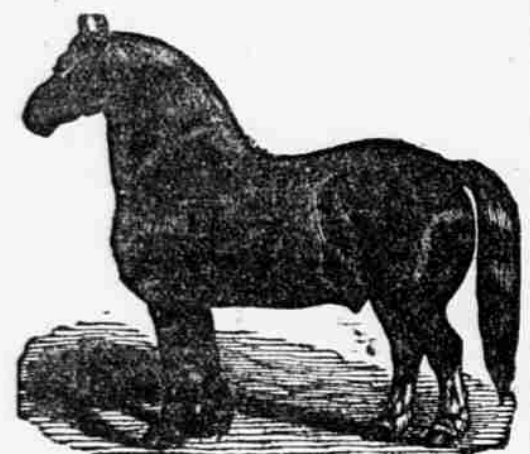
Every woman dreads the ordeal through which she must pass in becoming a mother. The pain and suffering which is in store for her is a source of constant anxiety, fear and dread, to say nothing of the danger which the coming incident entails. The joyous anticipations with which she looks forward to baby's coming gives way to an indescribable dread of the ordeal when she fully realizes the critical and trying event which will soon approach and have to be endured.

Women should hail with delight a remedy which insures to them immunity from the pain, suffering and danger incidental to child-bearing. Such a remedy is now offered, and women need not fear longer the hour of childbirth. "Mother's Friend"—is a scientific liniment—and if used before confinement, gently and surely prepares the body for the great requirements and changes it is undergoing, insures safety to both mother and child, and takes her through the event with comparative ease and comfort. This wonderful remedy is praised by every woman who has used it.

What woman is not interested in "Mother's Friend?" This wonderful remedy has been tested and its priceless value proven by the experience of thousands of happy mothers who have used it during the most critical period of woman's life—the approach and culmination of motherhood.

It has won their everlasting praise, for it gave them help and ease in their most trying hour and when most needed. Every woman may some day need "Mother's Friend." The little book, "Before Baby is Born," telling all about it, and when it should be used, will prove of great interest and benefit to all expectant mothers, and will be sent free to any address upon application to the Bradfield Regulator Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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Will make the season of 1900 at any 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: Mauchard 7084; he by Leduc 7060, she by Montan. Leduc 7060 by Introuvable out of Mellarie.

DAM: Rosette 1899, she by Hercule 2602, by Vigoreux, out of Margot; she by Jean Bart 776, by Bayard. Vigoreux by Jean Bart 776, by Bayard.

TERMS: \$1000 to insure mare with foal. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.

J. S. McBRAYER, Owner.

## DANDY LEER.

Will make the season of 1900 at any 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 black 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: \$1000 to insure mare with foal. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.

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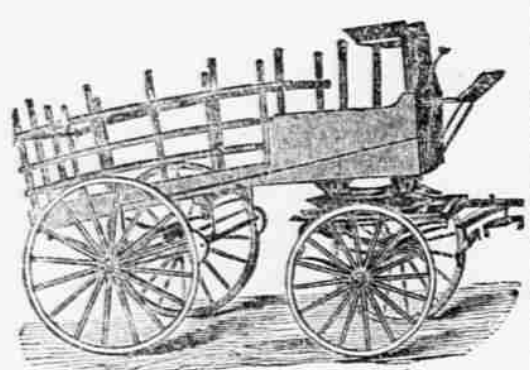
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## THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

By REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON,

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

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Philip found himself weak the next day, but able to get about. In reply to numerous calls of inquiry for the minister Mrs. Strong was able to report that he was much better. About 11 o'clock, when the postman called, Philip was in his study lying on his lounge.

His wife brought up two letters. One of them was from his old chum. He read that first. He then laid it down and opened the other.

At that moment Mrs. Strong was called down stairs by a ring at the door. When she had answered it, she came up stairs again.

As she came into the room she was surprised at the queer look on Philip's face. Without a word he handed her the letter he had just opened and with the same look watched her face as she read it.

### CHAPTER XVII.

The letter which Philip had received and which his wife now read was as follows:

Rev. Philip Strong, Pastor Calvary Church, Milton:

Dear Sir and Brother—The seminary at Fairview has long been contemplating the addition to its professorship of a chair of sociology. The lack of funds and the absolute necessity of sufficient endowment for such a chair have made it impossible hitherto for the trustees to make any definite move in this direction. A recent legacy, of which you have doubtless heard, has made the founding of this new professorship possible. And now the trustees by unanimous vote have united upon you as the man best fitted to fill this chair of sociology. We have heard of your work in Milton and know of it personally. We are assured you are the man for this place. We therefore tender you most heartily the position of professor of sociology at Fairview seminary at a salary of \$2,500 a year and a preliminary year's absence, either abroad or in this country, before you begin actual labors with the seminary.

With this formal call on the part of the trustees goes the most earnest desire on the part of all the professors of the seminary who remember you in your marked undergraduate success as a student here. You will meet with the most loving welcome, and the seminary will be greatly strengthened by your presence in this new department. We are, in behalf of the seminary, very cordially yours,

THE TRUSTEES.

Here followed their names, familiar to both Philip and his wife.

There was a moment of astonished silence, and then Sarah said:

"Well, Philip, that's what I call the finger of Providence!"

"Do you call it the finger of Providence because it points the way you want to go?" asked Philip, with a smile. But his face instantly grew sober. He was evidently very much excited by the call to Fairview. It had come at a time when he was in a condition to be very much moved by it.

"Yes, Philip," replied his wife as she smoothed back his hair from his forehead, "it is very plain to me that you have done all that any one can do here in Milton, and this call comes just in time. You are worn out. The church is opposed to your methods. You need a rest and a change, and, besides, this is the very work that you have always had a liking for."

Philip said nothing for a moment. His mind was in a whirl of emotion. Finally he said: "Yes; I would enjoy such a professorship. It is a very tempting call. I feel drawn toward it. And yet"—he hesitated—"I don't know that I ought to leave Milton just now."

Mrs. Strong was provoked. "Philip Strong, you have lived this kind of life long enough! All your efforts in Calvary church are wasted. What good have all your sermons done? It is all a vain sacrifice, and the end will be defeat and misery for you. Add to all this the fact that this new work will call for the best and most Christian labor and that some good Christian man will take it if you don't—and I don't see, Philip, how you can possibly think of such a thing as refusing this opportunity."

"It certainly is a splendid opportunity," murmured Philip. "I wonder why they happened to pitch on me for the place?"

"That's easy enough. Every one knows that you could fill that chair better than almost any other man in the country."

"Do you mean by 'every one' a little woman of the name of Sarah?" asked Philip, with a brief return of his teasing habit.

"No, sir. I mean all the professors and people in Fairview and all the thinking people of Milton and every one who knows you, Philip. Every one knows that whatever else you lack it isn't brains."

"I'd like to borrow a few just now, though, for I seem to have lost most of mine. Lend me yours, won't you, Sarah, until I settle this question of the call?"

"No, sir. If you can't settle a plain question like this with all your brains, you couldn't do any better with the addition of the little I have."

"Then you really think, do you, Sarah, that I ought to accept this as the leading of the spirit of God and follow without hesitation?"

Mrs. Strong replied with almost tearful earnestness:

"Philip, it seems to me like the leading of his hand. Surely you have shown your willingness and your courage and your sacrifice by your work here. But your methods are distasteful, and your preaching has so far rotted only antagonism. Oh, I dread the thought of this life for you another day. It looks to me like a suicidal policy, with nothing to show for it when you have gone through with it."

Philip spread the letter out on the

corner, and his face grew more and more thoughtful as he gazed into the face of his wife, and his mind went over the ground of his church experience. If only he was perhaps thinking—if only the good God had not given him so sensitive and fine tempered a spirit of conscientiousness. He almost envied men of coarse, blunt feelings, of common ideals of duty and service.

His wife watched him anxiously. She knew it was a crisis with him. At last he said:

"Well, Sarah, I don't know but you're right. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. The professorship would be free from the incessant worry and anxiety of a parish, and then I might be just as useful in the seminary as I am here—who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed?" exclaimed Sarah joyfully. At the same time she was almost crying. She picked up the letter and called Philip's attention to the clause which granted him a year abroad in case he accepted. "Think of that, Philip! Your dream of foreign travel can come true now!"

"That is"—Philip looked out of the window over the dingy roof of a shed near by to the gloomy tenements—"that is, supposing I decide to accept."

"Supposing! But you almost the same as said—Oh, Philip, say you will! Be reasonable! This is the opportunity of a lifetime!"

"That's true," replied Philip.

"You may not have another such chance as this as long as you live. You are young now and with every prospect of success in work of this kind. It is new work, of the kind you like. You will have leisure and means to carry on important experiments and influence for life young men entering the ministry. Surely, Philip, there is as great opportunity for usefulness and sacrifice there as anywhere. It must be that the will of God is in this. It comes without any seeking on your part."

"Yes, indeed!" Philip spoke with the only touch of pride he ever exhibited. It was pride in the knowledge that he was absolutely free from self glory or self seeking.

"Then say you will accept. Say you will, Philip!"

The appeal, coming from the person dearest to him in all the world, moved Philip profoundly. He took the letter from her hand, read it over carefully and again laid it down on the couch. Then he said:

"Sarah, I must pray over it. I need a little time. You will have reason"—Philip paused, as his habit sometimes was, and at that moment the bell rang, and Mrs. Strong went down stairs. As she went along she felt almost persuaded that Philip would yield. Something of his tone seemed to imply that the struggle in his mind was nearly ended.

The callers at the door were three men who had been to see Philip several times to talk with him about the mill troubles and the labor conflict in general. They wanted to see Philip. Mrs. Strong was anxious about the condition of Philip's health. She asked the men to come in and went up stairs again.

"Can you see them? Are you strong enough?" she asked.

"Yes; tell them to come up. I am comfortable now."

Philip was resting easily, and after a careful look at him Mrs. Strong went down stairs.

To her surprise two of the men had gone. The one who remained explained that he thought three persons would excite or tire the minister more than one. He had staid and would not trouble Philip very long. But the business on which he came was of such an important nature that he felt obliged to see the minister if he could do so without danger to him.

So the man went up, and Philip greeted him with his usual heartiness, excusing himself for not rising. The man took a chair, moved up near the couch and sat down. He seemed a good deal excited, but in a suppressed and cautious way.

"I came to see you, Mr. Strong, to tell you about a thing you ought to know. There is danger of your life here."

"Where?" asked Philip calmly.

"Here, in this neighborhood."

"Well?" Philip waited for more explanation.

"I didn't want to tell your wife for fear of scaring her, but I thought you ought to know, Mr. Strong, and then you could take steps to protect yourself or get away."

"Go on. Tell me the worst," said Philip quietly as the man paused.

"Well," the man went on in a low tone, "two others and me overheard a talk last night by the men who run the Star saloon and den down by the Falls. They have a plan to waylay you, rob you and injure you, sir, and do it in such a way as to make it seem a common hold up. They seemed to know about your habit of going around through the alleys and cross streets of the tenements. We heard enough to make us sure they really and truly meant to deal foully by you the first good chance, and we thought best to put you on your guard. The rummies are down on you, Mr. Strong, you have been so outspoken against them. And your lecture in the hall

last week has made them mad, I tell you. They hate you worse than poison, for that's the article they seem to sell and make a living out of."

Philip had the week before addressed a large meeting of workmen, and in the course of his speech he had called attention to the saloon as one of the greatest foes of the wage earner.

"Is that all?" Philip asked.

"All, man alive! Isn't it enough? What more do you hanker after?"

"Of course I don't hanker after being held up or attacked, but these men are mistaken if they think to frighten me."

"They mean more than frighten, Mr. Strong; they mean business."

"Why don't you have them arrested, then, for conspiracy? If you overheard their talk, they are guilty and could be convicted."

"Not in Milton, Mr. Strong. Besides, there was no name mentioned, and the talk was scurrilous. They are shrewd devils. But we could tell them you plain enough. Not to prove anything in court, though."

"And you came to warn me? That was kind of you, my brother." Philip spoke with the winsome affection for men that made his hold on common people like the grappling vine with loving tendrils.

"Yes, Mr. Strong, I tell you the rummies will almost hold a prayer meeting when you leave Milton. And they mean to make you trouble enough until you do leave. If I was you"—the man paused earnestly—"if I was you, I'd get up and leave this God forsaken town, Mr. Strong."

"You would?" Philip glanced at the letter which still lay upon the couch beside him. "Suppose I should say I had about made up my mind to do just that thing?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Strong, you don't mean that!" The man made a gesture toward Philip that revealed a world of longing and of hunger for fellowship that made Philip's heart throb with a feeling of intense joy, mingled with an ache of pain. The man at once repressed his emotion. It had been like a lightning flash out of a summer cloud.

"Yes," said Philip, as if continuing, "I have been thinking of leaving Milton."

"That might be best. You're in danger here. No telling when some harm may come to you."

"Well, I'm thinking I might as well leave. My work here has been a failure anyway."

"What a failure? Mr. Strong, you don't know the facts. There has never been a minister in Milton who did so much for the poor and the working-man as yourself! Let me tell you," the man continued, with an earnestness that concealed an emotion he was trying to subdue, "Mr. Strong, if you were to leave Milton now it would be a greater loss to the common people than you can imagine. You may not know it, but your influence among us is very great. I have lived in Milton as boy and man for 30 years, and I never knew so many laboring men attend church and the lectures in the hall as during the few months you have been here. Your work here has not been a failure; it has been a great success."

A tear stole out of Philip's eye and rolled down and fell with a warm splash on the letter which lay beside him. If a \$2,500 call could be drowned by one tear, that professorship in sociology in Fairview seminary was in danger.

"So you think the people in this neighborhood would miss me a little?" he asked almost as modestly as if he were asking a great favor.

"Would they, Mr. Strong? You will never know what you have done for them. If the mill men were to hear of your leaving, they would come down here in a body and almost compel you to stay. I cannot bear to think of your going. And yet the danger you are in, the whisky men—"

Philip roused himself up, interrupting his visitor. The old time flash of righteous indignation shot out of his eyes as he exclaimed: "I am more than half minded to stay on that account! The rummies would think they had beaten me out if I left!"

"Oh, Mr. Strong, I can't tell you how glad we would be if you would only stay! And yet—"

"And yet," replied Philip, with a sad smile, "there are many things to take into the account. I thank you out of my heart for the love you have shown



"Your work here has not been a failure; it has been a great success."

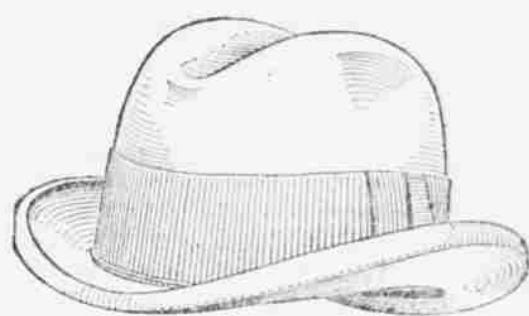
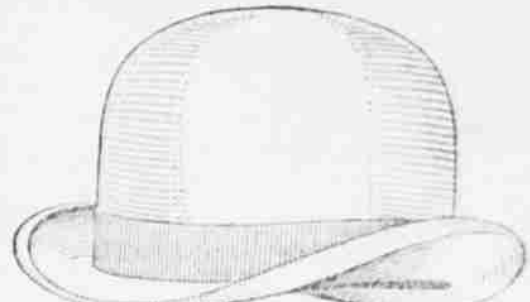
me. It means more than words can express." And Philip leaned back with a worried look on his face, which nevertheless revealed his deep satisfaction at the thought of such friendship as this man had for him.

He was getting exhausted with the interview, following so soon on his illness of the night before. The visitor was quick to notice it, and after a warm clasp of hands he went away. Philip, lying there alone while his wife was busy down stairs, lived an age in a few minutes. All his life so far in Milton, the events of his paralyzing and his experiences in the

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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 Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the drugstore here and informed me that one dose cured him and he is again at his work." For sale by McConnell & Berry, druggists.

There's one quality a man can use and not be counted on to answer it properly, but he can't use it. It's a warm enough body."

The Chinese ask "How is your liver?" instead of "How do you do?" because the liver is active the health is good. DeWitt's Little Early Bitters are famous little pills for the liver and bowels.