

Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat; and all wrong, if too thin already.

Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion.

Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however; you'll pay for it.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. **SCOTT & BOWNE** Chemists, 409 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.



To California in a Tourist Sleeper.

In no other way can you go to California so quickly, so comfortably, and yet so economically, as in a tourist sleeping car.

The tourist cars used for the Burlington overland excursions are models of comfort and convenience. They have wide vestibules, high back seats and double windows. They are lighted by gas. The heating arrangements are admirable and the bed furnishings are clean and of good quality.

The Burlington excursions leave Omaha every Tuesday and Thursday and go through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without changes or delays of any kind. You can join them at Lincoln, Hastings, Oxford, or any other station at which the train stops. The route is through Denver and Salt Lake City, past the finest scenery visible from car windows anywhere on the globe. An experienced excursion manager is in charge of each excursion party and a uniformed porter accompanies each car. Folder giving full information mailed on request. Beautifully illustrated 72-page book about California sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

J. FRANCIS, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

McCook Markets.

Corrected Friday morning.

Corn	35
Wheat	58
Oats	40
Rye	33
Hogs	4.25
Eggs	20
Butter	15
New Potatoes	65
Butter fat—at Creamery	17

Be Careful

No woman can be too careful of her condition during the period before her little ones are born. Neglect or improper treatment then endangers her life and that of the child. It lies with her whether she shall suffer unnecessarily, or whether the ordeal shall be made comparatively easy. She had better do nothing than do something wrong.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

is the one and the only preparation that is safe to use. It is a liniment that penetrates from the outside. External applications are eternally right. Internal medicines are radically wrong. They are more than humbugs—they endanger life.

Mother's Friend helps the muscles to relax and expand naturally—relieves morning sickness—removes the cause of nervousness and headache—prevents hard and rising breasts—shortens labor and lessens the pains—and helps the patient to rapid recovery.

From a letter by a Shreveport, La., woman: "I have been using your wonderful remedy, Mother's Friend, for the last two months, and find it just as recommended."

Druggists sell it at \$1 per bottle.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our free illustrated book, "Beware Baby is Born."

BEAUTY.

Beauty was born of the world's desire For the wandering water, the wandering fire; Under the arch of her burying feet She has trodden a world full of bitterness.

The blood of the violet is in her veins; Her pulse has the passion of April rains. Out of the heart of a satin flower God made her eyelids in one sweet hour.

Out of the wind he made her feet That they might be lovely and luring and fleet; Out of a cloud he wove her hair Heavy and black with the rain held there.

What is her name? There's none that knows— Mother of mischief or Mouth of Rose. What is her pathway? None may tell, But it climbs to heaven, and it dips to hell.

The garment on her is mist and fire, Anger and sorrow and heart's desire. Her forehead jewel's an amethyst; The garland to her is love in a mist.

Her girdle is of the beryl stone, And one dork rose for her flower has grown, Filled to the brim with the strength of the sun, A passionate rose, and only one.

The bird in her breast sings all day long A wonderful, wistful, whispering song; The song that is of all passing things, None knows it—wingless or born with wings. —Nora Hopper.

WEARING EYEGLASSES.

The Knack of Balancing Them Properly on the Nose.

A young man who had purchased a pair of eyeglasses at a local optician's the other day was complaining to the clerk that he couldn't keep them on.

"They are continually falling off," he said, "and are really getting to be a first class nuisance. Don't you think it would help things if you tightened up the spring a little?"

"No. I wouldn't advise you to alter the spring," replied the clerk. "It's so tight now that it is scarring your nose. If you'll only be patient for a few days, I think you'll learn to wear these glasses all right. Come in at the end of the week, and if you are still having trouble with them I'll fit you out with a pair of spectacles."

"What do you mean by 'learning to wear' those eyeglasses?" asked a man who happened to be standing within earshot after the customer had walked out. "Is it a trick that has to be acquired by practice?"

"Certainly it is," replied the clerk. "Wearing eyeglasses is something that has to be learned, just like riding a bicycle—in fact, the comparison is pretty good, because both are simply feats of balancing. The shape of the nose has very little to do with it," continued the clerk, "and isn't worth taking into consideration in selecting a pair of glasses. But if a man has a nose like the prow of an armored cruiser he couldn't make eyeglasses stay there at first attempt. Until he acquired the knack of keeping them in place by balance they would be falling off every time he made a sudden movement, no matter how tightly he screwed up the spring. Once the trick is mastered, however, there is no further trouble. People who wear eyeglasses habitually and who may be regarded as experts keep the spring very loose. The glasses rest on the bridge of the nose as lightly as a feather, but they never come off. I once saw a nearsighted man fall down two flights of stairs and get up with his glasses still firmly in place. How is it done? Dear me, I don't know! How do people learn to walk the tight rope?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Free Library.

A Main street secondhand bookstore was the scene of an amusing little comedy the other day. A ragged urchin, who had crept in unnoticed, pulled a dog eared book with a gilded title of love and adventure from the rack and, after fingering it for a moment, became immediately absorbed in the thrilling tale.

When the bookseller caught sight of his impecunious visitor, his first impulse was to chase the boy away. On second thought, however, he left the youthful reader to his pleasure. At length the time for closing came around, and the old man set about bolting the shutters.

The noise awoke the urchin from his dream. He lingeringly closed the book and, sidling up to the proprietor, asked with all the assurance of his gutter training, "Say, mister, what time d'yer open tomorrow?"—Hartford Telegram.

Trouble Ahead.

Married Man—And you are engaged to Miss Blankie?

Young Friend—Yes. I watched her a whole day on the railroad train and became so interested in her that I followed her up, got an introduction, and now we are to be married.

Married Man—Was she traveling alone?

Young Friend—No. She was with her mother, and her kindness to her mother is what captured me.

Married Man—But, gee willikins, old man, she'll go on being kind to her mother.—New York Weekly.

No Use.

Catterson—Look here, old man! Let me tell you how I manage my wife. I always give her money when she does not want it, and when she does I refer to the time when I offered it to her.

Hattersson—That's a fine scheme, but it wouldn't work in my case.

"Why not?"

"Well, I've never yet seen the time when my wife didn't want money."—Harper's Bazar.

The Retort Proper.

The Collector—Here it is Tuesday, and you haven't paid a cent on that watch. You promised to have the money for me Saturday.

The Young Man—Well, it is only Friday by the watch. It is that much slow.—Indianapolis Press.

Difficult Color Scheme.

"The baby has his father's nose, don't you think?"

"Nonsense! Nature could no more reproduce that nose than she could reproduce a Turner sunset."—Detroit Journal.

General Cox Quelled a Mutiny.

General Cox was a good disciplinarian, but he never blustered and was never severe. On one occasion several officers called at his headquarters and stated to him that they would not promise to march their men up the narrow river valley. He sent them to their quarters and said nothing of their impertinence until after the war.

While in camp at Gauley bridge his quartermaster general shot a private in the Second Kentucky. The men of the regiment escaped the control of the officers and made a rush to kill the quartermaster, who had been taken to Cox's headquarters. Cox saw the men coming, but instead of ordering the guards to fire on them he ran toward them alone, bareheaded and unarmed. He reached a gap in a stone wall ahead of the 500 or 600 furious armed men and stopped them. He explained that they might kill him, but they could not pass.

Straightening to his full height, he said, "Your general, unarmed, as you see, orders you to remember that you are soldiers and obey." Much to the surprise of the score of anxious officers watching the parley, the men returned to their camp. Cox sent for a company from another regiment, which guarded the prisoner to the lower camp. No charge of mutiny ever appeared against that regiment, which afterward, under Nelson and Palmer, made a splendid reputation for drill, discipline and hard fighting.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Strategy in a Street Car.

"In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time in minor affairs, at least," said a man who is in business downtown and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening. "I usually get a seat, for I take the car away down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slyly and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was, she caught my eye, and that was my finish. Smiling broadly, she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed: 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks?'"

"I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. 'She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really, I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.'

"But she had the seat, and she kept it. It was a clear case of bunko."—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew the Spot.

An amusing anecdote is related of General Sherman, who, as commanding general of the army, visited West Point one June for the graduation exercises. He accompanied the commandant on his Sunday morning tour of inspection of barracks, and on entering a certain room he walked over to the mantelpiece. Stooping down, he picked up a brick from the middle of the hearth with his sword scabbard and revealed a hollow space about a foot square, in which was nicely packed a considerable quantity of tobacco and other contraband articles. Meanwhile the cadets occupying the room stood by mutely watching and wondering what sort of man the general was to have been able to discover the only "cellar" of its kind in barracks. Turning to the commandant, the general remarked:

"I have been wondering if that hole was still there. I made it when I was a cadet and lived in this room."—New York Tribune.

Idiocy in Numbers.

The Contributor—The 2thake may be perfectly cured without pain.

The Editor—We ider if the specific is hard 2 take. If not, we will try it 4thwith.

Subeditor—If cured, it will be a 1der indeed!

Assistant Sub—10derly, gentlemen, 'tis a sore subject.

Deputy Assistant Sub—Yes, and requiring 40tude 2 bear.

Correspondence Editor—This is carrying the matter as far as 80quette will bear.

Office Boy—Those who are so 42n-S as to do the above will find each paragraph 2 contain a slight 11 of humor.

Printer's Devil—5-4 shame, gentlemen—5-4 shame!—Pearson's.

He Ought to Marry.

Miss Antique—You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp.

Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly)—I have wished many times lately that I had a wife.

Miss Antique (delighted)—Have you, really?

Mr. Oldchapp—Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office chair. It squeaks horribly.—Exchange.

Cutting Watch Glasses.

In the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about a meter in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Disks are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disk after it has been cut. A good workman will, it is said, cut 6,000 glasses in a day.

What It Looked Like.

"Beg pardon," said the rude young man, gathering his features together again, "I simply couldn't suppress that yawn."

"Don't mention it," replied the bright girl. "By the way, that reminds me. I visited the Mammoth cave last summer."—Exchange.

New York's Slaveship.

When New York city owned a slaveship is told in an article in Pearson's Magazine. The greatest impetus was given to the slave trade by the act of parliament of 1684, which legalized slavery in the North American colonies. This does not mean that slavery was unknown in what is now the United States before that time, because as early as 1620 a Dutch man-of-war landed and sold 20 African negroes at Jamestown, Va.

In 1628 the West India company imported slaves from the West Indies to New York city, then New Amsterdam. The city itself owned shares in a slaveship, advanced money for its fitting out and shared in the profits of its voyages. This recognition and encouragement may account for the astounding fact that in 1750 slaves formed one-sixth of the entire population of New York. The general prevalence of slavery is shown by the fact that at this time there were 67 slaves in New York's small suburb of Brooklyn, and that in London itself there were resident 20,000 slaves.

Slaves were at that time publicly dealt in on the London exchange. No wonder the traffic in human flesh was a recognized commerce, and that in 1771 the English alone sent to Africa 192 ships equipped for the trade and with a carrying capacity of 47,146 slaves per trip.

A Tricky Dog.

Not long ago a very fat spaniel was introduced into the house where a fox terrier had always been the master. The latter was told, however, to behave well to the newcomer and not to bully him. So the two seemed fairly friendly and in the end got in the habit of taking short rambles together.

However, the fox terrier was evidently of a thoughtful disposition and on one occasion came across a bank, or wall, which was easy enough to leap off, but there was greater difficulty in returning. The fox terrier sprang down the bank and enticed his heavy companion to follow, with the result that the latter could not get back, while the former, by reason of his greater activity, was easily able to do.

Now the terrier saw his opportunity, returned home and cruelly left his companion lamenting. Never did the former seem happier or gayer than on that day when he had once more the sole run of the house, and he sulked when later on the spaniel had been found, assisted up the wall and brought home.

Since then the fox terrier has repeatedly got the spaniel down the same place, with the usual result, and seems to glory in his mischievous act. Whether the "fat dog" will learn to avoid temptation to such a ramble remains to be seen.—Buffalo News.

How "David Harum" Came to Be Written.

An interesting little anecdote is told about how "David Harum" came to be written. It is rather pathetic. It seems that Mr. Wescott, the author, was the kind of man who could do pretty much anything—paint a picture, plan a house or compose a sonata—but he had never made much money, so when he became ill and realized that he might not live long and would leave his family with little or no money he was desperate. "Write a book," suggested a friend and neighbor to him one day when they were talking over the situation. "I did make an attempt at it once," answered Mr. Wescott. "I tried a love story, but I couldn't make it go." "Add a little local color to it," said the first speaker. "Take one of the people about here that you know and work him up—old —, for instance," mentioning a character familiar to them both. "He'd be first rate." "That's a good idea!" exclaimed Mr. Wescott, and the result of this conversation was "David Harum," and yet "David" was never in the story at all as it was first conceived.—Anna Wentworth in Woman's Home Companion.

Belaying His Jaws.

Shark stories, with some reason, are commonly received with incredulity. A well authenticated anecdote, however, is told of Dr. Frederic Hill, an English surgeon of distinction.

A man fell overboard in the Indian ocean and almost into a shark's mouth. Hill, who was standing close to the rail, grabbed a belaying pin and without hesitation jumped to save the sailor.

The great brute was just turning on his back to bite, when Hill drove the belaying pin right through both jaws. Both men were got on board again unharmed.

"Perhaps that fellow won't want another toothpick. Has any one got a clean shirt to lend? This was my last," were the only words of the rescuer.

The Oyster.

The oyster is as fixed and sedentary as the potato, and its cultivation is just as easy. In Europe its propagation has been reduced to a scientific basis, but in this country only a beginning has been made.

An oyster is ready for market in about five years. The bivalves have so much to contend with that perhaps only one in 2,000,000 lives to grow up and be eaten by human beings.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not to Be Encouraged.

"What do you think of a man who regularly carries his business home with him?"

"Well, that depends. Now, if a man's business is to sell liquor, for instance, it isn't just the thing for him to take a great deal of it home with him every night."—Boston Transcript.

No Reciprocity.

"Annie Nibbins is the meanest kind of a gossip."

"What variety is that?"

"She's the kind that doesn't tell anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."—Chicago Record.

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