

How the Discussion Ended.

It was whispered in Washington that as the Montague Browns were not as rich as other members of the smart set they had to practice economy where it did not show. But tonight there was certainly no hint of economy anywhere. There were strawberries, both home grown, and terrapin and canvasback duck, though both were exorbitant in the market. The hand some tablecloth had been ruthlessly cut, and through the opening a cluster of American Beauty roses, their stems on the floor, shot up two feet above the table. It was the most effective table decoration of the winter.

Mrs. Montague Brown, young, pretty and ambitious, smiled a smile of rare pleasure. She reflected complacently that she had captured a cabinet officer for this dinner. The conversation was bowling along smoothly, and she leaned forward to listen. The guest of honor was speaking:

"And still I insist that no woman can do society all the time without neglecting her household and children."

"Not at all," smiled Mrs. Montague. "I think I can persuade you to the contrary if you"—She paused, observing that he was starting with wide open eyes at the doorway. A tiny, half clad figure stood there.

"Mamma, Mary's in the kitchen, and I can't find my nightgown," piped Montague Brown, Jr.—Harper's Magazine.

Too Extravagant by Half.

The manner in which one defaulting cashier was detected was rather peculiar. It was all due to the curiosity of the women of his neighborhood. He went to no expense in the way of dressing, they never heard of his gambling or drinking to any extent, he was a model husband, but he loved a good table. There was nothing unusual in this, but one day when the ladies of the vicinity were discussing the best method of cooking meats the wife of the cashier declared very innocently that her husband doted on ham, but he would not eat it unless it had been boiled in champagne. "Boiled in champagne?" exclaimed the listeners. "Heavens, how expensive! We couldn't afford to have ham on our table often if we cooked it that way."

It was soon noised all around the neighborhood that Cashier Blank was a high liver indeed, and the men began telling of his uplifted ideas of cookery. This soon reached the ears of the directors of the bank, and they concluded it might be wise to investigate the accounts of such an epicure. Plain water was all they could afford for their hams, so the champagne lover was called up and subsequently relegated to the pen, where he had to forego his pet dish for many, many weary days.—Louisville Times.

A Long Separation.

"Home again at last, darling."
"John, dearest, you don't look a day older."
"I must. Centuries can't roll over a man's head without leaving traces."

"It was ages and ages, wasn't it? And, oh, John, how lonesome I have been!"
"You poor little wifey! If ever I have to go away again, you shall go with me. But you're more beautiful than ever, sweet one. What have you been doing with yourself all the time I was away?"

"Thinking of you, darling, and longing and longing for you to come home."
"If that is the secret of beauty, I ought to have grown a perfect Adonis. And you're sure you recognized me straight off without thinking at least a minute?"

"Of course, you old dear. Do you suppose I could ever forget you?"
"Good gracious! It doesn't seem possible that I've been away only since the day before yesterday, does it, sweetheart?"

"Not a bit more, husband mine, than that we have actually been married a whole month tomorrow."—Pearson's Weekly.

Scotch Medicine.

A stranger came to a provincial Scotch town one day. He looked somewhat of an invalid, and he asked one of the inhabitants to direct him to the chemist's shop.

"The what, sir?"
"The chemist's shop."
"Aye, an what kin' o' shop's that, na?"
"Why, the place where you can buy medicine."

"Eh, sir, we've nae sic shop as that here."
"No? What do you do, then, when any one falls ill? Do you take no medicine?"

"Deed, no; not a drop. We've just whisky for the folk an' tar for the sheep, an' that's a' the fessick we deal in."—London Answers.

It Was Strictly Modern.

"She has received a strictly up to date education, you say?"
"Well, rather. She hasn't a bit of practical knowledge about household affairs, but she has more theories than you could get in a book, and she can talk about parliamentary law in a way that will make her shine in any woman's club you can pick out."—Chicago Post.

His College Days.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "do you think it does a man much good to go to college?"
"Not much," replied Meandering Mike. "I went to college once, an' all I got was two dictionaries an' a suit of football clothes. De swag wasn't wort' de risk."—Washington Star.

It has been found that a dozen Portuguese oysters contain about six grains of phosphoric acid. French oysters have about four grains per dozen.

It is human nature to deride what we cannot possess, to deny what we cannot understand and to insult those we envy.—Chicago News.

AN EASY GOING BEAR.

Photographing a Big Grizzly in the Yellowstone Park.

I said to my cowboy friend, "Do you know this bear?"

He replied: "Waal, I reckon I do. That's the old grizzly. He's the biggest b'ar in the park. He generally minds his own business, but he ain't scared o' nothin, an' today, you see, he's been scrappin, so he's liable to be ugly."

"I would like to take his picture," said I, "and if you will help me I am willing to take some chances on it."

"All right," said he, with a grin. "I'll stand by on the horse, an' if he charges you I'll charge him, an' I kin knock him down once, but I can't do it twice. You better have your tree picked out."

The grizzly came on, and I snapped him at 40 yards, then again at 20 yards, and still he came quietly toward me. I sat down on the garbage and made ready—18 yards—16 yards—12 yards—8 yards, and still he came, while the pitch of Johnny's protests kept rising proportionately. Finally at five yards he stopped and swung his huge bearded head to one side to see what was making that aggravating row in the tree top, giving me a profile view, and I snapped the camera. At the click he turned on me with a thunderous g-r-o-w-l, and I sat still and trembling, wondering if my last moment had come. For a second he glared at me, and I could not see the little green electric lamp in each of his eyes. Then he slowly turned and picked up a large tomato can.

"Goodness," I thought, "is he going to throw that at me?" But he deliberately licked it out, dropped it and took another, paying therefore no heed whatever either to me or to Johnny, evidently considering us equally beneath his notice.—E. Seton-Thompson in Scribner's.

TOOK CENTURIES TO BUILD.

Cologne Cathedral Was in Process of Erection 632 Years.

While the first stone of Cologne cathedral was laid on Aug. 15, 1248, and the body of the edifice was not opened until Aug. 15, 1848, 600 years later to the very day, it was not, however, until Aug. 15, 1880, that the splendid structure was finally reported completed, having thus occupied in building the record time of exactly 632 years.

The castle of Kingsoberg, which stands at the southern extremity of Jutland, took 204 years from the laying of the foundation stone to the rigging of its master's banner on its highest flagstaff. Its foundation stone was the skull of its builder's bitterest enemy. Three months after its laying Count Jhorsing, the builder of the castle, was killed. His son was then in swaddling clothes. He did not continue his father's work until aged 24.

On his twenty-fifth birthday he was thrown into prison by the son of the man whose skull lay in the earth of Kingsoberg's foundation stone. In this manner master after master of Kingsoberg was stopped putting another stone toward the completion of the founder's work till civilization intervened.

Restormel castle, in Cornwall, took 90 years to build, of which period exactly one-third was occupied in excavating the foundations. The solid rock upon which it stands is almost as hard as iron. Indeed Restormel means in Cornish "the palace of the iron rock."

Milan cathedral was begun in 1386 and finished under Napoleon in 1805, 419 years.

The Duomo, at Florence, was commenced by Arnulfo in the year 1294, the last block of marble being placed in position in the facade in presence of the king on May 12, 1887, a period of 593 years.—Stray Stories.

Kent and Burr.

James Kent, whose famous "Commentaries on American Law" is classified with Blackstone as the greatest textbook on law, was a great admirer of Alexander Hamilton, and when the great Federalist was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel he became the implacable enemy of the latter. One day long afterward when in New York the judge saw Burr on the opposite side of Nassau street. He went across the street as fast as his legs would permit and, brandishing his cane in Burr's face, shouted:

"You're a scoundrel, sir, a scoundrel, a scoundrel!"

Burr proved equal to the emergency. He raised his hat and bowed to the ground and then said in his calmest professional tone, "The opinions of the learned chancellor are always entitled to the highest consideration."—Argonaut.

Working the Head of the Family.

It's a wise boy who knows how to work his father, and in this precious age most boys are wise. Louis' father works in Omaha, but Louis himself lives with his grandma in western Nebraska. Like most boys do, Louis writes to his fond father only when he wants money or something new in wearing apparel. Last week he wrote, enumerating a number of articles he needed. Among other things he wrote:

"Please send me some stockings. You better send bicycle stockings because they last longer than the other kind. Are you going to send me a bicycle on my birthday to wear with my bicycle stockings?"—Omaha World-Herald.

The Obstacle.

Oldhamme—Young man, have an ideal. Have an ideal, I say, and bug it to your bosom at all times and places.

Youngdogge—She won't let me.—Harper's Bazar.

The Better Man.

A safe man is often better for the long pull than the brilliant man. The latter flashes and is gone, while the other stands by you.

Told at the Club.

"It's this way," said T. Willie Rockingham, "Brown-Jones asks me down from Saturday to Monday. Want to go and I go. Haven't seen B.-J. for months; not since he got married to money. Poor old chap." T. Willie sighed and took another observation in his glass.

"Find B.-J. looking well. Seems a bit nervous, though. You know his florid style. Scatters your wits and keeps you from thinking. Mrs. B.-J.—well, I can't help seeing she bites her lips a lot. Squally sign. Thinks I, T. Willie, little old New York is good enough for you. You were in a better place there. Nothing happens though—not yet—and I begin to forget. Nice country place. Dinner, billiards and the downy. Then it's Sunday. Morning goes. Afternoon comes. B.-J. sends for the horses. Begins to crack on a bit as we stand in the window watching the brutes come up the drive. Been talking quite tall all day about 'his place' and 'his plans.' Mrs. B.-J. biting her lips all the time. Now he lets on about 'his' quadrupeds. Transparent bluff. What do I care? I like to see a man happy. B.-J. prattling along. Mrs. B.-J. bites her lips some more. Out we go to the vehicle. 'Like to let you drive, old man,' says mine host. 'Know you're A1 with the ribbons, but I always think my horses like my hand best.' Storm breaks.

"My horses!" says my lady, screaming out the first word.

"B.-J. turns pale. Then he straightens up.

"Yes, your horses," he says. 'You own them. You own this place and all that goes with it. You own me. Will you assist Mrs. Brown-Jones, Willie?'"

T. Willie Rockingham shuddered. "Marry money?" he gulped out. "Excuse me, I'd rather work."—New York Sun.

A Surgical Operation.

The Army and Navy Journal tells this story about the late Dr. Lewis A. Sayre of New York city:

"When a young medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, one of the operating physicians was about to cut off an Irishman's leg, but before beginning the operation gave a long talk to the students on amputation. The Irishman lay on the operating table in full possession of his faculties, and as he listened to the discourse he grew whiter and whiter. Finally he jumped from the operating table, crying: 'Get me me breeches, be go! I'll die with me leg on!'"

And with that he was out of the room.

"Dr. Sayre found him several days later with his knee badly swollen. The young doctor promptly cut open the knee, but saved the leg. One day he had no lint to bind the wound, so he used the tow stuffing sticking out of an old horsehair sofa. When he called again, he found the wound so much improved that he reasoned that tow dipped in Peruvian balsam would not only disinfect a wound, but would keep it free from pus.

"This was the foundation of one of the most satisfactory successes he ever had in surgery. It was the means of introducing into the army the use of tarred hemp, or oakum, as a dressing for wounds."

Our Race For Money.

"If it is not true that we Americans regard money making as the work for which life was given to us, why, when we have millions, do we go on struggling to make more millions and more?" writes "An American Mother" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is not so with the older races. The London tradesman at middle age shuts his shop, buys an acre in the suburbs and lives on a small income or spends the rest of his life in losing it in poultry or fancy gardening. The German or Frenchman seldom works when past 60. He gives his last years to some study or hobby—music, a microscope, or it may be dominos. You meet him and his wife, jolly, shrewd, intelligent, joggling all over Europe. Baedeker in hand. They tell you they 'have a curiosity to see this fine world before they go out of it.'"

A Blessing.

Dr. Conan Doyle tells this story of a Boer and an English soldier who lay wounded side by side on the field of battle: "They had a personal encounter, in which the soldier received a bullet wound and the burgher a bayonet thrust before they both fell exhausted on the field. The Britisher gave the Boer a drink out of his flask, and the burgher, not to be outdone in courtesy, handed a piece of biltong in exchange. In the evening, when their respective ambulances came to carry them off to the hospital, they exchanged friendly greetings. 'Goodby, mate,' said the soldier. 'What a blessing it is we met each other!'"

A Fetching Compliment.

She was not from Chicago. "Do not anger me," she said.

"How am I to know when you are angry?" he asked.

"I always stamp my feet," she answered.

He looked down at her dainty shoes. "Impossible," he said. "There isn't room for a stamp on either of them." That fetched her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pat's Retort.

An Irishman passing a store in London saw nothing inside but a man at a table. The thing struck him as being very odd, so he went in and inquired what was sold there. "Asses' heads," said the man at the table. "They must be in great demand," said Pat, "for I see you have only your own left."

A Drawback to Amity.

Judge—Well, Mrs. Joppes, what fault have you to find with your husband? Mrs. Joppes—Now, Judge, it's this way: He's awful good an' kind, but he's so pesky unfinanshul.—Detroit Free Press.

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 its 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.



A Few Testimonials.

A. D. Weir, who is in McCook in the interest of the "Self and Sex Series" of books has received some very hearty commendations for the books for boys and girls and men and women from some of our best citizens, among them being our doctors and ministers, J. F. Forbes, Geo. E. Thompson, Mrs. Traver and Mrs. Dr. Welles. Dr. Gage says: "The boy's welfare demands that he should know things contained in this book." Geo. E. Thompson says: "I hope the books will find a place in every home in McCook. They may be received with absolute confidence as the best instructions obtainable." Mrs. Dr. Welles says: "They are books that mothers and daughters ought to own." Mr. Weir will call at the different houses in a few days and our citizens will do well to look over the books.

\$500 For Letters About Nebraska.

The Burlington Route offers twenty prizes, aggregating \$500, for letters which can be used in encouraging immigration to Nebraska.

The first prize is a round-trip ticket from any Burlington Route station in Nebraska to Yellowstone park, and a complete trip through the park, including stage transportation and five and a half days' accommodation at the hotels of the Yellowstone Park association—value \$100.

The second prize is a ticket to Denver, thence to the Black Hills, and \$25 in cash—value \$75.

Particulars can be obtained by addressing J. Francis, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.—1-4-95.

Advertised Letters.

The following letters were advertised by the McCook post-office, Jan. 13, 1901: C. R. Darwin, D. L. Dunn, Mary Durhem, T. C. Ellis, Ransom Gordon, Wm. Haltermann, Laura Huffman, Grace Redfield, Mary Rogers, Edd Russell, W. D. Trinque.

In calling for any of these letters, please say that they are advertised.

F. M. KIMMELL, Postmaster.

McCook Markets.

Corrected Friday morning.	
Corn	.35
Wheat	.58
Oats	.40
Rye	.33
Hogs	4.60
Eggs	.17
Butter	.17

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Pre-Inventory Sale Of Winter Apparel.

We are offering new up-to-date goods at a SACRIFICE PRICE now when you need them. Ladies' Jackets at one-half regular price marked in plain figures and cheap at the old price. We will give you a

\$10.00 Garment For \$5.00 Etc.

Come quick before the assortment is broken. Ladies' Waist Dress Goods, Underwear, Overcoats, and Clothing all go at **REDUCED PRICES.**

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Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. J. W. Gardner of Idaho, Ind., says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he don't care whether he lives or dies. It gave me new strength and good appetite. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents, at McConnell & Berry's drug store. Every bottle guaranteed.

Beaten Out of an Increase of His Pension.

A Mexican war veteran and prominent editor writes: "Seeing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I am reminded that as a soldier in Mexico in '47 and '48, I contracted Mexican diarrhoea and this remedy has kept me from getting an increase in my pension for on every renewal a dose of it restores me." It is unequalled as a quick cure for diarrhoea and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by McConnell & Berry.

The thing upon which people knock the hardest they say the least about; the visit of the stork.

Paid Dear for His Leg.

E. D. Blanton of Thackerville, Tex., in two years paid over \$500 to doctors to cure a running sore on his leg. Then they wanted to cut it off, but he cured it with one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Guaranteed cure for piles. 25 cts. a box. Sold by McConnell & Berry, druggists.

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Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA
Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

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