

THE Holdrege Progress figures it out that Holdrege would soon have a population of 10,000 if the people of that city would destroy all of their catalogues, kill off all the peddlers and support the home merchants. The same conditions would soon raise McCook to a second class city.

WHAT a wonderful era of generosity and good will to institutions of learning is that of the present! The ambitious boy or girl who desires a college training in these days in any part of this country experiences far less difficulty in obtaining it than did the generation of thirty years ago. If there are any Abraham Lincolns at humble firesides at the dawn of this century they need not confine their studies to borrowed books painfully coned by the flickering and uncertain light of pineknots. May there not be some little danger that to some extent here and there the higher education may be made too luxurious and too facile?—New York Tribune.

THE government will soon be paying \$1,000,000 a year on account of the war with Spain. The pension office returns now show that the payroll is about \$34,750. The total applications for pensions up to June 1, on account of this war were 37,095. They are now coming in at the rate of 1,400 a month. The June returns will doubtless show a great increase in number of applications. This is due to the fact that an army of pension attorneys has massed at San Francisco and made it their business to corral the mustered-out soldier and see that he becomes an applicant at once for the government's bounty. It makes little difference, they assure him, whether he is sick or has been wounded in the service; he has undoubtedly filled his system with germs of future trouble, which, when they have incubated a sufficient time, will appear as rheumatism, defective vision, deafness and all the other ills flesh is heir to. They warn him that other men are applying and that now is the appointed time; they will, of course, take the case on commission.—Portland Oregonian.

It requires only a short study of the map of the Burlington, Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads to convince the average man that one of the early moves of the new owners will be to connect the central part of the Burlington system with the Great Northern by means of a line from Sioux City to Omaha or an extension of the Pacific Short line from O'Neil to the Burlington road at or near Theford. Possibly both of these connections will be found advantageous. Gossip has it that this connection will be one of the first things taken up after the return of Mr. Hill from his summer vacation. It is also rumored that the Great Northern system of accounting is to be adopted on the Burlington immediately, and that other changes of more or less importance may be looked for in the near future. The patrons of the road hope that the changes will not go so far as to cause changes in the personnel of the offices and employes or in the historic policy of the corporation. It does not seem to old citizens of the territory served by the Burlington that any important changes are likely to improve the management of the property.—Lincoln Journal.

Socialism of the Future.
The Denver physician who is said to have "electrified" the people of that city by proposing government regulation of marriages and the removal by poison or otherwise of mental and physical defectives suggests nothing that has not been advocated over and over again by other savages.

It is a good sign that communities in which this revival of ancient heathenism takes place are shocked by the proposition, for it is thus seen that humanity revolts at it, but there is no reason why anybody should be astonished or electrified by a barbarism as old as the human race.
The frequent renewal of this idea of late probably emphasizes the growth of socialistic ideas among the idle and ill-informed. When government shall perform all the duties which individuals have been in the habit of attending to for themselves advanced thinkers will naturally enough undertake to clothe the state with power to drown babies and hang the aged and feeble.

After the family has been broken up and personal pride and natural affection destroyed it ought not to be difficult to introduce the pagan practice of exposing infants and stoning the decrepit.—Chicago Chronicle.

While we are advertising many desirable remnants in wall paper at a very low price our stock is still the most complete we have ever shown at this season of the year. Prices you know are lower than they have ever been before.

McCONNELL & BERRY.
50 cts buys a good cherry pitter at the Bee Hive.

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS.

F. C. KELLOGG has returned from his trip to Buffalo.

MRS. F. F. NEUBAUER celebrated the Fourth in Denver.

F. M. HAEGEN of Trenton was down from Trenton to celebrate with us.

STATE SENATOR ALLEN and family of Arapahoe were our guests, yesterday.

D. C. BENEDICT of Culbertson was one of the crowd, Fourth of July evening.

MRS. V. H. SOLLIDAY went up to Denver, Thursday, on No. 13, on a short visit.

MRS. L. F. GRIGGS has been viewing the sights at the Buffalo exposition since last week.

MRS. J. F. FORBES and the children are spending the week with her parents in Arapahoe.

MISS NELLIE SLABY has been visiting her sister in Denver, this week, going up on Monday.

MRS. FRANK HARRIS came down from Denver, Monday night on 6, returning home on 1, Wednesday.

SUPT. G. H. THOMAS returned to Harvard, Tuesday night, after spending a week here on school business.

REV. FRANCIS LAWSON arrived home, Thursday on 1, from visiting relatives in Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

MRS. I. J. OWEN came down from Yuma, Colorado, and visited her sister, Mrs. J. H. Ludwick, over the Fourth.

MRS. McMANIGAL and little son, of Amarilla, Texas, were the guests of Jack Cook and family the past week.—Oxford Standard.

MRS. L. W. STAVNER of McCook was here, this (last) week, visiting with Charley Ball and family.—Red Cloud Chief.

MR. AND MRS. HOWE SMITH departed on 2, Tuesday morning, for Binghamton, New York, to spend about a month at the old home.

GEORGE HOCKNELL goes to New York on a business-pleasure visit, Buffalo and New York city being among the points he will touch.

MRS. F. F. NEUBAUER returned home, close of last week, from spending a few weeks visiting over at St. Francis and other points on the branch.

MR. AND MRS. SAM PATTERSON of Arapahoe were with us on the Fourth. Sam is manager of Arapahoe's base ball aggregation, a clever fellow and a player of good ball.

MISS EMMA BURROWS, a sister of Mrs. Herman Pade, arrived in the city, close of last week, to visit her sister. Miss Burrows has for years been a valued teacher in the public schools of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and has for some years held a principalship in that city.

O. B. THORGRIMSON will leave, tomorrow, via Lincoln, for Seattle, Washington, where he contemplates locating in the practice of law. At Lincoln he will be joined by Sam W. Pinkerton, who will accompany him to the Northwest for the same purpose. Both of these boys were graduated from the law department of the Nebraska university at the end of the last school year, and they go to that land of promise and opportunity well equipped to make their mark and it is the hope and confident expectation of their many friends that they will hew their way through to success and its financial reward.

To Union Men.

Smoke the "Vivo Cigar"—made and run by union cigar makers. The finest cigar in the United States. You can buy them at the following places:

- J. H. BENNETT'S. } Take
- D. W. LOAR'S. } no
- A. C. CLYDE'S. } other.
- W. M. LEWIS'. } no
- J. C. KNOX'S. } other.
- A. McMILLEN'S. } no

2 large cakes Parafine 35 cts at the Bee Hive.

Monogram extracts, good as the best, 2 for 25 cts at the Bee Hive.

It is probably true that almost every man has in him certain qualities which would draw some woman to him, but it is difficult to frame a statement in general terms of "What Women Like in Men." This is the task which a very well-known author, under the nom-de-plume of Rafford Pyke, has undertaken in the Cosmopolitan for July in a clever essay, which proves him to have made woman the subject of thorough observation and comprehensive study. "The foreign girl," says the author, "marries the man with whom she will be happy, the American marries the man without whom she will be unhappy."

THE CASH MARKET.

B. & M. Meat Market
MAGNER & WALSH, Props.

The Best of Everything Kept
For Sale in a First-Class Market.

Poultry of All Kinds Bought.

Market now open and ready for business. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

The Plucky Rector.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford had started a mission school in the back rooms of a saloon on Avenue A and at one of the first sessions found a big ruffian in possession, greatly to the discomfort of the teacher. Told to go out, the fellow informed Dr. Rainsford with an oath that he would see him further first. The doctor talked peaceably enough to the blackguard, hoping to avoid a disturbance, but when he swore at him again gave him his own medicine in a blow that felled him like an ox. The fellow arose, dazed and groping, to find the doctor standing over him, ready to have it out.

"Have you got enough?" he asked. The man cried quits and went his way. The Sunday school session proceeded.

A week later there was another fight. The rector started in to clear the room, persuasion having failed, and found the burly ruffian of the previous encounter at his elbow.

"I thought I was in for it," he said, telling of it, "and that they had come to clean me out. I made sure my back was free and turned upon them. Imagine my surprise when I saw my customer of the week before grab the other by the neck and rush him to the door.

"Here," he said, firing him out, "the rector and I can clean out this saloon! That was the last fight we had."—World's Work.

His Sad Blunder.

Yes, it was a sad blunder. He thought the children were in the other room, but it so happened that it was occupied by his wife and a lachrymose neighbor. We all know these sensitive women who weep on the slightest provocation, who begin to sniffle when they talk of their woes, this being really little more than a bid for words of comfort, and this woman was one of them. What had happened is quite immaterial. Something had been said or done that had completely upset her, and in her appeal for solace she sniffled.

As before remarked, he thought the children were in the other room, and one of the children had been suffering from cold in the head. Of course every one knows how annoying a youngster with a cold in the head can be, and he was not in the best of humor anyway.

"For heaven's sake, blow your nose!" he cried at last.

Oh, yes; it was a sad blunder, but even blunders have their compensations. The lachrymose one does not come to that house for sympathy as she formerly did.—Chicago Post.

His Titles.

It was evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well dressed, auburn haired young man who was lolling in front of a Broadway hotel on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, me dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar he continued: "Bah Juv, this is a remarkable city! This is me first visit to New York, d'you know. I'm a deuced stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'you mind telling me your name, me dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair in a deep, rich brogue: "Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, tonight and every night—Michael Murphy."—New York Sun.

The Way to Force Plants to Branch.

There is only one way in which a plant can be forced to branch, and that is by cutting off the stalk. The plant thus interfered with will make an effort to grow, and either a new shoot will be sent up to take the place of the lost top or several shoots will be sent out along the stalk. If but one starts, cut it back. Keep up this cutting back process until you have prepared as many branches as you think are needed. Persistency and patience will oblige the plant to do as you would like to have it do.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Poor Target Practice.

A general was hard pressed in battle and on the point of giving way when suddenly a spirit soldier came to his rescue and enabled him to win a great victory. Prostrating himself on the ground, he asked the spirit's name. "I am the god of the target," replied the spirit. "And how have I merited your godship's kind assistance?" inquired the general. "I am grateful to you," answered the spirit, "because in your days of practice you never once hit me."—From "A Century of Chinese Literature."

What They Got.

On his way home from the lodge Mr. Jymes was held up by footpads and relieved of all his valuables. "What did they get, Rufus?" anxiously asked Mrs. Jymes after he had reached his home and reported his loss. "Everything except the password!" he groaned.—Chicago Tribune.

To Drive Ants From the Lawn.

Fine coal ashes sprinkled about the burrows of ants will cause them to leave. Ashes may be used on the lawn without injury to the grass. Sifted ashes are best, but those fresh from the stove, shaken from the stove shovel, will answer the purpose very well.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Japanese, although a cleanly people, are not fastidious on a journey. More than 90 per cent of their passengers go on third class rates.

Statistics show that women marry later in life than they used to.

What Frightened Him.

While crossing the isthmus of Panama by rail some years ago the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campion to gather some beautiful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion tells a peculiar story of this flower picking experience.

I refused offers of assistance and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants knee high and of delicate form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with the flowers.

To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves.

It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me deliciously.

I went "off my head" from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down and was about to run to the train. I looked around. Nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse. All right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire.

Then I noticed that the plants were I stood seemed shrunken and wilted. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrank and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

A Bit of Red Tape.

The absurdities of officialism have perhaps never been better illustrated than by the incident in the career of Lord Shaftesbury which the author of "Collections and Recollections" relates:

One winter evening in 1867 he was sitting in his library in Grosvenor square, when the servant told him that there was a poor man waiting to see him. The man was shown in and proved to be a laborer from Clerkenwell and one of the innumerable recipients of the old earl's charity.

He said, "My lord, you have been very good to me, and I have come to tell you what I have heard." It appeared that at the public house which he frequented he had overheard some Irishmen of desperate character plotting to blow up Clerkenwell prison. He gave Lord Shaftesbury the information, to be used as he thought best, but made it a condition that his name should not be divulged. If it were, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase.

Lord Shaftesbury pledged himself to secrecy, ordered his carriage and drove instantly to Whitehall. The authorities there refused, on grounds of official practice, to entertain the information without the name and address of the informant. These, of course, could not be given. The warning was rejected, and the jail was blown up.—Youth's Companion.

Her Wedding "Tower."

An accommodation train on a distant railroad was dragging along, when a long, lean and sallow woman, in what appeared to be subdued bridal finery, leaned across the aisle of the car and said seriously to a lady sitting opposite her:

"Dear me! It's a kind of a solemn thing to be travelin' with two husbands, now, ain't it?"

"I do not know what you mean," replied the lady.

"Oh, mebbe not. Well, you see, my first husband died 'bout a year ago an was buried over in Patrick county, an last week I was married ag'in, an me an my second husband have been over in Patrick county on a little wedding tower, an I thought I'd kind of like to have my first husband buried in the graveyard nigh where I'm goin to live now, an my second husband was willin, so we tuk my first husband up, an he's in the baggage car along with our other things. My second husband is settin out on the platform takin a smoke, an I been settin here thinkin how solemn it is to go on a wedding tower with two husbands. It's a terrible solemn piece of bizness when you come to think of it."—Laurence Lee in Lippincott's Magazine.

Why Cables Get Tired.

There has been some question, says The Electrical Engineer, as to the reason why certain cables lose their conducting properties and have in some instances to be replaced. A learned Frenchman has submitted a paper on the subject to the Academie des Sciences. In this paper he states that when cables lose their electrical properties it is because they are always used for one kind of current only, either positive or negative. If used sometimes for positive and sometimes for negative, they will, he states, preserve their conductive qualities indefinitely. Experiments with nine wires running from Paris to Dijon demonstrated this, he says.

Unsympathetic.

"You haven't much sympathy for the request from your employees for shorter hours."

"Not much," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It goes to show that men don't know when they are well off. If they had been invited around to musicales and dragged through Europe by Mrs. C. and the girls like I have, maybe they'd appreciate the privilege of staying in a nice, comfortable, businesslike office nine or ten hours a day."—Washington Star.

Still Anxious.

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night.

"No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new hat, and we needn't fear burglars." "But they might sit down on the hat you know."—Washington Post.



Do You See?

Any reason why a shopper should doubt the evidence of his or her senses? There isn't any such reason; and that's why we ask you to come and see for yourselves how well this store is prepared to give you special service and unequaled merchandise at a great saving. It is but a

Simple Practice Of Economy

To buy where you can secure the best and most good for the least money. Hence we urge you to try us on anything in the line of

Dry Goods, Groceries Etc.

For we are here to sell goods and please and satisfy our customers in every particular, especially in highness of quality and lowness of price.

Honest John

McCook, NEB

Produce just as good as cash.

Advertisement for National Bank. Text includes: "FIRST NATIONAL BANK", "Authorized Capital, \$100,000. Capital and Surplus, \$60,000", "GEO. HOCKNELL, President. B. M. FREES, V. Pres. F. A. PENNELL, Cash. LOUIS THORGRIMSON, Ass't Cash. A. CAMPBELL, Director. FRANK HARRIS, Director."

Advertisement for Selz shoes. Text includes: "Before the Eyes of the World we paint the merits of the 'Sole of Honor,' Selz 'Royal Blue' \$3.50 Shoe.", "In the shoe is the best of work and leather and 'back of it' is the name of Selz.", "Selz means perfection and stands for satisfaction.", "In all such kinds and styles and leathers as are right at one price, \$3.50", "Selz, Schwab & Co., Chicago, the largest manufacturers of good shoes in the world, make this good shoe for men."

For sale by C. L. DeGroff & Co.

RHEUMATISM.

That this malady which has steadily baffled the skill of the brightest and most intelligent physicians should now be so readily curable seems almost beyond realization. But strange as it may appear to some, all acknowledge its truth after a trial of Palmer's Rheuma Compound—the great uric acid solvent—the BLOOD PURIFIER THAT PURIFIES. It restores these BED-RIDDEN FOR YEARS. A blood purifier that ACTS. Palmer's Rheuma Compound.

Price, 50 cents. McCONNELL & Berry, McCook, Nebraska.