

Treating Wrong Disease.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

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The Dodging

Period

of a woman's life is the name often given to "change of life." Your menses come at long intervals, and grow scantier until they stop. The change lasts three or four years, and causes much pain and suffering, which can, however, be cured, by taking

WINE OF CARDUI

Woman's Refuge in Distress

It quickly relieves the pain, nervousness, irritability, miserableness, fainting, dizziness, hot and cold flashes, weakness, tired feeling, etc. Cardui will bring you safely through this "dodging period," and build up your strength for the rest of your life. Try it.

You can get it at all druggists in \$1.00 bottles.

"EVERYTHING BUT DEATH"

I suffered, writes Virginia Robson, of Easton, Md., "until I took Cardui, which cured me so quickly it surprised my doctor, who didn't know I was taking it."

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.—Jerrold.

FULTON'S FIRST FARE.

An Incident Which the Steamboat Genius Never Forgot.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly before the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson river. At the time all Albany flocked to the wharf to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:

"This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Have you any objection to my returning with you?"

"If you wish to take your chances with us, sir, I have no objection."

"What is the fare?"

After a moment's hesitation Fulton replied, "Six dollars." And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Clermont, then called the North River, when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It was his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow men was the \$6 paid to him by his first passenger.

THE WORLD OF THE DIVER.

His One Great Danger Lies in His Utter Helplessness.

Every surrounding, every condition, almost every detail of the submarine diver's work is as if invented by the romancist for a setting to a weird, uncanny tale.

The one great danger to the submarine diver lies in his utter helplessness. No matter how or where he turns in his marvelous world, where even the very laws of nature seem turned topsy turvy, he is handicapped with odds against the life within him. Groping in the murk of the pitchy darkness of a river bottom or crouching on the sands in the green gray twilight of an ocean bed, he works alone, a monster headed, awkward, hideous creature, squeezed as if in a vise by the tons upon tons of water surrounding him and clad in a cumbersome, unwieldy armor, stiff as sole leather, which often proves his casket.

From the instant the helmet is screwed down and the "helper" grasps the life line and lowers the diver hand over hand, the "click, click, click," of the pumps bringing fresh air and the hiss of the escape valve carrying away the "used up" air, sound in the diver's ears. The "click, click, click," becomes part of his subconscious self. He is listening for it always, ever; not a "click" escapes him. He starts violently at the slightest irregularity of the sound. He listens for it so intently that to save his soul he cannot count correctly 100 bricks into a bucket, taking them one at a time.—A. W. Rolker in Appleton's.

Stevenson's Grave.

No English novelist rests in a more eccentric spot than that chosen by Robert Louis Stevenson, who is buried on the summit of the forest clad Vallia, in the island of Samoa. The day after his death at Vallima, in 1894, his remains were carried to the top of this precipitous and picturesque peak by sixty sturdy Samoans, who had loved and now mourned their dead chief, Tustitula. A party of forty had previously cut a pathway through the thick, tangled wood with knives and axes, while another party had prepared the grave. With infinite care and trouble they bore him shoulder high over the rough ground to his last long home, and there, under the starry sky, they left him to sleep forever, with the Pacific at his feet. On either side of his tombstone is a bronze plate. One bears the words, "The Tomb of Tustitula," while the other is inscribed with his own requiem, beginning:

Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie.

Flexible Ivory.

Ivory may be rendered flexible by immersion in a solution of pure phosphoric acid—specific gravity 1.13—until it partially gains in transparency. Then it is washed in cold, soft water and dried. It will harden if exposed to air, but may again be made pliable by immersing in hot water.

Proptions.

An English daily had the following advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Christian Register.

The Correct Explanation.

"Yes," said Dubbey, the actor, "I had a splendid part in the show, but I—er—took sick and"—

"Ah," interrupted Wiseman, "you mean you didn't take well!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.—Jerrold.

BACK TALK.

Mrs. Nagget—Oh! you make me tired! oYou're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr. I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence because—

Mr. Nagget—No, I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence occasionally would be a positive pleasure to me.

Feline.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Passay; "I know I must look a perfect fright. I simply can't do anything with my hair."

"Indeed?" replied Miss Knox. "Why don't you take it back, then, and get it exchanged?"

Misconstrued.

"What do you think of these fall shapes, old man?"

"Swell! I just saw a girl go by with a—"

"There you go again. I was only referring to hats."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SAVING MONEY.



"How'd you make your wife's acquaintance?"

"I ran over her with my automobile. The court decreed that I should pay her \$3,000 damages, and I thought it was better to marry her!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

His Dimensions.

"What is the Hon. Thomas Rott so angry about?"

"Why, the Weekly Palladium and Farmer's Vindicator published a one-column cut of him and referred to it as a 'life-size' portrait."—Puck.

Appreciative.

"Do you read the fashion magazines?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "They often give such valuable hints on what not to wear."—Washington Star.

His Greatest Fault.

"Slurgt says he spends every cent of his income."

"That isn't the worse of it; he spends every cent of everybody else's income that he can get hold of."—Detroit Free Press.

Coming to Him.

"Gayboy is the most cheerful man with a headache I ever saw."

"Well, he's a grateful sort of chap; he remembers the time he had the night before."—Detroit Free Press.

A Success.

"Snarlsby says it's his ambition to be a great discoverer."

"He is already. He can find more fault than anyone in the community."—Detroit Free Press.

Both Sides of It.

"My first dollar," remarked old Skinfint, "was the hardest to get."

"And your last," rejoined his profligate nephew, "is the hardest to give up."—Chicago Daily News.

Woman, Woman.

"Ah, dearest, now that we are engaged I feel that the eyes of all the world are upon you."

"O, George, do I look all right behind?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Good Reason.

"I'm afraid that waiter is going to lose his balance."

"Why so?"

"I just tipped him."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Worst of It.

Mrs. Smith—So that impudent girl called you a cat, did she?"

Mrs. Brown—Yes, but that wasn't the worst of it; she called me an 'old cat'!—Detroit Free Press.

Incompetent.

Lawyer—Well, what was done in the interim?"

Witness—I don't know, sir. I didn't go into the interim. I staid in the anteroom.—Puck.

Explanation.

Hyker—I wonder why Columbus imagined the world was round?"

Pyker—Because it didn't give him a square deal, I suppose.—Chicago Daily News.

Wanted Him to Make Good.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe I should like to kiss you."

"Well, haven't you the courage of your convictions?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Easiest Way.

Belle—I'm trying to break myself of spending so much money.

Nell—Why don't you get everything charged?"—Detroit Free Press.

Better Still.

Mrs. Nurich—We've got a "baby grand" at our house. Have you?"

Mrs. Plain—No, but we've got a grand baby.—Detroit Free Press.

FARLEY TO BE A CARDINAL.

Rumor Current of High Honor for New York Archbishop.

New York.—Rumors have been current in Catholic circles that the selection of Archbishop Farley for a cardinalate will be announced at the December consistory in Rome, and that the archdiocese of New York will be honored as it has been expected it would be for several months. Another prelate will receive the insignia at the same time, one in England being in the pontiff's mind. Archbishop Farley has been archbishop of New York since 1902. He was born in



ARCHBISHOP FARLEY. (He is to Be Made a Cardinal in December, It Is Reported.)

Ireland in 1842 and was ordained to the priesthood in the Italian capital in 1870. Fourteen years later he was honored by being made chamberlain to the pope and received the title of monsignore, and in 1895 he was chosen auxiliary bishop of New York, succeeding to his present position upon the death of Archbishop Corrigan. Archbishop Farley is a man of scholarly attainments. He first attained ecclesiastical distinction when in 1872 he was chosen as secretary to the late Archbishop McCloskey.

In 1891 he was vicar general of the archdiocese of New York. The following year he was domestic prelate of the pope. December 21, 1895, he was consecrated titular bishop of Zeugma. After the death of Archbishop Corrigan, in 1902, he was appointed archbishop on September 15. He is the author of a number of works, notably the "Life of Cardinal McCloskey."

TO RESTORE DAVENPORT HOUSE.

Historic Ruins Will be Preserved for Future Generations.

Davenport, Ia.—The old Davenport house, one of the most picturesque in America, located on Rock Island, near the large government arsenal that Uncle Sam built years ago on the beautiful island in the Mississippi, opposite this city, is to be restored and preserved to future generations, as it was built by Col. George Davenport back in the early days of this century.

Colonel Davenport, from whom the city of Davenport is named (came to Rock Island with the Eighth United States infantry, in 1815, when it was sent up the river from St. Louis to establish a military post, later known as



Old Davenport House.

Fort Armstrong, on the island. Coming as commissary contractor's agent, to supply the regiment, he remained a resident of the island until July 4, 1845, when he was murdered by robbers in the house which is now to be rebuilt, and which has remained unoccupied since that time.

For many years the old Davenport home has stood in a state of ruin, almost a danger, to the hundreds of curious people who visit every year the oldest structure in the Mississippi valley above St. Louis. Its restoration has long been urged by historic and patriotic societies, and has just been made possible by a gift of \$2,000 toward the fund for that purpose by Colonel Davenport's granddaughters, Naomi and Catherine Davenport, of this city.

Serve Cooperative Meats.

Three married couples in Birmingham, England, have carried out a scheme for a cooperative midday dinner. While planning it, each couple wrote down a list of the dishes they did not care for, and it was further resolved to keep the bill of fare a secret. The great advantage of the scheme, from the wives' point of view, is that it allows each of them two free mornings a week—free, that is, from any cooking.

Epileptic Chauffeurs.

Investigation of two automobile accidents in which the drivers came to grief on a straight road by suddenly turning their machines off the road into a ditch showed that both men were subjects of epilepsy.

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

TITLED AUTO DRIVER

HON. C. S. ROLLS, NOTED ENGLISHMAN, TO VISIT AMERICA.

Regarded as Premier Motorist of His Country—Some of His Experiences—Is Also an Ardent Balloonist.

London.—England's premier motorist is undoubtedly the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls; as an aeronaut he is hardly less distinguished. Having toured in all parts of Europe, he is now turning his attention to America, and has left England for a three weeks' visit to the United States. It will be Mr. Rolls' first trip across the Atlantic, though on several occasions when ballooning he has nearly been in it.

Mr. Rolls is the third son of Lord Llangatock—hence his title of Honorable. Like many of the younger sons of the nobility, he was intended for the diplomatic service, but he showed such a strong bent for mechanics and science, and such an aversion to other studies that it soon became evident the results of insistence on parental wishes would be to sacrifice a good engineer to make a poor diplomat. So he was allowed to have his own way. After going through Eton he went up to Cambridge, where he specialized in practical electricity, and was graduated in engineering in 1898.

Rather tall and thin, he walks with a slight slouch; and no one judging from appearances would take him for one of the keenest and most intrepid motorists of the day. It is only when you get him talking on his favorite subject that his eyes light up and you see the spirit of the enthusiast shining in them.

He began his "wheelings" early, for when quite a little boy he used to come down a hill near his home in Monmouthshire in an improvised sleigh on wheels. It is his proud boast that in one of these spins he "bagged" a curate, a butcher's boy



HON. C. S. ROLLS. (Noted British Autoist Who Is Coming to America.)

and a dogcart in quick succession. His first motor experience was with a steam roller, which he drove on Sunday mornings, while his father was at church.

At 15 years old he was notorious at Eton for getting into scrapes through his passion for electricity; and after going up to Cambridge he soon became known as "Petrolis" and was seldom called anything else.

His motoring experience has been probably unique. He thus summarizes a few of the things that have happened to him as a motorist:

"I have burnt my boiler out three times on a steam car, which I once had to push three miles in dress clothes.

"I was once stuck in a deep flood, the water coming up to the floor board, and I had to hail a punt.

"Once I had to be practically dug out of a bog.

"Was once stuck for want of a match for over three hours with my burners out.

"The longest distance I have had to walk for petrol was in France—12 miles.

"Have three times had a passenger fall off a racing car, moving at a fair speed, without being killed.

"Once had a horse and cart on top of me.

"In the Paris-Vienna race ran into a tree at 70 miles an hour.

"Once had my head mashed in by a starting handle.

"Have twice run away completely down hill forwards, and two or three times backward.

"Once upset an apple cart in the Strand and twice had my car burnt up."

Many prizes have fallen to his share. In 1899 he gained first in the Bordeaux-Biarritz race and second in the Paris-Ostend; while he also won the valuable gold cup, together with medals and various other prizes, for the 1,000 miles trial in England.

He was nineteenth in the famous Paris-Berlin race, after his car had been seriously damaged; and in the Paris-Vienna contest he ran into a tree while traveling about 70 miles an hour. Fortunately, the tree collapsed and Mr. Rolls was not seriously hurt, though he was almost buried in the wayside bank.

Mr. Rolls is also an ardent balloonist, and gained fourth prize, as well as Mrs. Howard Gould's cup, which this lady offered for the Englishman who traveled the greatest distance in the recent James Gordon Bennett international race.

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Write for specimen copy. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Home Visitors Excursions.

Oct. 9-23 and Nov. 13-27 the Burlington will have on sale at the rate of one and one-third fare, minimum \$10, round trip tickets to numerous points in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota and Wisconsin. Call and see us for further information.

GEORGE S. SCOTT, Agent.

Cash paid for eggs—highest market price. Reynolds Poultry Co. Phone 285. Old Gurney stand.

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DIAMOND BRAND

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—THE—