

## TEMPERANCE COLUMN

Conducted by the McCook W. C. T. U.

### Run On The Run.

The liquor interests—from the doggerly to the trust—have fought the prohibition movement at every step. They used every art known to practical politics. They tried the campaign of brass band and skyrocket, the gum shoe and still-bout, the hard drive and the soft pedal—and got whipped. In the beginning they fought the placing of any tax whatever upon liquor. They fought every proposition to increase the license; they fought in California for their inadvisable right to sell whisky to minors and to known drunkards. The tough five-mile laws; fought local option; fought state-wide prohibition. They are now fighting, tooth and toenail, against the law proposed in congress that the federal government shall no longer issue internal revenue licenses in communities where the sale of liquor is prohibited by local law. They are now fighting to maintain Uncle Sam's partnership with the blind tiger, wherein the majesty of the United States is held up as a shield to the dive keep and a protection to the outlaw. At practically every step they have been beaten.

Thoroughly aroused at last to the danger that threatens their trade, the brewer and wholesalers are beginning to announce a general house-cleaning. They say—in articles in the press—that they want to get the dive out of business and keep their trade respectable. Laudable, but late. Years ago, all good people would have welcomed the brewers' aid in stifling the dive. Now they will attend to the job themselves, asking permission neither of the dive-keeper nor the brewer. And they will do it in their own good way and time.—Harris Dickson in the Circle Magazine.

### CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**CHRISTIAN**—Bible school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. All are welcome.

R. M. AINSWORTH, Pastor.

**EPISCOPAL**—Preaching services at St. Alban's church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. All are welcome to these services.

E. R. EARLE, Rector.

**CATHOLIC**—Order of services: Mass, 8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.

WM. J. KIRWIN, O. M. I.

**METHODIST**—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Sermons by pastor at 11 and 8. Class at 12. Junior League at 3. Epworth League at 6:45. Prayer meeting, Wednesday night at 7:45.

M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

**BAPTIST**—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11:00 a. m. Evening service at 8:00. E. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to worship with us.

E. BURTON, Pastor.

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN**—Regular German preaching services in the frame building of the East Ward school every Sunday morning at 10:00. All Germans and Russians cordially invited.

REV. WM. BRUEGGEMAN.

507 5th St. East.

**CONGREGATIONAL**—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The public is cordially invited to these services.

G. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**—219 Main Avenue—Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Reading Room open all the time. Science literature on sale. Subject next Sunday, "Truth."

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONAL**—Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 1:30 p. m. Senior C. E. at 4:00 p. m. Prayer meetings every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7:30. All Germans cordially invited to these services.

REV. GUSTAV HENKELMANN,

505 3rd Street West.

### Real Estate Filings.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since last report:

United States to Albert E. Lang, pat to se qr ne qr, e hf se qr, sw qr se qr 13-37-27	600 00
George Fahrenbroch et ux to Jacob Klein, wd to pt se qr 30-3-20	225 00
Lincoln Land Co to Grace L. Biggs, wd to lot 3, blk 9, 4th McCook	225 00
Lincoln Land Co to Grace L. Biggs, wd to lot 4, blk 9, 4th McCook	225 00
George E. Everston et ux to Charles E. Corell, wd to e hf nw qr, e hf sw qr, e hf 33-3-25	16800 00
Gertrude E. Morgan to Charles A. Leach, b to a clothing stock and fixtures	2500 00
Jessie Eberhart et coons to William M. Spittler, wd to sw 1/4 17-1-30	1600 00
Fowell & Nilsson to J. W. Pepper, deed to lots 3, 4, blk 4, 1st Marion	200 00

**Rescuing a Camel.**  
The camel has been called the "ship of the desert." Like the ship, he may be capsize, and in that predicament he is helpless. His manner of lying down to rest is to fold his legs beneath his body. If he happens to roll upon his side he cannot recover his feet again. This infirmity of the animal is mentioned by the Count de Lesdaine in the account of his journey. "From Pekin to Sikkim."

"The caravan was made up of camels. I had brought some new ones and had no idea of taking any other animals into a country largely composed of loose sand. An amusing incident marked the beginning of our march. One camel, awkward as they all are, managed to tumble into a ditch of thick mud between the road and a wheatfield. When once fallen a camel can only get up again if it can arrange its feet conveniently under it and if the ground is nearly flat. "In this case it was not so. The animal lay with all four feet in the air, perfectly resigned and incapable of a single movement to help itself. To draw it out took more than half an hour and required the united efforts of many men with cords passed under the camel's back."

### Welcoming the Traveler.

I have always had a good opinion of the enterprise of the life insurance agent. It has seemed to me that the busy bee is a lazy ne'er-do-well compared with him. Recently this opinion has been strengthened.

An old colored servant living in a neighboring family made his first trip away from home and visited relatives in New York.

On his return to Louisiana he was asked what he did while in the north. "Well, 'mong uddah 'tings I done tuk out a life insurance policy fo' fi hun'ed dollars."

"Why, what on earth do you want with a life insurance policy? You have no wife or children?"

"Dat's what I done tol' him, but I had t' take it, all de same. De agent man, he met me at de boat landin', an' he said I'd haf t' have one or he'd sen me back home. He warn't gwine fo' t' low me t' land if I didn't buy one. Dey don't low no one in New York less dey has a 'suhance policy'."—Woman's Home Companion.

### Economy of Costly Foods.

The economy of expensive foods is explained by the fact that digestion, at least in man, is dependent upon flavors, without which it is so defective that we do not obtain the good of the food we swallow. As far as experiments go, they substantiate these assertions, for the sight and smell of pleasing food start the flow of digestive fluids, while disagreeable odors and sight stop it. Delicateness, then, would seem to be staples, for they are necessary. The talk of being able to subsist on a few cents a day is simply nonsense and leads to deterioration of health. What seems to be extravagant in food purchases may be wholesome instinct. The high cost of living is partly due to the cost of the flavors we need. We commend these ideas to our worthy dietetic economists. Laymen may not be so foolish as the physiologists themselves.—American Medicine.

**A Novel Method of Advertising.**  
A storekeeper in a small out of the way town many years ago hit upon a novel method of advertising his store. He conceived the idea of buying up the stock of stamps at the postoffice across the way. The postmaster objected to be denuded of all his stock but his mysterious customer demanded the stamps over the counter, sheet after sheet, as an ordinary member of the public until he had bought every stamp to be had. Then he took the stock over to his store across the road and plastered his windows with no notices that postage stamps were only to be had at his store, and to his mortification the postmaster had to send customers across to the store over the way for any stamps they needed until some days after he once more got in a stock from headquarters.

### Won a Wife by His Skill.

Action was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won his wife by his great work. He painted a picture called "The Nuptial of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic games. It created such a stir that one of the judges cried in admiration, "I reserve crowns for the victorious athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to his painter Action as a recompense for his picture." Action was one of the artists who excelled in the art of mixing colors. He could not go to the nearest store and purchase them, as artists do today.

### Drawing the Line.

"I don't mind listening to a man who is paying for my dinner tell me the story of his life," said the woman. "Men's lives are generally interesting but I won't stand to hear a woman tell everything she knows, even if she does pay for my dinner. I'd rather pay for my own dinner and get an occasional shy at the conversation."—New York Press.

### A Hard Shot.

Husband (angrily)—What! More money? When I'm dead you'll probably have to beg for all the money you get! Wife (calmly)—Well, I'll be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.

**Peace and War.**  
"Peace hath her victories," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, but we generally have to fight pretty hard for them," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

## REGULATING THE COOK.

**The Good Housewife's Experience and Its Abrupt Ending.**

"Maggie," said Mrs. Hartford sharply, "this meat is not properly cooked. My husband says it is not fit for a pig."

"But, Mrs. Hartford!"—"Now, do not answer back, Maggie. I do not care to argue with you. I went to the butcher myself yesterday and bought the steak, so I know it is all right."

"If you"—"Do not be impudent with me. I have warned you several times about trying to correct me. You have made a dismal failure of today's dinner. Mr. Hartford is thoroughly disgusted with your cooking and just left for the cafe to get something to quiet his appetite."

By this time poor Maggie was in tears.

"There is no use crying about it," continued Mrs. Hartford without the least display of sympathy. "I have remonstrated with you about your neglect of duty long enough. Remember, now, if this occurs again I shall certainly discharge you without a moment's notice."

But Mrs. Hartford awoke with a sudden start and, shaking her husband violently, said:

"George, I have just had the most impossible dream."—St. Louis Republic.

## TRAINING WILD BEASTS.

**Whips, Sticks and Iron Rods Are the Methods That Win.**

"Kindness and argument," said the backwoods father of five husky sons, "is great things, but whenever I want to persuade one of my boys to do suthin' in a hurry that he don't want to do I use a bare stick."

In laying down this rule for the government of his offspring the old backwoodsman hit the principle of wild animal training straight in the nose. The only use an animal trainer has for the word "kindness" may be found in its employment when he discusses his professional methods with an interviewer.

Many pounds of good white paper have been wasted in describing instances of mutual affection between animal and trainer, but when it comes right down to actual cases the sole bond between the domestic man and the wild beast is a good strong stick, and the fiercer the beast the bigger and tougher the stick. Of the great army of nature fakers certainly the professional animal trainer is commander in chief.

Whips, sticks and iron rods are the accepted instruments of persuasion, and trainers constantly employ them. When a wild animal is to be broken the first thing to break is his spirit. It is done with a club.—Everybody's Magazine.

### The Cause of the Delay.

Our small boy, Arthur, had long believed that a baby in the family was desirable, since most of his playmates came from homes provided with this adjunct. In good time his mother told him confidentially that his oft expressed wish for a family baby would probably be gratified. The news was too good to keep, and Arthur was promptly boasting to his nearest chum.

"But when are you going to have it?" demanded the friend.

"Oh, I don't know—fore long. I guess," answered Arthur.

"Huh," sniffed the other, "what's the use of waiting? What good's a baby if you can't have it when you want it? Why don't you get it right away?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained Arthur, driven to his wits' end; "we've ordered the baby, but we haven't paid for it yet!"—Woman's Home Companion.

### Pleasant While It Lasted.

He listened intently. It was his wife and her mother talking.

"No, my dear," the latter was saying, "I must go tomorrow. I do not believe in a mother-in-law making long visits. But, before I go, I want to tell you what a treasure I think you have gained in your husband. Are you sure, however, that you are not too strict with him? Do not be quick to chide him when he stays out late. Men need a little latitude, you know—say two or three times a week."

The man stirred uneasily in his sleep. It seemed so real; but, alas, it was a dream!

### A Light Diet.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment."

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion.

### Cordial and Confidential.

"How did you get along with Maggie's father?"

"Fine. He said it was all right before I asked him. And then he asked me if I didn't know a few more likely young fellows who would take the rest of his girls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Made His Mark.

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already, hasn't he?"

"Yes; did it on his first case." "Great work! What did he do?" "Vaccinated him."

## Mr. Pogson's three sons had married

and gone to settle down in different parts of the country. One day he received this telegram from the eldest:

You have a grandson. Fine boy. Ten pounds. GEORGE.

Mr. Pogson answered it at once: Good! Buy finest baby carriage you can find and send bill to me. FATHER.

In due time the bill came. It called for \$55, and he sent his check for the amount.

A few weeks later his second son sent him this dispatch:

You are the grandparent of a fine boy. Not weighed yet, but a bouncer. HENRY.

To this he responded: Glad to hear it. Buy good, serviceable baby carriage and forward bill to me. FATHER.

Promptly came the bill. It was for \$25, and he paid it.

Ten days elapsed, and then came a dispatch from the third son to this effect:

You have another grandson. Large, fine boy. Named for you. ALBERT.

Mr. Pogson's response to this was as follows: All right, but looks like crowding me. Am sending \$12.50. Buy baby carriage with it. FATHER.

—Youth's Companion.

### Very Lucky.

The following is a genuine essay by a ten-year-old boy:

"My life has been a very lucky one. When I was three years old I fell downstairs and cut my head. When I was five years old I was looking at some hens, and a dog bit my leg. When I was eight I went with my brother in the trap, and the horse fell and threw us out of the trap; my brother hit on his feet, and I lit on the horse's back. Last year I was playing, and I ran into a sursey and cut my eyebrow, and it has left a mark. One day I went into the slaughter house, and a big sheep ran after me and knocked me down. I have had a happy life."

This cheerful acceptance of what are usually regarded as the ills of life reminds the writer of an old school-fellow who took part in the fight at Elandslaagte at the beginning of the South African war. After the engagement he was taken to the hospital at Pietermaritzburg. As soon as he was able he wrote home and sent his people the tunic he had worn in the battle.

"You will see," he wrote, "that there are eleven bullet holes in it, but I was awfully lucky. Only six of them hit me."—Cleveland Leader.

### Ben Franklin's Keenness.

Two incidents recall the keenness and the thoroughness—the great twin abilities, to see and to utilize—of Ben Franklin. One day he chanced to observe a lady in the possession of an imported whisk broom. With his usual interest and careful consideration he examined it as a novelty. He discovered on the brush of the broom a seed, which he carefully removed. Presently he planted it, and the growth from this seed was the first crop of broom corn in this country. Again one day when Dr. Franklin was walking by Dock creek he saw stuck in the mud a wickerwork basket, which had sprouted. Carefully he fished out the basket and carefully took it apart. He gave cuttings to his friend, Mr. Charles Norris, who planted the twigs in his garden, where they grew to great size. They turned out to be yellow willows and, as Franklin had foreseen, proved of great commercial value.

### Found a Better Place.

Mark Twain said: Once when I was going out to visit some friends I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so. It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally I went to George's house—he roomed outside—and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's, popped out of an upstairs window.

"Where did you put that key, you black rascal?" I roared.

"Oh, massa," answered George, "I found a better place for it!"

### It Ignited.

Little Rollis, four years old, came to the table, where we had tomato soup, of which he is very fond. Being very hungry, he could not wait for it to cool, but hastily ate two or three spoonfuls; then, laying down his spoon, he exclaimed, "My goodness, that soup is so hot it makes sparks all down me."—Delineator.

### Why He Was Mad.

Stubbs—What's the trouble with the writer's husband? He looks angry enough to chew tacks. Penn—And he is. She dedicated her latest book to him. Stubbs—Gracious! I should consider that a compliment. Penn—Not if you knew the title of the book. It is "Viled Animals I Have Met."—Chicago News.

### Proved It.

"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?" "Why, Hamlet held the skull and said: 'Alas, poor Yorick! You are not the only deadhead in the house.'"

### The Missing Part.

Mrs. Boarder—How do you find the chicken soup, Mr. Boarder? Mr. Boarder—I have no difficulty in finding the soup, madam, but I am inclined to think the chicken will prove an alibi.

Talk not of a good life, but let thy good life talk.—Schiller.

## OVERTAXED.

Hundreds of McCook Readers Know What It Means.

The kidneys are overtaxed; Have too much to do They tell about it in many aches and pains—

Backache, sideache, headache, Early symptoms of kidney ills. Urinary troubles, diabetes, Bright's diseases follow.

William Siete, living at the S. E. Cor. of Twenty-ninth St. & Ave. A., Kearney, Neb., says: "My wife was subject to attacks of kidney complaint off and on for years, becoming worse as time passed. She had dull pains across her loins and was bothered by the frequent action of the kidney secretions. I finally procured Doan's Kidney Pills and my wife began using them. They proved very effective in her case and we consider them well worthy of recommendation."

Plenty more proof like this from McCook people. Call at L. W. McConnell's drug store and ask what customers report. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

### RED WILLOW.

Mrs. E. A. Sexson has returned from her visit to her children and friends in Iowa and Illinois.

E. A. Sexson is still sick from his attack of grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Rozell are spending ten days with their daughter Mrs. F. C. Smith, on their way to California, where they will make their future home.

There was a pleasant surprise party, Thursday night, given to Mr. and Mrs. Critchfield on the occasion of their 25th anniversary. There were nice presents and every one enjoyed the evening. Mr. Thomas wanted the happy couple to be more solidly united, so he performed a marriage ceremony. Refreshments were served.

We have the finest line of Olives and Olive Oil in McCook. The full Red & Mudd line. HUBER.

### The First New Woman.

"We new women are really not so new as we think we are," said one of them. "In the thirteenth century there were lots of us. Can anything 700 years old be new? The University of Bologna had for professor of jurisprudence Movella d'Andria. She was no more new than beautiful. Her charms were so overpowering that the trustees made her lecture behind a curtain. When she lectured openly the students, their minds wholly occupied with her beauty, could not attend to what she said. Madonna Manzolina was professor of anatomy. Matilda Tromboni taught languages and Marie Magnesi held the chair of mathematics. This university was by no means a second rate one. On the contrary, it was perhaps the leading university of Europe. It had 10,000 students."

### Called For the Author.

The Friars, an organization of the theatrical press agents, dined a manager more conspicuous for his shrewdness than for his culture. When the menu had been properly discussed the guest of honor amazed his hosts by making a speech notable not only for its grace and wit, but for some show of erudition. He sat down at last amid loud applause, when Augustus Thomas, at the same time joining the handclapping, shouted: "Author! Author!"—New York Tribune.

### Emotional England.

Ours is a nation of sentiment. We are probably more sentimental in a fearful way than any other country in Europe. The strongest man in England can weep when he hears a hymn that used to be played on the organ of the village church when he was a boy, but there is not much depth in the tears. They are not very salt.—London Ladies' Field.

## Heart Strength

Heart strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

## Dr. Shoop's Restorative

A. Mc MILLEN.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—ISOLATED TRACT—(REGISTER)

Public Land Sale, Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Neb.

January 20, 1900. Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress, approved June 25, 1898, (30 Stat., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 11 o'clock A. M., on the 14th day of March, 1900, at this office, the following described land: Serial No. 039. The NE 1/4 of NE 1/4 sec. 34-T. 2 N. R. 30 W. 6 P. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

CHAS. F. SHEDD, Register. WILL M. GIFFORD, Receiver. Boyle & Eldred, Attorneys.—1-22-00.



**Dr. J. O. Bruce**  
**OSTEOPATH**  
Telephone 55 McCook, Neb.  
Office over Electric Theatre on Main Ave.

**DR. EARL O. VAHUE**  
**DENTIST**  
Office over McAdams' Store Phone 190

**DR. R. J. GUNN**  
**DENTIST** Phone 112  
Office: Rooms 3 and 5, Walsh Bldg., McCook

**Dr. J. A. Colfer,**  
**DENTIST.**  
Room 2. POSTOFFICE BUILDING.  
Phone 378 McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

**R. H. Gatewood**  
**DENTIST**  
Office over McMillen's drug store.  
Phone 163. McCook, Nebraska.

**JOHN E. KELLEY**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW and**  
**BONDED ABSTRACTER**  
McCook, NEBRASKA.

Agent of Lincoln Land Co. and of McCook Water Works. Offices in Postoffice building.

C. H. BOYLE C. E. ELDRED

**BOYLE & ELDRED**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW**  
Long Distance Phone 44  
Rooms 1 and 7, second floor  
Postoffice Building McCook, Neb.

**A. G. BUMP**  
Real Estate  
and Insurance  
Room Two over McConnell's drug  
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**J. S. McBRAYER**  
Real Estate, Farm Loans  
and Insurance  
Office over Marsh's Meat Market

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**Middleton & Ruby**  
PLUMBING and