

A LAMENT.

In the dreary distant northland
 Let a mighty oak die grow,
 For a hundred peaceful summers
 Through it did the soft winds blow;
 For a hundred lengthy winters
 On it fell the cold, white snow.
 'Neath it roved the doughty chieftain
 While his dusky love he woo'd
 Proud and stately grew the oak tree
 In the northern solitude.

Lo! the mighty now have fallen,
 Fallen from their high estate,
 On the pavements of the city
 Has the oak tree banded of late,
 Through the air in graceful motions
 Does it circle and gyrate.
 For the oak has been made into
 Cases that are used by the dudes,
 Fallen is the mighty monarch
 Of the northern solitudes.

—New York Herald.

DR. KEENE'S STORY.



FRANK Howard was one of my most intimate friends. I met him one summer in the Catskills, whither I had betaken myself for a week's change and fresh air. I put up at a lonely farm house, where Howard, stopping for a day to await the arrival of some friends, was so unfortunate as to sprain his ankle. It was nothing serious, but it compelled him to remain quiet for a few days. His friends, arriving, proceeded on their way, leaving him in my care.

Frank was a cherry, happy young fellow of 20, and took his mishap with uncommonly good grace. I read to him from my small store of books and papers, and we had long and interesting talks. Frank was full of the enthusiasm of youth, and I, eight or ten years his senior, was, my steady going colleagues would have said, a visionary, romantic boy. Those few days made us better acquainted than we would have become in months of intercourse in the city. When Frank was able to rejoin his friends my time was up and I returned to town, regretting the necessity that compelled me to part with the pleasant young fellow.

He did not forget his promise to look me up when he returned to the city, and from that time on we were the best of friends. I had, I am sure, more of his confidence than did any one else, and I talked to him in a way that my medical brethren would have pronounced wild and unprofessional, but he took it in sober earnest, no matter how wild, believing in my theories because I aired them.

My friend was a good looking young fellow, tall, well made as to figure, easy and graceful. He had blue gray eyes, a well shaped brow and rounded chin, dark hair which, however, was quite thin, giving promise to early baldness, a nose perhaps a trifle too long and an upper lip a trifle too short. His front teeth, though white, were not well shaped. Greatly to his sorrow he could not raise a mustache, try as hard as he might, and he has tried very hard, indeed, investing many a dollar in nostrums warranted to produce the desired result.

Frank well knew what an improvement a mustache would be—he did not hanker after whiskers, a mustache was all he wanted—for he had worn false ones upon several occasions when taking part in private theatricals. He was quite clever, and played very well for an amateur but often accepted a part, I verily believe, more for the opportunity it gave him to wear a mustache than for any other reason.

He was well situated financially. His parents were dead. His father had left him a good business, which, however, had so far demanded little of his attention, as his father had also left him a partner, a shrewd, steady bachelor, without near kin, who was devoted to the young man. Considerable property outside of the business added a good deal to his income. Like myself he had few relatives, but then he had hosts of friends, and was a great favorite in society. There were plenty of nice girls who would have become Mrs. Howard—one at a time, of course—had he asked them, mustache or no mustache. No one thought of his lack of one as he did, and none but I knew how he felt about it.

We had been discussing various experiments one evening when he had dropped in, as he often did, on his way to a reception. After a silence of some moments, evidently spent in deep thought, for he had not seemed to hear one or two of my remarks, Frank broke out:

"See here, doctor, can you transplant a bit of some one's scalp to my lip and make a mustache that will grow? You read or told me something one evening about such an experiment or else I dreamed it. I have been wanting to speak to you about it. I'd gladly spare some of my own scalp if the hair on it wasn't so awfully thin. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can manage it and pay all expenses. Think it over and see if there isn't some way to do it, and now I must be off. Good night, old boy!"

I laughed at the idea, but after he had gone I could not help thinking about it. A thousand dollars was certainly tempting. My practice did

not increase so rapidly as I could have wished, and of course, like many another foolish young fellow, I had married a nice girl when scarcely able to keep myself comfortably, and the tiny olive branches had a dreadful way, sweet as they were, of appearing all too frequently for a poor man. I'm not saying, mind you, that I've ever regretted my marriage or been willing to spare one of the boys and girls now growing up so fast around me; but money was very scarce in those days, and a thousand dollars seemed too much to let go without some effort to earn it.

I did a lot of hard thinking for a few days and spent all my spare time over some old books in a dusty, out of the way library down town. I finally told Frank that I would see what could be done if he would give \$500, the rest if I succeeded in the undertaking. He agreed at once, so I put a carefully worded "Want" in the Herald, offering \$200 for a bit of scalp from the head of a healthy person, a young woman preferred, and naming an hour for applicants to call at my office.

Well, I had a good many answers, in person and by letter. The letters I paid no attention to, and those who called did not suit, until I began to think I would have a good deal of trouble to find the right person, when my small boy of all work ushered in a young lady. I knew she was young, though she was heavily veiled, by her slight, girlish figure and low, sweet, tremulous voice. Her dress was neat and plain and fitted exquisitely. Her gloves and boots were not new, but they were the gloves and boots of a lady. Wavy dark brown hair was worn in a heavy coil beneath a little round hat, and I thought "Here's the very girl at last!"

I questioned her closely, and explained to her more fully than to the others just what I wanted. She was nervous, as was quite natural, but had evidently made up her mind to win the \$200 if possible. She was perfectly healthy, she said, and so far as she knew, came of healthy parents. Her father was dead. Her mother was usually quite well, though not very strong. She was just now suffering from injuries received in a fall on the stairs.

"The doctor says," the young lady went on, "that my mother will soon be as well as ever, but we need money very badly at present. On account of my mother's illness I lost my position in—that is, I am out of employment, and as I am the bread winner for our family I am willing to do anything honorable that will not injure my health to earn money. I must stipulate that my face shall remain covered, and that no effort will be made by any one to discover my identity."

"Can you endure the operation without the aid of an anaesthetic?" I asked, "You must know that your confidence is sacred."

But, no. She insisted that her nerves were strong enough to endure the ordeal, so I appointed an hour next day for the operation, and bowed her out. I then rushed off to inform Frank of my success. He was charmed with my description of the girl and delighted with her pluck.

"Give her \$500," he said, "whether the operation is successful or not. She is a brave girl to do such a thing for her family. Great, hulking boys, no doubt, some of them. Now I haven't much family, but I am sure I wouldn't part with any of my scalp for all of my relatives in a heap."

The young lady was promptness itself. I had just shown her into an inner room when Frank arrived. After the operation I sent him away first, and then put her into a cab, taking care to withdraw before she gave the driver his orders.

No, I'm not going to tell you how I transplanted two bits of scalp from the back of the girl's head to the lip of the young man. I have never told any one how it was done, but it was a success.

The young couple were as brave as possible. The girl lay face down upon a lounge, her luxuriant, wavy hair streaming around her. I could not but admire the dainty shape of her head and the pretty neck, with tiny rings of hair curling down upon it. Just below one shell-like ear a small star shaped spot showed white upon the now rosy skin. It would probably not be noticeable usually. The young lady came to my office for some days until the wounds were quite healed. As she was young and healthy it did not take long, but I never got a glimpse of her face, nor did I try to do so, having too much respect for the courageous creature.

When I handed her \$500 instead of \$200 she had expected she was quite overcome with joy. Her voice was full of happy tears as she clasped my hand in both of hers and faltered:

"Oh, doctor, I do not know how to thank you; you cannot realize what a help this money will be to us. It is a perfect godsend, and I don't one bit mind the pain, which, I'll confess now, was rather hard to bear."

My own needs enabled me to quite understand her feelings. My thousand freed me from many a present worry, and before it was gone I had secured quite a paying practice.

I attended Howard in his own apartments. When he was sufficiently recovered he went abroad for a while. He returned after some months, pleased with his trip, and delighted with his handsome brown mustache, which certainly added much to his good looks. He was so busy with social arrangements and I was so fully occupied that for some

months I saw very little of him. The fault was chiefly mine, however, for Frank seemed to think more of me than ever, and I often found his card upon my return from a professional call. One evening he came and found me at leisure.

"So glad to find you in, doctor," he said; "I've come to be congratulated. I am going to marry the dearest girl in the world, and want you, my best friend, to wish me joy."

I did congratulate him heartily and asked if I knew the lady.

"No, I think not," he replied. "She is Miss Mildred Faye, a member of the company at—-theatre. Don't look so surprised. Not a nicer girl lives. A breath of slander has never touched her name. Her father died when she was about 18—just out of school. He was thought to be very well off—the family had always lived in good style—but at his death his wife and two daughters found themselves almost penniless. Not even their home belonged to them. Mrs. Faye, a delicate little body, unused to work of any kind, had no idea as to how they were to make a living, so Mildred had to take the lead. Kate, three or four years younger than she, must be kept in school, and the three must be provided, somehow, with food, clothing and shelter. Mildred had been fairly educated, but not thoroughly enough to attempt teaching, so she determined to go upon the stage. She had a good deal of experience in amateur theatricals, and had been warmly praised for her acting. I had heard of Miss Faye's talent, but never happened to see her."

At the beginning of this season, Mildred got her present position. A very good one, if she was going to remain upon the stage, which she's not, you know. She is going to marry me two weeks from to-day. I want you and Mrs. Keene to come to the wedding. Only the family, a young lady friend of Mildred's and my dear old partner will be there. The rooms are too small to have any one else. We go away at once. Mrs. Faye and Kate will take possession of our house, which I am busy furnishing. You know I've never had much of a home, and I feel awfully happy over the prospect of having such a nice mother and sister and the sweetest wife in the world. And now good-by. Don't forget the day!" And the happy fellow went away as if walking on air.

The appointed hour found myself and wife knocking at the door of Mrs. Faye's cozy little flat. Frank presented us to his future mother and the minister—Mr. Haines, Frank's partner, we knew already—and then stepped to the door of the next room and handed out the bride, who was followed by her sister and her friend. The bride wore a simple white gown with a veil falling over her face. Miss Duncan, a pretty blonde, was in blue. Kate Faye, a slip of a girl, dark haired and dark eyed wore pink. The minister soon made the happy pair one, and after the bride's mother and the young ladies had kissed and cried over her a little while my wife and I stepped forward to be presented and offer our congratulations.

The new Mrs. Howard was all that her lover's fond fancy had painted her. A graceful girl of medium height, with soft brown eyes, a lovely complexion, a sweet mouth about which played pretty dimples, and wavy brown hair worn in a heavy coil at the back of a shapely head, and falling in tiny rings upon a low, white brow. When my name was mentioned she looked up with a deep blush, which quickly receding left her very pale. In a low musical voice whose tones were strangely familiar to my ear, she thanked us for our good wishes.

After some simple refreshments the bride went away to put on her traveling dress, and as they were about to depart I stood beside her for a moment. She turned to speak to her husband, and I saw what answered my question. "Where had I heard that voice?" Just below the left ear was a tiny, star shaped spot, showing white through the rosy blush called up by her husband's tone and glance.

They went away a happy couple and returned more in love, if possible, with each other than before. I have been settled, as you know, in this place for a number of years. I don't see Frank Howard very often nowadays, but our friendship has suffered no change. I do not know through whether he and his wife, devoted as they are to each other, have exchanged confidences on the mustache question or no. They have made no sign. Neither have I.—Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt in Gotham Monthly.

Her Duel with the Doctor.

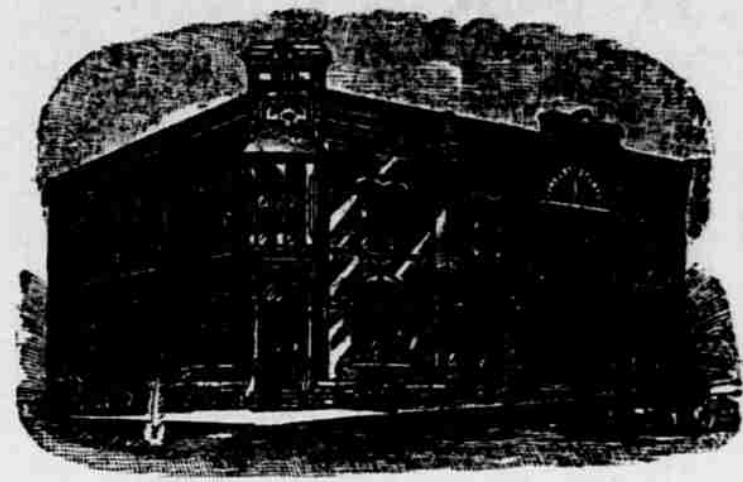
An extraordinary duel is reported to have taken place in Vienna. A few days ago a girl, aged 16, challenged a young doctor who had offended one of her friends and refused to apologize. He was challenged in the usual way by two seconds, a student and an officer of reserves, and when he ridiculed the idea the girl threatened to horsewhip him publicly.

The challenge was then accepted and a meeting, with seconds and doctors, took place in a hired room in a Vienna suburb. All the rules for a duel with swords were strictly observed. The doctor first acted on the defensive, but was soon obliged to fight in earnest, and left off after the second round with a wound in the left side, which was declared not to be dangerous. The girl, a Croatian educated in South America, is said by the seconds to be the best fencer they ever saw. After wounding her adversary she left the place without casting another look at him.—Wiener Tagblatt.

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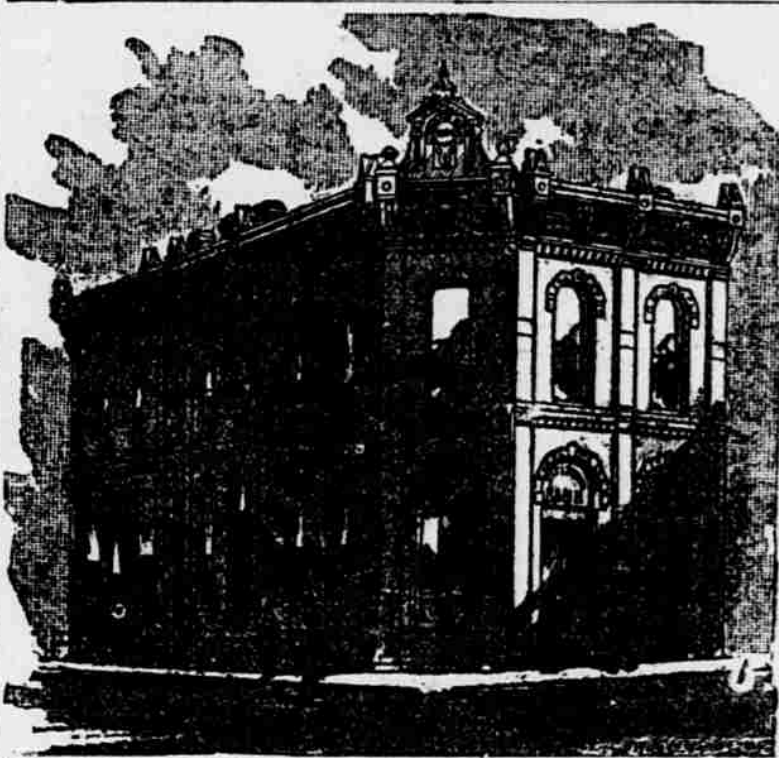
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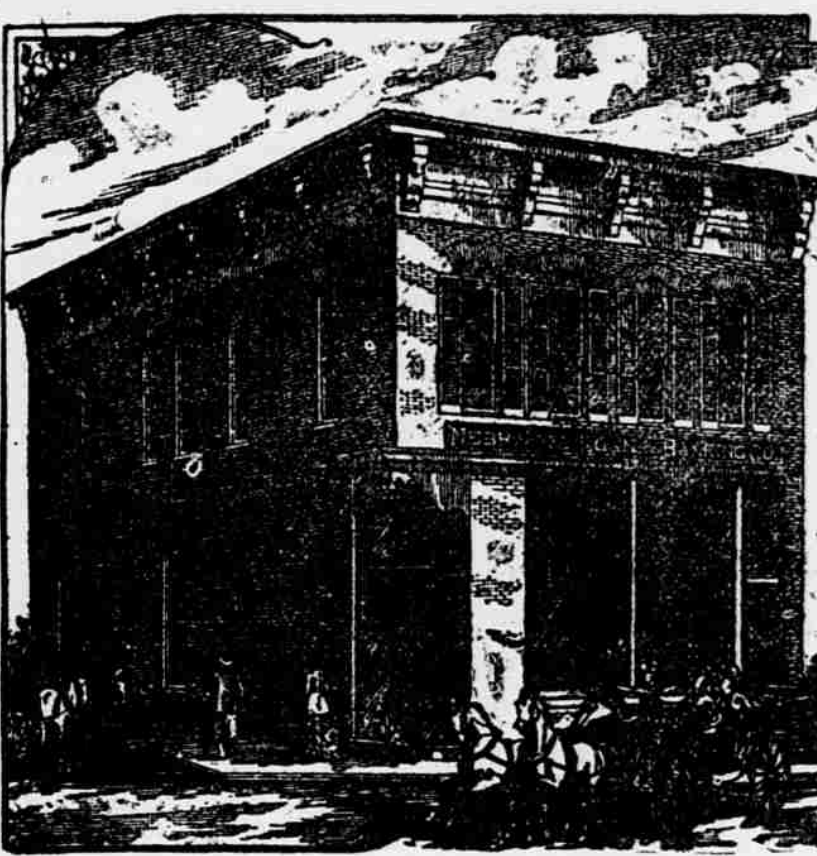
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