

McCOOK, - NEBRASKA,

DOES NOT RUN A BANK, BUT STILL CONTINUES IN THE

# LUMBER BUSINESS

TO SUPPLY THE WANTS OF THE

## SUFFERING PU

WITH ALL KINDS OF

Lumber, Lime, Sash, Doors.

Thanking the Public for the Generous Support received, we still remain, Yours Truly,

LUDWICK & TROWBRIDGE,

TINWARE, ETC.

A GENERAL LINE OF

Mattresses, Tables, Springs, Ghains, Etc.

ALSO DO GENERAL JOB WORK IN

Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Ware.

Dont Fail to Call @ Examine Our Goods.

West Dennison Street, - - McCook, Neb.

J. P. MATHES.

FURNITURE, S

YARD AT INDIANOLA: PIKE & HAZEN.

## H.W. PIKE

### GLOIRE DE DIJON. [The Academy.]

2.46

When the long June days are done, Faded all their crimson flowers, Sweet through sun and sweet through showers Gloire de Dijon still blooms on.

Great fair petals, hue of cream, Glorious in their pallid flush Tints beyond all painter's brush, Fragrance faint as in a dream!

Reses! in some far-off June, First shy gift of dawning love, Me your lingering scent can move Like some half-remembered tune;

For now, as in those long-past days, With leaves just plucked from myrtle tree You come, renewing hope, to me Fresh flowers instead of withered sprays.

An Indian summer! shall such close Yet crown a life long used to pain With peace like sunlight after rain, And rest as sweet as Dijon's rose!

Then love once more shall strong and true, Though June and golden days have fled, Forbear to mourn, raise up its head, And bloom as Dijon Glories do.

THE DEATH OF DOUGLAS.

#### The Scene at the Bedside of the Dying Statesman.

[Ben: Perley Poore.] When Stephen A. Douglas lay stricken with death at Chicago, his wife, who was a devout Roman Catholic, sent for Bishop Duggan, who asked him whether he had ever been baptized according to the rites of the church.

"Never," replied Mr. Douglas. "Do you desire to have mass said after the ordinances of the holy Roman Catholic church?" inquired the bishop. "No, sir!" answered Mr. Douglas; "when I do I will communicate with you

freely.'

The bishop withdrew, but the next day Mrs. Douglas sent for him again, and going to the bedside he said, "Mr. Douglas, you know your own condition fully, and in view of your own dissolution do you desire the ceremony of extreme unction to be performed?"

"No!" replied the dying man. "I have no time to discuss these things now.'

The bishop left the room, and Mr. Rhodes, who was in attendance, said: "Do you know the clergymen of this city?"

"Nearly every one of them." "Do you wish to have either or any of hem call to see you to converse on religious topics?" "No, I thank you," was the decided

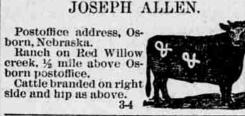
answer.

Soon after this, about 5 o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened and the windows raised. Mr. Rhodes lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the street and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially losed, and in slow, mea

Some of the states as Missouri, Texas, etc., made great exhibits of their woman's work in their respective spaces on the floor below, and with varied and heautiful samples of domestic work, prove what superior artists the ladies are, when they have opportunities to cultivate their tastes and genius. In painting and drawing there are samples which would compare most favorably with works of the so-called masters, and indeed, but for woman's work seen throughout the Exposition, it would be a very prosy affair.

The attendance at the Fair, while not enormous, is reasonably good, and evidently made up chiefly of those who come to learn, rather than for pleasure alone. The weather has become settled, and after a long winter of clouds and rain, we are now treated to delightful and protracted views of "the sunny south."

## STOCK DIRECTORY.













A. SPALDING, Proprietor. WE ALSO HANDLE IANOS 🕸 ORCANS, SEWING MACHINES.

METROPOLITAN

McCOOK

STORE

NEBRASKA.

Paints, Oils and Wall Paper.

J. L. TAYLOR, DRUGGIST.



HAVE IN STOCK A LINE OF

FINE TOILET ARTICLES,

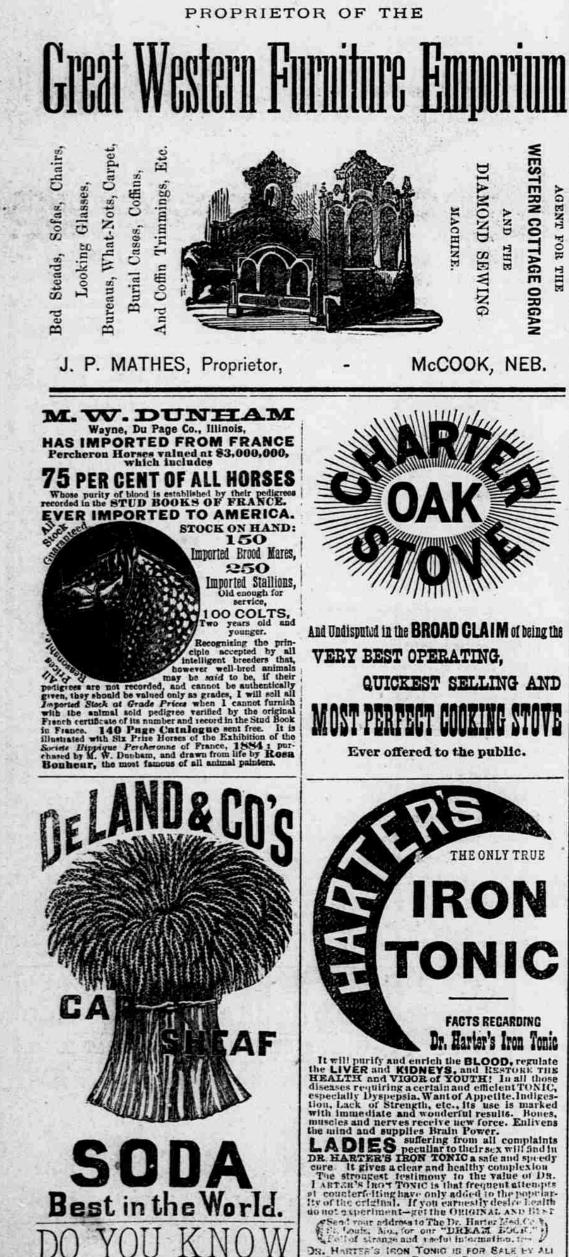
Combs, Brushes, Perfumery, Extracts, Etc.

WINES AND LIQUORS

Will be sold only in cases of sickness, and then only on Physician's Prescription.

# Postoffice, Osborn, Neb. Range : Red Willow reek, in S. W. corner of Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, Day or Night.

Doctor's Choice, America's Finest Five Cent Cigar.



with considerable pause between each accent, he uttered:

"Death! Death!! Death!!!" After this he seemed to revive slightly. Mrs. Douglas asked if he had any message for his sons, Robbie and Stevic. He replied:

"Tell them to obey the laws and sup-port the Constitution of the United States."

At about 5 o'clock Dr. Miller came into the room and noticing the open shutters and windows, inquired:

"Why have you these windows raised and so much light?"

Mr. Douglas answered:

"So that we can have fresh air." At Mr. Douglas' request Mr. Rhodes changed the dying man's position again in the bed, for the last time. He now lay rather down in the middle of the bed upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat beside him holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning ten-derly over him, sobbing. Mr. Rhodes remarked to Mrs. Douglas: "I am afraid he does not lie comfort-

able.

In reply to which Mr. Douglas said: "He is-very comfortable." These were his last intelligible words.

From 5 o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness. When, a few moments before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him and sobbingly asked: "Husband, do you know me? Will you kiss me?" he raised his eyes and smiled, and, though too weak to speak, the movements of the muscles of his mouth evinced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request. His death was calm and peaceful; a few faint breaths, a slight rattling of his throat, a short, quick, convulsive shudder, and Stephen A. Douglas had passed from time into eternity. He was buried near the lake shore, in the suburbs of Chicago, where a monument marks the spot.

### A Building Monomaniac.

[Chicago Tribune.] Arsene Houssaye has a mania for building chateaus. He now has seven at Two farm houses, with other improvements. Beaujon, and is building an eighth. The seven were named respectively the houses of "Youth," "Love," "Knowl-edge," "Family," "Renown," "Wealth" and "Wisdom." They are appropri-ately furnished; the first looks like a museum of toys, the second is adorned with paintings and the statues of Venus and Cupid, the third is a mere library, the fourth is the temple of his Lares and Penates, the fifth contains the gifts and written compliments of ad-mirers, the sixth is rich with treasures and gems, and the seventh is dedicated to Plato and Socrates. The eighth, which he is now building, is the house of Death, and will be the mausoleum in which its author's dust will be placed.

#### Looking to the Future. [Kentucky State Journal.]

She hadn't made up her mind about it, and they were widely, oh, so widely separated—in the parlor from each other, maybe as much as three feet. There was a pensive smile fringed with doubt between them. She was engaged in deep meditation with herself and was looking on the floor, when he said:



