

LORD HARRY.

Lord Harry, he sat on the shingles one day
And his lordship with jewels was laden,
And he lifted his eye, as sweet Polly came by,
The bonniest trim fishermaid.
He gave her a stare, with his lordliest air,
And he said, "I've determined to marry;
I've goods and I've land, and here's my hand,
I think I'm a catch," said Lord Harry.
"And what will give to your lady?" said she,
"To the bride whom your lordship may honor?"
"Wh'r, dinners and dresses and money," said
he.
"And jewels to sparkle upon her?"
"If you give nothing more, sir," the maiden
replied,
"I pity the girl whom you marry!"
While his lordship looked down at her rough
shiner gown.
"What more can she want?" cried Lord
Harry.
"When I have a lover," sweet Polly replied,
And she blushed with a smile that was
sunny.
"He must give me his heart, ere he makes
me his bride,
For 'tis love I ask for—not money!"
She made him a curtsy, and off went my lord,
And invited a duchess to marry.
She was ugly and old, but she'd plenty of gold,
And she made a good match for Lord
Harry.
—Temple Bar.

ROAD AGENTS ROUTED.

At 9 o'clock one Sep-
tember evening in
1873 I took the coach
which left Custer City
—or Custer village, for
the town consisted of
20 or 30 log structures—to go to Sidney,
Neb. A coach I suppose it should
be called, though on the plains this
vehicle, which has the driver's seat
on the same level as the passengers'
seats, is called a "hack."

I had gone to the "hills" to engage
in mining, but after four months of
prospecting had decided to open a
general supply store at the new town
of Deadwood, and was on my way to
Omaha to purchase goods for the
venture.
A tin lamp, fastened to one corner
of the "hack" discovered to me two
passengers within as I entered and
took my seat. One was an old gen-
tleman, apparently weak and ill, for,
although it was not a cold night, he
was muffled in a coarse, heavy ulster
overcoat. Moreover, such of his face
as I could see between a gray beard,
which almost covered it, and the rim
of a slouch hat was pale and thin,
and the eyes looked sunken and un-
natural. At least so they struck me
at a cursory glance.

The other passenger was a young
fellow of 22 or 23 years, I judged, de-
cidedly dandified in his dress for that
region. He wore a stiff hat and a
stand-up collar encircled by a neat
tie, and had on a dark suit evidently
custom made, which was an unusual
"get up" for that region, and one
which at once aroused my suspicion,
for the only persons I had seen about
the mining towns dressed in anything
like that fashion were gamblers, a
class of men I have made it a point
to avoid.

Just before setting out the driver
came to the side of the vehicle, thrust
in a light Winchester carbine, and
placed it between my knees.
"I see you didn't have no gun,"
said he, "an' I keep a couple of extra
ones fer sech."
That was all. No further explana-
tion was necessary in those days.
I took charge of the weapon, al-
though I was a little expert in its
use as I was in handling the Smith &
Wesson in my hip pocket, which, in-
deed, I had never yet discharged.
I knew enough of life in the mines
to know that the "bad man with a
gun" is usually the man who gets in-
to difficulty rather than the peaceful
and unarmed citizen, but a stage ride
from Custer to Sidney at that time
was a trip not altogether likely to be
without its adventures, and for once
I regretted my unfamiliarity with
"shooting irons."

It occurred to me that if we were
"jumped by road agents," as the
phrase went, the freebooters of the
route would have little to fear from
the occupants of the hack, whether
they got much money or not. There
were usually valuables of some sort
in the iron box under the driver's
seat.

The young man who sat opposite
me had a carbine across his lap, but
I fancied he knew even less of its use
than I did. As we started he sat,
without noticing me, twirling his
mustache and humming a tune. "A
fresh gamester, if one at all," I said
to myself on a second look at him.

The old man had no arms in sight.
The driver no doubt regarded him as
out of the fight in any event.
As we rolled up into Buffalo Gap, I
had a few words in conversation with
my companions. I learned that the
elder was an Iowa farmer, who had
come out to see what he could do in
the mines, but he had been ill with
mountain fever, and afterward at-
tacked by rheumatism, so that he
had been forced to abandon his pro-
jects and return to the East. He
spoke freely and in the English of the
western men.

The young fellow said he was from
New York. "Neh Yawk," he pro-
nounced it. He was, he said, a stu-
dent of mining engineering, but he did
not mention what his business had
been in that region; but that was
not strange, for we could not talk
much. A jolting stage bowling over
a rough country at eight miles an
hour does not give the best oppor-
tunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and, leaning
back in my corner, took such mo-
mentary cat naps as the nature of
the road permitted. At 11 o'clock
we made a brief halt at a temporary
staging station, where the driver's four-
in-hand team was exchanged for
fresh horses.
I peeped out and got a glimpse of
the teams, of two men with lanterns,
of a low structure of sod or adobe
faintly outlined, and of the black
side of a pine covered mountain be-
yond. The night was quite dark,
with floating clouds and no moon.
It became somewhat lighter as we
passed out of the gap a little later,
as I noted through a crack in the
"flap" opposite.

The road was now smoother, and
settled back in my corner as my com-
panions had done, to get a little solid
sleep if possible. I dozed off for a
time but was awakened by the groan-
ing of the old man beside me. He
seemed to be in great pain, and writhed
about nervously. I asked him
what was the trouble. He replied
that his rheumatism was nearly kill-
ing him.

"I wish the driver'd let me out
when we git t' nex' crick. He'll
water likely, 'n' I've jest got t' stretch
my legs er die. Ye see I'm troubled
with cramp rheumatism, an' th' ain't
no room in hyer to get the cramp
out o' my legs."

I told him I would speak to the
driver when we halted, a few minutes
later, at the bank of a stream—
White river, I believe. I thrust my
head out of the side and asked that
the old gentleman might be let out
for a moment to stretch his legs.

"All right!" said the driver, as he
clambered down from his own seat.
"I'm goin' ter let the hosses take a
pull at th' drink."

I then helped the old man to dis-
mount, steadying him by the arm as
he got down. He seemed to have a
good deal of difficulty in alighting,
and groaned in a most lugubrious
fashion. The flaps swung to after him,
as I had unbuttoned it all around to
let him out. The young man oppo-
site me lay curled up on his seat, but
I could see that his eyes were wide
open, and that he was eyeing me with
a sharp, clean glance. My eyes prob-
ably responded when they fell upon
his, for he straightened up in an alert
fashion and leaned toward me.

"Say," he whispers, "do you think
that old chap's all right?" Strikes
me that groaning of his was put on.
What 'ye think?"

The question startled me no less
than the young fellow's manner, and
I was about to make some reply when
a gun or pistol shot rang in our ears,
followed by a yell either of pain or
surprise, and a lurch of the hack threw
me forward against my companion's
knees.

Either the shot or the yell had
startled our team, and we went down
the bank and into the stream with a
lunge. I heard shots—one, two,
three—as we splashed through the
water. Then more yells, loud and
fierce.

My notion of what had happened
or what was happening was con-
fused for a moment, and then I saw
my comrade—for the light still
burned—crawling through to the
driver's seat as we went careening up
the opposite bank.

A second later he had gathered the
lines, which were tied in front, and
while he held them with one hand he
grasped a rib of the hack with the
other. Then he leaned out and
glanced back.

Luckily the horses, which were go-
ing at a gallop—they were animals
which needed no urging—kept to the
road, and the cool-headed young fel-
low was not pitched out.

"There's a lot of 'em," he shouted
at me a moment later. "I can
just see four or five getting onto
their horses. They've killed the
driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long-
lashed whip which lay in the boot
and, dropping upon his knees, began
yelling and laying the whip upon the
team.

In a moment we were going at a
fearful pace, and, despite the excite-
ment and fright of the moment, I
noticed that our four horses came to
hand and ran with a steady, even
gait, which did credit to the young
man's driving.

"Get ready for 'em now!" he
screamed back at me, "they'll be
down on us in a minute. Open the
back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with
your guns, and when they're empty
get mine under the seat!"

He was my captain as well as driver,
and I obeyed instinctively, for I
certainly had formed no plan of de-
fense or action.

I managed to unbutton and roll
up the leather behind, and peering
out, on my knees before the back
seat, I saw that we were indeed fol-
lowed. It was light enough to dis-
tinguish objects dimly at 100 yards,
and there were at least five horsemen
in our rear, tearing along at the top
of their animals' speed. Knowing
that they were within rifle shot, I
opened fire on them over the seat. I
worked the lever of my gun as rapidly
as I could, but made awkward
business of it. Presently I got a
shell stuck, and began trying to get
it out. In the meantime our pursuers
were gaining with every second.

They were within 50 yards before
I could get out my shell, and I was
too excited to think of using another
gun. Suddenly the light in the back
went out, and a hand upon my
shoulder jerked me backward. Then
a voice yelled in my ear:

"Let me get at them! Load the
guns for me 'n' let the team go. We
might's well smash as we briddled with
bullets. Here—here's two boxes of
cartridges."

I dropped back to the other seat
and gave place to him. He threw

his carbines over the back of the
hind seat and began firing. Crack!
crack! crack! It seemed to me that
a steady stream of fire poured out
of the back of the stage, and before I
had filled the magazine of my gun
his was empty. He snatched mine,
however, and thrust his own back to
me.

Loading was awkward business at
first, as I had to feel for the feeder;
but I managed soon to thrust them
into my gun as fast as he could work
the lever of his own. The men, who-
ever or whatever they were, rode up
to within 25 or 30 yards, and, spread-
ing out, opened fire on us.

"Keep close down to the bottom,"
shouted my comrade as he kept on
firing.

The "road agents" did not come
nearer, evidently fearing too great
exposure to the stream of shots from
the hack, and my courage rose to
something near the level of my com-
panion's. I caught glimpses, as I
glanced up now and then, of a plung-
ing horseman with shadowy, out-
stretched arm, from which dashed
blaze after blaze of light.

All at once we began descending in-
to a gully, and the hack bounced
from side to side so violently that it
was impossible for us to do anything
but cling to the sides of the box.

"It's all right!" rang my compan-
ion's voice in my ear, shortly after
we began the descent. "They've quit.
They can't ride along the side of the
gulch, and daren't follow straight be-
hind. There's a stage ranch below,
too. I remember the road."

Sure enough, the men had dropped
back, and shots had ceased. My
cool, brave comrade now clamored
over me, and in some way got into
the front seat of the jumping coach.
A moment later I noticed that we
were slowing up and running more
steadily. Five minutes more and we
halted, what was left of us, safe and
sound in front of a stage station.

Our story was soon told, our horses
exchanged, and a fresh driver doubly
armed, put with us. Such little ac-
cidents did not stop stages in those
parts.

There was no danger, they told us,
from that same gang. The three
men who were left promised to go
immediately and look after our other
driver.

It was only the darkness and the
motion of the vehicle and horses that
had saved us from being hit. We
found several bullet marks about the
coach next morning. One of them,
well aimed, had gone through the
back seat at an angle and into the
front, and might have passed direct-
ly between us. My respect for my
young comrade was greatly raised by
the event of that night, and was
further increased by an after acquain-
tance which discovered his real mod-
esty and worth.

On my return to the "Hills" I learned
that our driver had been picked
up at the crossing of the creek badly
wounded, and also that the brave
fellow had yelled to the team to go
the very second he was hit. He had
been carried to Sidney. As to the
rheumatic old man, he was, of course,
a rascal in league with the band who
attacked us.—From the Youth's
Companion.

She Enjoyed A Conflagration.

Pretty Ida Olson, 17 years old, is
in jail in San Francisco as an in-
cendiary. Recently several mysterious
fires have broken out near Ida's resi-
dence and the police were mystified.

However, one officer became suspi-
cious of Ida after the first fire. An in-
vestigation was made and resulted
in the discovery of small footprints
near the spot where the fire began
burning. The footprints were evi-
dently made by a woman, and Ida
being suspected, one of her shoes was
found to fit the tracks. When the
marshal questioned the girl she at
first stoutly denied any connection
with the fires, but finally weakened
and confessed that she had followed
an irresistible impulse and had tried
repeatedly to enjoy the excitement a
big blaze would cause in the neigh-
borhood.

A Ham Fat Man.

Although at his death Daniel Lam-
bert weighed more than 700 pounds,
and was not quite six feet tall—his
vast bulk never, however, seeming to
incommode him—yet when he weighed
over 400 he walked long distances
with less fatigue than was endured
by his companions who weighed com-
paratively nothing, and until short-
ly before his death he was active in
field exercises. He never spent much
time in bed, sleeping less than eight
hours in the twenty-four, was a mod-
erate eater, and drank only water,
and still, in spite of all this, he went
on accumulating adipose in a way
that leads one to inquire seriously if
eating, and drinking, and indulgence
and self-indulgence have really a
great deal to do with the laying on
of fat.

Phrenology.

Dr. Starr, of London, adduces ar-
guments to show that it is impossible
to draw from the size or shape of the
head any conclusions as to the men-
tal capacity. He shows the absurd-
ity of judging of the brain surface by
either the size of the head or the ex-
tent of the superficial irregular sur-
face which is covered by the skull,
without taking into consideration the
number of folds or the depth of the
creases, and states that a little brain
with many deep folds may really,
when spread out, have a larger sur-
face than a large brain with few shal-
low folds.

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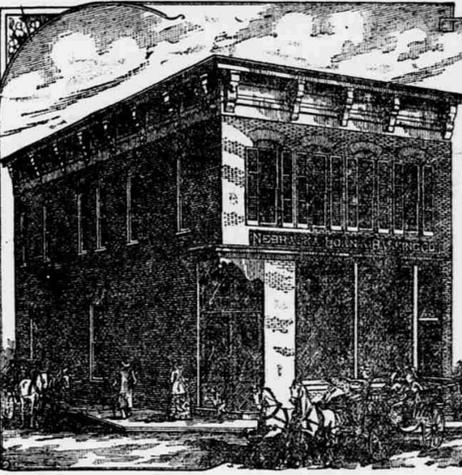
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