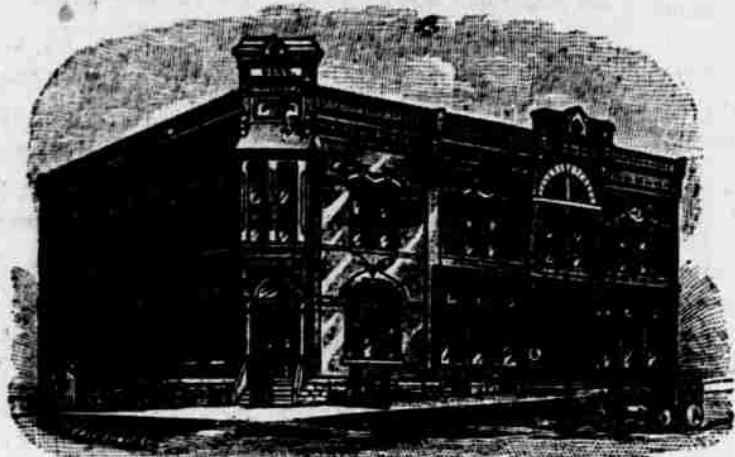


- The - First - National - Bank - -

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS:
\$60,000.



AUTHORIZED CAPITAL:
\$100,000.

GEORGE HOCKNELL, President.
A. CAMPBELL, Director.

B. M. FREES, Vice President.

W. F. LAWSON, Cashier.
S. L. GREEN, Director.



The Citizens Bank of McCook.

INCORPORATED UNDER STATE LAWS.

Paid Up Capital, **\$50,000.**
DOES A

General Banking Business.

Collections made on all accessible points. Drafts drawn directly on principal cities of Europe. Taxes paid for non-residents. Money to loan on farming lands, city and personal property.

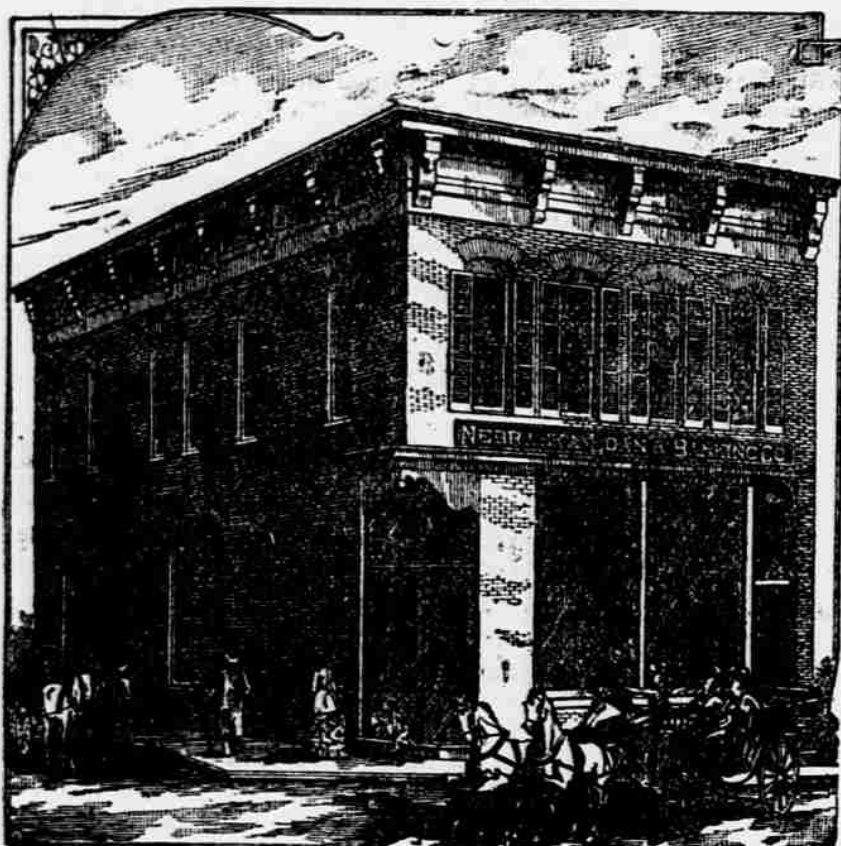
TICKETS FOR SALE TO AND FROM EUROPE.

OFFICERS:

V. FRANKLIN, President. JOHN R. CLARK, Vice Pres.
A. C. EBERT, Cashier. THOS. I. GLASSCOTT, Ass. Cash.

CORRESPONDENTS:

The First National Bank, Lincoln, Nebraska.
The Chemical National Bank, New York City.



NEBRASKA

Loan and Banking Co.

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

CAPITAL PAID IN, **\$50,000.00**

General Banking Business Transacted.
Prompt Money for Everybody. We
Make Farm and City Loans at Lowest
Current Rates and Pay Money When the
Title is Complete.

OFFICERS:

C. E. SHAW, P. A. WELLS, JAY OLNEY,
President. Vice Pres't. Cashier.
CHAS. A. VANPELT, Treasurer.

PETER PENNER

wishes to announce that his stock of

Summer Lap Robes and Blankets

is complete, and also directs attention to his line of

WHITE RUBBER TRIMMED HARNESS,

finest ever brought to Western Nebraska.

West Dennison St. McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

\$50,000.00!

TO LOAN ON

Improved Farms in Red Willow County

8½ AT 8½ PER CENT. 8½

No Delay. Money on Hand.

McCook Loan and Trust Co.

Office in First National Bank.

Circle Front Livery Stable

GRAY & EIKENBERRY, Props.



The Best Equipment in the Republican Valley.

The Frees & Hocknell Lumber Co.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER!

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Lime, Cement,

HARD AND SOFT COAL.

Death in the Desert.

It has just come to light that a party of Chinese, who attempted to smuggle themselves into the United States from lower California, got lost on the desert and had a terrible experience, one of the party dying of thirst and exposure. They found the frontier so closely guarded that they stole a march toward the eastward and got into the desert. Here they got lost and wandered aimlessly around for several days, suffering unutterable agonies.

One of the Mongolians was a youth of some 14 years. He gave out under the terrible suffering and became crazy. In his ravings he imagined the blistering sands were limpid water and eagerly filled his parched mouth with the burning particles. This only added to his horrors, and pretty soon he lay down to die, his companions being in too pitiful a condition to render him any assistance. Here they heaped a pile of sand upon him and left him alone to sleep his last long slumber, while they, with swollen tongues, aching limbs and heavy hearts, continued their aimless wanderings—lost in a trackless desert. It is asserted that they at last reached the railroad and soon reached Los Angeles, minus everything they had attempted to bring into the country except the clothes upon their backs. They had thrown away the bundles containing the many things the Chinese hold dear, all of which mark their track upon the waste sands.

As the almond eyed ones have a system of spreading information among themselves, it is quite likely this terrible experience will prevent any more of them attempting to invade the United States via the desert route.—San Diego Union.

He Forgot Eighteen Thousand Dollars.

About 9:15 o'clock on Tuesday morning A. D. Westfield, a wealthy resident of New York, was fervently congratulating himself on the recovery of \$18,000, which came very near startling and sorely tempting some Palace hotel chambermaid. On going to bed late Monday night Westfield placed \$18,000 in bills under the mattress of his bed, and when he arose Tuesday morning shortly before the departure of the overland train by the southern route he forgot this money in the haste of his preparations for leaving in company with a party of acquaintances with whom he had expected to make his overland trip.

He had just crossed the gangplank of the ferryboat with his friends when he suddenly turned pale and exclaimed: "My God! I forgot something." He rushed back, jumped into a carriage and ordered the driver to hurry him to the Palace. When he reached the hotel he dashed up to his room. No servant had as yet entered it, and all was as when he left. He quickly turned up the mattress and there was his money right where he had put it. His satisfaction quite overbalanced his annoyance at missing his train and friends and he did not object a bit at waiting for the evening train, which he took alone.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Stove of the Future.

"That looks neat," was the remark to the stove man. "What is it?" "It is the new gas stove. The day will come when all the world who can get at it will want to do its summer cooking by gas, and maybe its winter cooking as well. This stove, you see, has burners for all the stove holes and two ovens. It admits air into the gas at the point of combustion and makes a bunsen flame of each. We ran all the burners full blast for two hours the other day, having the meter taken before and after, and it cost exactly twelve cents. We can raise a kettle of cold water to boiling in seven minutes and all you have to do is touch a match to the gas and your fire is going. Handsome, too, isn't it? Looks like a stylish fancy range."—Lewiston Journal.

Brave Though Wealthy.

Mr. John Collins Wood, of Kentucky, is perhaps, the richest Jack tar living, having had many vicissitudes. The death of his father and reverses of fortune making him a dry goods salesman in New York, the death of a rich uncle in Paris gave him an inheritance of \$2,000,000, and sent him to Atlantic City in search of lost health. Here he lives in a hotel, but belongs to the life saving crew, wears surfer's garb, and serves regularly in the life boat, alleviating the hardships of his comrades with his free purse.—Harper's Bazar.

Manners of Men.

A fool laughs at his own folly and a wise man puffs up in trying to look unconcerned when he hears of his own wisdom.

It makes no difference how good people are to a man, they are never as good, in his eyes, as the folks he used to know.

The trouble of it is that a man is never so busy taking back things that he does not find time to say new things to take back.

You never know until the big man who looked you has turned the corner how many men there were in the crowd whose sympathies were with you in the fight.—Acheson Globe.

THE BLOOD-STAINED GLOVE.

"Now you will come into my own little work-shop, and then you will have got over all the sight seeing," said Captain Featherstonhaugh, bending tenderly towards the lady at his side. "Preliminaries are very fatiguing, I know, to our sort," he went on humorously. "Introductions to sisters, aunts and cousins, and all the 'sugar and salt' that accompanies an engagement; beginning with a kiss from Aunt Miriam, and ending with a present from the house-keeper. Still, we are getting on very well, you must allow. You have been here just—let me see." And Captain Featherstonhaugh took out his watch and looked at the time. "Just two hours. In that compass you have been stared up and down by the Mater, Pater, and future sisters-in-law, and come through all like a statue. Even Aunt Miriam's kiss didn't melt you."

"I'm very odd, I know," laughed Miss Boscowitch, tossing aside the white Russian furs which enveloped her. "I want a new sensation. I read people off like story books, and it is always the same story. The only difference is the binding."

"I very well like the binding of this book," said Captain Featherstonhaugh, still more tenderly.

"Pretty speeches, said Miss Boscowitch, looking rather absently out of the window, "never mean very much."

"How cold you are," said Captain Featherstonhaugh. "One would think that you had had some absorbing attachment before—only I know that to be impossible."

"Why impossible?" said Miss Boscowitch, throwing herself into an American rocking-chair, and lazily setting it in motion.

"Because you would have told me," said he, humbly, "I should have liked you all the better for it."

Miss Boscowitch made no reply, but turned a large emerald ring, which graced the third finger of her left hand, rather uncomfortably round and round.

The man who stood before her was the most desirable of men, and up to the moment of entering that workshop—as he chose to call the long, low, luxuriously-furnished room, which was appropriated to him at Steppes Castle—she had believed that the dreams of other days had glided out of memory's reach. What vibration from the wing of destiny had touched her now? What mystic chord had the last few minutes spent in this room set in motion?

They had met at the house of a mutual friend that summer; the mutual friend being, in this instance, one of those unselfish individuals called matchmakers, aiding and abetting the promotion of other's happiness with a hearty satisfaction. And it was while Donald, the champion dancer at the Blair Athole games, was executing a series of bewildering steps, that Captain Featherstonhaugh had assured Miss Boscowitch of his devotion, and been assured in his turn of its acceptance. And now she had come to stay at the romantic castle of Steppes, in Perthshire, to be introduced to the family of the man whom she was about to marry.

"Did you ever care for anybody before?" said Captain Featherstonhaugh, still humbly.

"Did you?" said Miss Boscowitch, with a sudden flash of gaiety.

"You are evading the question," said Captain Featherstonhaugh.

"My dear Hugh," said Miss Boscowitch, laying a very pretty hand on the young man's shoulder, "when I was at school I hated Mangnall's questions. I never could answer one of them. Please don't be so tiresome as old Mangnall. Show me your treasures!"

Captain Featherstonhaugh was head over ears in love with this subtle, sophisticated, graceful girl, who was indebted to her half Russian parentage for her easy method of turning his questions just the roads she desired, and throwing such a brilliant light on the breathing, palpitating present, that the poor shrouded ghosts of the past must needs have no presence there.

"What shall I show you first?" he said, drawing her hand within his arm. "I've made collections of all sorts of bric-a-brac."

"Show me your boomerangs, and dirks, and assegais," she said, laughing.

"Little savage," returned he, that soft light, which is love's peculiarity, illuminating each strongly marked feature. "Come! I will show you something romantic enough! Something that is more human than assegai. Something I have often puzzled over, and in my own clumsy fashion, twisted many a little story out of."

Captain Featherstonhaugh moved away to a curious oak cabinet, which completely filled a deep recess at the end of the room, and after fumbling in his pocket for a key, unlocked a drawer, the contents of which he commenced to turn over, whistling an old negro melody as a sort of accompaniment to his search.

Miss Boscowitch did not follow him. She remained at the mantelpiece, idly touching first one little curio, then another, not wholly happy nor wholly sad; the normal condition of the many.

"Ah! here it is!" came from the other end of the room, in Captain Featherstonhaugh's low, earnest tones.

He was standing facing Miss Boscowitch and shaking something at her. "I was determined not to lose it," he continued. "Who knows? Some day I may find the owner." As he spoke he came striding towards the mantelpiece, where Miss Boscowitch still stood with an air of indolent grace.

In his hand he held an ordinary runaway match-box, which, with a half-amused smile, Miss Boscowitch held out her hand to receive. Captain Featherstonhaugh hesitated a moment, then gave it to her.

"Well! what's in it?" she said.

"Matches, I suppose!—ugh, I believe that you are playing a joke on me." And then she drew the box from the lid, and saw within a little crumpled, stiffened, blood-stained kid glove.

As the kid came into contact with the palm of her hand, she turned deadly white. A question seemed to form itself on lip and eye, but no words came.

"How did it come there?" said Captain Featherstonhaugh, taking the glove from her passive hand. "Why don't you ask, Bertie?"

"Tell me," she said, simply. "Of course you know how narrowly I escaped the massacre of Isandlana?" said Captain Featherstonhaugh. "The First battalion of the second regiment was, as you know, cut to pieces."

"Yes," said Miss Boscowitch, mechanically. "I was sent with a party of officers to identify, if possible, the slain," he went on. "On the bare, bleak field lay the bodies of a score of men I had known and loved. To identify them for the most part, was all but impossible. I saw a photograph of Lady M———lying near a wrecked train; I picked up a ring—"

Captain Featherstonhaugh paused; he put his right foot meditatively on the fender, and gazed at the logs of pine which were blazing merrily and contrasting comfortably with the chill autumnal light, which touched the outside landscape with its own peculiar beauty. Miss Boscowitch had never stirred from the position into which she had sunk.

"I found the glove," he continued, meditatively, "lying at the side of an officer bathed in blood. The name of the officer was—"

Miss Boscowitch had risen with a despairing cry.

"Was?" she gasped. "What does it matter to you, Bertie?" said Captain Featherstonhaugh. "Why do you look like this? What possesses you?"

But she caught his arm, and her eyes sought his so wildly, whilst her lips repeated that one word 'Was' so entreatingly, that Captain Featherstonhaugh forgot his surprise and dawning wrath in fear for her.

"Trelawny," he said, hastily. "Trelawny!" As if repetition were needed. "I knew it! I felt it! Oh, my love! This was my glove!" she exclaimed, in deep emotion, and then she fell back into the rocking-chair and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Looking at the bowed figure of the girl before him, Captain Featherstonhaugh felt that strange mixture of sentiments which spring from a sudden shock. Love and anger fought hard for the mastery within him. He had told her, but a little before, it would only make her even dearer to him. Was it so? A surging, tempestuous passion of words came sweeping upwards to his lips. Why had she not told him the mystery of this glove? He moved away from her, and gazed out with a mighty effort, born of a strong control.

On the rough, wild, solitary moorlands which were stretching away for miles, a couple of large birds were taking lazy flight in that direction. He seemed to hear the beat of their wings. He was taking in each detail of the well-known scene of his home life with that sharpness of sense which is born of a new experience, whether of pleasure or pain.

Between himself and this girl he so loved lay this small, white, blood-stained glove. Destiny had kept it safely locked away in its receptacle, to bring forth at the moment of his newly-found joy; to rob him of its sweetness, by the torture of this sad yet in some sort gracious memory.

It was Miss Boscowitch who broke the stillness that seemed to fill the room after the first wild paroxysm of her grief had passed.

"The glove is mine," she said, brokenly. "I gave it to Captain Trelawny, to whom I was engaged, on the eve of his departure for that terrible campaign. He was to keep it always, carry it into the field of battle, and, on his happy return, it was to be an everlasting witness and badge of our love. I had not forgotten; but I had let the present overlay the past, and now, to-day, as if it were meant, I am met on the very threshold of your home by this strange, taunting question—How did it come there? I ask it painfully, Hugh—Why did it come there?"

Still not looking at Miss Boscowitch, Captain Featherstonhaugh moved and picked up the poor little glove, which lay at her feet. Anger and love had fought hard with him, and love had won the day.

"Did you really love him?" he asked, very sadly.

"Not as I love you—oh, not as I love you," she cried, rising and clinging to him. "I thought I loved him, Hugh; but when I met you, then I knew that I had never really loved Arthur Trelawny."

He bowed his tall form before her, perhaps in homage, perhaps to hide the emotion which overpowered him.

"Bertie, will you let me keep the glove?" he whispered. "It shall be sacred; shall bind us more closely together. Whether you loved him or not, this must be a sorrow to you. Make this sorrow as much yours as mine, as much mine as yours."

Miss Boscowitch could not reply then; but after a little while, in this new, strange, subtle note of sympathy, she ceased to wonder—why it had come there.—Home Journal (Boston.)

Her Legacy Is Just.

A Kingston man left by will a life interest to his widow in a little estate valued at \$2,000, the property after her death to be divided among twelve heirs. There being a small mortgage on this property foreclosure proceedings followed, and the costs of court, lawyer's fees, etc., made the judgment foot up \$1,999. During her life the widow will be entitled to the interest of the remaining dollar, and at her death two of the heirs will receive 20 cents each, five of them will be given 4 cents each, four of them will be given 5 cents each, and one of them will receive the annual interest on 25 cents during his life.—New York Press.