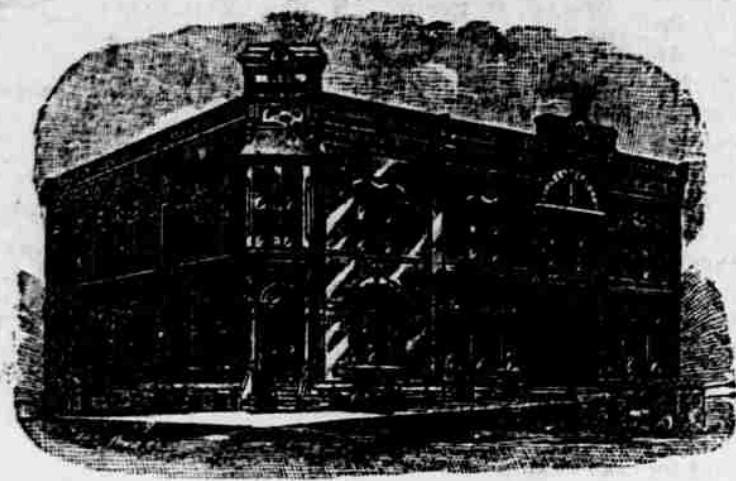


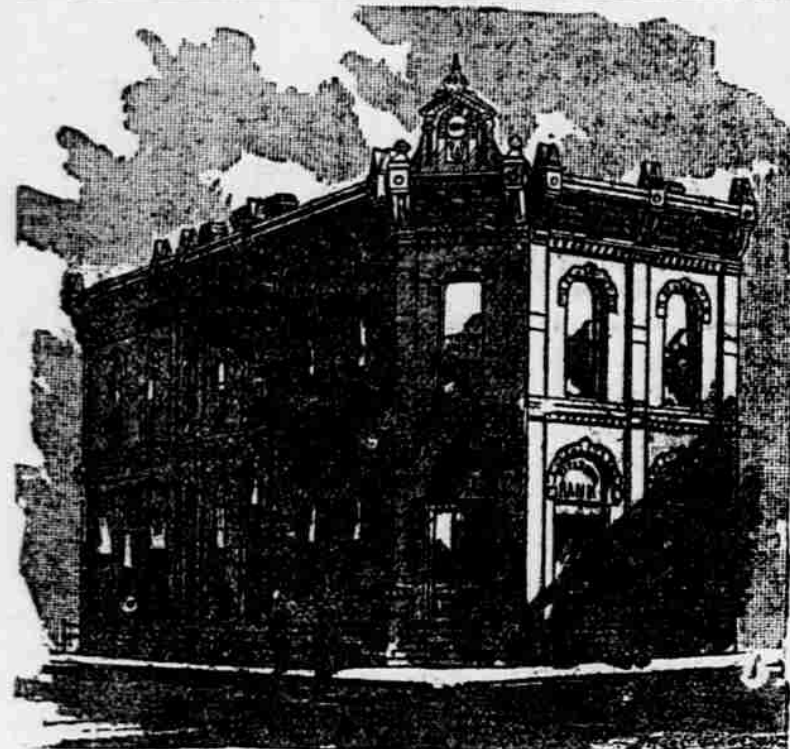
The - First - National - Bank.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS:
\$60,000.



AUTHORIZED CAPITAL:
\$100,000.

GEORGE HOCKNELL, President. B. M. FREES, Vice President. W. F. LAWSON, Cashier.
A. CAMPBELL, Director. S. L. GREEN, Director.



The Citizens Bank of McCook.

INCORPORATED UNDER STATE LAWS.

Paid Up Capital, \$50,000.

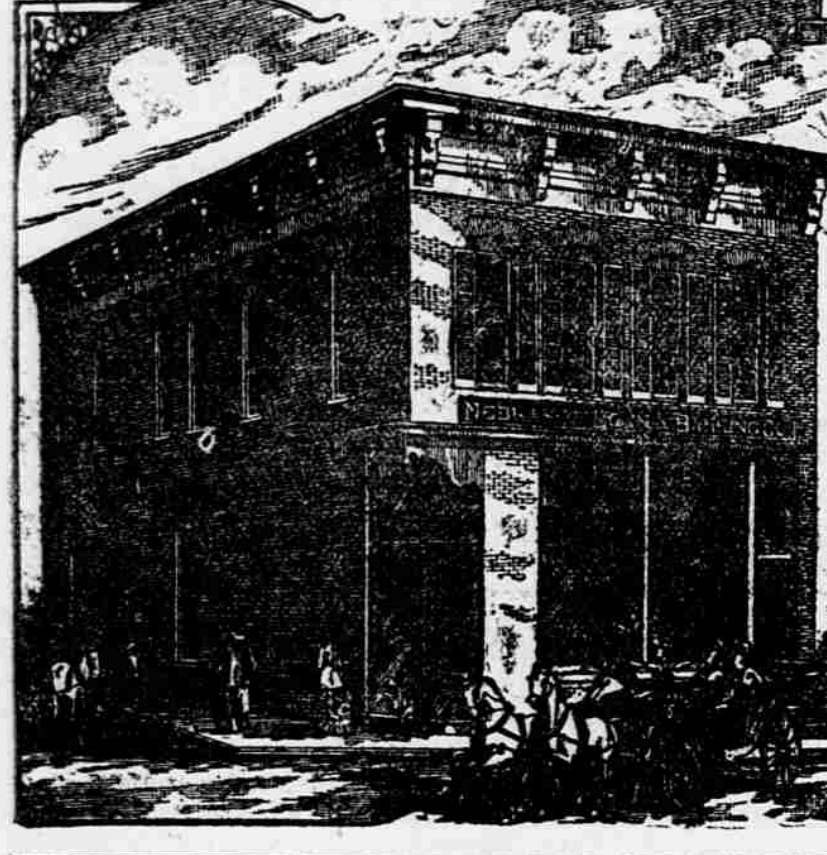
DOES A

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.



BANK - OF - MCCOOK.

Paid up Capital, \$50,000.00.

General Banking Business.

Interest paid on deposits, by special agreement.

Money loaned on personal property, good signatures or satisfactory collateral.

Drafts drawn on the principal cities of the United States and Europe.

OFFICERS:
C. E. SHAW, Pres. JAY OLNEY, Vice Pres.
CHAS. A. VAN PELT, Cash. P. A. WELLS, Asst. Cash.

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

8 1/2 AT 8 1/2 PER CENT. 8 1/2

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.

C. H. BOYLE,

LAND - ATTORNEY,
Six years' experience in Government Land Cases.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office upstairs in the Scott building, south of Commercial Hotel, McCook, Neb.

THE - COMMERCIAL - HOTEL,

GEO. E. JOHNSON, Prop.
McCOOK, - NEBRASKA.

This house has been completely renovated and furnished throughout, and is first-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

A. J. RITTENHOUSE, W. R. STARR,
McCook, Indianola.

RITTENHOUSE & STARR,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
OFFICES AT
McCOOK AND INDIANOLA.

J. BYRON JENNINGS,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW
Will practice in the state and United States courts, and before the U. S. Land office. Careful attention given to collections. Office over the Nebraska Loan and Banking Co., McCook.

THOS. COLFER,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Real Estate Bought and Sold and Collections made. Money loaned on real estate and final proof. Agent Lincoln Land Co. Office in Phillips-Meeker block.

HUGH W. COLE,

LAWYER.
McCOOK, - NEBRASKA.
Will practice in all courts. Commercial and Corporation law a specialty.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Rooms 4 and 5 First National Bank Building.

Dr. A. P. WELLES,

HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
McCOOK, - NEBRASKA.
Special attention given to diseases of Women and Children. The latest improved methods of Electricity used in all cases requiring such treatment. Office over McMillen's Drug Store. Residence, North Main Street.

B. B. DAVIS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
McCOOK - NEBRASKA.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Have associated with me in practice.

Dr. C. H. JONES,

who will answer calls promptly in town or country. Rooms: Over First National Bank.

BUCKLIN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. McMillen.

LOSSES.

Speed had not served, strength had not flowed a-min.
Heart had not braced me for this journey's strain.
Had I foreseen what losses must be met;
But drooping lose! was I never yet!

So rich in losses through long years I've grown.
So rich in losses (and so proud, I own)
Myself pity not, but only such
As have not had, nor therefore left so much

Behind me ever grew a hungry vast
Which travellers fear to face, but call the Past;
So much it won from me I can but choose
To exult that I've so little lost to lose.

When that shall go, as fain it is to go
(Like some full sail when winds of voyage blow),
At this late nick of time to murmur sore
Were idle, since so much I've lost before!

So much I've lost, lost out of hand, ah, yes!
But were that all my fortune I could bless;
For whosoever aught has slipped away,
Some dearer thing has gone to find the stray.

And then, to find the fender loth and slow,
Yet dearer thing my wistful heart let go,
With hope like his whose glancing arrow gave
The clew to Pari-Banou's palace cave.

Perchance one loss the more regains the whole,
Lost loves and faith and young delight of soul;
I'm losing, what? ah, life, join then the quest;
It may be, to be lost, is not unblest!

—Edith M. Thomas in The Independent.

LOSING HER HOLD.

THE schoolmaster and his wife, after morning meeting was over, took their way as usual down Prout's Lane, and across the hill homeward. The path was narrow; the dominie walked first. He made a remark at long intervals to his wife behind him, but without looking back.

"Squire wasn't out. Reckon his lumbago's worse?"
"S likely."

"The doctor had his little grandchild with him. I suppose his daughter has come for the Summer."
"I reckon she has."

There was a long silence after that, broken only by the buzz of the bees in the red clover and the ch-k-k of the grasshoppers through the hot grass. The old man stopped as he always did on Sunday, to see how much corn in the lower field had grown during the week, and to gaze meditatively at the pigs in their pen. But Mrs. Holmes had no thoughts to-day for the pigs or corn. She walked with her head bent on her breast, almost forgetting to hold up the skirt of her Sunday merino out of the grass. There had been a strange preacher that day—an old man with a quick, sharp tone, like the call of a horn to wandering sheep—very different from Father Langley's prolonged drowsy hum. One or two of his sentences rang in Ann Holmes's ears:

"While you live, live! You wrap yourselves in selfishness and fat content as in grave-clothes before you are dead. The world is full of your brothers, starving, cold ignorant. Go to them! You owe them service to the last breath of your life."

Mrs. Holmes had asked the doctor's wife anxiously what she thought of the sermon, as they came out of the church-yard.

Mrs. Perry shook her head contemptuously.
"He's one of these half-cracked, sensation preachers. What has Amity township to do with the starving poor? We keep up our almshouse well. Let the big towns see to their own paupers!"

Ann was confounded for the moment, but she remained uneasy. That hint about the grave-clothes seemed personal hit at herself. Could the man know—?

She hurried past the schoolmaster when they reached their own gate, going up the spotless board-walk with beds of geraniums and roses on either side, to the door. She could not resist a complacent glance at those beds. Not a weed; the brown earth sifted fine and smooth! There was no such garden in the village; no kitchen so exquisitely neat, no parlor so speckless and prim. Surely her conscience told her, she was a good Christian woman, fulfilling her duty, and had no cause for the wretch and misery of soul which she felt just now.

She went up the stairs to her own chamber, laid off her bonnet carefully, and then unlocked a drawer in the press. She did not need to lift the white towels. She knew perfectly well what was pinned up in them. The underclothing of snowy white linen, the worked flannels, the woolen shroud. She had put in every stitch in them. Could the man have known?

Every matron in Amity had her "funeral suit" provided. It was a matter of pride to them, just as Mrs. B. in Boston would delight in her old Satsuma or her Corot. The Amity people gloried in their new cemetery. The Holmeses had their lot like the rest; a narrow one, for there were only two to be buried in it. Ann had her choicest roses set out there. She had directed in her will every detail of the trimming on her coffin.

Sue thrust her hand under the

shroud now, and pulled out a little bag of gold coin. They were the savings of years; pennies scrimped out of clothes, milk, meat. They were to pay for the handsome granite monument, "Erected to the memory of Daniel Holmes and Ann his wife."

"While you live—live!"
She dropped the bag as if some one had spoken at her back, locked the drawer and went down stairs.

The "piece" was spread as usual on Sunday noons; flaky bread, clover-scented honey, delicious pies. Ann, as she cut the pie, was confronted by a sense of spiritual well-being. No woman made such crust in Amity. No woman was more faithful at meeting, at Sunday-school, at missionary society. In what had she come short? her starved soul demanded of its Maker. Every duty great and small, had been well finished.

Mrs. Holmes was fifty-five years of age, but she was used to speak of herself as near her grave. She twisted up her hair in a wisp, and wore the scuttle bonnets proper to old age. The work of life, she held, was finished for her and Daniel. They had paid for the farm, so that when one died the other was sure of maintenance; the farm and house were in perfect order, the cemetery lot was bought. The money for the monument was a kind of thrilling embroidery on this perfected life the handsome flourish to the signature which closed the deed.

As she sat pouring out the tea, thinking those things over, her husband "reckoned" again that the squire's lumbago was bad, and that the doctor's daughter was at home. Then he yawned drearily, and fell asleep in his chair in the sun.

How much of his time he spent in yawning and sleeping: Yet thirty years ago Daniel Holmes was an eager teacher, keeping well abreast with the knowledge of his time, living in the world of books, newspapers, music and pictures. She too had been a live woman then. But they had come out of town into this village and set themselves to scrape together money to buy this farm. What was this change that had come to them? Had they been really spinning their grave-clothes out of selfishness?

Ann went to afternoon service; but she did not hear a word of Father Langley's discourse. She was back in town; long forgotten voices sounded in her ears. There was Dan's brother Jack, poor fellow! She saw him plainly in the crowd. A gay, affectionate lad who might have turned out well if he had been guided! But he had married a feather-headed girl, and Ann, out of patience, had turned them both adrift.

As they walked home that evening she said to her schoolmaster, "How long is it since we heard from John, Danell?"

He did not reply at first, but when he did it was with a strained, annoyed voice.

"Twenty-six year."
"I wish I and Abby could have hit it off together. I am 'feared that it was not right to shove him off, with neither money nor religion for a staff."

Daniel made no reply, but Ann understood his silence as a more bitter reproach than words.

The next morning she brought to him a small canvas bag.

"There is some money I have saved for buryin' expenses, Danell," she said. "I'd like to take it instead for us to spend a week in Philadelphia."

"What tomfoolery's that?"
"There's no poor folk in Amity, 'n maybe we might see some there as we could give—advice to. And you could look up the libraries and museums."

"Nonsense!"
But his eye paused, attentive.
"And maybe we might meet John."
"Here, put the money away; I'll bank it," he growled.

But four days later Amity was shaken to its centre by the news that the schoolmaster and his wife had gone for an outing in Philadelphia.

"There's a queer customer," whispered one of the attendants in the old Franklin Library to another a week afterwards. "He comes every day, and goes from shelf to shelf breathless, as if he had not touched a book for years. Been buried in the country, I suppose."

"And why should anybody who could live out of doors and dig, want to smell this musty leather?" grumbled the other lad, who was lean and stooped, with an ugly cough.

He went up to Daniel, however, and helped him in his explorations.

Our country pilgrims put up at an old-fashioned inn in the lower part of the city. Daniel came back to it at night fairly panting with the triumphs of his researches. He had visited kindergartens, industrial schools and museums, where art and science were taught without charge to the poorest.

"As for the libraries, whole continents of knowledge have been discovered while I was dozing and snoring in Amity," he exclaimed.

Ann had made her rounds among the asylums, the hospitals for children, and free classes, the creches. Her cold gray eyes were dim and wet.

"Half the world seem to be cold and hungry, and the other half are working to warm and feed them," she said. "And I could find nothing to do but to make fine my shroud and gravestone. But have you got any trace of John or Abby, Danell?"

"No; I doubt it's no use, Ann."
But as Ann woke day by day, and got her hold upon the world again, her search became more energetic. One day she came in at noon red with excitement.

"I've found them, Danell! That is to say, John and Abby are dead; but they've left three children. The oldest boy supports them, and he is that consumptive lad in the library you took such a fancy to. Come right along! Don't stop for dinner! Come! Three children! And the Lord never before gave us one!"

Mrs. Ann Holmes's house is no longer the neatest in Amity. The chubby little girl of fourteen who helps her in the kitchen leaves her work and school-books here and there, and the baby who tugs after Ann from morning till night drops her greasy bread and butter even in the sacred parlor, unrebuked.

"What's a clean floor compared with the flesh coming on to their bones!" she asked, triumphantly. "Look at Albert! He's another boy. He's a born farmer. That library was killing him."

"I'll have no abuse of libraries," Daniel says. "I'm going up for study twice a year. It doesn't do to lose your hold on the world. You've got to keep step while you live."

"Yes," Ann replies absently. She is looking out a hymn simple enough for Abby to understand, and after that she is going to make some flannel petticoats for baby before cold weather comes. They are cut out and folded neatly in her basket, and the drawer up stairs which held her fine shroud is empty.—Congregationalist.

The Number Seven in The Bible.

American Notes and Queries.

On the seventh day God ended his work.

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground.

In seven days a dove was sent. Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph. Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years more. Jacob pursued a seven day's journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven years of full and seven years of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tent.

For seven days the land rested. Every seventh day the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the wall seven times, and at the end of the seventh round, the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

The golden candlestick had seven branches. Naaman washed seven times in the River Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered bullocks and seven rams for atonement.

Our Savior spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung for seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times.

In the Apocalypse we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven Virgins, seven angels and a seven-headed monster.

Always Carry a Bible.

A clerk in one of the Third street banks made himself solid with the president of the bank some years ago, probably by accident, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He lived up the road and carried a good-sized basket, in which he brought his lunch in the morning and took out his marketing and groceries in the evening. One day after finishing his lunch he left his basket on a desk in the bank. The president came along after awhile and accidentally knocked it off onto the floor. In the fall the basket came open and a Bible fell out. "What are you doing with a Bible in your basket?" asked the president. "I read it every day on the train going to and from the bank," answered the clerk. The president immediately increased his salary and told him that his place was secure so long as he remained president. The president retired several years ago, but the clerk still holds his position in the bank.

The Spoils System Must Go.

A distinguished clergyman of New York, whose theme on Sunday last was that of the misgovernment of that great city, said: "If it were not a hard fact of the last decade of the nineteenth century of the Christian era who would believe that among the most generally intelligent people of the world it is a cardinal principle of the average man that the vast business affairs of civic, state, and national government can be successfully managed by making public office the booty of political campaigns?"

This statement, as it is made, is an admission that among the most generally intelligent people of the world the average citizen intrusts the vast business, the government itself, of the city, state, and nation, to those whose political creed is all contained in the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils."—Philadelphia Ledger.