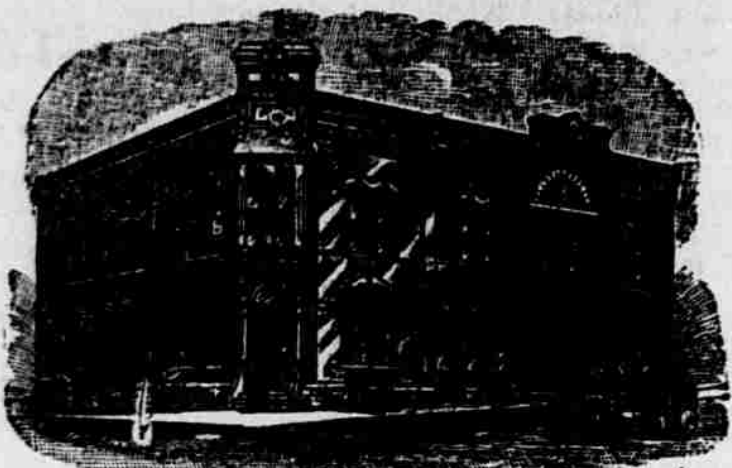


- The - First - National - Bank. -

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS:
\$60,000.

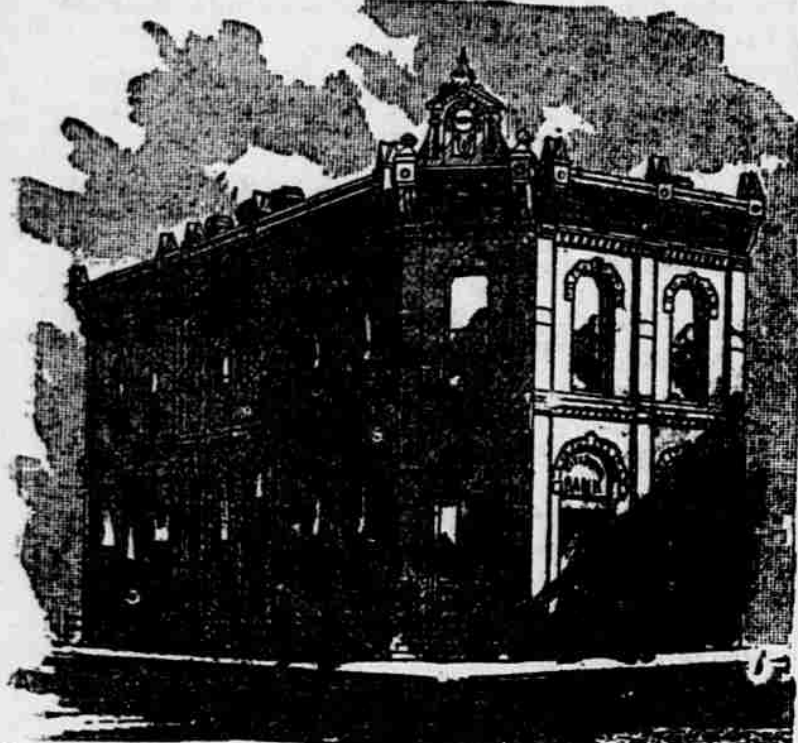


AUTHORIZED CAPITAL:
\$100,000.

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.

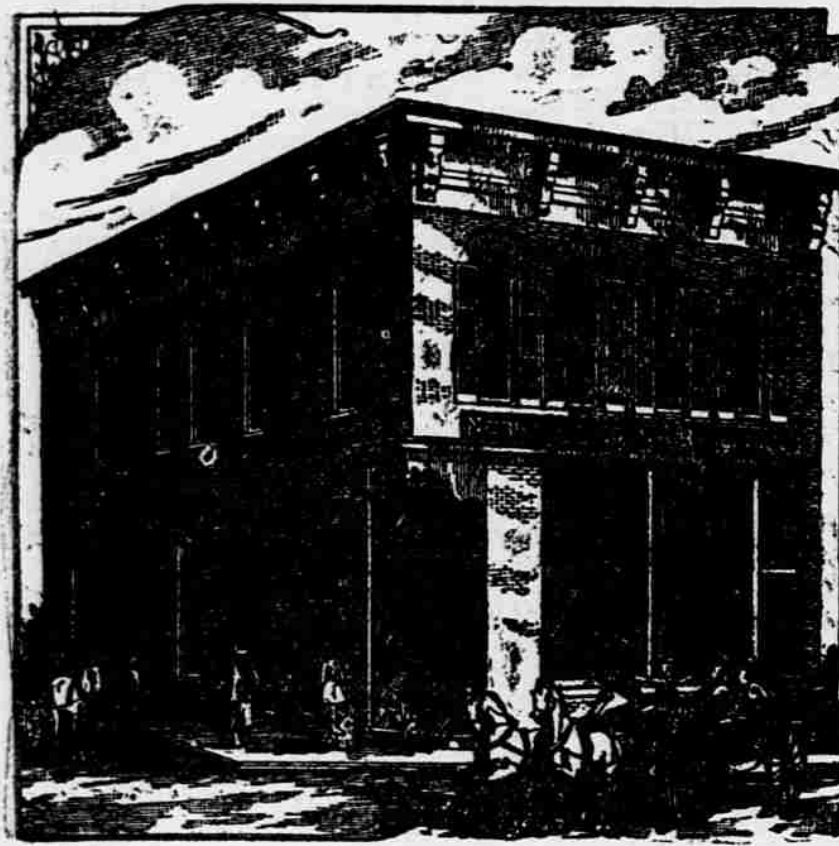
TICKETS FOR SALE TO AND FROM EUROPE

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.



BANK - OF - MCGOOK.

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.

McCOK, - NEBRASKA.

This house has been completely renovated and refurnished 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 first mortgage. Agent Lincoln Land Co. Office in Phillips-Meeker block.

HUGH W. COLE,

LAWYER.

McCOK, - 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,

McCOK, - 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

McCOK - NEBRASKA.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m. I 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.

"NOW I LAY ME."

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest,
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars,
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children—
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children—
And the mother's head drops low
(One from out her fold is sleeping,
Deep beneath the winter's snow),
"Take our souls," and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of her garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls, that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We, who fight beneath those banners
Meeting ranks of foremen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple, vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp the standard
Which, to-day, you watch from far,
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In the universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warning of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
When far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies,
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth
Take our souls eternally.

—Hartford Times.

MR. BARNES' NEW WIFE.

From the New York Tribune.

DECLARE she's the handsomest woman 't walks into the Ransom meet'n house. Barnes must of had his eyes open when he picked her out."

It was Mr. Whiting who expressed this opinion. He and his wife were picking early peas in their "high garden," as they called the patch nearest the house.

Mrs. Whiting did not reply immediately, but she went on with her work with such energy that the pea-vines suffered at her hands. When her husband repeated with unctious "the handsomest woman," she exclaimed: "I heard you plain 'nough, Zenas. You're jest like the rest of the men. They all think they never seen nothin' like her. 'N' she does look well, I ain't disputin' of that."

"'N' her figger!" unwisely went on Mr. Whiting, as he dropped a handful of peas into the pan. "'N' her walk. We ain't seen no such in Ransom sence that woman from New Orleans was boardin' down to Bankes. Where'd you say he found her?"

"Over beynd Bellin'ham, Sarah Ripley said. She knows of her folks," was the unenthusiastic reply.

After awhile Mr. Whiting brought another handful of pods, and said that "Women was odd. He didn't see for his part, why they couldn't own up when they see a face 'n' figger like Barnes' new wife."

"'Twouldn't hurt them none."

Mrs. Whiting straightened herself up from the vines. She looked intently at the current bushes and apparently addressed her remarks to them:

"Taint no use to try and make men know anything," she said. Then glancing down at her husband, who was sitting on his heels and very busy, she continued:

"'In, thinkin' of his first wife. Poor Marthy! It's jest thirteen months 'n' six days sence she died; 'n' a blessed release to her. I hope she's with her son Barney. If there's any justice in God's laws she's a-resting with her son."

The woman spoke with almost tearful earnestness. She turned and looked toward the tall white house that stood behind its elms and lilacs a short distance down the road.

"I tell you, Zenas, 'f I know anything 'bout folks by their faces, Sam Barnes 'll have di'run't time with his second wife from what he did with his first. I hope he will, 'n' I shall see it. It'll do me a sight of good to see him stan' round. Let him take his turn, I say. He's had most thirty year bein' boss."

"'N' yet Barnes is a good fair 'n' square man to deal with, 'n' reg'lar member of the church," said Mr. Whiting.

"I know all that," responded Mrs. Whiting, "but you ain't never ben his wife."

"No more ain't you," said Zenas, with his comfortable laugh.

"Thank the Lord for that!" was the fervent answer.

Then the two glanced at each other and in their eyes was something which might have led an observer to believe that, after all, marriage was not always a failure.

When both were steadily and silently at work again there was heard a voice from the other side of the wall where the load lay.

"I didn't mean to borrow so soon, Mrs. Whiting, but will you lend me a nutmeg? I want to make some dried apple pie. Mr. Barnes is fond of hot pie for supper."

The man and woman in the garden stood up suddenly.

Leaning on the wall in an indolent attitude was a tall woman whose figure hinted somewhat at redundancy, but whose corset confined her waist so that, as yet, the hint was not too pronounced. The dark, thin gown was very plain, but it fitted with a perfection never seen in Ransom, except perhaps in the case of that "lady from New Orleans." The people in this town were not in the habit of seeing a woman's shoulders and hips accentuated in that way, and to the feminine rural mind there almost seemed something immodest in a gown like that. "It was so diff'rent, you know." But they couldn't help admiring the effect, and envying.

Mrs. Whiting recovered her powers of speech so that she could bid the other "come right in," for she had plenty of nutmegs, and she knew dried apples pies was mighty flat things without a good deal of spice.

Mrs. Barnes went round to the back gate and sauntered down the path. She stopped and spoke to Mr. Whiting, and smiled at him. She was one of those whose voice and glance keep their special sweetness for men. Without having a distinctly formulated belief, she was acted on the supposition that men might be "worth while," but that women never were. Her eyes were large and dark, and they were both hard and voluptuous. Her mouth was thin and pale-lipped, but it was very expressive.

Mr. Whiting, replying to her word and smile, watched her as she disappeared in the house. He wished to follow her, but he kept on with his work. He told himself that Sam Barnes was a thunderin' lucky man, and he wondered if that was the kind of women they had out beyond Bellin'ham.

A few days later Sarah Ripley announced that not only had the "new Miss Barnes" been married before, but that she had been married twice before. Her first husband had died and was buried. The history of her second husband was not, however, so straightforward. He had neglected to die and be buried, and was roaming at large in the world. He had run away from her. It was said that he had declared before disappearing that "if Charlotte won't the devil she was jest as good as the devil."

This was strong language, and no wonder the man had not returned after having made use of it.

Sarah Ripley paid a visit to that remotetown whence Mr. Barnes had brought his wife, and when Sarah returned she was much sought after by the whole feminine neighborhood. She was not reticent in regard to the information she had gleaned. She said that Mr. Fickett, the second husband, had been heard of "out west, somewhere," that Mr. Barnes had spent a pile of money in getting a divorce from him for Charlotte, so that he, Barnes, could wed Charlotte, for he was regularly bewitched with her. "There had never been no man so bewitched before," Sarah said confidently to each person to whom she related the tale. "Folks did say he was jest like a man run crazy. He had been heard to declare by three diff'rent people that he'd spend every cent he'd got but that Charlotte should have that bill and be free to marry. 'N' Fickett'd ben jest so 'fore he got her. I'd know what there is 'bout her, but some women be so."

Thus Miss Sarah Ripley, concerning whom no man, in all her forty years of life, had ever "run crazy." For two or three months Mr. Barnes went round like a man in a state of beatitude. He even sold his pigs for less than the market price, having for the first time in his life neglected to inform himself what the "go in price" really was. Worse than that, when informed that the trader had taken advantage of his ignorance, he had smiled happily and had replied that "he guessed it didn't make no odds." Several neighbors were sharp enough to improve this lapse and get a few "good bargains out of Sam Barnes."

There were changes in the house, too; it was painted and papered and refurnished. It was opened also. The sacred "south parlor," was a sight to see with its plush chairs in place of the horse hair chairs, and with its open doors and blinds. Mrs. Barnes said she didn't like to do heavy housework, and they had a hired girl who kept the neighborhood informed as to the progress of Sam's infatuation. There were visitors, too, and brisk talk and laughter were heard from among those clumps of lilac.

Mrs. Whiting watched all these proceedings with unfailing intensity of interest. She said she wanted to see them folks over there git to the end of the rope. They'd git to it, and she thought it would be sooner rather than later. When Sam Barnes got over his blindness he'd jest put his foot down agin 'n' folks would stop gigglin' there."

In the course of the summer it was rumored that Mr. Barnes had "moggidged his house." On the very same day, at a Baptist picnic, there ran a whisper all through the company that "Mis' Barnes went to bed every night with her face tied up in a raw beefsteak."

"Porterhouse?" questioned the minister when this news was told him. But whether the steak was porterhouse or plebian "round" was never really ascertained, owing to the remissness of the hired girl.

In those days Mrs. Whiting returned, after some fluctuations, so the belief that, after all Mrs. Barnes would be too much for her husband and he would never resume his way again. Sam was growing thin and he had lost his beauefied expression.

When he went to meet 'n' with his

wife it was generally noticed that he no longer sat so close to her in the pew, and he did not look at her so often; but her smile seemed just as sweet, and she was often bestowing that smile upon her husband.

"I guess things is kinder settlin' down over to Barnes's," said Mr. Whiting, "but he'll never be the same man agin. Those buggy's that?"

Hestepped out from the back door that he might see more plainly a dashing black horse and glittering buggy which were stopping at his gate. Mrs. Whiting ran to the front entry and peeped out. She saw a man alight from the buggy and carefully hitch the horse to the post. He was smoking a very long, thick cigar. He had on yellow gloves, with broad, black stitching on the backs; also a tall silk hat, so glossy that it seemed to radiate black light; also dove colored trousers and a white waistcoat; across the latter was draped a good deal of chain which held slides and dangling things called charms. He was fat; he had a long mustache and "a goatee" so visibly dyed as to appear to be ready to soil anything with which his face should come in contact.

He walked up the path to the front door and knocked. Mrs. Whiting had been peeping through the side-lights, and she now opened the door with unexpected promptness, so that she received a whiff of tobacco smoke directly in her face and was seized with a fit of coughing. The stranger threw his cigar away and took off his hat with a large flourish, which revealed a bald head.

By this time Mr. Whiting had made his way round to the front of the house and was standing close to the step-stone, filled with curiosity, but determined not to speak first.

"My name is Fickett, Leander Fickett," said the man, as if he were conferring a favor.

Mr. Whiting nodded, and Mrs. Whiting tried desperately to stop coughing that she might hear the better.

"I was told," went on the stranger in a way perfectly in keeping with his trousers and his chains and his gloves, "that Mr. Samuel Barnes resided here. Be you him?" looking at Mr. Whiting, who said slowly:

"No, I ain't him; 'n' he don't reside here."

"From that minute," said Mrs. Whiting, in relating the incident afterward "from that minute I knew something was up 'bout that woman."

That woman meant Mr. Barnes' second wife.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Barnes does reside?" was the next question.

"I can," was the answer. But before giving the information Zenas thought he would ask a question:

"Who be you?"

"I told you, Leander Fickett."

The two who heard him say this were trying in vain to recall when they had before heard that name.

"Yes, but who be you?" retorted Mr. Whiting.

"I am," said Mr. Fickett, in his large way, "I am Mr. Samuel Barnes' wife's husband."

Mr. Whiting whistled. He looked at his helpmeet, who actually gasped as she returned his glance.

"Can't ye come in?" she inquired in a voice which curiosity made cordial.

Now Leander Fickett was a man who would rather talk about himself than to do anything else. He knew he was well worth talking about. His visit to the residence of Mr. Barnes could wait.

He accepted the invitation and was soon sitting on the best hair-cloth chair in the Whiting parlor. The chair creaked but it bore up. The first thing Mr. Fickett told his companions was that he was worth more than a million dollars, and that in two years more he should be worth double that sum—all out of the Leander Star mine. He had come back after his wife.

"He guessed them divorce papers didn't amount to much. He guessed he 'n' Mr. Barnes could arrange it. Charlotte always did like to handle money. He'd had some trouble with Charlotte, but he kind of hankered to give her the handlin' of some of that money. He didn't reckon there'd be much difficulty. He considered that he could make it all straight with Mr. Barnes. Folks want 'so partickler 'bout such things out where he'd ben. He was willin' to do the fair thing; but he guessed he'd take Charlotte back with him; he guessed she'd go."

He was right in his surmises. Charlotte did go.

On this particular day Mr. Barnes was absent until nightfall. When he returned there was only the hired girl in the house. She told him that "Mis' Barnes'd gone off to ride with a gentleman, 'n' didn't say when she should come back."

She did not come back. The next day Mr. Barnes received a letter signed "Charlotte Fickett." The letter explained that she, the writer, had always felt compunctions about marrying another man while her husband was still living, and that her love for Mr. Barnes had overruled her conscience. Now, however, her conscience had become too much for her and she could go against it no longer. She obeyed the voice of duty, and, at the same time, the voice of Leander Fickett.

Mr. Barnes turned off his hired girl. He lives alone and does his own housework as well as his farmwork. He looks seventy. People say he "ain't so sharp in a bargain" he used to be, and naturally they think he has "soft'n'ia of the brain."

Mrs. Whiting asserts that if it 'twas "soft'n'ia of the heart she should have some hcpes of him."