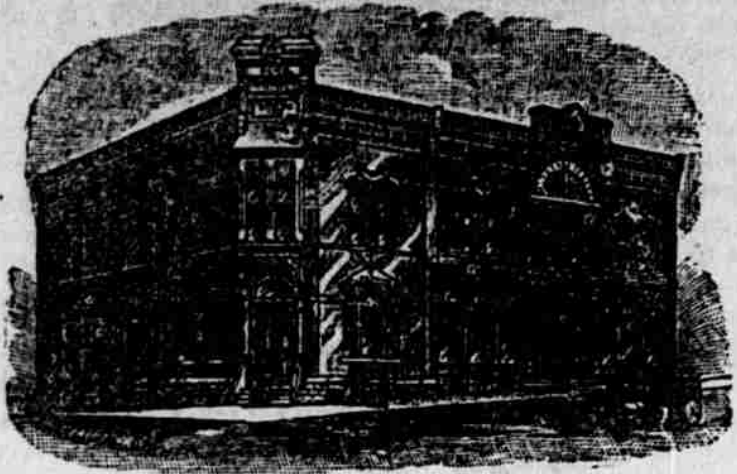


The - First - National - Bank -

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS:
\$60,000.

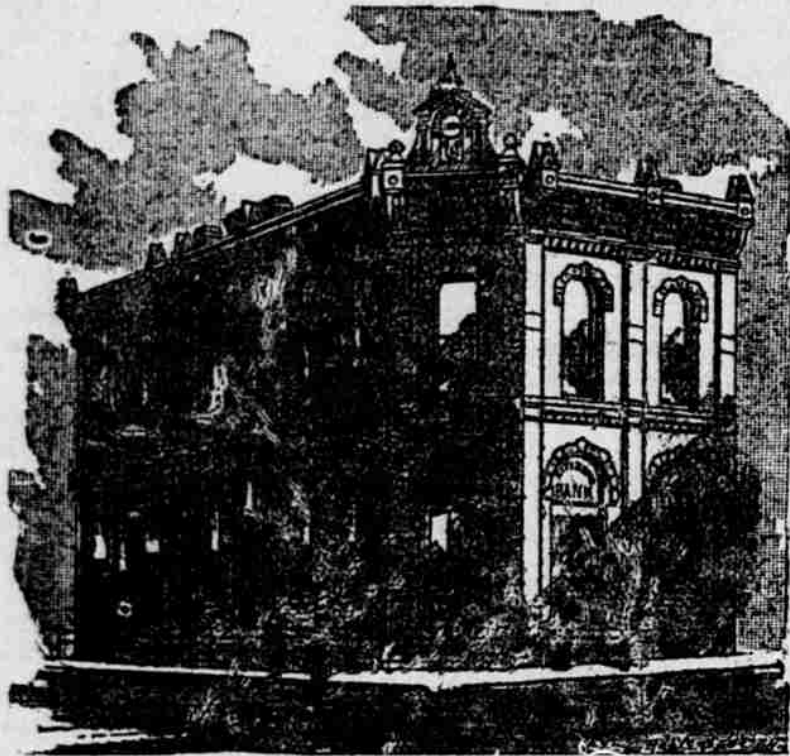


AUTHORIZED CAPITAL:
\$100,000.

GEORGE HOCKNELL, President.
A. CAMPBELL, Director.

B. M. FREES, Vice President.
S. L. GREEN, Director.

W. F. LAWSON, Cashier.



The Citizens Bank of McCook.

INCORPORATED UNDER STATE LAWS.

Paid Up Capital, \$50,000.

DOES A

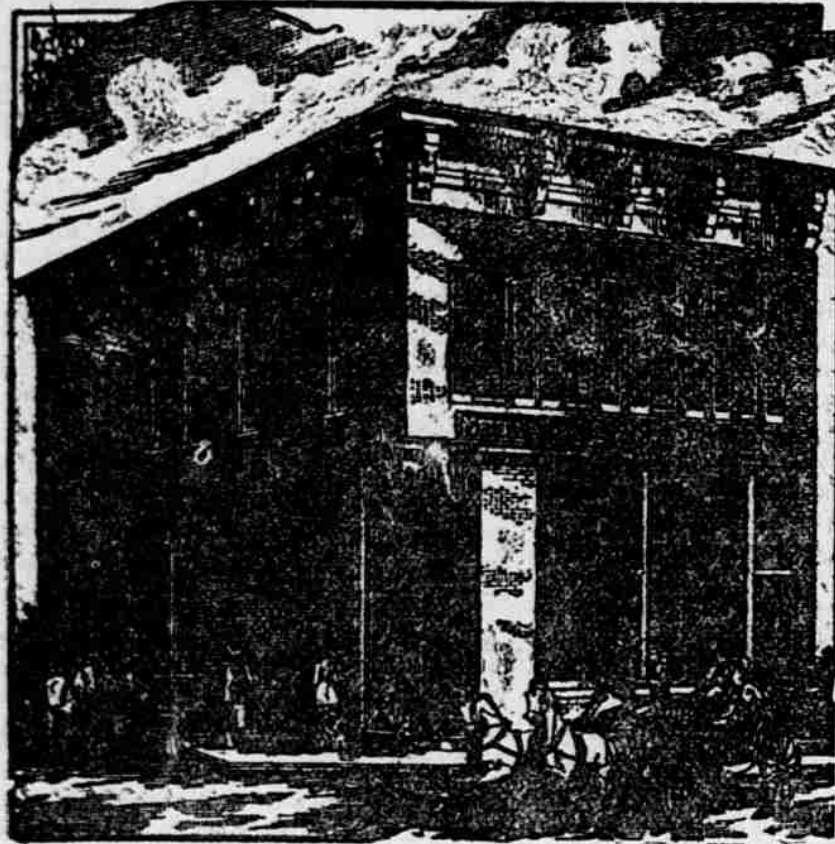
General Banking Business.

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. L. 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.

A NIGHT OF STORM.



JUST lock up your rooms, Marjorie, and go down with us for a few weeks," said Miss Alixe Walton, coaxingly. "You know you can't do any work worth mentioning during the heated term, and—"

She was going to say, "You will only be consuming your hard-earned money if you remain here," but after the briefest hesitation tactfully added instead:

"You know we shall be only too delighted to have your society."

"Thank you, Alixe," said Marjorie, with a grateful glance at her friend from under her brown lashes. But her pale, proud lips trembled almost imperceptibly, and for a while longer he hesitated about accepting the kindly invitation.

She was just a poor music-teacher, and the prospect of staying in town while nearly all her pupils were out of it, during the sultry days of mid-summer, and using up the small sum she had, while earning nothing with which to replace it, was not a pleasant one; while, on the other hand, the alternative offered her of spending her enforced vacation in a cool, airy cottage by the seaside was, indeed, very, very tempting to the tired, hard-worked girl.

But she was sensitively proud, and shrunk from the thought of receiving the many benefits which some of her wealthy acquaintances—and particularly Miss Alixe Walton—were so willing to bestow upon her.

"Come, what do you say, Marjorie?" persisted Alixe, after allowing a few minutes for consideration. "But of course it will be 'yes,' since that is the only sensible decision which you could possibly make. Very well, then,"—giving Marjorie no chance to contradict her—"we are going down next week, and early in the following week we shall expect you to join us without fail."

And so, with a kiss and one of her most coaxing smiles, the pretty, imperious daughter of wealth and fashion won the coveted answer from Marjorie's self-reliant lips almost before the latter was aware of it.

"The proud little bohemian!" laughed Miss Alixe softly under her breath, as she ran lightly down to the carriage waiting for her at the curb. "She would almost rather swelter here in town, and perhaps half-starve in the bargain, than to accept anything that looks like patronage."

"But, thank goodness! she cannot doubt the reality of my friendship. And she might have all those comforts and luxuries of her very own if she only would, for I'm certain that Parke Griswold—Ah!"—pausing abruptly, with one dainty foot on the carriage-step, as a new idea seemed to strike her—"why didn't I think of that before? Mr. Griswold will be a charming addition to our small circle, but it will never do to give pretty Miss Marjorie a hint of that!"

It was one of the most charmingly picturesque spots imaginable on the Atlantic coast.

A little back from the ocean stood the spacious Walton college, its long windows everywhere opening upon wide and airy verandas, and thence to the broad stretch of velvety lawn, with its brilliant flower-beds and sparkling fountains.

In vivid contrast between that and the sea lay the white, shingly beach, while just below the smooth shore changed to one of rough and rugged grandeur, great rocky points and cliffs jutting sharply into the moaning waters.

Just now the whole picturesque scene was flooded with the soft, golden afterglow of sunset, and the beauty of it had drawn everybody out upon the lawn or the beach below.

A little apart from the others, the soft, rippling waves curling almost to their feet, stood Miss Walton and Marjorie Trevor, the latter looking distractingly lovely in one of the simple white gowns that she usually wore and a bright-colored light wrap drawn gracefully about her shoulders.

They were chatting away in merry, girlish fashion, when Alixe, turning her head suddenly, caught sight of a tall masculine figure striding toward them from the lawn.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, with a petulant little air of vexation which seemed charmingly natural. "Here comes Mr. Griswold. I shall have to postpone my story until a more convenient time, Marjorie."

"Oh, don't go, Alixe!" cried Marjorie, almost pleadingly, laying a detaining hand on her companion's arm as she turned to flit away.

Alixe laughed. "I shouldn't, dear, if I didn't know that the gentleman doesn't take the least bit of interest in my society. And it is so embarrassing to feel one's self de trop that I really can't do it even to please you, Marjorie."

And the next moment she was flitting up the beach past Mr. Griswold, who merely pausing to exchange a laughing word or two with her, hastened on to join Marjorie, now standing silent and motionless, her back toward him and her brown eyes

gazing wistfully out over the sighing sea.

For awhile he stood beside her, talking of the sunset glories all about them; then they strolled on down the sands toward the craggy points below.

"Let me sit here, Marjorie," he said, and she started a little at that name which he used now for the first time. "I have something to tell you, I have waited so long—so patiently! But you will listen to me now, Marjorie—with tender pleading in his voice—"I must tell you what is in my heart."

She sunk down mechanically upon the large, flat rock which he had designated, her lips pressed together, her sweet face very pale, and a pained half-frightened look in the large brown eyes which were so persistently averted from the tender glances bent upon her.

In silence she listened to the avowal which she could parry no longer.

But when it was ended, and he turned to her with flushed, expectant face, awaiting her answer, she shook off the spell and spoke to him in low tones which, though sweet and pitying as music, fell like ice on the passionate fever of his heart.

"I am sorry," she answered, simply. "You know I have done all I could to avoid this, Mr. Griswold. I understand all that it would mean to me—your love. Believe me, I would accept it gladly if—I had a heart to give you in return. But I have not, so I must beg you to forget me, and to bestow your love upon some other—some one who will cherish it as you deserve."

"Then you love another, Marjorie?" he asked, huskily. "Tell me—the truth. If I must lose you—"

He stopped, for his voice failed him, and he looked away from the lovely face beside him, with a changed expression on his own that touched Marjorie to the heart.

"There is very little to tell," she answered, sadly. "The story is brief and simple enough, but it killed my heart. I loved once, Mr. Griswold, with all the strength and passion of my soul. Like you, he was rich and handsome, and I thought—yes, even now, I still believe—that he was true and noble and generous—all that a man should be. But trouble came between us, we parted in bitter anger, and he went away. He vowed that he would put the ocean between us and never look upon my face again. I have heard since that he was married to a beautiful English girl, and—that is all. But you see now why I have no love to give any one. My heart is dead," she repeated with infinite mournfulness, her great, soft brown eyes turning again to the sea that was growing gray and lonely in the deepening dusk.

But Parke Griswold's handsome face had undergone another change before her little story was ended. It was bright and flushed once more with hopefulness.

"Even after all that, Marjorie, I implore you to be my wife," he entreated his strong voice full of a passion and tenderness that seemed irresistible. "He is gone out of your life; forget him; try to love me instead. Oh, I think you can learn to if you will only try, my darling!"

He would not let her go but continued to plead, with all the eloquence that his masterful love could suggest, until at last Marjorie found herself faltering, hesitating, almost on the verge of yielding to his prayer.

"My life is so hard and lonely," she reflected as she listened to his burning words, "why shouldn't I give it into his keeping? He loves me well and truly, and—perhaps I might forget in time; I might even learn to love him—who can tell?"

"Let me have time to think it over, Mr. Griswold," she said at last, putting her hand to her forehead with a faint, pathetic little smile. "I—don't know what to say to you just now. But—tomorrow, perhaps, or, at most, before we return to town."

And so together they walked back, almost in silence, to the cottage.

Alixe was watching for them at the window.

"He has proposed to you—I know he has," she exclaimed under her breath, drawing Marjorie aside, with her own dark eyes sparkling joyously. "I knew he would, when I saw you walking down toward the point. Oh, Marjorie, what a foolish girl you will be if you don't accept him!"

"Oh, Alixe, don't—please don't ask me anything!" whispered Marjorie, the slight flush that had warmed her cheeks suddenly dying out.

And then she escaped to her own room to think out, if she could, the problem of her future.

The next night came down dark and stormy, and terribly desolate beyond description.

The sea moaned and roared and dashed upon the rocks below with awful fury, sending the white spray in a blinding shower over all the beach.

The loneliness, the desolation, somehow made Marjorie realize what her own future must be if she put love from her forever.

"It is like my life," she murmured, shudderingly. "Ah, I had best take love now while it may be mine!"

And she slipped, still half-hesitating, down the stairs with the thought of seeing Griswold and giving him her answer while the mood was on her.

Just as she reached the dining-room a deep sound came booming. The sound which is so thrillingly awful on such a night as this—the minute gun at sea.

It brought every one to his feet, and every face there was white and horror-stricken.

"A ship in distress!" "A vessel on the rocks!" "God help them!" were the exclamations that passed in

flushed, terrified accents from lip to lip.

Then everything else was lost sight of and forgotten in the exciting hours that followed.

A noble ship had struck on the rocks, and some of her hapless passengers went down to a watery grave, while others were saved by the almost superhuman effort of strong, brave men on shore.

And not the least among them in heroism was Parke Griswold.

White and awestruck, Marjorie Trevor went down and watched them at their noble work.

With a curious thrill at her heart she bent over one tall, still form that Parke Griswold had rescued from the waves and laid near by upon the beach.

One look, and she turned and grasped her lover's arm.

"It is he—it is Basil Thorne!" she whispered with blanched lips. "This is the lover I told you of last night."

Parke Griswold uttered not a word in answer; but as he turned back to his work of heroism the look on his brave, handsome face told Marjorie all the story of his suffering.

She knelt beside that motionless figure on the sand, scarcely breathing herself as she saw the signs of life returning to it.

At last the blue eyes opened, and a smile of ineffable happiness—faint though it was—luminated the handsome, marble-white face.

"Marjorie!" he whispered, trying to draw her cheek down to his own, "we will never part again."

She asked no questions then, only tried to bring him back to life and strength.

But later she learned that the story of his marriage had been only an unfounded rumor.

What her life might have been but for that night of storm and terror Marjorie shudders to contemplate.

Although she says that, because he saved her husband's life, her affection for Parke Griswold is almost strong enough to make Basil jealous.

But both Basil and Marjorie Thorne live in the brightest hopes of seeing pretty, dark-eyed Alixe some day console the noble fellow for his disappointment.

And when that occurs—and just now the event seems very probable—the cup of their happiness will indeed be full.—Family Story Paper.

Woman's Ready Wit.

"There's a peculiar motion, peculiar to woman alone," said Edgar A. Elliott, the philosopher, to a St. Louis Republic reporter, as he pointed to a frightened female on the sidewalk. "That woman is frightened because she fears those prancing horses may jump upon the sidewalk and crush her beneath their iron-shod hoofs. But what does she do under the circumstances? Does she, with woman's ready wit, climb that fence or get behind that big hoghead?"

"No, sir; as you see, she is desperately engaged in pressing the palm of her right hand over her right ear and looking frightened. Her object in standing so still and retaining that position of her right hand against her right ear is to escape from the crushing hoofs of that big team. But that's only a specimen of this so-called 'woman's wit.'"

How to Take Soda.

From the Boston Gazette.
Good soda should be sipped; quickly drinking off the effervescence, which is mere foam, an interval of a minute or two should be allowed before the last half of the glass is taken. Clerks should know this and give the customer time, without warning by looks or actions that they are expected to leave in the shortest possible order after bolting their soda and paying for it. A glass of soda is a refreshing stimulus, better than food in a very hot noon; but rapidly tossed off, as most people take it, is a recipe for cramps and indigestion. If it is poor soda, tasting of metal with the silver worn off, or standing in silver too long flavored with syrups made from oranges or lemons whose musty taste is plain to all refined palates, the less one takes the better for life and health.

"Good and Westy."

To the true born westerner, in whom the instinct of moving on to find a more desirable country never dies, not even the Pacific ocean can be a barrier. A man of this class, who had lived successfully in a number of states and territories between his native Ohio and his present home in California, one day had a revival of his migratory longing. He must "pack his grip" and "go west." "But how can you get any farther west than California?" he was asked. "Pshaw!" he answered. "There's plenty of west left, all down through Mexican California and South America. There's Peru, now; I'd give a deal to see the mines down there. I tell you sir," he cried, warming with his subject, "it must be real good and westy down in Peru!"—True Flag.

Humor of the Census.

The census taking reminds me of an old story that is forgotten by people now. On the printed blanks were the words:

Age of father (if living).

Age of mother (if living).

One of the papers were returned with the startling information that the father was 120 years old and the mother 112. The city fathers hastened down to see this ancient pair, and were much surprised to hear that they died long ago. "Then what do you mean by this?" said the angry official, pointing to the ages. "Why that's straight enough. It says 'Age if living,' and that would 'a' been their ages if living now."—Boston Transcript.

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GEO. E. JOHNSON, Prop.

MCCOOK, - NEBRASKA.

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

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

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Will practice in the state and United States courts, and before the U. S. Land Office.

Careful attention given to collection, Office over the Nebraska Loan and Banking Co., McCook.

THOS. COLFER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

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