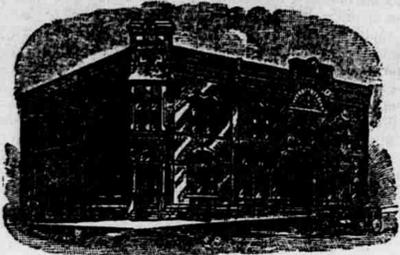


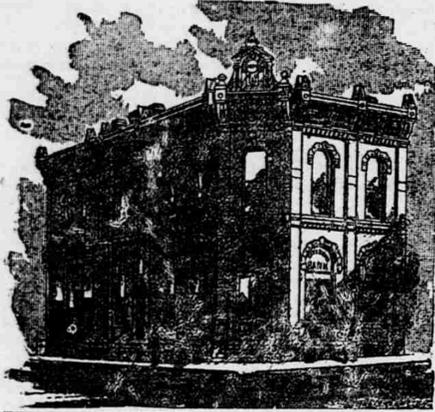
# The - First - National - Bank -

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.

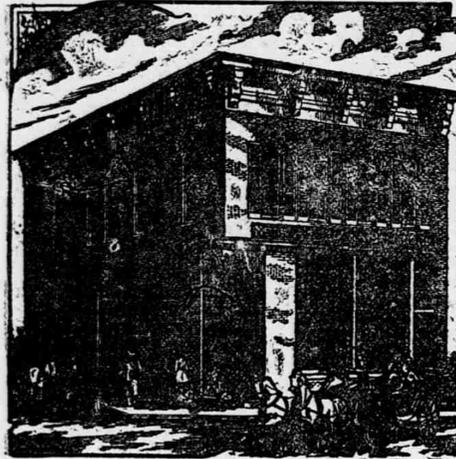
INCORPORATED UNDER STATE LAWS.  
Paid Up Capital, \$50,000.  
DOES A

### 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. 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.

### KEEP SINGING AS YOU GO.

A little girl out with her maid  
Was walking on the street,  
And as I passed I heard her sing  
In silvery tones and sweet,  
Cold winter reigned, and yet her song  
Rang out amid the snow:  
I turned and said, "That's right, my dear;  
Keep singing as you go."

We parted then, each to our ways  
But lingers with me yet  
The thought her song suggested then,  
Nor soon shall I forget,  
And the coldest of life's cheers,  
Yes, 'e'en amid its woe,  
One rule will sweeten all—'tis this:  
Keep singing as you go.

'Twill sweeten not alone your heart,  
But some others lift  
From depths which seem too great for them,  
Though they know not the gift.  
Aid would you fill a blessed place  
And good on men bestow,  
Then cheer the coldest walks of life  
By singing as you go.  
—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A PAIR OF CHESTNUTS.

I was the most reckless, hard riding, good-for-nothing young scamp of a subaltern who ever carried her majesty's commission. The one redeeming point about me was the fact that I loved Lena Vereker, and in spite of my faults she loved me in return. That was the best time in my life, and the downward grade commenced with the advent of a new fellow in the regiment, Saxby Bracewell by name. Under his auspices the card table flourished exceedingly. Like some few other men, he possessed an extraordinary facility for games of skill. Until he came I had always been put forward by my brother officers as their show man for riding, athletics, billiards, fencing, shooting, or tennis, but before this new light I went down as a farthing dip before a gas jet. And yet I would never consider myself beaten but challenge him again and again, and, needless to say, there was always "something on, just to give it an interest." So things went on. Play became heavier. The colonel looked glum, my seniors spoke warningly. Mr. Vereker did not seem so frankly glad to see me when we met and was more chary of his invitations, and Lena looked pale and anxious.

Then came the day when I woke to find myself a ruined man, obliged to send in my papers, and, hauled of all, compelled to say a long good-by to Lena, who, dear little soul, promised to keep true until I should come back from Australia a rich man (for that was the goal on which I placed my hopes). Yes, I thought then that fate could not have a blacker turn to serve me, but I knew otherwise when, on a lonely Australian station, I read in a scrap of an English newspaper I had somehow picked up of the grand marriage festivities between Lena, daughter of Edward Vereker, Esq., of Colne Abbey, and—I could hardly believe my eyes—Capt. Saxby Bracewell, of the Black Dragoons, and only son of Sir John Bracewell.

I did not know till then how the secret consciousness of Lena at home waiting for me had buoyed up my spirit, but with that last blow all energy or wish to retrieve my fallen fortunes seemed to leave me.

But now, oddly enough, that I had no wish for money things took a turn. My flocks and herds thrived apace, gold quartz was found on my station in sufficient quantity, and near a stream, to justify the formation of a gold mining company named "Goleonda Junior," and in a marvelously short space of time I found myself in possession of an income which if any one had formerly told me would one day be mine I should have laughed him to scorn.

Then I found myself back again in London—the same old London—and yet there was a difference. I saw no faces that I knew, or who seemed to know me. The young ones seemed to me so young, and the elders—but here, unconsciously as it were, I turn my steps toward Tattersall's.

As I near the well remembered entrance a man jumping out of a haughty knock up against me.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon—Why, bless my heart! can it be? Yes, it surely is yourself! Jim, old fellow, welcome back a thousand times! Who would have thought of meeting you? and you are just the very man I wanted."

And Phil Blake, late captain in the Black Dragoons, and one of the cheeriest and kindest hearted of men, grasped my hand and shook it with all the enthusiasm of his nature.

"And how's yourself? and what are ye doing? and where are going?" were the questions rapidly poured forth, as taking my arm he led me on to the doorway. "Come in here and give me the benefit of your judgment. I know nobody whom I'd trust before you in the matter of horse buying. There's a pair of horses to be sold here to-day, and the price asked is so ridiculously low that, considering their make and shape, I fancy there must be something queer; but for the life of me I can't discover anything. They'll make a grand pair of leaders. By the way, do you know I've set up coaching as a business; up one day down the next? My line is between Barrackville and London. It pays expenses and leaves a little over. Rather a pretty bit of country, too, but of course you'll know it all well."

"Yes," I said shortly. "St. Runwald's, my old uncle's place, is on the road," and I could not repress a sigh as I thought of the old place which had been mine for a couple of months and then had to go to the hammer with everything else.

"Ah, to be sure. Sorry I spoke, my dear fellow," stammered my companion, who had the kindest heart in the world, and would not have hurt a fly if he knew it.

I was about to ask if he knew who owned St. Runwald's now, in order to relieve him and show my sympathy, but Phil, catching sight at that moment of a well known dependent of the place, we were soon deep in the mysteries of finding out all the evils that horseflesh is heir to.

However, our combined forces could discover nothing seriously amiss, and Phil Blake added to his stud a pair of exceptionally good and cheap horses. We celebrated our revived friendship by a little dinner at the club, and after an evening at the play we parted, I promising to make the journey down to Barrackville with Phil some day soon.

Imagine then my surprise when a few days later I received a note by a mounted messenger (it was Sunday, and consequently no postal service) from Phil Blake, and the contents still more surprised me.

THE SILVER FLAGON, VICTORIA PLACE, Saturday Night.

DEAR LAURISTON—As ill luck will have it, here I am overtaken by a bad attack of indigestion, and misfortunes never coming singly, my head man, who usually takes the ribbons when I am otherwise engaged, has got an ugly kick on the knee which quite incapacitates him. It is all awfully annoying, especially as every seat on the coach is booked for Monday, and our friends, the new chestnuts, are to take their places in the team, and the last stage into Barrackville. Now, my dear fellow, I confidently appeal to you for help. Will you take the coach down to Barrackville on Monday? and if possible, I will go down on a late train and meet you there in order to do the return journey on Tuesday. I know of old your skill with the ribbons, and would rather put you in charge than any other man on such short notice. Kibble, the guard, will show you the line of "march."

Then followed directions as to time, stoppages, changes, etc.

Well, the end of it of course was that Monday morning about 10:30 found me turning under the archway of the Silver Flagon. On inquiry I learned that Phil Blake was decidedly better, and hoped to be able to get down to Barrackville by the evening express. As I smoked the very excellent cigar offered me by mine host of the Silver Flagon I was conscious of a really pleasurable feeling of excitement such as I had often told myself I should never feel again.

The yard presented quite a lively scene—passengers of all sorts and conditions hurrying into their various coaches, for the Silver Flagon is a favorite coaching rendezvous. The Barrackville coach—"The Lightning" by name—was being rapidly got ready. It was one of Holland's best make, and the shining dark green panels and brass mountings were receiving the last polishing at the hands of the men. The travelers began to gather. Rugs, coats and umbrellas were stowed away, spare traces and straps, etc., looked to. Then the horses are led out—as likely looking a team as any man could wish to drive.

"Take your places, ladies and gentlemen, please!" shouted the guard in stentorian tones.

I threw away the end of my cigar, buttoned my gloves, rannned my hat firmly on, said a word to the head hostler as to the biting of the leaders, glanced comprehensively over the quartet, then gathered up the reins and swung myself on to the box.

The guard performed a fine fantasia on the horn.

"Give 'em their heads, William. Let 'em go!" and with a fine dash and clatter we were off; up Waterloo place, Regent street, by Regent's park, and so out to the country beyond.

Until then I had given no attention to the lady who occupied the box seat. I could see that she was dressed very neatly and quietly; no leathers or flowers or ribbons to blow about and appear dishevelled and untidy. From the top of her jaunty little hat to her well fitting brown gloves all looked thoroughly fit and workmanlike.

I imagined she must be well-to-do, for a very neat Victoria had brought her to the Silver Flagon, her maid had an inside seat and I heard the man servant say he would be down in Barrackville in time to meet the coach on its arrival there.

Since the day Lena Vereker threw me over I had quite eschewed ladies' society, and I felt glad enough that my horses gave me quite as much as I knew to hold them. Their exuberance of spirits, the outcome of the Sunday rest was delightful when one had got them properly together, and I felt that if we were horsed for the country stages in the same style I should not regret having taken up the role of stage coachman. I began to form plans for a partnership with Phil Blake and extending our operations further afield when my heart seemed to stand still, for a voice whose well remembered tones I could have sworn to anywhere said:

"I am so glad, coachman, we have such a lovely day for our drive!"

It was a simple sentence enough, but the blood rushed up to my head, and I don't know what I should have done if my attention had not been diverted by the near leader shying violently at a gypsy van by the roadside, necessitating some slight punishment. What in the world should I do? for of all embarrassing positions—Here was I for the next few hours bound to sit beside the woman I had once hoped to marry, and who was the wife of the man by whom I was ruined. I could not sit speechless for six hours; I must say something occasionally. Evidently she did not recognize me, as how, indeed, should she after nearly ten years' interval, and as we had come together under such different circum-

stances? Growing more accustomed to the position, when next she spoke I was so far master of the situation that I began to take an interest in talking to her, and I noticed with pleasure how little changed she was.

For the last stage my friends the new chestnuts were put on as leaders. Our route now lay close past dear old St. Runwald's and sadness that I could not shake off made me silent and indisposed for talking. What memories did the sight of the well remembered scenes recall! There was the exact spot under the seared elm where I took my first fence on my little unmaned pony, and there was the bend in the avenue where I last saw my dear old uncle standing as he waved his hand to me in farewell. I wonder whether the man who owns it now has made the old rose garden give place to a more modern style? I wonder—

But here I am recalled to what is going on around me by the conversation of some young fellows who have the seats behind me.

"Jolly old place, St. Runwald's. Who owns it now? D'ye know?"

"Not quite sure. Used to belong to old Sir Peter Lauriston, and he left it to his nephew, a young fool in the black dragoons, who went the pace and lost everything at cards."

"I remember," said another; "the affair made rather a noise, did it not? for the winner took not his house and lands, but also succeeded to the affections of his intended wife."

A roar of laughter followed these words. I dared not glance at the figure beside me, but I heard an intense whisper of "Oh! it is not true, it is not true!"

"Who was the lucky man?" asked the first speaker.

"Sir Baxby Bracewell," said the elder speaker, "but he paid the debt of nature a couple or three years ago. It was said that young Lauriston's losses would not have been so heavy if Bracewell had played more on the square."

The shuddering sigh from my neighbor was more than I could stand.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," I said, turning round. "I happen to know all the circumstances of the case you are discussing. Young Lauriston was an utterly conceited, vain young fool, who pitted himself against a man of twice his science, hard-headedness and brains. He continued playing, notwithstanding the advice of those who knew, and the end was obvious. There was no sharp practice in the matter, and moreover, de mortuis nil."

As I turned from speaking to them I encountered such a look of gratitude and astonished recognition from the dearest gray eyes in the world as almost upset my equanimity.

We were just rounding a rather sharp bend by the park wall; the air was filled with the sound of sheep; there was a great cloud of dust; the two new leaders, who had been hitherto perfectly irreproachable in their manners, stopped dead, demoralizing the wheelers, and despite all blarney and coercion commenced a wild stampede among the unfortunate sheep.

Lady Bracewell stood up, with the intention, I believe, of springing from her seat.

"Lena, my darling, for your life, sit still!" I shouted, above all the hubbub of yelling shepherds, terrified sheep, barking dogs and plunging horses. "Undo this buckle, and you'll probably save our lives," and I tossed the ends of the leaders' reins into her lap, for I saw that the traces were broken, and I knew that if the chestnuts got away while the reins were buckled the bridle of the wheels would be torn off and a frightful catastrophe would follow.

Fortunately I kept sufficient control over the maddened creatures until I saw the reins divided; then I let them slide through the rings. The chestnuts turned sharp to the left and bolted over the hedge, and I knew that we were safe. The wheelers, poor things, were soon subdued, and then I dispatched the guard and some of the many bystanders, who had of course appeared from no known where, to recapture the recalcitrant chestnuts.

It was evident now why Phil had got them so cheap—a wild dislike to sheep was evidently their fault.

However, by the time they were brought back into the way they should go the flock had passed on, after many and terrible threats of future consequences from the shepherds, and fresh traces being forth-coming we proceeded on our way, but not before the thanks of the passengers had been showered upon me for the skillful way in which I averted what might have been an ugly accident.

"Indeed, gentlemen," I said, "most of your thanks are due to Lady Bracewell, who so deftly unfastened the buckle."

"Oh, Mr. Lauriston!" protested Lady Bracewell, with a smile and blush that forcibly recalled the Lena Vereker of old days.

The faces of the men behind were studies when they realized how they had committed themselves. But for that we were little, as, the ice once broken, we began explanations and confidences that made that drive the most memorable of my life—save, indeed, when a few weeks later we, my newly wedded wife and I, drove from St. George's, Hanover square, in the brougham and a pair of horses given to us by Phil Blake, and the horses were our friends the chestnut who so wildly performed the ceremony of introduction.

As we keep them for town work, and flocks of sheep are not frequenters of London streets, they are a valuable addition to our stud.—London World.

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