

# The First National Bank.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL,  
**\$100,000.**



CAPITAL AND SURPLUS,  
**\$60,000.**

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

## CAPTURING AN EARL.

"La me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins to her daughter Matilda, "who do you think has arrived at the hotel?"  
"Any of our friends?" inquired the daughter.  
"I wish I could say he was," said Mrs. Jenkins. "No, Matilda, it is no less than a member of the British nobility."  
"How do you know, mother?"  
"Because I happened to be in the post-office a few minutes since, and with my own eyes I saw a letter upon the wheel directed Earl Spencer, Jonesboro hotel. So I went right over to the hotel and found that it was so. The landlady pointed out the young man to me. Oh, Matilda, he is such an elegant young man, and all that air of high breeding and so on which you only find in the nobility."  
"Really, mother, you quite excite my curiosity."  
"But I've got more to tell you, Matilda. I've managed to get an invitation from the landlady to come over and take tea, so that we shall be introduced to him. Only think of that! And if—only think—he should take a fancy to you, and Matilda, though I ought not to say it, you are very pretty—just the very picture of what I was at your age; as I was saying, I don't think it at all improbable, at least impossible, that you should attract his attention, and think what a fine thing it would be if you should become a countess."  
Mrs. Jenkins paused to take breath after this long and rather loosely jointed speech to see what effect it would have upon her daughter. The latter seemed quite as much affected as she could wish. She was like her mother, not only in form, but in mind, and her mother's words had stirred her ambition.  
"La, how fine that would be!" she exclaimed. "I guess Ellen Hawkins would not show her airs any more. The mean creature, I wouldn't take any notice of her, except just to invite her to the wedding, so that she might have a chance to envy my good luck."  
"Very true," said her mother approvingly, "but you know a good deal must be done before this can be accomplished. You must endeavor to look your prettiest to-night, so as to produce an impression upon the young man, if possible. I think you had better wear your green de laine."  
"No, mamma; that doesn't become me. I shall wear my plum colored silk, and you must lend me your gold chain."  
"But," said Mrs. Jenkins reluctantly, "I was going to wear that myself."  
"I don't see," said her daughter, tossing her head, "that it is of much consequence how you look. I presume you don't expect the young lord will marry you. But it is very important how I look. If I can't go looking decent I won't go at all. Of course all the ladies in England have gold and jewels to wear, and I know he won't say a word to me unless I have something of the sort."  
"Perhaps you ought, Matilda," said her mother. "I am sure it is my sole aim in life to promote your success, and if I could only live to see you the wife of an earl I should die in peace."  
Notwithstanding the apparent disinterestedness of this remark it is probable that unless Mrs. Jenkins expected to share in the prosperity of her daughter she would have cared considerably less for her alliance with the nobility.  
That was a busy day for Mrs. Jenkins and her daughter. It took them up to the very moment of their departure to arrange their toilet. At length, resplendent with the best their wardrobes could furnish, they went over to the hotel. It may be remarked, by the way, that Mrs. Jenkins, with the cunning natural to such an admirable manager, had not whispered a word of her ulterior designs to the landlady. She even cautioned her daughter not to address the nobleman by his title in the hearing of any one else.  
Six o'clock found them seated at the hotel table. It so chanced that Earl Spencer was the only guest (the reader must remember that it was a small country inn), and accordingly Mrs. Jenkins and her daughter had the distinguished stranger quite to themselves. It suited Mrs. Jenkins to appear quite ignorant of the earl's station—even of his nationality, unless he should himself reveal it.  
It would have been somewhat difficult to decide wherein lay the marks of high birth which Mrs. Jenkins professed to find in the stranger. He looked much more like a third-rate clerk. He wore a flash waistcoat, an extensive cravat and a gorgeous watch chain which might have been gold, but looked more like the showy articles which remind one of the old proverb that "all is not gold that glitters."  
But Mrs. Jenkins was not a woman of great discernment. She saw nothing but what might be expected of an earl, and murmured in the ear of Matilda that his appearance was very distinctive—by the way, she pronounced the word in a way of her own.  
Matilda nodded assent to her mother's remark, and began to play off her airs and graces upon the distinguished gentleman. Her delight was great to find that she was creating an impression. The earl listened to her very attentively, and even condescended to exchange a little playful badinage.  
"I should judge," said Mrs. Jenkins at length, "that you were not an American. There is something about you which makes me think you an Englishman."  
"You are right, ma'am," said the earl. "I am from England."  
"May I ask if you have been long in our country?"  
Mrs. Jenkins hardly knew whether to say sir or not, but finally decided not to do so.  
"Only a few months," was the reply.  
"A few months," thought she. "Then he must certainly be traveling incognito, or we should have heard of his being here by the papers."  
When they were ready to depart the managing lady turned to the Englishman and said:  
"I should be very happy indeed to see you at our house to tea to-morrow evening, if you have no other engagement. I have always had a very high idea of the English, and am glad to have an opportunity to show it."  
"Thank you, ma'am," the earl replied with alacrity. "I will certainly call. At what time do you sup?"  
"At whatever hour will prove most convenient to you," was the gracious reply.  
"Indeed, ma'am, you are very kind. Suppose we name it 6 then."  
"Thank you, my—I mean sir. We shall look forward with great pleasure to your coming."  
"These people are extraordinarily polite," thought the young man after their departure, as he sat in his room smoking a cigar. "I really think they have taken quite a fancy to me. My good looks, I think it must be, for I haven't a single recommendation besides on earth. Well, if I find the girl has money I may improve my advantage and offer myself in matrimony. Money would be very acceptable just at present."  
Had Mrs. Jenkins heard this soliloquy she would probably have come to the conclusion that there was something wrong about her calculations, but fortunately for our hero this was not the case.  
It will be readily imagined that Mrs. Jenkins exerted her culinary skill to the utmost in preparing for her illustrious guest. As he saw the numerous dainties spread out before him he felt a glow of joy pervade his frame, and determined on the spot to lay siege to the heart of Matilda.  
The reader will easily imagine that his advances were readily met by the young lady, who was quite enraptured by the conquest which she had achieved over the heart of an earl. Nor was her mother less gratified. The good lady held her head higher than ever, and speedily anticipated the time when, as mother-in-law of an earl, she would take precedence of all who had hitherto ventured to look down upon her.  
"You know, Matilda," she said, "when you are a countess I shall of course be dowager countess or countess dowager, I really don't know which. I wish I could find somewhere a book of the British peerage; then I could find out without any trouble." She thought of going to the bookseller and asking him to send for the book, but on second thought decided that it would be most prudent not to run any such risk of revealing her aspirations, even if she were obliged to remain in ignorance a little while longer.  
One point, however, puzzled her a little. Notwithstanding the very intimate terms of the earl with her family he never ventured any allusion to his rank or his English estates or the amount of his income, which Mrs. Jenkins would have been very glad to learn.  
"But I suppose, Matilda," she remarked to her daughter, "that he is determined to remain incognito, so as to make sure that you marry him for himself alone. I have read of such cases in stories, but I never expected to have anything like it in my own family. Really I think it is quite romantic. On the whole I guess it would be best to say nothing about it until you are fairly married."  
Matilda acted upon her mother's prudent advice, and although her curiosity was as strong as her parent's she carefully guarded against betraying it to the earl.  
At last one memorable day she burst into her mother's room with a triumphant glow on her face.  
"Has he proposed?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins in great agitation.  
"Yes, mother," was the reply of the overjoyed Matilda. "He told me that he loved me to distraction."  
"I congratulate you, countess that is to be," said her mother. "By the way, did he say anything about his rank?"  
"Not a word, mother."  
"I am not at all surprised. Be sure then that you don't give him a hint that you know anything about it. How much we shall enjoy going to England!"  
"We!" repeated Matilda. "Surely you don't propose going across the Atlantic at your time of life?"  
"At my time of life!" said Mrs. Jenkins sharply. "Indeed I do. I don't mean that you shall have all the enjoyment. But did the earl fix the day for the marriage?"  
"He left that to me."  
"Then fix it as soon as possible. You must not let him slip through your fingers."  
That day three weeks the important ceremony took place in Mrs. Jenkins' cottage. Scarcely was it over than that worthy lady, no longer able to restrain herself, addressed her son-in-law:  
"I trust, my lord, that you will never regret this day."  
"My lord!" repeated her son-in-law, exhibiting unequivocal surprise.  
"Certainly you cannot expect to remain incognito any longer?"  
"But I have no claim to the title, ma'am."  
"No claim!" exclaimed the mother and daughter, turning pale. "Are you not an earl?"  
"That is only my Christian name."  
"And what is your employment?" asked Mrs. Jenkins on the point of fainting.  
"I am a house painter, madam, but being a little unwell was ordered by the doctor to spend a couple of months in the country."  
We draw a veil over the scene that ensued. The lefty fabric of pride which Mrs. Jenkins had built up fell to the ground, and her chance of being allied to the British nobility seems more remote than ever.—Caroline F. Preston in Boston Globe.

you at our house to tea to-morrow evening, if you have no other engagement. I have always had a very high idea of the English, and am glad to have an opportunity to show it."  
"Thank you, ma'am," the earl replied with alacrity. "I will certainly call. At what time do you sup?"  
"At whatever hour will prove most convenient to you," was the gracious reply.  
"Indeed, ma'am, you are very kind. Suppose we name it 6 then."  
"Thank you, my—I mean sir. We shall look forward with great pleasure to your coming."  
"These people are extraordinarily polite," thought the young man after their departure, as he sat in his room smoking a cigar. "I really think they have taken quite a fancy to me. My good looks, I think it must be, for I haven't a single recommendation besides on earth. Well, if I find the girl has money I may improve my advantage and offer myself in matrimony. Money would be very acceptable just at present."  
Had Mrs. Jenkins heard this soliloquy she would probably have come to the conclusion that there was something wrong about her calculations, but fortunately for our hero this was not the case.  
It will be readily imagined that Mrs. Jenkins exerted her culinary skill to the utmost in preparing for her illustrious guest. As he saw the numerous dainties spread out before him he felt a glow of joy pervade his frame, and determined on the spot to lay siege to the heart of Matilda.  
The reader will easily imagine that his advances were readily met by the young lady, who was quite enraptured by the conquest which she had achieved over the heart of an earl. Nor was her mother less gratified. The good lady held her head higher than ever, and speedily anticipated the time when, as mother-in-law of an earl, she would take precedence of all who had hitherto ventured to look down upon her.  
"You know, Matilda," she said, "when you are a countess I shall of course be dowager countess or countess dowager, I really don't know which. I wish I could find somewhere a book of the British peerage; then I could find out without any trouble." She thought of going to the bookseller and asking him to send for the book, but on second thought decided that it would be most prudent not to run any such risk of revealing her aspirations, even if she were obliged to remain in ignorance a little while longer.  
One point, however, puzzled her a little. Notwithstanding the very intimate terms of the earl with her family he never ventured any allusion to his rank or his English estates or the amount of his income, which Mrs. Jenkins would have been very glad to learn.  
"But I suppose, Matilda," she remarked to her daughter, "that he is determined to remain incognito, so as to make sure that you marry him for himself alone. I have read of such cases in stories, but I never expected to have anything like it in my own family. Really I think it is quite romantic. On the whole I guess it would be best to say nothing about it until you are fairly married."  
Matilda acted upon her mother's prudent advice, and although her curiosity was as strong as her parent's she carefully guarded against betraying it to the earl.  
At last one memorable day she burst into her mother's room with a triumphant glow on her face.  
"Has he proposed?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins in great agitation.  
"Yes, mother," was the reply of the overjoyed Matilda. "He told me that he loved me to distraction."  
"I congratulate you, countess that is to be," said her mother. "By the way, did he say anything about his rank?"  
"Not a word, mother."  
"I am not at all surprised. Be sure then that you don't give him a hint that you know anything about it. How much we shall enjoy going to England!"  
"We!" repeated Matilda. "Surely you don't propose going across the Atlantic at your time of life?"  
"At my time of life!" said Mrs. Jenkins sharply. "Indeed I do. I don't mean that you shall have all the enjoyment. But did the earl fix the day for the marriage?"  
"He left that to me."  
"Then fix it as soon as possible. You must not let him slip through your fingers."  
That day three weeks the important ceremony took place in Mrs. Jenkins' cottage. Scarcely was it over than that worthy lady, no longer able to restrain herself, addressed her son-in-law:  
"I trust, my lord, that you will never regret this day."  
"My lord!" repeated her son-in-law, exhibiting unequivocal surprise.  
"Certainly you cannot expect to remain incognito any longer?"  
"But I have no claim to the title, ma'am."  
"No claim!" exclaimed the mother and daughter, turning pale. "Are you not an earl?"  
"That is only my Christian name."  
"And what is your employment?" asked Mrs. Jenkins on the point of fainting.  
"I am a house painter, madam, but being a little unwell was ordered by the doctor to spend a couple of months in the country."  
We draw a veil over the scene that ensued. The lefty fabric of pride which Mrs. Jenkins had built up fell to the ground, and her chance of being allied to the British nobility seems more remote than ever.—Caroline F. Preston in Boston Globe.

A STORY comes across the ocean that a Welsh fisherman has drawn from the depths of the sea the log book kept by Columbus during his first voyage to America. For four hundred years this log book, which Columbus lost overboard in a storm, has lain upon the ocean's bed, and yet we are told that the entries are decipherable and the precious relic well enough preserved generally to be reproduced in fac simile. We must confess that this story sounds rather fishy. If there is anything in it, however, the attractions of the world's fair in Chicago will be greatly added to if its management secures this book for the great exposition.

The aged king of Holland died Sunday after an illness which incapacitated him for the administration of the government for some months previous to his demise. He exemplified in his life the vices of a voluptuary, and the decay of his health was due to the excesses which marred his reign. The successor to the throne is the Princess Wilhelmina, who is but 10 years of age. Her mother, the minority Queen, is her mother.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.  
STATE OF NEBRASKA, Red Willow County.  
Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the estate of Red Willow county, deceased, that the time fixed for filing claims against said estate is on or before the 1st day of June, 1891. All such persons are required to present their claims with the vouchers to the county judge of said county, at his office therein, on or before the 1st day of June, 1891, and all claims so filed will be heard before the county judge on the 3rd day of June, 1891, at one o'clock, P. M.  
Dated November 15th, 1890.  
HARLOW W. KEYES, County Judge.

William B. Roberts will take notice that on October 13th, 1890, S. H. Colvin, a Justice of the Peace of Willow Grove precinct, Red Willow county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$30.00, in an action pending before him wherein Robert Drysdale is plaintiff and William B. Roberts, defendant. That property of said defendant consisting of wages due the said defendant by the C. B. & Q. R. Co. has been attached and garnished under said order. Said case was continued to the 8th day of December, 1890, at 9 o'clock A. M. 25-4ts.  
ROBERT DRYSDALE, Plaintiff.

LAND OFFICE at McCook, Neb., November 14th, 1890.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, January 31, 1891, viz:  
JAMES ARNOLD,  
H. E. No. 5132 for the N. W. 1/4 of section 11, in town 5, north of range 25, west of 6th P. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Samuel Godard, Sanford T. Godard, Squire W. Godard, of Indiana, Neb., and Robert Duncan of Box Elder, Neb.  
S. P. HART, Register.

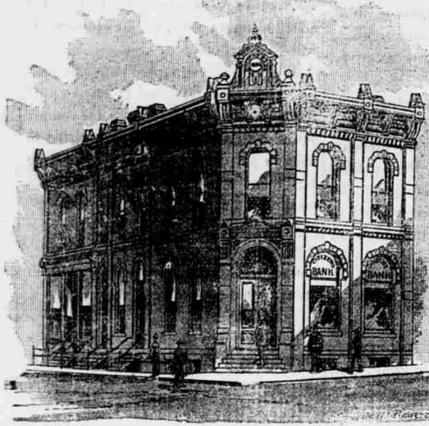
LAND OFFICE at McCook, Neb., November 14th, 1890.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, December 20th, 1890, viz:  
FRANK P. NICHOLSON,  
one of the heirs of Enoch E. Nicholson, deceased, for the N. W. 1/4, N. W. 1/4, and S. 1/4 N. W. 1/4, and N. W. 1/4, S. W. 1/4, section 17, township 2, north of range 20, west of 6th P. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Archie Speers, James Speers, Charles S. Ferris, Richard Williams, all of McCook, Neb.  
S. P. HART, Register.

LAND OFFICE at McCook, Neb., October 17th, 1890.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final five year proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, December 6th, 1890, viz:  
SARAH A. BENCAN,  
formerly Sarah A. Burdick, H. E. No. 5041 for the S. 1/2 N. W. 1/4 and W. 1/2 S. W. 1/4 of section 10, in town 5, north of range 25, west of 6th P. M. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Frank Garlick and Philetus B. Alexander of Box Elder, Neb., John Harrison of Quick, Neb., James Arnold of McCook, Neb. 22 S. P. HART, Register.

LAND OFFICE at McCook, Neb., October 25th, 1890.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, December 6th, 1890, viz:  
RICHARD M. WADE,  
H. E. No. 2919 for the N. E. 1/4 of section 35, in town 2, north of range 20, west of 6th P. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Frank Albrecht, Mrs. Louella J. Burdick, Joseph A. Brewer, James Cain, all of McCook, Neb.  
S. P. HART, Register.

LAND OFFICE at McCook, Neb., October 25th, 1890.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, December 6th, 1890, viz:  
HENRY H. ANDERS,  
H. E. No. 3101 for the S. W. 1/4 of section 31, in town 1, north of range 27, west of 6th P. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Ben B. Smiley, William J. Stilgenbauer, George W. Davis and James H. Everist all of Danbury, Neb.  
S. P. HART, Register.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



## BANK OF MCCOOK

Paid Up Capital, \$50,000.

### 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, President. JAY OLNEY, Vice President.  
CHAS. A. VANPELT, Cash. P. A. WELLS, Ass. Cashier.

## The Citizens Bank of McCook.

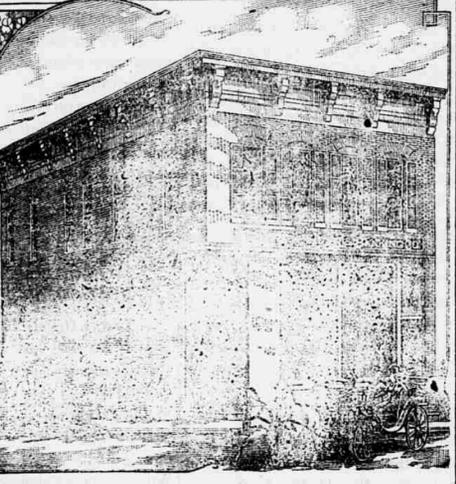
Incorporated under State Laws.  
Paid Up Capital, \$50,000.

### General Banking Business.

Collections made on all accessible points. Drafts drawn directly on principal cities in 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.



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Specimen Copies and Beautiful Calendar sent Free.

COMES EVERY WEEK READ IN 45,000 HOMES

STORIES BY THE BEST AUTHORS 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

CHARMING CHILDREN'S PAGE WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS

FOR ALL THE FAMILY ONLY \$1.75 A YEAR

"No other Weekly Paper gives so great a Variety of Entertaining and Instructive Reading at so low a price."

FREE TO JAN. 1, 1891.

THIS SLIP TO ANY NEW SUBSCRIBER who will cut out and send us this slip with name and address and \$1.75 (in Postal or Express Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk), we will send THE YOUTH'S COMPANION FREE to January, 1891, and for a Full Year from that Date. This offer includes the FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, Easter and Fourth-of-July, and all the Illustrated Weekly Supplements.

Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

WITH \$1.75

THE Kansas Alliance Advocate declares that it is not in favor of resubmission and presumes to speak for the Alliance. This takes away the last element of the "great democratic victory" in Kansas.

BURLINGTON employes at Creston are talking of establishing a general store on the cooperative plan.

THE MOST POPULAR CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN THE WORLD

BISSELL'S

GRAND RAPIDS

CARPET SWEEPER WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS

SOLD BY FURNITURE, CARPET AND HARDWARE DEALERS EVERYWHERE, OR WILL BE SENT BY BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. PRICE \$3.00

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split! Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE MARK.

CELLULOID

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPE CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

JACK DWYER'S "OUR COUNTY-SEAT"

A FIVE CENT CIGAR.

Try this popular brand. It is one of the finest nickel cigars ever placed on sale in McCook.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.