

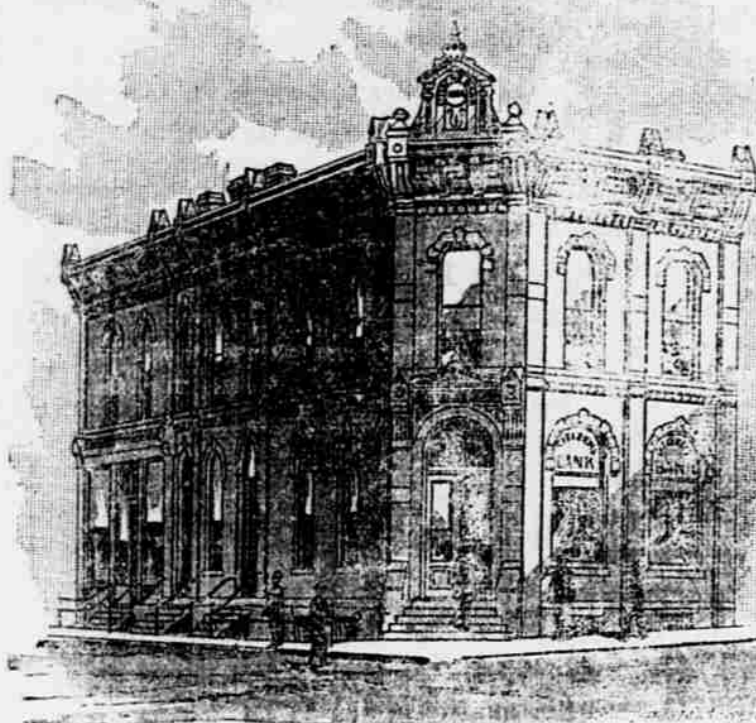
The First National Bank.

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.



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.

DOES A

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.

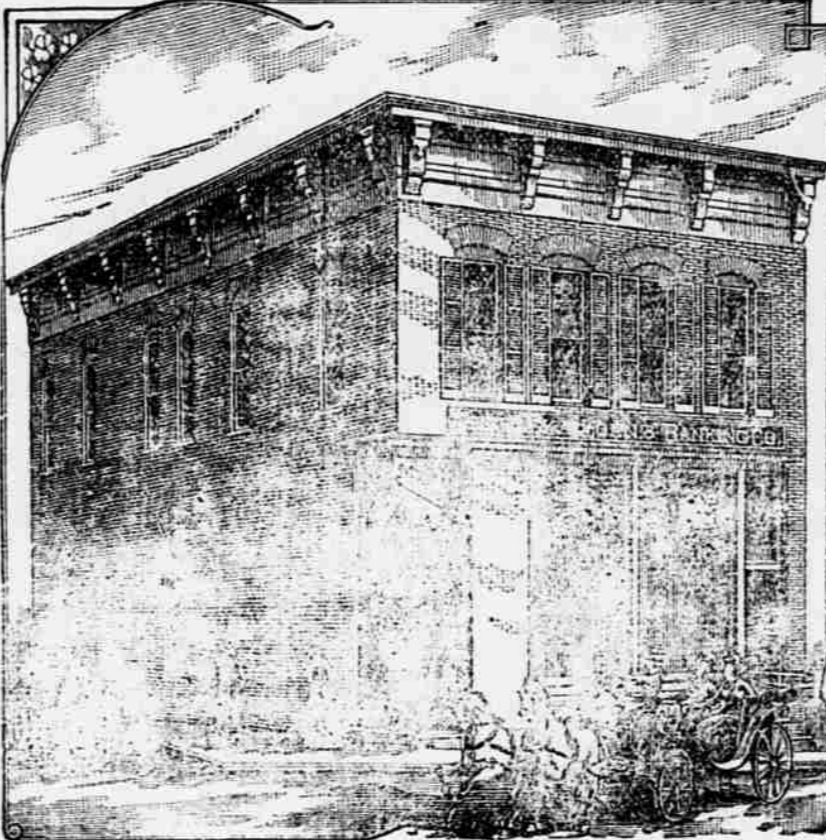
Tickets For Sale to and from Europe

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.



GOOD : BYE!

How often this term of parting greets our ears, and pains our hearts; but you can buy at THE TRIBUNE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT the ingredients to keep memory green until you meet again.

STATIONERY.

GOOD PLACE TO BUY
THE TRIBUNE.



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

A REAL LUXURY!

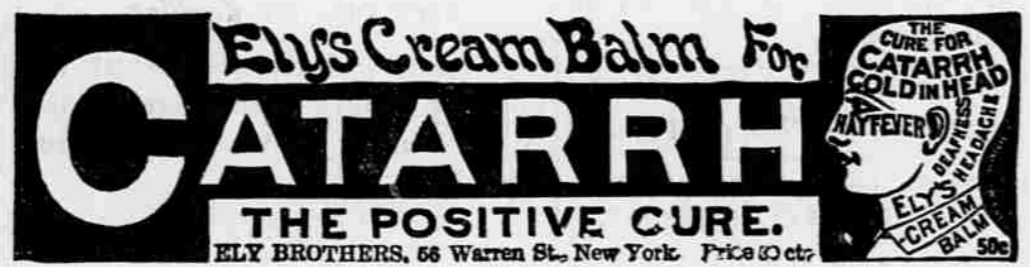
Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

If your grocer sends you anything in place of SAPOLIO, send it back and insist upon having just what you ordered. SAPOLIO always gives satisfaction. On floors, tables, and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans, and metals it has no equal. Everything shines after it, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

Grocers often substitute cheap goods for SAPOLIO to make a better profit. Send back such articles and insist on having just what you ordered.

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.



ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 10c.

A SONG OF FLEETING TIME.

When love was rich and young, my dear,
And all the world was fair,
What music filled the air,
Made summer in the air,
The roses blushed around your door,
The sunshine trembled o'er your floor,
And blessed you unaware—
From dawn till eve, from fall till spring
Life offered you each royal thing.
Yes, you, who did not care
When love was rich and young, my dear,
And all the world was fair.

Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray,
There is no music left to cheer
The curfew time of day,
About your lonely door I see
The shadows falling silently,
Like brown leaves from the spray;
Flown are the roses and the light,
Gay hearts have hidden you good night
And gone upon their way.
Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray.

Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray,
Heart breaking is it but to hear
The laughter once so gay;
To mark your faded charms and know
The rose has had its time to blow,
And joy to pass away.
One thing, one only, of the past
Abide with you to the last,
Your poet's song still holds you fast
And keeps you fair always.
Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray.

—Elvira S. Miller in Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE MAD LOCOMOTIVE.

"A story of railroad adventure, eh?"
"If you please," I answered the veteran engineer, as we sat in the cool shade of the east of a big Providence roundhouse. I may say that Peter Hank, the narrator of this exciting incident, is well known by me and esteemed as a man of truth by everybody who knows him.

"I never had but one son. All my boys were girls. But when little Burnside was born I tell you we were happy. Yet I never supposed that chap would save my own life and lots of other people's. That's just what he did, however. You know I always run the express. We got a big engine some years ago on the road. She weighs more than any machine we ever used before. I never liked her when I saw her in the shop, that giantess, No. 643. She never had any name. And that machine never liked me. All because of this." The engineer took his pipe from his mouth to look me squarely in the eye. "I was in the shop one afternoon just to look her over. That's when they were painting her up. The painters and varnishers were crawling all over her.

"Of course she wasn't fired up. Another engineer and I just were walking round her huge body. I said: 'Jake, that critter will heat the first trip, and a hot box on her will mean lots of work. I hope I may never be asked to run her.' Well, sir, believe it or not, I know she heard it and was mad. When I climbed into her cab, just to look at her there, I naturally enough took hold of her reverse lever. She threw that lever over, sir, quicker'n lightning, and caught my leg just under the knee, taking out a bite as big as a walnut. My! How she pained me! It was weeks before my stiff leg was all right."

Then he resumed his pipe while that soaked into me.
"Now, you newspaper men do not take any stock in such things, I know. But no railroad man would say I was a fool if I thought hard of the machine. And all railroad men have seen engines act just as if they had spirits in them. There ain't an engine on our road or any other which will work as well for one man as she will for another. Every engine has her favorites, for whom she will do anything, and her enemies, to whom she acts like a she demon."

A fact, by the way, which the writer has since verified on considerable inquiry among locomotive engineers.
"Well, sir, if you believe me, that No. 643 hadn't been out o' shop a week before the master mechanic sent for me one night to take her. I remember I was eating supper. It was my two days lay off. Little Burnside was sitting in his chair beside me. He was just 8 years old the Thursday before. It was a very hot August night. I was asked to put the big engine through for a special. There was a party of big fellows from Washington who were returning from the White Mountains. I was to drive 'em down to Wickford Junction for Newport.

"God help me, Susie! I said to my wife, pushing back my chair. 'I don't know why, but I'd rather be killed by a pistol shot here at home than to go.' 'You foolish fellow!' she replied. 'What ails you?' 'I don't know,' I said. 'But that machine ain't been run a dozen times. Besides she hates me. This is to be a show off run, like lightning, and I know she'll kill us all!'

"My wife she just rose up then. Being a good Christian church member as I ain't, she exploded on me.

"Pete, I'm ashamed of you! You're the best runner on the road, and this is an honor. Do you want to get discharged and lose our daily bread? God will take care o' my husband. Here! It's a hot night, and you'll be back by 11 o'clock. Take the boy. He's always wanted a night ride.'

"That got me. I just rose up. She put on the boy's little cap and gave me his coat, and I went off, taking the boy. I remember how he laughed. I carried him over the rails in the dark yard on my shoulder, and he kept patting my cheek and kissing me till I hoisted him into the cab of No. 643. How proud he sat up there on my box between my legs! 'Well, again,' continued Pete, rubbing a fresh match on his overalls, 'nothing occurred as we coupled on and ran quite a while. We drew four Pullmans besides the baggage car. It was hot and dark. We had the right of way, but were to approach Wickford cautious, for there we should find the regular New York express, which we should overtake. No. 643 worked stiff, as I knew she would, but she was so big that when she got started nothing could trouble her much, and she just tossed the load along as light as a feather.

"I noticed that the throttle valve worked hard when I had to shut off steam once or twice slowing through a station. Still I could jerk her in and out well enough with one hand. An ugly throttle is a terrible thing, sir, though. For, you see, a man can't be sure. Suppose you couldn't shut off. Suppose your throttle got stuck, full head on, going at fifty miles an hour, and you a-coming into a station, for instance, even if there was nothing standing there, I tell you, you'd feel about as the Almighty would if the earth got loose and he couldn't stop her."

Then Hank puffed smokeless whiffs.
"Well, again," he resumed presently. The excitement of his own memory had brought the sweat drops to his forehead; his pipe had gone out the third time. "That throttle valve did stick on me! That's just what did happen. We were, I calculated, about eight miles from Wickford. Somehow, though, there wasn't any station to slow me up, yet I had a feeling, an awful feeling, too, as if I could not if I would shut her off. 'Pshaw!' I said to myself, and I ran on with the boy's curly head with my hand. But my left hand kept jerking and trying that throttle harder and harder. I couldn't stir her, I couldn't over and put my right hand on the lever. I could not move her, I could not move her, I seemed to be in a frenzy. I sprang at the valve, my hands and all my weight, I tried to move a hair! And the way we were going! Probably we were flying at fifty miles an hour. I yelled at the top of my lungs.

"Give us a hand, Geo!"
"He knew it all in a second," I said. "I was blinded from the tender, my hands beside mine. 'Now!' I shouted.

"We threw our weight against that old beast just shook and jumped, as much as I could. 'You can't shut off my wind!' 'Pete!' cried the fireman, 'Wickford on the switch! We're two miles more to live!'

"Then we struggled like two mad bulls. We pulled. Then we shoved. We planted our feet and pulled and shoved. We had no air brakes in them days. But if we had, I vow I believe to have put 'em on would have knocked out the cylinder heads or broke a driving rod, and sent us all to eternity.

"All this while there sat my pretty boy, as calm, as laughing, because he thought this was all play. But I knew we'd all got to die, and I caught up the boy. I held him, kissing him. It all took but a moment. There, less'n a mile ahead, stood the rear of the 'New York' on our track at the station. I could see her red light. You better believe I forgot all about the big men behind. I was thinking, should I throw out my boy into the darkness?"

"Papa," said Burnside, "what makes you look so?"
"Because, boy, we can't stop the engine. We're all going to be killed in a minute, unless I toss you out here."

"No, papa," said he, reaching out his pretty hand. "Let me try it."
"Well, I did. I don't know why. I was holding him, you understand. And sir, the moment that child's hand struck that throttle valve, she shut off as easy as drawing your breath!"

The engineer said he actually tumbled over on his seat as if he had seen a miracle. The train slowed up in answer to the brake whistle, and stopped just in front of the station. The matter may or may not have had any miraculous element. The good mother urged the boy's going. The behavior of the metal, one moment binding by heat or other expansion, the next moment releasing itself helped by the tremendous steam pressure in the dome, is one of the many well known curiosities of metal action.

"Would you really have thrown that boy from the cab if she had not stopped?" I asked.
"Certainly. It would have been the only chance of saving his life. I should have chosen a bunch of green, growing brush and landed him safely up against the bending branches. Then I should have jumped myself. We always jump when we can do no more good here. My fireman has three times saved his life so. I have once, of which I'll tell you some day. Good-by. Here's my machine, just out of the yard."—Rev. Emory J. Haynes in New York Ledger.

Sardon's Lucky Step.
Victorien Sardon, popularly called the "journalist playwright," was born in Paris on the 7th of September, 1831. His father was a teacher and the author of elementary text books. Little success met his efforts, and their early days were days of privation and hardship. Just over thirty years ago, on a cheerless wet night, he sought shelter from the storm in a doorway in the neighborhood of the Medical School of Paris. Feeling utterly wretched and with thoughts of suicide floating through his mind, he moved away from the doorway which had afforded shelter to him. A water carrier immediately took his place, audibly remarking:
"Ah, my friend, you do not know when you are well off."

He had scarcely uttered the words when a block of granite fell from the building and killed him. Sardon took his deliverance from death as a good omen and set to work with renewed energy, and is today the foremost and richest of living playwrights, and a member of the academy.—London Tit-Bits.

Over the Dessert.
Freddy (carefully rubbing the pretty bloom from his bunch of grapes)—Say, Mr. Youngbee, do these grapes powder? Mr. Youngbee (fiance of Freddy's auntie)—Why, no, my boy. What made you think of that?
Freddy—Cause this rubs off just the pink does from auntie's cheeks.—Judge.

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Established 1850.

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The News is issued every day in the year. The Weekly News furnishes a compendium of every notable event, at home and abroad, with a liberal supply of choice, original and selected articles, specially adapted to family entertainment and instruction. It is the best weekly family newspaper published in the West.

A feature of both the Daily and Weekly editions of the News, of the first importance to the public, is our perfect system of market reports. The absolute reliability of our commercial department has long been recognized by the business men in the state, and every issue will continue to furnish a true reflex of the latest Kansas City, Chicago and St. Louis, as well as local quotations.

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Notice is hereby given that the undersigned settler has filed no claim, and that said pro-Register or Receiver at McCook, Nebraska, on Saturday, December 30th, 1890.

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