

The Citizens Bank of McCook

INCORPORATED UNDER STATE LAWS.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - \$50,000.
Surplus, - - - - - 10,000.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Collections Made on all Accessible Points. Drafts Drawn on all Principal Cities of Europe. Taxes Paid for Non-Residents.

Tickets for Sale to and from Europe.

OFFICERS.

V. FRANKLIN, President. A. C. EBERT, Cashier.

CORRESPONDENTS:—The First National Bank, Lincoln, Nebraska. The Chemical National Bank, New York City.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Authorized Capital \$100,000
Capital and Surplus 60,000

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

GEORGE HOCKNELL, B. M. FREES, W. F. LAWSON,
President. Vice President. Cashier.
A. CAMPBELL, FRANK HARRIS.

Chase Co. Land and Live Stock Co.



Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder. P. O. address, Imperial Chase County, and Geatling Water and Frenchman creeks, Chase Co., Nebraska. Brand as cut on side of some animals, on hip and sides of some, or anywhere on the animal.

SPEEDY AND LASTING RESULTS. FAT PEOPLE.
You can get thin. No inconvenience. Simple, sure. ABSOLUTELY FREE. You can stay thin. Large amounts reduced. We GUARANTEE a cure or refund your money. Price \$3.00 per bottle. Send 4c. for literature. TREMONT MEDICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

PATRONIZE

FRANK ALLEN'S DRAYS

DRAYING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Sand Hauling. Safe Moving. Specialty.

No Extra Charge for Hauling Trunks at Night.

Leave orders at coal yards and at residence, No. 296 Madison street, between Dennison and Dodge streets, McCook.

HOLMES BROS.,

Contractors

Builders.

CARPENTER WORK

OF ALL KINDS, INCLUDING

Bridge Building.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

PATRONIZE

C. L. MILLER'S RESTAURANT

ICE CREAM ROOM.

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR LADIES.

He makes a specialty of Short Orders. Lunches, orders for Banquets, etc. You will receive courteous treatment. His prices are reasonable.

CIGARS, TOBACCO, FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES AND ANECDOTES FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

When Ma Was Near—A Little Girl Who Is a Regular Member of the San Francisco Volunteer Firemen—Majestic Count Leo—A Young Critic.

A Veteran at Twelve.

Marie Mahoney is the mascot of the California veteran volunteer firemen's association.

She is the only girl mascot of the kind in the United States.

She was born in San Francisco twelve years ago, and is the plumpest, jolliest little girl that ever was—just as if she wasn't an "officer" in the "Vets."

When Marie was five years old she began to march with the veterans, on the occasion of the visit to this city of the New York volunteers of the same order. Since then there is no excuse to be offered why she should not go along when there is any marching to do.

Marie Mahoney is the daughter of Senator Mahoney of this city and lives at the Baldwin and is as natural and unaffected as a girl could be. She wants to talk about anything in the world but herself and thinks interviewing the greatest bore. But she finally gave up to what she knew was one of the inconveniences of greatness and told all about her life as a mascot, and what a long, unending vacation it had always been. The veterans idolize her, and were it not that she has two sturdy little feet to walk on and looked so well at the head of their ranks they would insist on carrying her on their shoulders all the time when they are tramping. But Marie walks, and she walks miles and miles every time they have a parade and never thinks anything of the mud and of getting tired. As the result she is the picture of health and doesn't want to ever stop being a mascot.

"Marie is getting too big to march much longer with the firemen," said Mrs. Mahoney the other day. "I shall let her walk just once more, and that must end it."

"No, mamma," says Marie, coaxingly, with the nearest approach to a frown which she is capable of; "no, mamma, I don't want to stop yet."

And then you can see that the chances are that Marie will have things all her own way.

Marie went to the World's fair as the mascot, "and I never saw her all the time we were gone," says her mother. "That is, she was with the men all the time and I was only a maid when I did see her, to take care of her clothes and her father's." And she smiled indulgently on her.

And Marie dresses just like the men, only she wears a black skirt. Otherwise she wears when she marches a red shirt made like the firemen's shirts to a "t," even to the little hooks that keep the collar down, a black tie and a most killing little helmet. And it is so nearly killing that she has to have a tiny fatigue cap fastened to her belt behind just like the men. Her helmet is inscribed with all the monograms and letterings that make the other caps so interesting and mysterious. She carries besides, just like the three other officers, a silver trumpet, and she salutes with that, while the rest of the veterans salute with their hats.

When they went to Chicago they stopped at Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden, and Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, not to mention Buffalo, Albany and Niagara Falls. At all these places the mascot and the firemen and their wives were met with bands of music, flowers, speeches and the freedom of the city until they were nearly spoiled for common, everyday affairs. Marie on all these occasions started off with the association and the association that came to meet them and marched until she was tired and rode the rest of the way on a little engine that they took with them that was born in 1830. It was the same everywhere they went, and there was a great deal more cheering because that special little girl was along than there would otherwise have been. They stopped at Washington and the president gave them a special reception and kissed the mascot, who gravely pinned a medal to his breast. He had been a great chum of Marie's father in their old Buffalo school days. And the medals. There are 400 of them, of all sorts and description. They were given to the little girl everywhere she went, until she has medals that no one else in the world has. The one she thinks the most of is a plain, homely, faded red one that reads: "Only a few of us left." There is something sad about that to Marie, for it means that the men to whom the badge belonged are either eight times her age or they have died long since.

But the best of it all is that Marie Mahoney is just a sensible, healthy, unspoiled little girl in spite of the life she leads, that is one grand combination of candy, parades and medals. She has no more self-consciousness than a bird, and she thinks as much of the veterans as they do of her.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Pansy Story.

There is a charming little story well known in Germany, but with which American children are not so familiar.

It is about the pretty pansy flower, and the tale is that the big petal was a bad stepmother who sat in the garden with her four children. She sat up very straight and proud on her green seat, holding her own two children next to her and pushing the two step-children down, trying to get

them out of sight. But presently the sun shone out in the heavens, and it looked down in the garden and slowly turned the pansy around till the little, slighted children were at the top and the wicked stepmother was lowest of all. (That is what the sun does to the pansies.) And thus, say the Germans, who are a poetical and religious people, "Heaven makes everything right in the end."—Inter Ocean.

Majestic Count Leo.

Count Leo is the name of a magnificent St. Bernard dog owned by Mrs. L. M. Kirkpatrick.

Leo is an aristocratic dog, as his name indicates, with a pedigree half a yard long, yet this in no way interferes with his amiability and intelligence.

"Leo, run shut the door," said Mr. Kirkpatrick to his dog, just as he would address a child, and Leo trots to the door and with his paw pushes it close, but still it is unlatched.

"Oh, shut it close," and his nose is brought into requisition and the door closes.

The eyes beam with wonderful intelligence. Every word spoken is understood, whether by a stranger or those with whom he is familiar.

The guests of the hotel where Leo's home is foster this intelligence in many ways, a favorite one being to give their keys to him, with instructions where to leave them. The dog never makes a mistake as to the identity of a guest, nor the number of the room he has been assigned to.

"Take those towels to No. — and leave them," says the chambermaid, and it is done, the only reward Leo ever asks for being the friendly pat on his head in which he delights.

"I'm going to dress up to-day, Leo," says Mr. Kirkpatrick, "and you may bring me my silk hat." Leo goes to a closet, and, raising himself to a level with a shelf, carefully takes down a box, opens it, and, gently as though it were an infant, lifts out the silk hat and lays it in his master's lap.

One day instead of the shiny black hat with which he was familiar a flippant bit of flowers and ribbons and lace held together by half a dozen pins set with brilliants reposed in the bandbox.

At the sight Leo's ears went up; it was deposited on the floor, where he manifested his disgust by short barks. Here he left the bonnet and began a search for the hat. At last it was discovered and his delight was great. He would not be content until it reposed in its customary place on the shelf.

Leo possesses one accomplishment that makes one wonder just how close the line may be between brute intelligence and human intelligence.

Leo sings.

Not as does his mistress, but in canine fashion. To a piano accompaniment he barks the scales, seven being his compass. When taking a lesson, however, he is apt to let his feelings run away with him and thus mar his conscience. At such times his mistress waits for a moment, saying:

"Come, Leo, get up in this chair here and rest a bit." He climbs into the chair by the side of the piano, and again the music starts, Leo accompanying it by his rhythmical barking.

"Not so loud—softly now," and the dog, understanding perfectly, modulates his voice to a mere whisper. This clever dog is 2 years and 6 months old, and first saw the light of day in Tacoma, where he has several brothers and sisters, much larger than himself, but none so intelligent. Indeed, it is claimed by Leo's mistress that he is the smartest dog in America.—Chicago Times.

When Ma Was Near.

I didn't have one bit of fear 'bout nothing' 'till, when ma was near. The clouds could bank up in the sky, Or 'fore the wind in white streaks d', But somehow 'nuther I didn't keer A snap for them—when ma was near. Goblins that sneak at night to sneer Us little folks—when ma was near. Jes' fairly flew, and wouldn't stay 'Round there on 'till, when ma was near. An' didn't seem to be on his queer— They couldn't help it, when ma was near.

It wasn't bad to be sick, where You felt the joy that ma was near. The throbs 'o' pain couldn't stay much Under the coolin' of her touch. But seemed to stand in mortal fear Of everything, when ma was near.—Edward N. Wood.

An Absent-Minded Man.

The following anecdote of an absent-minded man has lately come to hand, and while some of you may have heard it before, it seems to be too good to be passed over entirely.

Among the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrows, the celebrated barrister, and one of Ireland's "worst" is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind. A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass."

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there!"

"Bless me!" Burrows observed, "I did not notice that before."

Ringling the bell he called his servant, and questioned him respecting his looking-glass.

"Oh, sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed six weeks ago."—Harper's Young People.

Enough.

Teacher, sternly—Willie Waffles, you were late this morning. Willie Waffles, blushing—Yes'm. I had to get up in the night and go for a doctor.

Teacher—Well, Willie, I will excuse you this time, but I hope this will not happen again.

Willie—That's what father said.

Matter Enough.

"What's the matter, Johnnie?" asked his mother anxiously.

"Oh! oh!" howled Johnnie, "I've stepped on my tongue with my teeth."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCONA, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE?

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Will Cure Cramps, Colic, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

W. C. BULLARD & CO.,

LIME, CEMENT, DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS.	LUMBER.	HARD AND SOFT COAL.
---------------------------------------	---------	---------------------

RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS.

U. J. WARREN, Manager.

B. & M. MEAT MARKET,

F. S. WILCOX, Prop.

Fresh and Salt Meats,

BACON, BOLOGNA, CHICKENS, Turkeys and Fish.

F. D. BURGESS,

Plumber and Steam Fitter.

MAIN AVENUE, MCCOOK, NEB.

Stock of Iron, Lead and Sewer Pipe, Brass Goods, Pumps and Boiler Trimmings. Agent for Halliday, Eclipse and Waupun Wind Mill.



MANHOOD RESTORED!

"NERVE FEEDS." This wonderful remedy guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infirmary, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5, by mail prepaid. With a \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Write for free Medical Book sent sealed in plain wrapper. Address NERVE FEED CO., Masonic Temple, CHICAGO. For sale in McCook, Neb., by W. C. BULLARD & CO., Druggists.

R. A. COLE,

LEADING

MERCHANT TAILOR

OF MCCOOK,

Has just received a new stock of CLOTHS and TRIMMINGS. If you want a good fitting suit made at the very lowest prices for good work, call on him. Shop first door west of Barnett's Lumber Office, on Dennison street.

J. A. CUNN,

Physician and Surgeon,

MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

OFFICE—Front rooms over Lowman & Son's store. RESIDENCE—492 McFarland St., two blocks north of McEntee hotel. Prompt attention to all calls.

W. V. CAGE,

Physician and Surgeon,

MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Rooms over First National bank. Night calls answered at office.



C. M. NOBLE,

Leading Grocer,

MCCOOK, NEB.,

SOLE AGENT.

FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$10.00 watch you ever saw, we will give you the watch. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 5 days only. Address THE NATIONAL WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.