

PUBLIC SALE!

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ON

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1915

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

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ELLSWORTH, NEBRASKA

Events in the Social Realm

Mrs. Roy Beckwith entertained a company of twelve ladies at her home on 408 Toluca avenue, Thursday afternoon of last week. The event was a 1:30 luncheon, served in four courses, and very much enjoyed throughout. The remaining afternoon hours were spent in playing bridge. The guests report a pleasant time, and Mrs. Beckwith a charming hostess.

On Saturday afternoon of last week, Mrs. Anna Zehring gave a very enjoyable party in honor of her daughter, Miss Margaret. The occasion was to celebrate the thirteenth birthday of the latter, and little girls to the number of thirty-six gathered at the pleasant home and spent the hours between 2 and 4 in a most enjoyable manner, with games, music and care-free fun. The guests included the seventh grade of the school to which Miss Margaret goes, also the girls from her grade in the School of Music and physical culture class. The color motif for the tables and the house decorations was pink and white, which was carried out very tastefully. The birthday luncheon served near the close of the afternoon hours was thoroughly enjoyed by all the little guests and the birthday cake was adorned with the thirteen candles and "Margaret" in pink across the top. The little guests departed for their homes wishing many happy returns for their little friend.

Miss Blanche Kibble entertained at a theatre party on Saturday evening last, in honor of her cousin, Miss Maude Moist of Long Beach, Calif., who is visiting at the former's home. After a very informal and enjoyable time at the theatre, the hostess and her guests repaired to the cozy parlors in the F. J. Brennan drug store, there to partake of a delicious repast, which all of the young ladies invited did justice and enjoyed. The ladies included in this party were: Misses Hazel Bennett, Charlotte Mollring, Dorothy Smith, Mildred Campbell, Nell Tash, Eunice Eldred, Bess Kibble, Gertrude Green, Beulah Smith, Irene Rice, Nelle Keeler, Cynthia Davenport and Maude Moist.

A party of lady friends of Miss Maude Moist are giving a dancing party in compliment to her in the

Nation hall this evening. The plans have been made for a very enjoyable time, and refreshments served at the proper time will add to the pleasant time anticipated.

The O. E. S. lodge met in regular session Tuesday evening of this week and transacted business, also enjoying a social time. Two visitors from other lodges were present, received a royal welcome, and found this lodge doing the best in their fraternal and social line of work.

The Woman's Federated Club will meet Friday afternoon of this week, and Mrs. A. S. Mote will entertain as hostess at her home, at 710 Yellowstone avenue. The program will consist of roll call of members, foreign events, music, and an address by A. J. Macey.

The members and friends of the M. E. church will hold a reception Friday evening of this week in honor of the new pastor, Rev. J. B. Carns, and the other new strangers attending that church, including some of the teachers. A very good time has been planned and the evening's program assures everyone a welcome.

The members and friends of the Woman's Guild of the Episcopal church spent a very pleasant and profitable afternoon at the parish house, Wednesday of this week. Lunch was served by Mesdames Alice Anderson and Cunningham, who acted as hostesses for the occasion. Dean William C. Shaw, who has recently arrived to serve in the capacity of rector for the Episcopal church, gave an interesting address on the work which he wishes and expects to accomplish among his congregation and other outside friends.

The members and congregation of the First Presbyterian church united in giving a very pleasant reception to the teachers of the city schools and to new people who have recently affiliated with the church, on Monday evening. The affair was very informal. During the evening, Mrs. J. S. Rhein sang two very pleasing solos. Supper was served to about a hundred and fifty, and this proved to be not only an enjoyable feature but a satisfying one as well. After

the evening hours had been spent in a social and friendly way, the guests went to their homes feeling very indebted to the gracious hostesses who had planned and carried out the event.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Adv.—Oct

Codfish and Cheese.

Soak a pound of codfish six hours in tepid water, then let it come to a boil. When cold, pick into flakes with a fork and season with pepper. Heat a cupful of milk to a boil, stir into it a teaspoonful of butter rolled in two of prepared flour. Mix with the picked fish and pour into a baking dish. Strain grated cheese thickly on top and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown. It is yet nicer if you add a raw egg before cooking it. Something real new.

Sausage Bundles.

Roll out plain paste in six-inch squares, rather thin. Cut frankfur sausage in thin slices, rejecting the skin, and lay the slices in two rows in the center of the piece of paste; double, pinch ends together and fold as you would do up a bundle, wetting the edges to make them stick; then set away on ice until ready to bake. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes and serve hot with French or German mustard.

MAXIMS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Don't forget to close the refrigerator door each time you use the box; the ice will last much longer.

If the aluminum cooking utensils turn black, try boiling tomato pairings in them and they will brighten.

It is best not to serve the same dish twice a week unless it be a vegetable, as everyone likes a variety.

The bone should be left in a roast; it will help to keep the juice and will add flavor and sweetness.

To clean finger marks on doors, rub with a piece of flannel dipped in kerosene oil. The marks will disappear like magic. Afterward wipe with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water to take away the smell, as it does not destroy the paint. Paraffin oil is also excellent for cleaning varnished hall doors.

Kumiss.

This dish is of great value in the sickroom, as it is one form in which milk seldom fails to be retained by the patient. Kumiss made at home in the following way is most satisfactory: Heat one quart of milk to 75 degrees Fahrenheit, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth of a yeast cake broken in pieces and dissolved in one tablespoonful of lukewarm water. Fill sterilized bottles to within one and one-half inches of the top. Cork and shake. Place bottles, inverted, where they can remain at a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit for ten hours; then place in icebox for forty-eight hours, shaking occasionally to prevent cream from clogging mouth of bottles.—Woman's Home Companion.

Southern Biscuits.

Sift together two cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Then rub in a tablespoonful of lard. When the flour looks like meal, stir into it the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, and mix with a cupful of milk. Beat with a spoon, then turn out on a floured board and knead very lightly. Roll out about one-fourth of an inch thick, brush with melted butter and fold. Press together lightly, but do not roll again. Cut in small rounds and bake in a very quick oven.

HIS STENOGRAPHER

By CATHARINE CRANMER.

Returning from the files with an armload of correspondence, John Grover halted suddenly as he approached his desk. Between the upper rim of his spectacles and his bushy, gray eyebrows he stared out at the small, white pique-clad young woman who was perched upon the wooden railing that inclosed his department.

"I'm Lydia Raymond, the new stenographer," said the young woman. "Mr. Wilson brought me over, but he was called away to the telephone."

"Wilson's a bird when it comes to hiring help," muttered Grover, of whom it was alleged around the office that his middle name was Grouch. Turning toward Lydia, he grudgingly extended a pudgy hand. "Grover's my name. Can you turn out work pretty fast?"

"Oh, just as easy!" And Lydia smiled bewitchingly, but it was pearls before swine, for Grover didn't see the smile.

"All right, now; let's start on this pile and we'll see what you call easy." And Grover launched into his most vigorous dictation pace while Lydia's fingers fitted over the pages. As he looked up from the last letter he found Lydia sitting with her hands clasped around one knee and looking straight at him.

"I'm awfully glad you aren't grouchy," she said, with childish candor. "At first I thought you were the very man who put the 'ouch' in grouch, but I guess it was just a Monday morning grouch, wasn't it?"

"I guess we haven't got time to talk nonsense; look at this pile of work." Lydia turned her head to one side, stuck out her red lips and frowned just a little.

"Oh, but look how well we work together! I'll tell you what let's do," enthusiastically "Let's work real fast and get that whole pile finished and then we'll take the 'ouch' out of grouch, and put the 'sense' in nonsense. Shall we?"

"We might," said Grover, with an awkward smile and a bungling movement to get hold of a letter that would give him a chance to fasten his eyes somewhere.

A month after Lydia's advent the credit department was running so smoothly that John Grover went about wearing a satisfied expression that was a pine days' wonder to the observant office force. But there came a rainy malarial morning late in August when Lydia came drooping to her desk, with swollen eyes and a colorless face. She tried to smile as they began their morning work, but made such a pitiful failure that Grover pushed the pile of letters away and looked intently at her.

"Child, there's something wrong; can I be of any help?"

"I'm afraid you can't, for I've spoiled everything." Two tears splashed on her note book before she could find her handkerchief. Then she continued: "Last night when Clarence started home—Clarence is you know, or was my my—"

"Yes, yes, I know; and what did he do?"

"Oh, I was the one to do the mischief. Clarence said if I didn't take off a suffrage pin I was wearing he wouldn't—wouldn't bid me good-night. I said I'd promised Miss Bee to wear the pin a week and tell her what people said about it. Then he said I was getting crazier every day, but he wouldn't listen any longer; to my nonsense. I didn't say a word then, but after a while I said: 'There doesn't seem to be any nonsense to listen to except when you are talking.' He whirled around and rushed out of the door, and I looked down at that old pin and just boo-hooed."

"Well, what in the dickens does that ranting suffragette mean by placarding you as one of her kind?" growled Grover.

"Oh, but Miss Bee doesn't rant, and she isn't a freak, and she knows nearly everything. And there she is, right this minute!" exclaimed Lydia. "She must be bidding on that big mimeograph job in our advertising department. Goody she's coming over to speak to me."

John Grover grew red and Beatrice Morris grew pale when they were introduced by Lydia, who didn't know until afterward that they had parted ten years ago much as she and Clarence had parted only the night before. She had her first inkling of it when John Grover broke the embarrassed silence which followed the first formal greetings.

"Beatrice," he began, haltingly. "I've changed my mind this morning about several things, but I didn't lose it, and I won't if you'll let me build a home for you now instead of building one yourself two years later." Of course, he had not meant to say that, but after it was said it had to be answered, and Beatrice gave an answer that was as satisfactory to him as it was surprising to her. Grover turned abruptly to the astonished Lydia.

"Ring up that young rascal of a Clarence," he commanded, "and ask him to make one of a luncheon party of four at Sherry's at twelve o'clock today."

The last remark of Lydia's telephone conversation was this: "And we're going to put all kinds of 'sense' to nonsense!"

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EASY WAYS TO AVOID WASTE

Many Methods by Which the "Left-Overs" May Be Converted Into Appetizing Dishes.

Of course, in using "left-overs" something new must be added.

Tough steak may be finely chopped, seasoned with salt, pepper and onions, and fried in little cakes.

A nice stew can be made of the pieces of cold beef. Cut them in small pieces and cover with water, boil till tender, add an onion, carrot, potatoes, a little turnip, a spoonful of rice, pepper and salt. Serve with slices of toasted bread.

Scraps of veal, mutton, lamb or lean pork, alone or all together, make a fine meat pie, or, finely chopped up, may be heated in tomato sauce.

Remnants of fowl of any kind can be served with cream sauce; hashed with a dash of mustard and served on toast; used as sandwiches. The bones of fowl slowly simmered in water for a long time give the foundation for a rich soup.

Chop pieces of cold ham finely, season with onion and mustard and use for sandwiches, with scrambled eggs or in hash. Horseradish makes a good seasoning for this.

Cold potatoes may be fried, mashed, creamed and used in salads.

Other vegetables may be used in hash or stews, or as a vegetable salad.

Cold beans and corn warmed up in milk make a fine succotash.

Cold rice can be made into a pudding or used in muffins and griddle cakes.

Make hash and balls with left-over fish. Chop cold oysters finely and add to poultry dressing. Dry and pound all stale bread and use for rolling croquettes and fish in.

Fry cold oatmeal or wheat in butter and serve with cream and sugar.

"Waste not, want not," is the motto which should be hung in every kitchen; every kind of food left over can be utilized in some way.

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