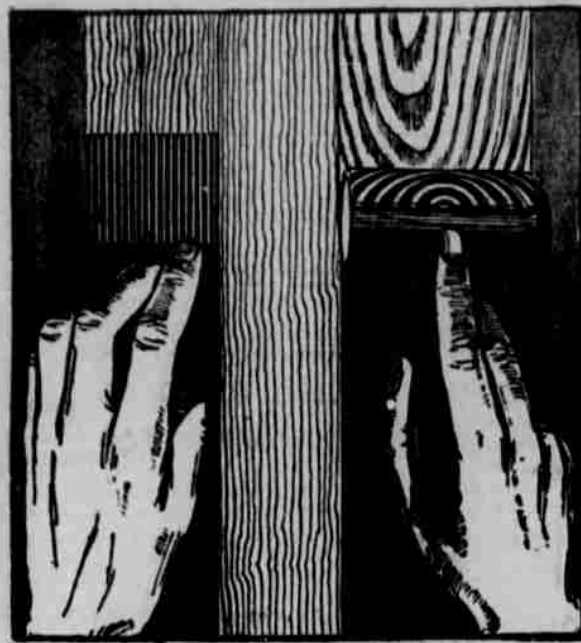


**A Hardwood Floor of any Color
You may Choose for \$2.50**



Floors which are in too poor condition to be improved with varnish alone can be made to imitate a genuine hardwood floor with this new patented Graining System. This process does not require the services of a professional wood finisher. The Graining Tool takes the place of skill and can be successfully used by the inexperienced man or woman, thus making it possible for any one at a very slight expense to enjoy the luxury of a new hardwood floor. This Graining Compound when protected by one or two coats of Chi-Namel produces a surface that will outwear any ordinary varnished floor, many times over.

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OUR
Easter
SHOE SHOW
IS READY!

You will certainly take pleasure in seeing these handsome shoes, and we will certainly take the greatest pleasure in showing them to you. Then, if you buy your Easter shoes here, there will be another pleasure in store for you in the way of satisfaction afforded you, by the correctly dressed feet. There's a touch of style and wellbredness to our shoes, and we have such a variety of models and leathers that you are sure of finding here—

JUST YOUR EASTER SHOE!

There are handsome Patent Leather, Suedes, Gun Metals, and Cravenettes in Oxfords, Ties, Pumps, Ankle Strap Sailor Ties, just shown for spring. So we say, come, see our Easter shoes!

FETZERS' SHOE STORE

THE TAILOR'S SONG

Fit out at Frank's—get a suit up to date,
Right in the fashion—of woollens first rate.
A suit that will fit—goods sound as a bell,
No outside shops will fit you as well,
Keep track of Mac's good value he sells,
Mac builds good clothes garments all neat,
Chicago's ready made agents cannot compete.
Examine his line and prices all through,
Look him up for a suit, saves money for you.
Reliable goods, all through his line,
Order a suit for the on coming spring time,
You find value for money here every time.

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AUNT ABBIE'S VISIT.

The Old Lady Managed to Make Things Pretty Lively.

Sawkins says that something always happens when his Aunt Abbie comes to visit. She is eighty-four, and, although she cannot hear and her eyesight is poor, still she is very active, particularly at night, when she frequently gets up to take a sip of milk and nibble a cracker.

The first night of her last visit she got up at 2 o'clock to take her second snack. Feeling around with a lighted match for the gas, she set the curtain on fire. Without a moment's hesitation she pulled the blazing curtain down and tried to beat the blaze out with her bed slipper. She couldn't, so she hurried downstairs in the dark to Sawkins' room and pounded on the door.

Sawkins and his wife awoke with a start and heard some one mumbling outside the door. Aunt Abbie had put her teeth away for the night, and her voice sounded strange.

They sprang out of bed and yanked open the door. "Fire!" muttered Aunt Abbie in deep guttural tones. And she pointed upstairs.

Up to the third floor front darted Sawkins, followed by his wife and Aunt Abbie. The carpet and a wicker chair holding Aunt Abbie's undergarments were burning briskly. Sawkins grabbed rugs and tried to smother the blaze, while his wife ran to the fourth floor to arouse the servants.

The servants came rushing down in bare feet and nightgowns. Sawkins meanwhile attended strictly to business. With water carried from the bathroom the fire was extinguished.

During the excitement Sawkins had forgotten all about his father, but as the old man had not showed up Sawkins thought his father was still asleep downstairs.

It seems not. His father had heard Aunt Abbie say "Fire!" and, very thoughtfully for an old man of seventy-nine, had opened his window and yelled "Fire!" Then he had gone out on the front steps in his nightshirt and yelled until some one heard him and sent in an alarm.

When the firemen came one of them took Sawkins' father, as he was, into the next house. So when Sawkins ran downstairs to tell his father about the fire he met the firemen coming up. They told him the old man was in next door. So soon as the firemen had gone Sawkins went in next door after his father.

Mr. Sawkins, Sr., was sitting in the parlor, surrounded by the neighbor's family, and busily employed in consuming a hot drink. His costume was a nightshirt covered by a swallowtail coat, patent leather pumps and knees draped in a steamer rug.

Sawkins was so struck by his father's genteel appearance that he gravely thanked the neighbors for their kindness in outfitting his father. Then he took his father home in his novel costume to show his wife.

The next morning Aunt Abbie said she was too old to go visiting and wanted to go home. But she couldn't—her underclothing was all burned.—New York Press.

Dr. Johnson's Marvelous Memory.
Dr. Johnson, the Urna Major of English literature, had a prodigious memory and at one period of his life employed it in reporting parliamentary debates. Once Dr. Hawkesworth read to him a poem which he intended to publish and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "I cannot well determine on a first hearing. Read it again." Hawkesworth complied. The next morning, the subject of the poem being resumed, Johnson said he had but one objection to it, that he doubted its originality, and to prove his statement repeated the whole poem, with the exception of a few lines, which so alarmed Hawkesworth that he declared he would never again read anything of his composing to Johnson, who, he said, had a memory which would convict any author of plagiarism.

The Khedive and the Rascal.
Even to the adventurers and downright swindlers who hung about his court at Cairo and afterward pursued his wanderings Ismail extended a good natured, half contemptuous patronage. He liked a rogue far better than a fool. Once, when he had formally forbidden his door to a flagrant offender, the man, who knew his character, got a ladder and climbed into the viceroyn's room, remarking, "I have obeyed your highness' commands and have crossed your threshold by the window and not by the door." The humor of the thing at once appealed to Ismail, and the offender was released in his favor.

SHOES FOR EASTERTIDE!

OXFORDS \$3 TO \$4

If you're looking for something particularly attractive in Easter footwear you'll find representation in our Easter window. Don't mar the effect of your Easter attire by wearing shoes that are not proper.

MEN'S NIFTY OXFORDS in Patent, Gun, Calf, Tans, in conservative shapes or snappy styles
WOMEN'S OXFORDS in Patent, Tans, in Ribbon Ties, Pumps and new Spring Creations

\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50

THIS WAY FOR EASTER FOOTWEAR

Sherwood & Son

Rapid Age.
The stranger came to the old tavern "You are behind the times," he eluded, dated, gravely. "Why don't you take down that old 'Accommodation for Man and Beast' sign over your gate and put up 'Accommodation for Man and Automobile?'"

But the old tavern keeper only smiled.

"What would be the use?"

"Why, don't you think it would be of advantage to you?"

"No; by the time I got it up I'd have to take it down and put up a sign, 'Accommodation for Man and Automobile?'"

UNKIND.

I had hoped we were friends, and perhaps something more; You often have given me praise; I have paid your car fare; you were glad when I swore That you had adorable ways.

We have whispered sometimes—little nothings, 'tis true— In unlighted corners and nooks; I have squeezed your slim hand and presented to you A number of beautiful books.

I have seen your cheeks flush, and I've thought that, some way, My life blended into your life. But why, when I asked you to luncheon that day, Did you telephone to my wife? —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Words.
When I was young, if I thought anybody's house was on fire, I said: "Sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful years of your youth is in a state of conflagration," and people called me a good writer then; now they say I cannot write at all, because I say: "Sir, your house is on fire."—John Ruskin.

The Real Mourners.
The Bull Pup—How did you lose your tail, old man?
The Yellow Cur—In a trolley accident.
The Bull Pup—Do you miss it much?
The Yellow Cur—Not as much as the boys do who used to tie the tins cans to it.

Discretion in Speech Needed.
"There's one thing we will have to change if these ladies who wish to vote have their way," said Senator Sorghum. "What is that?" "We'll have to quit talking about 'the wisdom of the plain people.'"

Diplomacy.
The wife of a man who came home late insisted upon a reason. "When I go out without you," he said, "I do not enjoy myself half as much and it takes me twice as long."—Success Magazine.

Truth Above All.
Welcome the beggarliest truth, so it be one, in exchange for the royalist sham. Truth of any kind breeds ever new and better truth.—Thomas Carlyle.

Need of Originality.
No matter how hard one may work, hard work will probably not achieve any striking success unless originality be intermingled with it.

Must Have Time to Live.
It was not intended that a man should work as long as his eyes are open. He wants a little time to live as well.

Animal Study.
The study of animal behavior, which is now being so vigorously pursued in America by our great field naturalists, will provide, perhaps, the most likely channel along which the main stream of advance will be guided toward the fuller comprehension of the mysteries of mental life.—Lancet.

FEMINE AMENITIES.

Amy Troop—Do you know I've a good mind to ask some manager to give me a trial?
Sue Durr—Don't, dear, you'll be condemned, sure.

Suspicious.
"Yes, miss," boasted the chivalrous old Colonel, "I was at the battle of Chickamauga and was shot right here on top of the head. No one can care say that I was up a tree during the fighting."
"Er—where were you, colonel," asked the young hostess, innocently, "down a well?"

Golden Silence.
One of the children in the Lysander John Appleton family is named Vassar for the college from which their mother was graduated. Mrs. Appleton says: "He has went," and uses many other strange expressions for a Vassar graduate, but she is a Woman, and none dare say a word of doubt.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

How He Got It.
The kind lady had just handed the hungry hobo a sandwich and a hunk of pie. "Poor man!" she said, sympathetically. "Are you married?" "No'm," answered the H. H. "I got dis hunted look from bein' chased from place to place by der perlice."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Daily Thought.
No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Why Pat Didn't Pay.
An Irishman refused to pay his doctor bill, and when asked his reason for it he said: "And, sure, what shall I pay for? He didn't give me any thing but emetics, and niver a one could I keep on my stomach at all, at all."

Fortunes from Small Sums.
People do not always realize the value of small sums of money that have been sometimes the seeds of fortunes.

Bridesmaid's Tragic Fate.
A girl, aged nine, one of the bridesmaids in a wedding procession that passed through the woods of Sabant, was seized by a wild boar and killed before the guests could interfere.

A Newlywed.
"He's a queer fellow."
"How so?"
"His wife went away for a month's visit this morning and he looks as glad as if she had missed the train."

THE OLD DUTCH OVEN.

Some sigh for cooks of boyhood days, but none of them for me; One roundup cook was best of all—'twas with the X-Bar-T. And when we heard the grub pie call at morning, noon and night, The old Dutch oven never failed to cook the things just right.

'Twas covered o'er with red-hot coals, and when we fetched her out The biscuits there were nice and brown, you never had a doubt, I ain't so strong for boyhood grub, 'cause, summer, spring or fall, The old Dutch oven baked the stuff that tasted best of all.

Perhaps 'twas 'cause our appetites were always mighty sharp— The men who ride the cattle range ain't apt to kick or carp; But anyway I find myself a-dreaming of that bread

The old Dutch oven baked for us beneath those coals so red. —Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

Picture of Olden Times.
A most unique sight of old Boston must have been the celebration of the fourth anniversary of a society for "Promoting Industry and Frugality," when 300 young female spinsters decently dressed brought their spinning wheels to the common one afternoon and plied their homely craft, a female at each wheel, to the accompaniment of music and the delight of many spectators.

SOMETHING WRONG.

The balloon pilot landed in the little backwoods village and told the lotterers the thrilling story of his escape. "And at one time," he related, with dramatic force, "I was in a storm and sweeping over a vast desert. There was nothing to do but throw out sand and prepare for the worst. Gentlemen, at one time I felt as if I had lost my head and gone plumb crazy." The oldest inhabitant slowly lighted his pipe and drawled, with a sarcastic smile: "You must have been plumb crazy, bub, to throw sand on a desert. Didn't you think there was enough sand there already?"

Saw it First.
One of the waiters in a local restaurant was overheard talking with another about the attractions now playing in the city. "Are you going to see 'Romeo and Juliet?'" asked his companion. "No," answered the waiter, decidedly. "I saw 'Romeo and Juliet' when it was first produced four years ago." Shades of Shakespeare!

Always Wheat Trouble.
Wheat, corn, breadstuffs, the staff of life—this has always been the agony of humanity whenever it progressed into advanced civilization with dense populations. And along with the breadstuffs, of course, all farm products rose till the people, wherever on earth they were, groaned under the increased cost of living and cried in vain for relief.—Harper's Weekly.

Wedding Anniversaries.
The different wedding anniversaries are as follows: First, paper; fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond. The sixtieth is usually celebrated as the diamond wedding, as it falls to the lot of very few to live together for three-quarters of a century.

Badly Matched Ears.
No pair of ears, scientists say, are ever perfectly matched, neither are they set exactly alike upon the head. In some cases the ears are so different that they might more appropriately belong to different individuals.