

## When You Take Cold

One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.

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We banish alcohol from our medicines  
We urge you to consult your doctor

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### When Marriage is the Topic.

The wedded state is a favorite subject with the epigram makers. From a very old ballad we take this:

There was a criminal in a cart  
A-goin' to be hanged;  
Respite to him was granted,  
And cart and crowd did stand  
To know if he would marry a wife  
Or rather choose to die,  
"Tother a the worst—drive on the cart!"  
The criminal did reply.

More modern is this verse:

I would advise a man to pause  
Before he takes a wife—  
In fact, I see no earthly cause  
He should not pause for life.

Who, by the way, is the author who describes a second marriage as being "the triumph of hope over experience?"

Samuel Lover's matrimonial epigram is very apposite:

Though matches are all made in heaven,  
They say,  
Yet Hymen, who mischief oft hatches,  
Sometimes deals with the house Cother  
side of the way,  
And there they make Lucifer matches.  
—Chambers' Journal.

### The Lord and the Burglar.

Lord Iverdale had just finished his after dinner speech and the guests had applauded when the butler rushed forward and announced to his lordship that there was a burglar in the house.

"A burglar! Confound his impudence! Where is he?"

"We don't exactly know, your lordship. One of the maids, hearing a noise in the library, looked in and saw a man at the safe. If your lordship will allow me, I'll put Jarvis in my place here and take charge of the search."

"Very good, Haskins. Go by all means. Wait a moment—here is the key of my desk. Take the revolver you will find in the right hand top drawer; you may need it. As soon as I can get away without alarming the ladies I'll join you."—Munsey's.

### BARKER IS SANE, SAYS JURY.

Webster County Murderer Again Draws Near the Gallows.

Lincoln, Sept. 30.—A jury in the district court brought in a verdict finding Frank Barker, convicted of murder, to be sane. This is equivalent to a death sentence, and Barker will be hanged in the state penitentiary. Barker more than a year ago killed his brother and his brother's wife on a farm in Webster county, burying the bodies in a cow shed. The supposed motive for the crime was robbery. He was convicted in Webster county of double murder, sentenced to be hanged last June and on appeal the supreme court sustained the sentence. His attorneys, as a last resort, made the allegation of insanity, certifying the same to the warden of the penitentiary, who, under a Nebraska statute, is compelled to summon a jury to pass on the question of sanity. This jury for a week has been hearing testimony. The case was given to the jury Saturday afternoon.

### Hit Them Both.

Jones—That was a scathing sermon on mean men the parson gave us last Sunday. Wonder what Smith thought about it? Brown—Singular! I met Smith yesterday, and he said he'd like to know your opinion on it.—London Telegraph.

### Majestic Webster.

Theodore Parker gave the following graphic description of Daniel Webster in the famous three hour sermon preached soon after Webster's death:

He was a man of large mold, a great body and a great brain. He seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massively large save the stormy features of Michael Angelo. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. The coal heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth, yet there was a sweet grandeur in the smile and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes—like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well! His face was rugged with volcanic fires—great passions and great thoughts. "The front of Jove himself; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

### Came Near It.

Wit and humor are such elemental, fundamental things that it has always been found difficult to analyze them. Upon some points, however, those who have essayed this puzzling task agree, for they all hold that wit is an intellectual, humor an emotional, quality; that wit is a perception of resemblance and humor a perception of contrast, of discrepancy, of incongruity. The incongruity is that which arises between the ideal and the fact, between theory and practice, between promise and performance, and perhaps it might be added that it is always or almost always a moral incongruity. In the case both of wit and humor there is also a pleasurable surprise, a gentle shock which accompanies our perception of the hitherto unsuspected resemblance or incongruity. A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him," interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer, "we did—almost."—Atlantic.

### A Strenuous Statesman.

In his "Eclipse and O'Kelly" Theodore Andrea Cook tells a story of the English statesman and sport Fox. He had wagered something about a waistcoat which could only be obtained in Paris; went off to Dover by night, caught the mail packet, posted to Paris and back to Calais, and remembered he had a horse racing at Newmarket. He chartered a fishing boat bound for the eastern counties, just got to Newmarket in time for the race, took the post back to London and stopped on the way to dine. In the middle of the port and dice after dinner he was caught by a special messenger who had been tearing over half of England in search of him and reminded that he had to move to bring in a marriage bill in the house of commons. He rushed to the stables, reached the house in time to make a brilliant speech in reply to North and Burke and defeated North on a division by a single vote.

### The Bee's Feet.

Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the curious combination of a basket, a brush and a pair of pinchers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, is seen only with a high grade microscope. With this brush of fairy delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar of flowers. Another delicate apparatus is the spoon shaped appendage that receives the gleanings that the bee wishes to carry to the hive. Finally, by opening the brush and the basket by means of a neat little hinge, the two become a pair of pinchers, which render important service in constructing the cells for the reception of the honey.

### Tinned Tongue.

"Are you studying Esperanto, Mr. Idiot?" asked the linguist.  
"I am not," said the idiot. "I can talk too much in English if I want to."  
"It is a very fine language," said the linguist—"condensed, concise and easily acquired."  
"No doubt," said the idiot. "But I don't care for potted tongue."—Broadway Magazine.

### Compliments After Death.

There is a German proverb which says, "Mat darf nur sterben um gelobt zu werden" (We need only die in order to get praised). This, we cannot help but admit, is fairly true in a general sense, and if we required any proof or confirmation the epitaphs in cemeteries, churchyards and churches would readily furnish it. Indeed if we had no other testimony to go by than these pious inscriptions we might almost fancy that men and women had arrived at such a state of perfection that they were little less than angels. Death, like time, is a great healer of wounds, a great soother of passions, a great calmer of turbulent thoughts, a slayer of enmity. He is the peacemaker par excellence, having caused the saying to gain general currency that we should say nothing of the dead but what is good. Among the laws of the "Twelve Tables," compiled by the Decemviri, there was one which, in fact, forbade to speak injuriously of the dead. It is in exchange for this doubtless that we are always doubly anxious and ready to vilify the living. —Westminster Gazette.

### A Spurgeon Russ.

Spurgeon, the famous English divine, once passed a stonemason who, after each stroke of his hammer, cursed and swore. Mr. Spurgeon laid his hand on his shoulder and, looking kindly at him, said: "You are an adept at swearing. Can you also pray?"

With another oath he replied, "Not very likely."  
Holding up 5 shillings, Mr. Spurgeon said if he would promise never to pray he would give him that.  
"That is easily earned," said the man, with a fresh oath, and put it in his pocket. When Spurgeon left the man began to feel a little queer. When he went home his wife asked him what ailed him, and he told her. "It is Judas' money," said the man, and on a sudden impulse he threw it into the fire. The wife found it and took it out and discovered who had given it to him. The man took it back to Spurgeon, who conversed long with him, warning him, and at length was the means of saving him. He became an attached member of his flock.

### 'Twas in Tater Time.

The late Senator Platt of Connecticut enjoyed funny stories and could tell a good many himself. Notwithstanding his long public life, he always remembered a yarn that he carried from his school days.

One year when the district schools opened in his town one of the teachers in making a record of the ages of her pupils, as required by law, found that one little girl, who came from a family not noted for being especially bright, was unable to say when her birthday came.

So in order to complete her records the teacher walked two miles to see the girl's mother one afternoon after school. Asked if she could remember just when her daughter was born, the woman thought for some little time and then, with a sort of puzzled look, said:

"Well, the gal was born in tater time, that's sure, but I can't 'member whether they was a-plantin' on 'em or a-diggin' on 'em."—Boston Herald.

### Retaliation.

A man who was a guest at one of the summer resorts in West Virginia tells of a wedding ceremony he witnessed in the town near by.

The minister was young and easily embarrassed. It was the first wedding he had ever undertaken. The prospective bride and groom were both younger and still more easily embarrassed than he.

When the minister had finished the service and muttered a few kindly but halting words to the young couple he had just united the bride looked at him, blushing, but confident.  
"Thank yer," she said clearly. "It's shore kind o' yer to congratulate us, an' as long as you haven't ever been married yit maybe we'll have a chance some day to retaliate."—Harper's Weekly.

### Legal Absurdities.

Some absurd clauses have found their way into certain acts of the British parliament. One statute enacted punishment of fourteen years' transportation for a certain offense, "and upon conviction one half thereof should go to the king and the other half to the informer." Then there is an act of parliament for the rebuilding of Chelmsford prison which stipulated in one clause that the prisoners should be confined in the old prison until the new one was built and in another—an amending—clause that the new prison should be constructed out of the material of the old one.

### He Didn't Put It Off.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Staylate. "It's nearly midnight. I should be going pretty soon, I suppose."  
"Yes," replied Miss Patience Gonne, "you know the old saying, 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.'"—Philadelphia Press.

### Stationary Waltzing.

"You let him hug you in the conservatory."  
"I did not. I made him remove his arm every time the music in the ball-room stopped."—Louisville Courier

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