

Colds on the Chest

Ask your doctor the medical name for a cold on the chest. He will say, "Bronchitis." Ask him if it is ever serious. Lastly, ask him if he prescribes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this disease. Keep in close touch with your family physician.



When you tell your doctor about the bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite for breakfast, and frequent headaches, and when he sees your coated tongue, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's Pills work well in such cases.

Republican Ticket.

- For Supreme Judge—**M. B. REESE.**
- For Railway Commissioner—**HENRY T. CLARKE, JR.**
- For Regents State University—**CHARLES B. ANDERSON.**
GEORGE COUPLAND.
- For District Judge—**J. W. JAMES.**

COUNTY TICKET.

- For Treasurer—**W. C. FRAHM.**
- For County Clerk—**E. W. ROSS.**
- For Sheriff—**O. D. HEDGE.**
- For County Judge—**J. S. GILHAM.**
- For Superintendent—**NELLIE WEST CASTER.**
- For Clerk District Court—**EDWARD HANSON.**
- For County Assessor—**H. C. SCOTT.**
- For Commissioner, 3d District—**G. W. HUMMEL.**
- For Commissioner, 5th District—**GERHARD OHMSTEDE.**

The Smith County Messenger says, in speaking of a girl upon whose eye an operation was recently performed, that unless information sets in her eyesight will not be effected.

Unless the supreme court reverses the decision of the district court of Dakota county, which ruled that names written into the primary ballot must be counted, all of the election boards of the state will have to meet again and re-canvass the vote of the last primary. On the recommendation of Attorney General Thompson, the votes were disregarded. Judge Welch decided to the contrary.—Lincoln Star.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

It is claimed indigestion is the national disease. That's why the demand for King's Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days' treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Henry Cook's drug store.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

is the most efficient and perfect of leavening agents.

MADE FROM PURE CREAM OF TARTAR

No alum, lime or ammonia.

Boiling It Down.
"I should like to manage this paper for about six months," said the new reporter of a country paper. "The present editor doesn't know his business."
"What's the matter?" he was asked.
"Why, last night I was told off to report a fire in Broad street, and I wrote it up in grand style, making a half column article of it. I began it in this way:
"Suddenly on the still night air rang the shrill cry of fire, and at the same moment the little lapping tongues of flame, whose light, playing along the roof's edge, caught the eye of the midnight watcher, leaped forth, no longer playful, but fierce and angry in their thirst and greed. Like glowing, snaky demons, the lurid links entwined the doomed building. In venomous hisses and spurts the flames shot into the overhanging darkness, while from every window and door poured forth a dense sulphurous smoke, the deadly suffocating breath of an imprisoned fiend."
"I went on in that style for over half a column," said the new reporter, "and this is what appeared in the paper this morning:
"A fire broke out in Broad street last night, but was quickly suppressed." Do you call that journalism?"—London Standard.

Love and Wedlock.
A man of middle age and a youth of romantic appearance sat alone in a smoking compartment of a nearly empty evening train. In the solitude the youth took a photograph from his pocket, looked at it and then said to his companion feverishly:
"Were you ever, sir, in love?"
The man of middle age started. He laughed.
"Was I ever in love?" he repeated as he relighted his pipe. "Was I ever in love? Well, I don't know if—"
"You don't know?" cried the youth. "Well, if you ever had been in love you'd know it. Why, when you're in love your life is a sweet dream, you have no taste for food, you think of nothing but the beauty of—"
"Were you ever married?" snapped the middle-aged man.
"No, but—"
"Well, if you ever had been you'd know it. Why, when you're married your life is—"
But the youth, with a scowl, edged off to the far end of the carriage and got out at the next station, disgusted.—London Scraps.

His Awful Fate.
An American visitor in a German city bought a dachshund. The animal's length of body, short and peculiarly shaped legs and "highly intelligent dachis face," he writes, would have made the dog conspicuous among the finest of his breed. "One day we missed him and were unable to find our pet. Next day his dead body, a little longer than in life, was shown to me by the man who came to tell us he had found the dog. He was very dead, but I did want to know how he met his untimely end and after inquiring learned that he had been run over by a 'spiegelscheibentransportwagen.' I could readily understand how that would have killed even an elephant and wanted to know why the infernal machine had been allowed to come into the city. It was a relief to be told that a spiegelscheibentransportwagen is a wagon on which mirror plates are transported. Poor little dachis!"

The Sheik and His House.
When the French came into contact with the Bedouin in Algeria, it was thought that a ready way of civilizing him would be to assist him to build himself a permanent habitation. A sheik who was thus favored was full of gratitude to the French engineers who had built him a house.
"Since my house was finished," he said, "I have not lost a single sheep. I lock them up in my house every night, and next morning I find them all in safety."
"Then where do you sleep yourself?" asked an officer in amazement.
"Oh, for myself, a sheik can live only in his tent!" said the other, with dignity.

The Truth.
Gobsa Golde descended painfully from

his ninety horsepower automobile.
"I wish to purchase," he said, an engagement ring."
"Yes, sir," said the eager clerk. "We have just imported a superb ring, six-two ruby hearts surrounded."
"No," said the aged millionaire in a cold, disillusioned voice; "no, that won't do. There is only one heart concerned in this affair. The girl is marrying me for my money."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Packing Off of Widows."
Some curious customs in the way of pastimes prevail in Korea. Among the farming classes there is one known as the "packing off of widows." This means a raid on a certain village known to contain a young widow. A widower, accompanied by friends, enters the village, carries off the woman in question and marries her.

The Deadheads.
"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?"
"Ham held the skull and said, 'Aha, poor Yorick, you are not the only dead head in the house.'"—Pearson's Weekly.

Her Way.
"There's a young woman who makes little things count."
"How does she do it?"
"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

Do not seek glory; nothing so expensive as glory.—Sydney Smith.

A Comparison.
Mrs. Johnston (over the tub)—Doan Ah mek yo' a good livin', Henry Clay Johnston? Mr. Johnston—To'ble, chille—to'ble. But yo' sh'd have seen de way mah nothah suppohted mah fathah!—Puck.

Tennyson's Cynicism.
Sir Vere de Vere was the eldest son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the somerset and friend of Wordsworth. His brother, Aubrey de Vere, was a more than well known, a famous poet, and to him in his youth Walter Savage Landor addressed the exhortation:
Make thy proud name still prouder for thy sons.

He had no sons, however, never having married. Neither had his brothers, Vere and Stephen. Thus the name, as a family name, disappears.

The De Veres were early friends of Tennyson's, and it was from them that the poet took the name which he made proverbial and symbolical of a class—"the caste of Vere de Vere." Lady de Vere, the only Lady de Vere of fact then living, was inclined to complain that her name should be bestowed upon the black hearted Lady Clara of fiction.

Tennyson wrote dainty verses, but was not master of dainty manners. He growled: "Why should you care? But of course you don't. I didn't make your namesake ugly, and I didn't make her stupid. I only made her wicked."

They Needed the Medicine.
Some years ago a railway was being made in the west of Scotland, and it was arranged that each of the numerous laborers employed should pay a penny per week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident or medicine in case of illness.

During the summer and autumn neither illness nor accident occurred. But when a severe winter followed all at once the "navigators" began to call on the doctor for castor oil.

Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured, until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor was forced to send to town for a further supply.

When that, too, was getting low the doctor one day quietly asked a healthy looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor oil.

"Nothing wrong at all, doctor," he replied, "but we grease our boots with it."—London Chronicle.

Applying the Test.
"There was a barber in an Indiana city who, having been out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times," said the man who insisted he saw the incident. "After each accident the barber said as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and laughed and let it go at that."
"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence, but when the shave was over he filled a glass at the water cooler, took a mouthful of water and, with compressed lips, proceeded to shake his head from side to side and to toss it up and down."
"What is the matter?" the barber asked. "You ain't got the toothache, have you?"

"No," said the customer. "I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all."—Philadelphia Record.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds or whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Henry Cook's drug store.

SUITS

BROWNS: Plaids
Stripes
Checks

GRAYS: Block Plaids
Shadow Plaids
Plain

BLACKS Worsteds
Thibets
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All the newest. More of them than ever. Glad to show them. Everything that goes with them to make you well dressed.

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Ask for Allens' Foot-Ease.

A powder for swollen, tired hot, smarting feet. Sample sent free. Also free samples of the Foot-Ease Salitary Corn-Pad, a new invention. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dade's Little Liver Pills act on the liver, and headache, constipation and biliousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Henry Cook's drug store.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED IN 3 DAYS

Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon, Ind., says: "My wife had Inflammatory Rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. DeChon's Relief for Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk about in three days. I am sure it saved her life." Sold by H. E. Grice, Druggist, Red Cloud.

Notice of Tax Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned on the 2d day of January 1906 purchased of the county treasurer of Webster county Nebraska, at private sale, the following described real estate sold for delinquent taxes for the years 1899 to 1901 inclusive, and situated in Red Cloud, Webster county, Nebraska, to-wit: Lots Eleven (11) and Twelve (12) in block Fourteen (14) in Bailey & Jackson's addition to Red Cloud, Webster county, Nebraska, and taxed in the name of Ira D. Martin.
The above named person and all persons who claim an interest in the above premises will take notice that the time of redemption of said land for said tax sale will expire on the 2d day of January 1908, after which I will apply for a tax deed to all of the above described premises which are not redeemed. CHARLES R. BESS.
Dated September 18, 1907.

Saunders Brothers

RED CLOUD, - NEBR.

Canon City, Sunnyside, and Genuine Nigger Head Maitland

COAL

You may be particular or what some call "cranky," but OUR COAL will please you.

Our coal is clean and we deliver promptly.

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