

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.

Ayer's
We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol
from our medicines
We urge you to
consult your
doctor

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

The Guide Rock State Bank last week published a large advertisement in the Guide Rock Signal. This advertisement states that on November 12, 1866 they started business with \$2,328.01 on deposit and on November 12, 1907 they had \$72,134.00 on deposit. They state that not one of their patrons have asked for their deposits nor even intimated that they were uneasy as to

the safety of this money intrusted to them. The advertisement is a good sensible talk to their patrons and shows that the directors have the welfare of their community at heart, which we believe is true not only of Guide Rock, but of all of Webster county's banks.

The editor of this paper believes in advertising and will not in any way knock on any legitimate scheme but it certainly makes us sad to see our business men separated from their good money for a straight out-and-out "graft" such as was worked here this week by a "road agent." He claimed to be connected with the railroad company and that he alone had the exclusive privilege in state of printing the "time table" surrounded by advertising, and putting them up in the depots. He tells his victim that he prints 500 copies of each time card and that the company sends him around every six months or so and makes the necessary corrections and keeps the matter up to date. It goes without saying that his story is a base fabrication, told with intent to deceive. He has nothing to do with the railroad company; he only has a few cards printed, and, most sad of all, he never, never comes back after he gets the coin. He takes anywhere from \$25 to \$100 out of a town which might just as well be tossed to the birds. He is headed west—pass him along, Campbell Citizen.

An expensive rug.
If you are a steady smoker don't throw away your old tobacco bags. By saving them until he had a trunkful a resident of Sixty-second street got busy with a needle and made one of the oddest rugs one would find in a day's walk. Of course this economical genius is an incessant smoker. Often he smoked two bags of tobacco in a day. Then, too, he changed his brand often and in this way got a more highly colored assortment. He told his friends about the rug he had in mind, and they got busy collecting. As a result Mr. Smoker got a big crop each week. In less than six months he had gathered 108 square feet of tobacco bags, which was a nice 9 by 12 rug. He used a piece of thick flannel as a foundation and sewed the bags to it each night on returning from work. On several occasions some of the fellows from the office helped him do the "sewing." It was interesting work. For some unknown reason many of the helpers sewed the bags on backward, but all were finally straightened out, and when the rug was finally laid there was a little celebration in the genius' room. Now as he looks at the rug in silence he prides himself upon his economy. And yet the refreshments that he supplied to keep the workers in good humor and on the night of the "rug laying" cost him \$21.50.—Philadelphia Record.

The First Teacups.
Even after tea was introduced into Europe and had come into general use teacups were scarce. At the same time coffee was introduced; but, apart from Constantinople, the first coffee cups in Europe date back only as far as 1645 in Venice, 1659 in Paris, 1652 in London and 1694 in Lelsoic. From the first, however, the conventional oriental coffee cup, without stem or handle, was little used, and in Germany not at all. The Chinese teacup was used for tea, coffee and chocolate as well. Specimens of porcelain were undoubtedly introduced into Europe in the middle ages, yet not till the sixteenth century were cups imported from China in any great quantities, and even then it was as articles of vertu. Most of those found their way back into China again, as collecting porcelain is a lasting fad there, and high prices are paid for good specimens. The collection of Chinese porcelain, if only the genuine specimens are desired, requires immense study and knowledge, as the Chinese are skillful imitators and put numerous falsifications on the market.

Society Music.
Mary will have to be asked to play when she goes out in society. A proud mamma will attend to that. And Mary will play with faithful accuracy something from Chopin or Beethoven or Mendelssohn, and the young people will watch her chubby fingers thoughtfully and wonder when the selection will come to an end. They will applaud, too—when the end is reached—for that is good manners, and everybody likes Mary, anyhow. And then—well, Lucy Smith, who has never taken lessons, will roll up to the piano and begin a coon song, hands and feet will beat time all over the room, half the listeners will hum the refrain, everybody will see the difference between the piano as a penance and as a pleasure, and only Mary's mamma will make unpleasant side remarks about the degeneracy of popular taste in music.—Cynthia Westover Alden in Success Magazine.

A Misunderstood Jest.
Lord Lytton when viceroy of India was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch and who, though very good looking, was not overintelligent. Said she to his excellency:
"Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?"
"Oh, yes!" replied Lord Lytton. "I knew several of them most intimately while at Eton—indeed, more intimately than I cared to."
"My lord," replied the lady, "you forget the Birches are relatives of mine."
"And they cut me," said the viceroy, "but," and he smiled his wonted smile, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now."
Sad to say, Mrs. Birch did not see the point and told her husband his excellency had insulted her.

A Dumas Story.
Dumas the elder was rarely spiteful to or about his fellow men, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X. the Legion of Honor," he said. Then he added in a significant tone, "Now, can you imagine why they should have given it to him?"
"Yes," answered the great dramatist promptly. "They have given it to him because he was without it."

The French Brand.
Customer—Why is a pipe made from French brier root better than one made from American brier root? Tobaccoist—Because anything that's French is a little tougher than the same thing in any other country.—Chicago Tribune.

Those Girls.
She—He kissed me when I was not dreaming of such a thing. Her—I'll

SUITS

- BROWNS:** Plaids, Stripes, Checks
- GRAYS:** Block Plaids, Shadow Plaids, Plain
- BLACKS:** Worsteds, Thibets, Cheviots

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

Paul Storey, The Clothier

THE BISHOP FUR ROBES



Best Made
Bought direct from factory

48x60, \$11.00
54x66, \$14.00

These robes are manufactured from whole skins, being the only house in the world that makes this kind of a robe.
Call and see them before buying.
Joe Fogel
The Harness Man
441 N. Webster St.

THEATRE TALK NO. 7

AS THE YEARS GO BY AND "THE TWO ORPHANS" PLAYS TO LARGE AND INTERESTED AUDIENCES SEASON AFTER SEASON, while other plays, good strong plays, too, are born and die in a short time, the question is often asked, why "THE TWO ORPHANS" has outlived thousands of other plays? In a word one might answer because it has all the elements of success which other plays only possess in a degree.
There is scarcely a passion known to humanity that is not shown in its utmost strength, both as cause and effect, in this wonderful play, and withal these fierce human passions are so closely interwoven in the threads of the story that it forms a drama that stands almost unrivalled as regards powerful effect and deepest pathos. In fact, pathos is the keynote struck by a master hand in a way that has drawn the tears of millions of people since its first production. It is doubtful if a story of more pathetic interest has ever been or ever will be written than this tale of two friendless girls

A Story That Will Never Grow Old.



being left alone in the gay city of Paris, both beautiful and one of them blind; their separation, and the hideous dangers they fall into; the bitter hidden yearning of the Countess for the child torn by cruel fate from her breast; the piteous figure of Pierre; the sad history of Marianne, are all phases of life that touch the tenderest chords of our natures.

WORDS AND FASHIONS, CUSTOMS AND MANNERS MAY CHANGE, but as long as humanity exists our passions can never change, good and evil will battle for supremacy, and just so long a play like "THE TWO ORPHANS" that epitomizes the best and worst of life's history will live, and succeeding generations will applaud its virtue and hiss its vice.

It is Held as a Cherished Memory

Our patrons tell us it's a pleasure to see such a play and production as this. They couldn't tell us anything that would please us more. THE PLAY WILL BE HERE SOON AND THE MANAGEMENT SAYS "YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OR YOUR MONEY BACK."

Red Cloud Opera House Dec. 5

wager you were not. You always were wide awake when kissing was in sight.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Training.
Mamma—Remember, Ivor, you'll have to be a soldier one day.
Ivor—I know, mamma. Nurse takes me to the barracks every day.—London Telegraph.

What is just and right is the law of laws.—Latin Proverb.

Overloaded.
A United States senator had been inveighing at a dinner against long speeches.
"But, senator," said a congressman, "you can't accuse me of ever having made too long a speech, can you?"
The senator smiled.
"Perhaps not," he said, "and again—but did you ever hear about the temperance lecturer? No?"
"Well, you must know that there was a temperance lecturer in Maine who visited Ellsworth and lectured. He hit out pretty hard from the shoulder at these so-called moderate drinkers, and at the end of his remarks an Ellsworth man took him aside and said in an aggrieved tone:
"Look here, Jim, I am a moderate drinker, as all the town knows, and

to many people it is going to seem as if a good part of your lecture was pointed straight at me. What did you want to do it for, Jim? You never saw me with more on board than I could carry."

"What's that?" said the temperance lecturer.
"You never saw me with a bigger load than I could carry, did you?"
"The lecturer frowned.

"Well, no," he said slowly, "but I have seen you when I thought you'd done better to go twice for it."

His Order.
"Pop," asked the waiter's little boy, "what does 'apple pie order' mean?"
"Hub," exclaimed the waiter, "that sounds like a Boston man's breakfast."—Philadelphia Press.

Exactly.
"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara falls to a quart."
"How much?" asked she.
"Two pints."

Nearsighted.
Ella—I have seen twenty-two summers.
Stella—I wish I were as nearsighted as you are.—Illustrated Bits.