# HOME NEWS

Bulletin of The Week's Doings

Get your furs at Miner Bros'. store.

I. W. Edson was in Blue Hill Tuesday.

Ed. Burr of Guide Rock was in town Monday.

For your new shoes go to Miner Bros Co

Guy Zeigler was in Guide Rock Tuesday morning.

Fred Gand was down from Blue Hill Sunday.

Homer Squires was down from Inavale Tuesday.

Louis Vavricka of Blue Hill was in town Saturday.

Robert Reiher is home from Lincoln for the holidays.

Attorney Walters of Blue Hill was in town Monday.

Editor Edson of the Argus was in Blue Hill Tuesday.

New shoes for the ladies just received at Miner Bros. Co.

Frank Studebaker left Friday night for his home at Elberta, Utah.

FOR RENT—A good 5-room house Hutchison & Saladen. adv

The snow which fell Sunday will certainly help the wheat.

Roy Copley and Paul Pitney of Inavale were in town Monday

Robt. Garrison of Guide Rock was in town Monday on business.

John Hamilton and son of Guide Rock were in town Friday.

John Tomlinson was a passenger to Guide Rock Tuesday morning

Choice alfalfa and prairie hay for sale. Inquire of Ned Grimes.

Prof. Betz and his orchestra will go to Riverton Christmas day to play for a dance.

Miss Flora Shute, who is teaching school at Wellfleet, Nebr., is home for the holidays.

Attorney B. W. Stewart left Wednesday night for Lincoln to spend Christmas with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Canfield left the first of the week for Missouri to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mrs Orville Fergason and daughter of Oberlin, Kansas, are visiting friends and relatives here this week.

The largest and best line of Christmas candies in the town is now being shown and sold at Miner Bros. Co.

The Misses Dessie Taylor, Fay Teel, Marie Hollister and Margaret Beal are home from Lincoln for the holidays.

Harvey Eickerson, the popular barber at Mercer's shop, left Sunday night for Missouri to spend the holidays with relatives.

Miss Mattie Abel, who is teaching in the public schools at McCook, is home for the holidays, to visit with her parents, D. M. Able and wife.

Miss Marie Jernburg who is teaching school at Sutherland, Nebraska, arrived home the last of the week to spend the holidays with her parents.

Phil Sherwood, Russel Amsek, Fred Phares and Chas. Sherer returned home from Lincoln the last of the week to spend the holidays with their parents.

Jesse Barlow left Tuesday morning for Springfield, Mo., but we are unable to say at this writing, what caused him to go to that place, but we are inclined to believe that he will not return home alone.

C. J. Platt entertained twenty eight of his gentlemen friends on Friday evening, December 18. Cards and cigars was part of the entertainment until about 11 o'clock when Mrs. Platt, assisted by Mrs. W. A. Sherwood and Mrs. Paul Storey, served lunch.

## THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The telephone girl sits still in her chair and listens to voices from everywhere. Hears all the gossip, she hears all the news, she knows who is happy and who has the blues; she knows all our joys, she knows every girl who is chasing the boys; she knows all our troubles, she knows of our strife, she knows every man who is false to his wife; she knows every time we are out with the boys, she hears the excuses each employs; she knows every woman who has a dark path; she knows every man who's inclined to be "fast;" in fact there's a secret 'neath each saucy curl of that quiet, demure looking telephone girl. If the telephone girl would tell all she knows, she would turn all our friends into bitterest foes; she would sow a small wind that would soon be a gale, engulf us in trouble and land us in jail; she could let go a story which gaining in force would cause half our wives to sue for divorce; she could get all the churches mixed up in a fight, and turn all our days into sorrowing nights. In fact she could keep the whole town in a stew if she'd tell a tenth part of the things that she knew. Now doesn't it make your head whirl when you think what you owe to the telephone girl.—Exchange.

I. B. Colvin was up from Guide Rock Wednesday.

Grant Houchin was up from Guide Rock today.

Howard Fee is home from Lincoln for the holidays.

Walter Marshall is home from St Joe for the holidays.

Several children around town are on the sick list this week.

Vincent Johnston is home from Missouri for the holidays.

Col. Peters of Guide Rock was in town Wednesday afternoon.

Chas Gellatly left this morning for Lincoln to spend the holidays.

Miss Thornton left last night for Lincoln to spend her vacation.

Weesner & Koontz shipped two cars of hogs Sunday to Kansas City.

Mrs. Robt. Avery and son were passengers to Superior this morning.

Col C. W. Kaley returned home Friday from Omaha and Lincoln.

Don Saunders of Kansas City was in town Tuesday visiting friends.

Prof. Ote Frazier of Edgar is in town this week enjoying his vacation.

STRAYED—A sandy colored sow, weight 250 Reward. Mrs. Cora Pitney, Inavale.

Miss Kathryn Burke left last night for Walnut, Iowa, to spend her vacation with her parents.

The public schools closed yesterday for the holidays and will open again Monday, January 4th.

Miss Louise Schumacher departed Wednesday night for Orleans to spend her vacation with her parents.

Dr. R. V. Nicholson left last night to spend the holidays with home folks at Wisner, Nebraska. We are anxiously awaiting his return in order to know if he returns alone.

Wednesday morning the fire department was called to Art Robinson's residence in the east part of town. The fire was caused from a defective flue, but was extinguished before the arrival of the department, and before it had accomplished much damage

Mrs. Ann Harris, aged 68 years, 1 month and 2 days, wife of John Harris, died at their home southwest of this city Wednesday night after suffering from a paralytic stroke. She leaves a husband and several sons and daughters to mourn her death. She was born in England and was an old pioneer of Garfield precinct. The Chief along with the entire community extends condolence to the bereaved husband and children.

Saturday afternoon John Rutledge, while driving along near Amboy, noticed some men who were, apparently, endeavoring to conceal something in an alfalfa stack, and came to the conclusion that they were burying a corpse. However, Coroner Amack and Sheriff Hedge were not notified until Tuesday afternoon, but on going to the scene and making a careful search, found nothing of an incriminating nature

## Standing of Contestants

The following is the standing of the Contestants in The Chief's and Cook's Drug Store Free Trip to the Panama Exposition Contest:

| | |
|---|---|
| 15 | 199930 |
| 2 | 182285 |
| 4 | 151095 |
| 1 | 130015 |
| 9 | 119810 |
| 7 | 94725 |
| 14 | 93860 |
| 8 | 90450 |
| 17 | 86445 |
| 12 | 85660 |
| 6 | 83645 |
| 13 | 80125 |
| 3 | 77225 |
| 18 | 73900 |
| 5 | 72135 |
| 19 | 71385 |
| 20 | 64405 |
| 16 | 61545 |
| 11 | 58615 |
| 10 | 55735 |
| 21 | 52565 |

## Carcasses Should Be Burned

Few more certain methods for the spread of hog cholera may be found than leaving exposed the carcasses of hogs that have died of cholera. Even tho a carcass may be isolated from other hogs, it may be that seepage from the carcass will reach a neighboring stream and thus endanger a whole section of the state. Again, dogs, cats, or birds, attracted to the spot, may carry the germs to a hog lot far distant and perhaps spread the disease for many miles. The department of animal pathology at the Nebraska University Farm urges that every hog dying of cholera or of any other contagious disease should be immediately burned in compliance with the state law.

## Notice to Farmers

The Agricultural Department of the Red Cloud High School will test free of charge any farmer's seed corn. A written report will be furnished with each test made. Application for free seed corn tests should be filed at once with R. D. Moritz, Superintendent.

## ROBBED

By H. H. BRANDON.

The bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage.

At the foot of a hill, however, he decided to make the ascent afoot, and so his family and servants were far in advance when he decided to hasten. At a wild point in the road a fellow leaped from behind some stones, flourished a club, and demanded "Money!"

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken.

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off?—a few paltry tin-pennies! Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, but pull out your purse immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents: "My good fellow, there it is; don't ill-use me; I've forgiven you all; pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you plase; as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note-case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over or you'll sup sorrow tonight."

It was given up. The bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait a while, or maybe I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and seals, and then you may trudge."

"Surely you have taken enough; leave my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you old varmint? Don't force me to do anything I'll be sorry for—but without any more bother, just give me the watch."

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and regrasped the formidable weapon; this action was not unheeded by his victim— he drew forth the golden timepiece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to the spatter.

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiling of his worldly goods, and, having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term "a hard canter." Scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road when he perceived his persecutor running after him.

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you. I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenseless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression as he said: "And is it likely that I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full buttoned wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead, and with a loud laugh, ran off.

Thankful of having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage.

"My dear Wilhelmina," exclaimed his affable wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake, take off that filthy jacket and throw it out of the window. You can put i warm cloak over your shoulders the walk to the next stage, and then you will be able to procure some habit much better suited to your habit and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I am dearly prize. Everything gone! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch or anything else just now; only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we might all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed. The young lady was about to place it under the seat when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination found secreted in various parts of the coat not only the watch, pocketbook, purse and silver of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag such as used by farmers containing about 30 guineas.

## PLAYING GAME OF EYES

By W. C. SHERLOCK.

"Look across the street, Phil. Tom Brandon seems to be scared to death of that big fellow with the black hat. I wonder what's up."

"Don't bother me, Jim, I'm busy," returned Harrington, impatiently.

"Tom's been casting furtive glances at the big fellow as if he was trying to dodge him," continued Morris, excitedly. "Now he's stopped in front of that jewelry store and the big fellow has ranged up alongside of him."

"Brandon's as pale as a ghost," observed Harrington, now thoroughly interested. "He's started off again and the big fellow is after him. Hello, he's coming over here!"

This was true. Brandon, eagerly glancing around for some way of escape from his pursuer, had seen Harrington and was hurrying across the street. A few moments later, he entered and sank, breathless and exhausted, into the chair Morris pushed towards him.

"What's the matter, Tom?" inquired Harrington, solicitously. "You are trembling like a leaf. Who's that big fellow who was following you?"

"Haven't the slightest idea, Phil," replied Brandon, shuddering at the reference to his pursuer. "That fellow's been following me for the past two months. No matter where I go, he's always behind me. A week ago he moved into the house next door to mine and it's been ten times worse since then."

"Why don't you ask him what he means?" demanded Morris.

"I can't, Jim," returned Brandon, mournfully. "I wish I could, but that fellow's got a pair of the most piercing eyes in his head that you ever saw. They bore me through like a gimlet and send a cold chill down my backbone."

"You're in bad shape, Tom. Why don't you run down to the country and brace up a bit?"

"I'd do it in a minute, Phil," replied Brandon, eagerly, "but I'm so tied up that unless I sell my house, I can't go."

"What will you take for the house, Brandon?" inquired Morris, thoughtfully. "Maybe I can sell it for you."

"I'd take five thousand, Jim, although I know it's worth more, just to get away from that fellow with those infernal black eyes."

"All right, Tom," returned Morris. "I'll take the matter in hand. I have an idea that may help me to sell the house."

Jim Morris was keen-eyed and observant. When he watched Brandon's efforts to elude the vigilance of his black-eyed pursuer, Morris felt sure he had seen the man with the piercing eyes somewhere although he could not remember just where it had been or under what circumstances. To make sure of this, he stationed himself near Brandon's house the following morning and, unobserved by either, followed Brandon and his shadow downtown. Brandon, to rid himself of his tormentor, went into Harrington's office and Morris followed the man with the penetrating eyes. The latter, unaware that he was being followed in turn, walked rapidly along until he reached a large office building which he entered. Taking the elevator, Morris and the black-eyed man were rushed up to the seventh floor, where the latter entered the office of Abraham Smart, a well-known real estate broker.

Jim was ushered into Mr. Smart's presence and after making some inquiries about some property the broker had, withdrew, feeling satisfied that he had gained an insight into the tormenting of his friend.

The next morning Morris was sitting in his office, busy over his mail, when the man with the piercing black eyes entered.

"You have a house on —— avenue advertised for sale," remarked the visitor, carelessly. "What is the price?"

"Eight thousand," replied Morris, curtly.

"Too much," retorted the caller, abruptly. "I'll give you five."

"The price is eight thousand, take it or leave it."

Without further words the man with the black eyes turned and left the office. Morris mutter[illegible]: "I've got him going and he'll be sorry before he's through."

On the succeeding day the man with the piercing eyes again returned to Morris' office to accept the price and make a deal with him but to the dismay, found that the office had been raised to ten thousand.

"You said eight thousand yesterday," he [illegible] Morris, [illegible] the property [illegible].

"Today I can get ten thousand for it," replied Morris [illegible].

[illegible] would be possessed [illegible] hour, willing to pay the cash [illegible] for the property. [illegible] Again he [illegible] taken [illegible] twelve thousand for the property.

"What sort of a game are you playing on me?" demanded the man with the piercing eyes.

"You use your eyes to work your schemes and I use my head," replied Morris. "Speak quick. I haven't got all day to wait on you."

"I'll pay the twelve thousand—"

"And if you bother Brandon any more I'll break your head for you," interrupted Morris.


We add our greetings to those of your many friends and wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

And remember Wednesday, December 30, is Red Letter Day. We give $1.00 worth of Green Trading Stamps Free to everybody visiting our store. ∴ ∴ ∴

F. G. Turnure & Son

BETTER GIVE US THAT ORDER FOR

COAL

WHILE IT IS EASY TO GET

*Good Coal Is Sure To Be Scarce When Cold Weather Comes.*

PLATT & FREES

QUALITY

ON THIS WE HAVE BUILT OUR PRESENT BUSINESS

WHEN we began our business career in in Red Cloud we took as our motto the one word Quality and we believe all our patrons will agree with us that it has truly been our slogan all this time. Our reputation for high-grade Groceries is well known. We are fully prepared to supply all your wants in our line

P. A. Wullbrandt

THE HOME GROCERY

Administrator's Sale of General Dry Goods and Grocery Business at Inavale, Nebraska

By reason of the death of Frank X. Koelmel, proprietor, in closing up his estate the administrator will offer and sell at Public Auction

At Inavale in Webster County, Nebraska

On December 30, 1911, at 11 o'clock a. m., the entire stock of dry goods, groceries, etc., and fixtures, constituting the assets of the estate. The sale will be in bulk. The store is now open to inspection and running an Invoice will be made and subject to inspection of bidders December 29. This is a good location for a store in a small country town. The stock has been kept up with staples since the death of the proprietor, the trade taken care of, the store not closed and has carried a stock of from $5,000 to $8,000. The location is in the heart of a good farming country, a good trade is established and here is an excellent opportunity to secure a going business and clean stock in good condition. It is not a bankrupt stock, and no trading propositions will be accepted or considered. Any cash bid which will be approved by the probate court, may be accepted before the day of sale.

U. Koelmel, Administrator, Inavale, Nebraska

L. H. Blackledge, Attorney, Red Cloud, Nebraska