

In The Eye

Ever stop to think how strongly you are influenced by the look in a man's eye? Your eyes are the most observed feature. Why not give them the consideration they deserve, and select becoming eye glasses? Our glasses make your eyes look best, and are best for your eyes.

J. C. MITCHELL
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

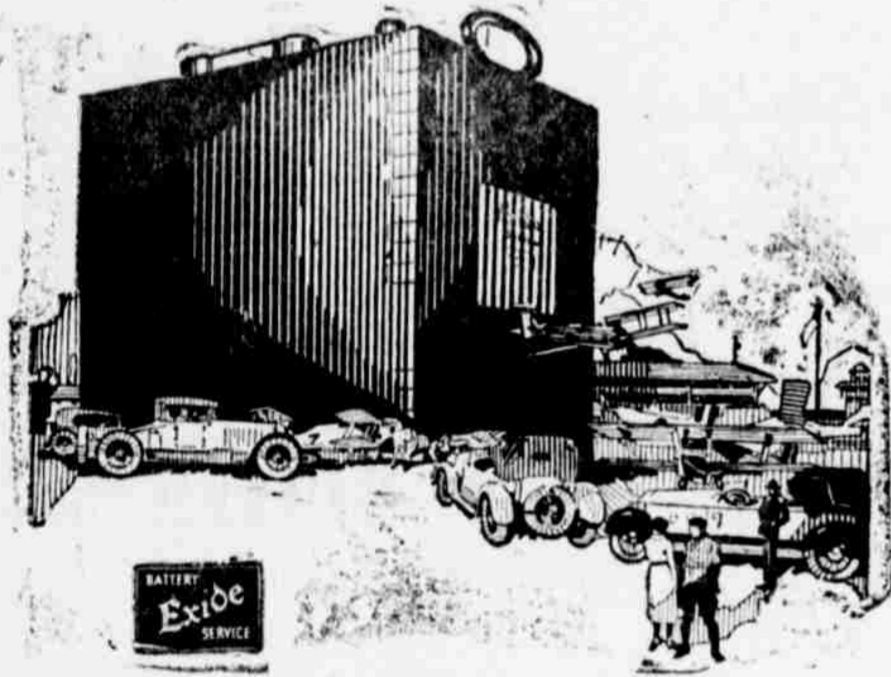
Exide BATTERIES

A Service to Help You Conserve Your Battery

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When you need a new battery, there is an Exide built to give you the maximum combination of power, dependability and long life.



The Red Cloud Battery Service Station
CARL S. McARTHUR, Manager.

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Swimming in the new concrete pool
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SUPERIOR, NEBR.
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Electrical Goods of all Kinds
Will Wire Your House And Furnish You with Fixtures
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In the art of making and using paper we are not in line with the Chinese and other Asiatics, who not only make the finest paper in the world, but apply it to all sorts of uses, making window panes, umbrellas, fans, sandals and even cloaks and garments of it.

TRUE GOLD LADY

By MOLLIE MATHER.

No one would have accused John Towers of harboring romantic dreams, yet, half-unconsciously, at the back of his well ordered bachelor life was kept a daintily colored picture of a glorified being who should one day become his wife—one day, for the attainment seemed ever farther off. John's measure of success in business had not fulfilled boyish promise, though the village bank had grown to reality through his tireless and systematic effort.

The bank had been but part of a store when John began as its ambitious cashier. Now he was president and owner and the small white-pillared building, the finest on Main street, John Towers' home was also capably managed, with meals always just on time, and regular cleaning and baking days never varied.

His elderly sister followed John's ways of prudence and matter-of-factness. And if she had visioned for her brother a wife it was some sensible and efficient creature who would continue sufficiently the daily routine. Could she have seen her brother's dream picture she would have been astonished and alarmed. As resident young women and visitors coming from far and near failed as time passed to arouse John's serious interest, his sister settled down assured of her continued comfortable reign. And then John saw the White and Gold lady. That is the name his heart instantly gave her as he walked idly one Sunday morning to the farthest end of the lane. "Lovers Lane," the young folk called it, but until John came walking back again later by the White and Gold lady's side he had never appreciated the meaning of the name. She was sitting on a bench built round the old park tree when he first found her. Her dress was white and her hair was gold and she held some marigolds in her white fingers.

"If you please," asked the White and Gold lady, with a smile that was golden too, "could you tell me the way to Willow Lawn house? I'm a visitor there and staid for the woods and I can't get back; the turns are so very confusing."

John Towers drew a happy breath of anticipation.

"I will be delighted to show you the way," he offered, and that was the beginning of the end. A small-town banker seemed not a desirable husband to the father of the White and Gold lady. And he told her so with an emphasis which hurried her into marriage. For Lily had to make her choice between father and lover and she made it inevitably, trustfully—while the old capitalist withdrew in injured pride to his great home.

So for a time did routine and order. But Lily, the dainty, bent to cook and menu, with the same intensity that had carried her through music and study; and if household tasks were not always accomplished, John Towers, coming broodingly from his bank, found awaiting him deliciously cooked meals that tempted his flagging appetite.

Things were not going well with the bank on the village street and John wondered and wondered—about the White and Gold lady.

Then the bank failed. The circumstances were unforeseen and unavoidable, yet he blamed himself. And when he could no longer bear the pathos of Lily's patient face, he bade her go away some place for a visit.

Obediently his wife went. If he had expected her to demur he did not show his disappointment. It was an old school friend that Lily selected to visit in her old college city.

The friend had been inviting her for a long time. And when John found that he could no longer bear the haunting loneliness of his own desolate home he took of the small savings which could illy be spared for even that purpose and traveled the miles to see Lily. She was more the White and Gold lady than ever in a flimsy white frock at a tea her hostess was giving.

The yellow-shaded candles shone on her yellow-gold hair. He sighed hopelessly at the difference between their present lives. "I will go back," he told her huskily, "to my failures. The pity of it is that I should ever have brought you to share them." Lily drew him aside.

"Dearest," she said, "you are not going home to failure; and when I have finished here what I am doing, then I will come back to you—forever. An idea of how to help you occurred to me as I journeyed and I have been putting that idea into practice. You see the charming arrangements of this tea Helen is giving? Well, I am responsible for it all, and I have managed dozens for friends who used to be with me at college. The orders and the money just grew! And it was not charity, John, for my charges were the same as those paid to former caterers. But now my work is almost done. When father heard of my plan, and its success, he wrote hastily, sympathetically. And when you return home I think that you will find him there ready to help in the rebuilding of your business. This time it will be on a sure basis, John; this time you will grow to success."

And as John Towers bent reverently to the radiant face of his wife he said softly:
"Oh! My pure white—my true gold lady!"



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Baby's Cries Legal.
A Judge of the city court of Buffalo has ruled that the cries of a baby are no legal reason for ousting a tenant of an apartment house. The only reason the complainant could give was that the walls of the infant "got on her nerves."

Of Dreadful Imagination.
The were-wolf belongs to the class that includes the dragon, the unicorn, the basilisk, the cockatrice and other fabulous monsters, but he was probably the most terrifying of all, for he was believed to have the malice and cunning of a man with the ferocity of a voracious animal. Man's imagination has made some strange animals with which to frighten him, but nature outstripped him with the Ichthyosaurus, the Megalosaurus and the Pterodactyl, which she grew tired of and threw out before man made his appearance in the scheme of life on this globe.

TOWN PESTS



The Cut-Out Pest thinks that Noise means Power and he likes to Go Roaring down the Quiet Streets after Midnight with the Old Cut-Out wide open. He is also Fond of Racing the Engine early Sunday Morning, tuning up the Old Boat while Everybody Else is Trying to Sleep.

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In both light and dark back grounds. Prices range from

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In sizes from 16 years to 48 inch bust.

Also a new lot of gingham dresses and aprons.

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