

# The home Grocery

## P. A. Wullbrandt, Prop.

### Everything in Catables

I carry a complete line of strictly fresh Groceries, and my prices are such that it will pay you to do your buying in this line of us. Only the first-class brands of canned and package goods carried. All staple Groceries in bulk at Bed-rock Prices.

**Cleanliness** In a Grocery store more than in anything else, buyers should demand Absolute Cleanliness. You cannot buy Groceries in a dirty, ill-kept place and be sure of pure goods. Cleanliness and sanitation are our hobbies.

# FURNITURE Galore.

Now is The Time To Select Your Xmas Presents OUR Stock is now Complete With all the Seasonable Lines. Come in and see us.

Licensed Undertakers in Nebraska and Kansas.  
Lady When Desired.  
ALL THE PHONES

## Ed. Amack, Prop.

LEADERS IN FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING.



### THE MODEL STUDIO

is ready to do the largest business of its career this holiday season. Prices have been put in the reach of all, and we hear that there are more people than ever who are going to send pictures of themselves to their friends for a remembrance.

### OUR EXCELLENT WORK

is appreciated by our patrons, and we are making every effort to get orders out on time. Come early and you will not be disappointed.

## STEVENS BROTHERS

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

# Overing Bros. & Co.

RED CLOUD, NEBR.

Manufacturers of  
Artistic

# MONUMENTS

and  
Memorials of  
Every Description

Come and See Us

## Through the Pantry Window

By Claudine Sisson

On a certain chill October afternoon, which was brightened only by a flare of crimson leaves on all the maples and the ever-present tangles of aster and golden rod along the bushy banks, Elsie turned her horse in at a ricketyicket gate and dismounted before the porch of a tiny, shabby, neglected house.

Tears came to Elsie's eyes, as she thought of the dead woman who had animated it with her kindly presence. She felt that she would like to go in and look about and try in imagination to refurbish the abandoned rooms and to people them with the gentle figures that had once frequented them.

The thin old horse, a freckled gray from the livery stable in town, was pulling at the reins in an effort to get his nose to the grass. Elsie sought for some place to make him secure and remembered the little barn. If the door was not nailed up she could put him in there.

The door was not nailed up. It slid open easily and she led the horse in and tied him to the stall which had held only cobwebs and hay and dust for a long time. A little had re-



Elsie Turned Her Horse In at a Rickety Gate.

mained in one corner. She carried it to the horse, who received it as eagerly as if it had been the freshest of fodder. Then she went to the house.

It was locked securely. She went about trying the shutters. At last she found one partly off the hinges—blown off by a high wind, no doubt. She swung it clear and put her hand to the window underneath. To her surprise, it raised as she pushed upon it. She seemed to hear a familiar voice saying in her ear:

"The ketch on that pantry window needs fixing bad, but I can't seem to do it. But, in! what difference does it make? There ain't no burglar coming in here for the little trash I've got. If one did come in he'd be glad enough to get out again, after I'd given it to him good and lively with that old pair of brass tongs I keep handy for the purpose."

Aunt Hope's dear voice! Aunt Hope's own remembered words! And this was the pantry window. Elsie looked in. The tiny place was neat, the cupboard doors shut; an old iron spider hung against the wall. It looked perfectly natural and right, quite as if aunt Hope had just stepped out. Clarissa Mains, the beatrix, had left some things as they should be.

The window all was only knee high from the ground, and Elsie climbed over it easily. She let down the window behind her. The floor gave back an empty sound beneath her feet as she walked across it to the kitchen. The kitchen, too, was quite unchanged. There stood the old-fashioned stove from which she had eaten so many of aunt Hope's good dinners. In the dining room the chairs and the table still stood in their places upon the painted floor. But the dishes were gone from the shelves where aunt Hope had kept them. Clarissa Mains had appreciated the fact that such old blue ware was valuable.

After the dining room came the parlor, the room that in aunt Hope's lifetime Elsie had always loved best. It was a good sized room in the front of the house. She lifted a window and turned the slats of the closed shutters. The yellow afternoon light came in across the bare floor. Innumerable notes danced in its rays. Upon the walls a few old pictures still hung, and the wall paper showed fresh spaces upon its faded surface where others had been.

Elsie sat down upon one of the appealing chairs and clasped her hands in their riding gauntlets about her knee. There was a chill of freeness and stale air in the room, but she did not feel it. She was thinking of the last time she had been in this room. There had been flowers in the room and many people. In the midst lay aunt Hope, always blithe so gracious and genial, so quick to respond to the love of her friends and neighbors. Her hands were crossed upon a

flower; her lips smiled a new little smile of understanding of men's ways and of God's. Above the hushed sound of tears rose a dignified voice: "I am the resurrection and the life."

How vividly she remembered it all! She had sat here and he had sat there with aunt Hope between. And though they both looked at aunt Hope tearfully they would not look at each other. How pale he had been! And, perhaps, she, too, had been just as pale under her veil. Well, it was over. Of what use was it to regret? Yet Elsie knew how anxiously aunt Hope had longed for them to be friends again, how strongly she had advised their making up their foolish quarrel.

"You are both young and high tempered," she had pleaded again and again, "but there'll come a time when you'll be old and remorseful unless you make up now. Why, you are made for each other, Elsie. You'll never be happy with anyone else, nor will David. He's a splendid young fellow. Don't I know? Wasn't I with his mother the night he was born, and haven't I watched him grow up from baby to man? And haven't I watched you grow up, too? And I love you both. I've tried to have you care for each other because I felt that was as it should be. And now you've let that little trollop of a Doris Kennedy come between you? Oh, I know what folks say about me—that I am a meddling of matchmaker."

"Peacemaker, aunt Hope," Elsie had laughed, tremulously.

"Well, then, peacemaker, I hope I am. Blessed—you know what the Bible says. But I ain't sure of that unless you'll let me make peace between you and David!"

"Some day," Elsie had half promised. That was a year ago. Then they had met at aunt Hope's funeral and had not spoken. Afterward David had gone back to the city to his work and Elsie had gone hers in the little country town. As far as she knew now, her romance was ended. There was no aunt Hope to advise and gently smooth away the difficulty. But, oh, the sweetness and the bitterness of it lingered with her like mingled myrrh and honey. She had loved David—she loved him still—and must go on loving him as long as she lived. But she had the Bennett temper. He had it, too, far back somewhere, a couple of generations ago, a certain marriage had made them kin. She would not give up. Neither would he. And it was all because she had not liked his city cousin, Doris Kennedy, and he had! Perhaps down in her heart Elsie had been a bit jealous of the blonde young woman who looked as if she had been run in an exceedingly slender mold, and had never so much as bent her back since—an effect obtained, it was said, by means of an exacting dressmaker. Elsie was far too natural to admire Doris' immobility, loads of false hair and layers of pink and white powder. And she had told David so in a none too pleasant way.

"But her heart is all right," he had argued, stoutly. "Doris is a good girl. The trouble is, you are envious of her, that's all."

"Envious!" cried Elsie, scarlet with rage. So the quarrel had begun.

As she sat there now in the empty room Elsie owned to herself sadly that she had been unreasonable. After all, Doris was David's own cousin and older than he. There had been no reason in the world for her being jealous—as she had been; yes, she had to admit that now.

"If only I had listened to aunt Hope. If only I had let her make peace as she wished—"

A crash at the back of the house startled her. A window had fallen! She sprang to her feet. Steps were coming toward her through the house—heavy steps—a man's. Now they were in the kitchen—now the dining room. She plunged toward the door that opened into the little front entry. It was locked. She tugged at it frantically. Heaven! To be shut in this house with a tramp. Still tugging, with futile desperation, at the unyielding door she looked back over her shoulder just as the invader appeared in the parlor door—a tall young fellow in a respectable ulster, who looked almost as white and shaken as she knew she was.

"Elsie!" he exclaimed. "Great Scott!"

"David!" she gasped. And half fell against the supporting door. They stared at each other, the color slowly coming back to their faces.

"Did you get in at the pantry window, too?" Elsie asked, when she could.

He nodded.

"I remembered that aunt Hope was always going to have it fixed and never did. What are you doing here, Elsie?" He came close to her.

"What are you?"

"I came because I had to. I felt as if I was being called."

"David! That's just the way I felt."

Their eyes sought each other's, awe-struck, wondering. Then their hands met.

"Forgive me, Elsie. I was wrong," he faltered.

"Forgive me, David, I was wrong, too."

They clung together.

"I didn't care for Doris. But she was my cousin—"

"I know. I know."

She was in his arms now. And he had kissed her.

"David," Elsie said, from his shoulder, solemnly, "do you suppose—that she, aunt Hope, drew us here today?"

His eyes had the look of one who has been very near the holy things.

"Who knows?" he answered, very low. "Blessed are the peacemakers!"



### Don't Delay Ordering

a fire insurance policy from a single day. Fire isn't going to stay away because you are not insured. In fact, it seems to pick out the man foolish enough to be without

### A FIRE INSURANCE POLICY.

Have us issue you a policy to-day. Don't hesitate about the matter. The fire fiend may have your house down on the list for a visit this very night.

### MARK WHAT I SAY

**O. C. TEEL,**  
Reliable Insurance.

### DR. S. J. CUNNINGHAM

DENTIST

Successor to Dr. J. S. EMIGH

At the old stand over the  
State Bank. Phone 131.

### DR. E. A. THOMAS

DENTIST

Dr. T. A. Trumble, D. D. S.  
ASSISTANT  
Over Cotting's Drug Store.

### DR. CHAS. E. CROSS

DENTIST  
Moon Block, Red Cloud  
In Riverton every Monday

### Lodge and Church Directory

Charity Lodge No. 53, A. F. and A. M. meets at Masonic Hall every 1st and 3d Friday. R. E. Foe, W. M. A. B. Sellars, Secretary.

Red Cloud Chapter No. 19, Royal Arch Masons meets every Second and Fourth Friday. D. W. Turnure, H. P. H. A. Letson, Secretary.

Cyrene Commandery No. 14, Knights Templar meets every First Thursday. H. A. Letson, E. C. D. W. Turnure, Recorder.

Charity Chapter No. 47, Order of the Eastern Stars, meets at Masonic Hall alternate Monday's. Mrs. Cora Potter, W. M. Mrs. Edith Robinson, Secretary.

### I. O. O. F.

Meets every Monday Night. C. D. Hale, N. G. O. C. Teel, Clerk.

### REBEKAH

Meets First and Third Thursday. In I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Lottie Smith, N. G. Carrie Holsworth, Secretary.

### BRETHREN CHURCH.

Corner of 5th Avenue and Chestnut Street.  
10 a. m. Sabbath School  
11 a. m. Preaching  
7:35 p. m. Christian Worker's Band  
8:00 p. m. Preaching  
All are invited to attend.  
J. E. JARROK, Minister.

## CHICHESTER PILLS

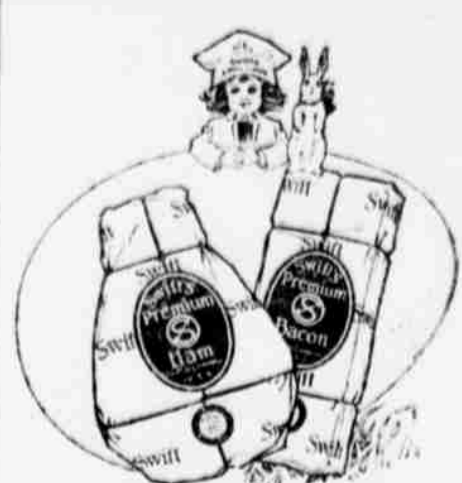
DIAMOND BRAND  
Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE TESTED.

### Here Is Your Holiday Treat Right at Home

The Season's Greatest Attraction. Royal Welsh Ladies Choir of 18 People

OPINIONS OF ROYALTY AND THE PRESS  
"Well, you Welsh people are passionately fond of music, and you have beautiful voices. I have certainly enjoyed your Choir immensely. I must congratulate you (Madam Thomas) and your Choir on your excellent performance."—H. I. M. The King, at Cardiff, July 12, 1907.  
This is the third number of the Lecture Course. At the Opera House Dec. 19, 1910.



### FOR SALE BY YOST & BUTLER

The 4th Avenue Meat Market

### Widow's Pension.

The recent act of April 19th, 1909 gives to all soldiers' widows a pension of \$12 per month. Fred Maurer, the attorney, has all necessary blanks.

## BLANKETS HORSE BLANKETS



### Splendid Blankets

Ask your dealer for a 5A Blanket. They are known the world over as the best and strongest, and the longest-wearing blankets made. Look for the 5A trade mark.

Buy a 5A Blanket for the Stable.  
Buy a 5A Square for the Street.

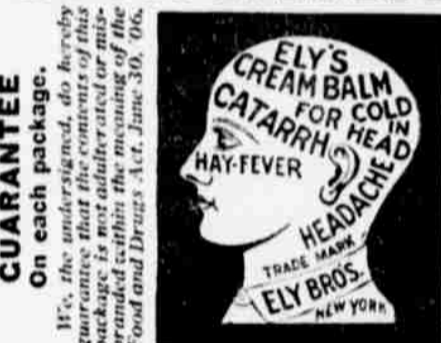
### We Sell Them

Remember that I buy all my Blankets direct from the factory, no jobbers' profits added to my price. Duck Blankets wool lined 1.50 and up to \$3.00. Square Wool from 1.50 up to \$6.00.

## Joe Fogel

Red Cloud, Neb.

## CATARRH



## HAY FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Applied into the nostrils is quickly absorbed. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. It is easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. No mercury, no cocaine, no morphine. The household remedy. Price, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

### Swift's Premium Hams or Bacon.



## Wm. Koon

Red Cloud, Nebr.