

**A Hardwood Floor of any Color  
You may Choose for \$2.50**



Floors which are in too poor condition to be improved with varnish alone can be made to imitate a genuine hardwood floor with this new patented Graining System. This process does not require the services of a professional wood finisher. The Graining Tool takes the place of skill and can be successfully used by the inexperienced man or woman, thus making it possible for any one at a very slight expense to enjoy the luxury of a new hardwood floor. This Graining Compound when protected by one or two coats of Chi-Namel produces a surface that will outwear any ordinary varnished floor, many times over.

Sold Only By  
**WEYRICH & HADRABA**  
The Red Cross Drug Store.  
Let us give you a sample card.

OUR  
**Easter**

**SHOE SHOW  
IS READY!**

*You will certainly take pleasure in seeing these handsome shoes, and we will certainly take the greatest pleasure in showing them to you. Then, if you buy your Easter shoes here, there will be another pleasure in store for you in the way of satisfaction afforded you, by the correctly dressed feet. There's a touch of style and wellbredness to our shoes, and we have such a variety of models and leathers that you are sure of finding here—*

**JUST YOUR EASTER SHOE!**

*There are handsome Patent Leather, Suedes, Gun Metals, and Cravenettes in Oxfords, Ties, Pumps, Ankle Strap Sailor Ties, just shown for spring. So we say, come, see our Easter shoes!*

**FETZERS' SHOE STORE**

**THE TAILOR'S SONG**

Fit out at Frank's—get a suit up to date,  
Right in the fashion—of woollens first rate.  
A suit that will fit—goods sound as a bell,  
No outside shops will fit you as well,  
Keep track of Mac's good value he sells,  
Mac builds good clothes garments all neat,  
Chicago's ready made agents cannot compete.  
Examine his line and prices all through,  
Look him up for a suit, saves money for you.  
Reliable goods, all through his line,  
Order a suit for the on coming spring time,  
You find value for money here every time.

**F. M. RICHEY**

DEALER IN  
**Building Material**  
**LUMBER, LIME, ETC.**

Estimates Furnished.  
Prompt Attention to Orders.

YARDS AT  
PLATTSMOUTH, - - - MYNARD,  
NEBRASKA. - - - NEBRASKA.

**HOMINY AND SAUERKRAUT.**

Properly Cooked, One Suggests Beethoven, the Other Wagner.

Why is it that sauerkraut is never truly fit to eat until it has been cooked twice, with an interregnum of twenty-four hours separating the cooking? And why is it that hominy boiled and then fried is at times as delicious as hominy simply boiled?

In each case every hearty and artistic eater is aware of the fact, but no one thinks to discover the reason. Among the ignorant, of course, sauerkraut is devoured at once and after its first stewing, but the present inquiry is not directed toward the habits of the ignorant. To the connoisseur of educated taste, to the refined amateur of delicatessen, sauerkraut cooked once is as unsavory a mess as Philadelphia peppercot or Boston beans. The very thought of it benumbs his stomach and insults his intelligence. And yet if that same sauerkraut be laid away for twenty-four hours, preferably in a stone jar, with a brick on top, and be brought to a simmer in some suitable stewpan that same connoisseur will walk twenty miles in the snow to get a scent of it and a hundred miles on redhot coals to get a few skeins of it.

In the Bavarian and Saxon royal families the sauerkraut for Sunday's breakfast is always cooked on Friday evening. An hour or two of brisk ebullition is enough. Then the beautiful strands are dredged up from the caldron and transferred to a large copper or earthen vessel, which is deposited overnight in some convenient arsenal. There the kraut remains all day Saturday and Saturday night. At dawn on Sunday morning it is withdrawn from its vault and transferred to an aluminium stewpan and seasoned. Then the mixture is heated, and the result is sauerkraut de luxe. Once cooked it would be mere food; twice cooked it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Hominy has the same habits. Boil it once and it is food for convicts and political hangers-on, but boil it twice or boil it and then fry it and it is lifted at once to the range of a superb and flawless viatical. The man who has never tasted hominy in conjunction with the native wild hog of the Eastern Shore of Maryland is a man whose right to be regarded as entirely civilized and cultured is yet to be demonstrated. Such viands—and, alas, they are too few!—ennoble while they warm and educate while they nourish. In the art of eating their place is as high as that of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in the art of music.

Hominy, indeed, suggests Beethoven in more ways than one. It shows all of his rugged simplicity and honest worth. There is a directness about it which wins the heart. It is above all pretense and subterfuge. Sauerkraut, on the other hand, is more romantic. It is not Beethoven, but Wagner. No matter how well one knows it, it is full of delicious novelties and surprises.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Shifting the Responsibility.**

An Irishman who traded in small wares kept a donkey cart, with which he visited the different villages. On one occasion he came to a bridge where a toll was levied. He found to his disappointment he had not enough money to pay it. A bright thought struck him. He unharnessed the donkey and put it into the cart. Then, getting between the shafts himself, he pulled the cart with the donkey standing in it on to the bridge.

In due course he was hailed by the toll collector.  
"Hey, man!" cried the latter.  
"Whaur's your toll?"  
"Begorra," said the Irishman, "just ask the droiver."

**Privileges of a Peer.**

An English peer can demand a private audience with the sovereign to represent his views on matters of public welfare. For treason or felony he can demand to be tried by his peers. He cannot be outlawed in any civil action, nor can he be arrested unless for an indictable offense, and he is exempt from serving on juries. He may sit with his hat on in courts of justice, and should he be liable to the last penalty of the law he can demand a silken instead of a hempen rope.

**One Attraction Missing.**

"Say," said the young writer who had been engaged by the circus man to write up a prospectus of the show, "I've about exhausted my vocabulary on this thing. Have you a thesaurus?"  
"No, by thunder!" said the circus man. "We've only got a rhinoceros, but I'll cable over and buy one."—New York Times.



**REMEMBER**

It came like a lamb. It may leave like a lion.  
**:: BE PREPARED ::**

2000 **BAYLOR** Coal Man



**SHOES FOR EASTERTIDE!**

SHAKE OFF YOUR OLD Winter Shoes and place your feet in a pair of our snappy OXFORDS \$3 TO \$4

If you're looking for something particularly attractive in Easter footwear you'll find representation in our Easter window. Don't mar the effect of your Easter attire by wearing shoes that are not proper.

**MEN'S NIFTY OXFORDS**

in Patent, Gun, Calf, Tans, in conservative shapes or snappy styles

**\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50**

**WOMEN'S OXFORDS**

in Patent, Tans, in Ribbon Ties, Pumps and new Spring Creations

**\$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50**

THIS WAY FOR EASTER FOOTWEAR

**Sherwood & Son**

**EAGLE**

Ernest Jack of University Place spent Sunday with his parents returning to his home Sunday evening. Rhoda Robyler went to Lincoln Saturday morning and took the teachers examination.

W. P. Yoho and Fred Lpahle left Monday morning for a five days duck hunt along the Platte river near Fremont.

Mrs. Argt Remaley returned home from Lincoln Tuesday, where she has been spending a couple of days with relatives.

Miss Steele of Lincoln is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Adam Winklepleck.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow of Hallam, Neb., arrived Tuesday and will open up a restaurant here in the building recently vacated by T. R. Adams.

Mr. Richey, representative for the News-Herald was transacting business here Tuesday.

Mr. Smith from Iowa has rented the Win Kent building formerly occupied by the Beatrice Creamery, and will open up a real estate office.

Mrs. Sarah Swanson of Walton spent Tuesday and Wednesday here with her parents Mrs. and Mrs. Chas. Renner.

Ethel Scattergood was a Lincoln visitor Saturday.

Chas Carper and Blanche Trimble came down from Lincoln Saturday to visit their parents over Sunday.

Mrs. Robotham of Lincoln spent Sunday with her daughter Mrs. Mayme Hudson.

Ollie Reitter of Lincoln visited her sister Mrs. Nick Peterson Sunday.

Mrs. Grant Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, Sr., have been on the sick list suffering from the grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hobson and Miss Jennie Orr went to Weeping Water Saturday night to spend Sunday with relatives.

C. R. Lands of University Place was transacting business here Wednesday.

Mrs. Travis Crabtree was a Lincoln passenger Wednesday.

**Told of Traveling Men.**

A traveling man who evidently had much to square with his wife bought \$50 worth of dainty wafals. Said he was getting something nice for her each place he stopped. Another traveling man bought his wife a mink scarf for \$50 and tucked it in his grip without even a paper covering.

**AN ECONOMICAL TRAIN.**



Mr. Gadder—My trip to Florida is a business trip. I'd take you with me if it wasn't so expensive.  
Mrs. Gadder—We could go on one of those trains that advertises to take you through without change.

**THE OLD DUTCH OVEN.**

Some sigh for cooks of boyhood days, but none of them for me:  
One roundup cook was best of all—'twas with the X-Bar-T,  
And when we heard the grub pile call at morning, noon and night,  
The old Dutch oven never failed to cook the things just right.

'Twas covered o'er with red-hot coals, and when we fetched her out  
The biscuits there were nice and brown, you never had a doubt.  
I ain't so strong for boyhood grub, 'cause, summer, spring or fall,  
The old Dutch oven baked the stuff that tasted best of all.

Perhaps 'twas 'cause our appetites were always mighty sharp—  
The men who ride the cattle range ain't apt to kick or carp;  
But anyway I find myself a-dreaming of that bread

The old Dutch oven baked for us beneath those coals so red.  
—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

**Inconsistency.**

A lazy man will go up to the lakes for the summer and claim that he has not had time to send even a picture postcard to dear friends at home, and yet he will go out, day after day, and drop a line to fishes who love him not.

**THE FUNNY SIDE.**

Life is full of funny things—  
Jokes that are not making;  
To each one some humor clings  
To see what's making.  
Never miss a good one day  
There's a good one in it;  
Each sad one has comes our way  
Has its funny inside.

If hard luck has swept your path,  
Sorrow's on a river,  
Don't get out with tears or wrath—  
Smile and save your liver.  
Somewhere in the direst need—  
—Want of friends or money—  
You'll be sure to strike a lead  
Toward the point that's funny.

If perforce, each sense you own  
Suffers malfunction,  
Always keep your funny bone  
Right in prime condition.  
If some power you must invoke  
In life's perturbation,  
Let it be to see the joke  
In each situation.  
—Lurana W. Seidon, in New York Times.

**SOMETHING WRONG.**

The balloon pilot landed in the little backwoods village and told the latter the thrilling story of his escape.

"And at one time," he related, with dramatic force, "I was in a storm and sweeping over a vast desert. There was nothing to do but throw out sand and prepare for the worst. Gentlemen, at one time I felt as if I had lost my head and gone plumb crazy."

The oldest inhabitant slowly lighted his pipe and drawled, with a sarcastic smile:  
"You muss have been plumb crazy, bub, to throw sand on a desert. Didn't you think there was enough sand there already?"

**They Changed Their Minds.**

Phelps—I heard the people in your town were determined to widen the sidewalks?

Ives—They were, but they have changed their minds; they concluded it would be cheaper for them to let the sidewalks alone and hope for a change in the style of women's hats.

**Story of a Good Idea.**

The history of any good cause may be divided into four stages. First, the world ignores it. Then it ridicules it. That failing, it tries to crucify it. But when the idea triumphs over indifference and ridicule and opposition the world builds monuments to it. This is the travail of truth. These are the labor pains in which freedom is born.  
—Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow.

**To Clarify Rainwater.**

To clarify the cloudy rainwater and render it fit for washing and household purposes, measure two ounces of powdered alum and two ounces of borax, for each barrel, and add it to the water. In a few hours the sediment will settle, and the water will be clarified and fit for use.