

# Read This Carefully

I am making lots of Farm Loans. There are reasons for this. I can close a loan for you in three days after taking your application, for these reasons:  
You do not have to wait and pay for a man to examine the land. My company has oceans of money. You do not wait for them to sell your loan in New York or London before getting the cash.

## You can Pay Off at Any Time,

without giving a day's notice of your intention so to do. All other companies require from 30 to 60 days notice on this point. I have so many different plans for making loans that some one is bound to suit. No one can give better rates.

**J. H. BAILEY, Red-Cloud.**

# Embroidered Collars

We have this week received an elegant line of the very latest patterns in Embroidered Collars, which will be sold at honest prices. To make room for our new spring stock of Laces and Embroideries we quote the following prices on embroidery and lace

## Remnants and Odd Pieces:

- |                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| 20 Laces and Embroideries at.....     | 1c  |
| 50 Laces and Embroideries at.....     | 2c  |
| 100 Laces and Embroideries at.....    | 5c  |
| 250 Laces and Embroideries at.....    | 13c |
| 500 Laces and Embroideries at.....    | 25c |
| \$1.00 Laces and Embroideries at..... | 50c |

## Fancy Combs and Hairpins

of the latest styles, and at lowest prices.

**F. NEWHOUSE.**

The Day Starts off Right



For Sale by

**Robinson & Burden**

**WHITE HOUSE** Mocha. COFFEE Java.

with your breakfast. It has a flavor that's all its own—you don't get it in any other brand.

It is sold by all grocers in 1 and 2-pound cans only. Packed and sealed by us and guaranteed full weight.  
**DWINELL-WRIGHT CO., Boston.**

Staple and Fancy GROCERIES

TELEPHONE No. 4.

## SAY, MISTER!

Do you know that it will pay YOU, as well as US, to buy your Building Material and Coal at our yards? Not only that our prices AVERAGE lower, or at least as low, as those of our competitors, but BECAUSE we take especial care of and protect all can be classed as REGULAR CUSTOMERS.

**PLATT & FREES CO.**  
Coal. Lumber.

# TRADERS LUMBER CO.

DEALERS IN

## Lumber and Coal,

BUILDING MATERIAL, ETC.

Red Cloud, - - - Nebraska.

### To Mothers in this Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Oimsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

### FOR INSURANCE

against Fire, Lightning, Cyclones and Windstorms, see **JNO. B. STANSER,** agent for the Farmers Union Insurance Co., Lincoln, Neb., the best insurance company in the state

# JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.  
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## CHAPTER SIX—Continued.

"Isn't it good to be an American?" asked Jessie, as her hand stole into John's. Just then a full-rigged ship, making from Boston Harbor, spread her sails and stood out past them. Jessie looked at her as Lohegrin might have looked at the swan, and whispered:  
"Wasn't it Longfellow who stood here and felt with us:  
"My soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea;  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me?"  
"Yes, Jessie, not only Longfellow, but Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Channing dreamed here," said John. But, Jessie, poetry makes poor feeding. I'm hungry."  
"So am I," laughed Jessie. "Come on, I'll race you to the inn!" and she sprang to her saddle before John could assist her.  
Picking their way carefully down the steep hill, they reached the hard roadbed. Then Jessie spoke to her horse and dashed ahead. She was a good rider, and though it was a close race, John gallantly conceded defeat. In the dining-room were many guests from Boston and they united to make a merry party. It was three o'clock when they started again for Nantasket. The five miles they covered at a canter.

As John helped Jessie from her horse at Nantasket some one touched him on the shoulder. John turned.  
"Haou de ye dew, John?" exclaimed a strange figure of a man, standing there all grins. "I swan, I'm glad ter see ye up an' round agin! Haou de ye dew, John? Haou air ye?"  
"All right, Sam," said John shaking hands.  
Sam was the country sport of Rocky Woods, with a fame extending to Cohasset and not wholly unknown in Hingham. It was Saturday, and Sam was in gala attire. He was tall and

this no-account Jones. It takes a powerful long time ter clean a cistern out proper. Bill an' Gus is down stairs waitin' fer ye. Let's play 'em one game, an' then ye can go home an' pull the old woman up."  
"As I said before, it's always dark down in Jones' basement, an' none on 'em took any account on what was goin' on. You know how it rained yesterday mornin'? It started in tew pour 'long about nine o'clock." Sam paused to laugh. "When old man Shaw came out er Jones' basement, the gutters was full of water an' the rain was comin' down in sheets. For three hours it had been rainin' cats an' dogs!"  
"Old man Shaw was plumb scared ter death. He ran all the way home. Every time he looked at a gutter-spout he nearly fainted away. He come tew his place an' ran 'round the back way. He looked down the hole an' saw nothin' but water."  
"Sallee! Sallee!" he hollered.  
"The old woman was standin' on top the bottom of the pail, up agin the wall. The water was up tew her chin, but she was mad all over, an' she hadn't lost her voice."  
"Ye've come at last, Bill Shaw, have ye?" she said. "You haul me outer here quicker'n scat, an' when I gets up I'll scratch yer eyes out! Ye done this on purpose! Ye haul me out, an' I'll fix ye fer this day's work!"  
"The old man lowered a rope, an' after a hard tussle hauled her up. The neighbors say she mopped him all over the yard, an' I say it served him right."

Sam related several other incidents in the career of the Shaws, and Jessie laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. They bid Sam good-day, and watched him until he disappeared with the famous trotter in a cloud of dust.  
After supper they waited for the rising of the full moon. They saw the



"HAOU DE YE DEW, JOHN? HAOU AIR YE?"

awkward. His large, good-natured mouth, wide open, displayed rows of white teeth; his small blue eyes twinkled shrewdly, and his ears stood clear of a mass of red hair.  
John glanced at Jessie and the laughter in her eyes was a sufficient hint.  
"Miss Carden, let me present Mr. Rounds, a schoolmate and neighbor."  
Sam doffed his cap with a sweeping bow.  
"Delighted ter meet ye, Miss Carden," he exclaimed, with a sincerity which did not belie his heart. He extended a huge hand. "Have often seen ye ridin' by and heard all about that air runerway. I swan, that was a mighty ticklish shave fer ye, Miss Carden. Tell ye what let's do! Let's have some sody water an' ice cream. It's my treat-to-day! Sold a hoss this mornin' an' made forty-two dollars clean profit on him. I'm great on hosses, Miss Carden. John, here, runs ter books an' studyin' an' all that. But, as I say, my strong holt is hosses. They say we all has our little weaknesses—present company, of course, expected. Let's go an' get that sody an' ice cream." And Sam led the way to a pavilion and impressively ordered the suggested refreshments.  
Jessie engaged Sam in conversation, laughing merrily at his odd remarks and stories. He pointed to an old farmer who drove past in a rickety wagon.  
"There goes old man Shaw," said Sam. "He lives down the road from our house, an' he's a great character. Yesterday mornin' Mrs. Shaw told the old man the cistern order be cleaned out. It hadn't rained fer so long that the water was all gone, and she 'lowed it was a good chance tew clean it out. Old man Shaw 'lowed she was right, but said his rheumatics was so all-fired bad it wouldn't dew fer him tew go down intew no damp place like a cistern; so he lowered the old woman an' sent her down a pail of water an' some soap an' a scrubbin' brush."  
"I'll go down tew the postoffice an' see if there's a letter, an' then come back and pull ye out," he hollered down the openin'." She said, "All right," an' went tew work. Old man Shaw went tew the postoffice, asked fer a letter, an' of course, there warn't none. He started back, an' was just passin' the cobbler's place, when he met Jones.  
"Where ye goin'?" he asked old man Shaw.  
"The old woman's cleanin' the cistern, an' I've got tew go home an' haul her out," says Shaw.  
"She ain't got it done yet," says

stately orb of night break above the ocean's rim and blend its white light with the pink afterglow of sunset. Bathed in her flood, they turned their horses homeward, riding through a shadowed and shimmering fairyland. The gnarled and wind-wrenched apple trees were etched in lines of weird beauty against the sky. The rugged stone walls were softened, and faded away into dreamy perspectives.  
In the years which followed, how the scenes and incidents of that summer came back to John Burt! Under many skies he recalled the happy hours spent with Jessie Carden. Again he drifted with her in a boat, floating at will of breeze and tide, her hand trailing in the water, and the murmur of her voice in his ears. Again they walked down the wooded path, while the black of the night stood like a wall in front of them, and Jessie clutched at his arm when an owl sounded his solemn cry.  
Jessie was going to Vassar, and John had passed the examination which admitted him to Harvard. He found that he could study much better under the shade of the Bishop trees than in any other spot, and Jessie held the text-books while he recited. The weeks flitted by like a dream.  
One day in autumn he stood by her side on the station platform in Hingham. As the train rumbled in, something rose to his throat and a film stole over his eyes.  
"Good-by, John!"  
"Good-by, Jessie!"  
The train glided out from the station; a little hand fluttered a lace handkerchief from a window; a sunburned pair waved in reply. Jessie had gone back to Boston.

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

Arthur Morris.  
When Randolph Morris had amassed a couple of millions in New York banking and stock manipulation, he decided to establish a New England country place in keeping with his wealth and station. He selected a site near Hingham, overlooking Massachusetts bay, with a distant view of the ocean. For years workmen were busy with the great stone mansion. Terraces, verdant in turf gave beauty to the surrounding rocks now softened with vines. Stables, conservatories, and lodges lent new distinction to the landscape.  
The eldest of the Morris children was Arthur, the heir to the bulk of the Morris fortunes. His age was twenty-four, and his experience in certain matters that of a man of forty. He

was of medium height and sturdy built with features of aristocratic mold, but weakened and puffed as from habitua excesses. He had recently attained the notoriety of an unconditional expulsion from Yale. His name had figured in New York prints in an episode with a foreign actress, but the story was denied and suppressed before it reached the usual climax.  
Commencement days were past. One June morning Jessie Carden arrived in Hingham, and was met by Mr. and Mrs. Bishop in the old family carriage. Arthur Morris also chanced to be at the station. As Jessie Carden ran forward and affectionately greeted her relatives, Arthur Morris gazed at her with a scrutiny too close to be condoned as "a well-bred stare." She wore a gray traveling dress, and looked so charming that one might be pardoned for an almost rude admiration.  
"Gad, but she's a beauty!" he exclaimed, as Jessie stepped into the carriage. "Thank God there's at least one good-looking girl in the neighborhood! Who the devil is she? Stranger, I suppose. James," he said in a low voice, addressing his tiger, "get in and ready to take the horses if I tell you."  
"Yes, sir," replied the boy solemnly, raising a gloved hand to his hat. Under a strong curb the horses followed the Bishop vehicle.  
Delighted to return to the country, Jessie Carden little suspected that her arrival had so aroused the blasé blood of the banker millionaire's son. It was a long drive, but at last Arthur Morris saw the carriage turn into the Bishop yard. He drove leisurely past the place till he regained the main road.  
On the old bridge spanning the creek he met a young man in a light road wagon. Morris halted his team, and signaled the driver with a wave of his hand.  
"I say, who lives in the big house to the south, on this side of the road?"  
"Mr. Bishop lives there—Mr. Thomas Bishop," replied John Burt.  
"Thanks," said Arthur Morris with a short bow. "Any daughters? I'm a new comer in this locality," he explained with a smile meant to be confiding.  
"Mr. Bishop has no daughter," said John, proud to give information on a subject so dear to him. "The young lady in their carriage was probably Miss Carden. She spends the summer seasons with them. She's expected to-day from Boston."  
"Carden? Carden?" repeated Morris, as if the matter were merely of passing moment. "I fancy I've heard of her people."  
"Her father is a Boston banker."  
"Ah, yes; I know. Lovely old place—that of the Bishops— isn't it? Fine old gables, and an air of age—Pilgrim Fathers, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Think I'll try to induce the governor to buy it. Lovely day! Delighted to have met you, Mr. —Mr. Brown. Git up, you brute! and the tandem was lashed past John Burt.  
That evening after dinner Arthur Morris found his father in the library. For some time both smoked in silence.  
"I say, governor," said Arthur, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, "do you know any Cardens in Boston?"  
"I know Marshall Carden, the banker," growled the millionaire. "What about him?"  
"Oh, nothing much," rejoined the son carelessly. "What's he worth?"  
"He's worth more than he'll be again," said Randolph Morris grimly. "He's in L. & O. stock up to his neck. If you knew as much about stocks as you do about trousers, that would mean something to you—but it doesn't. Carden is supposed to be worth half a million. When he gets through with L. & O. some one else will have the money and he'll have experience. What do you want to know about Carden? Has he a daughter?" The old man looked sharply at Arthur Morris.  
(To be continued.)

One on Senator Overman.  
Senator Overman was recently in North Carolina to act as attorney for defendants in a murder trial. He climbed into a bootblack's chair in Salisbury one day. The negro boy was rather bright and the senator engaged him in conversation.  
"Who is the governor of this state?" asked the senator.  
"I doan' no, boss," was the reply, for which the senator chided the bootblack. Gov. Charlie Aycock is very popular in the old North state, and Democrats think everybody ought to know his name.  
The polishing of the senator's shoes proceeded, and the negro lad seemed to be in a mental abstraction. But he soon broke the silence.  
"Boss," he inquired, "who am the gubernor of Mississippi?"  
The senator had to admit that he could not remember.—Washington Post.

Advisers of the Czars.  
The great czars of Russia, somebody says, when they want a man, go out into the street and find one. It is another way of saying that the czar's ministers spring from nowhere. It is almost true. Russia has had an empress who began life as a peasant and married a Swedish dragoon, and it was an Armenian who all but destroyed the autocracy of the czars and set Russia among the progressive nations. Sergius De Witte, descendant of a Dutchman, started at a wayside railway station on a career which has brought him almost at the head of the state. So, too, with the man who to-day holds the key of all the mysteries of the great Russian war machine, Alexei Nicholaevitch Kuropatkin began life as a sublieutenant.—London Answers.

## Thousands Have Kidney

Trouble and Never Suspect it.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or setting indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent urination; pain in the back or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.  
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

## FEMALE WEAKNESS

643 1/2 Congress St. FORTLAND, MAINE, Oct. 17, 1909.  
I consider Wine of Cardui superior to any doctor's medicine I ever used and I know whereof I speak. I suffered for nine months with suppressed menstruation which completely prostrated me. Pains would shoot through my back and sides and I would have blinding headaches. My limbs would swell up and I would feel so weak I could not stand up. I naturally felt discouraged for I seemed to be beyond the help of physicians, but Wine of Cardui came as a God-send to me. I felt a change for the better within a week. After nineteen days treatment I menstruated without suffering the agonies I usually did and soon became regular and without pain. Wine of Cardui is simply wonderful and I wish that all suffering women knew of its good qualities.  
Wilhelmina Snow  
Treasurer, Portland Economic League

Periodical headaches tell of female weakness. Wine of Cardui cures permanently nineteen out of every twenty cases of irregular menses, bearing down pains or any female weakness. If you are discouraged and doctors have failed, that is the best reason in the world you should try Wine of Cardui now. Remember that headaches mean female weakness. Secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui today.

## WINE OF GARDUI

## 50,000 AMERICANS

Were welcomed to

**Western Canada** during past Year

They are settled and settling on the Grain and Grazing Lands there, and are healthy, prosperous and satisfied.  
Sir Wilfred Laurier, speaking of Canada, recently said: "A new star has risen upon the horizon, and it is toward it that every immigrant who leaves the land of his ancestors to come and seek his home for himself now turns his gaze."  
There is

**Room for Millions.**  
**FREE** Homesteads to every head of a family, Schools, Churches, Hallways, Markets. Climate—everything to be desired.  
For a descriptive Atlas and other information apply to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or authorized Canadian Government Agent—  
**W. V. BENNETT,**  
801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

## DON'T BE FOOLED!

Genuine **ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA** is put up in white packages, manufactured exclusively by the **Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis.** Sells at 35 cents a package. All others are rank imitations and substitutes, don't risk your health by taking them. THE GENUINE makes sick people Well, keeps you Well. All Honest Dealers sell the Genuine.  
**HOLLISTER DRUG CO., Madison, Wis.**

## PENNYROYAL PILLS

**CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
Original and Only Genuine.  
**SAFE.** Always reliable. Ladies, see Druggist or **CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PILLS** in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed in blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous imitations and imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars. Female and "Halter For Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10c. per bottle. Solely for all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co., 1544 Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanse and beautify the hair. Promote its growth. Never Falls or Becomes Gray. Keeps it Soft, Silky and Shining. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists