

We Trust Doctors

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

You must look well after the condition of your liver and bowels. Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently, all vegetables. The dose is only one pill at bedtime.

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Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
HAIR VIGOR,
AGUE CURE,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Items of News Found in the Chief of Twenty Years Ago This Week

S. Dyer contemplates a trip to Texas. Marshal Hutchison is after the unlicensed canines.

Wm. Flohrs has recently received \$3000 back pension.

Adam Saladen is the proud possessor of a six-footed pig.

Mrs. L. M. Clapp and Mrs. Will Jackson have gone to Colorado.

Uncle Levi Moore has returned from his trip among the Jayhawkers.

Will Dickinson has resigned his position at McFarland's, and gone east.

Miss Sadie Dickerson has gone to Germantown, Kansas, to visit an uncle.

Uncle John Tomlinson sold the team that hauled the first bus in Lincoln. The price paid was \$425.

Mrs. L. L. Haskins of Wisconsin, mother of L. A. Haskins, is visiting her son and family, near Red Cloud.

John Florhs has purchased 5 acres of land of Ed Kellogg and expects to commence the erection of a residence soon.

Our imp blushed deeply the other day when a gentleman mistook our three story edifice for a laundry and wanted Satan to do up a dirty shirt for him.

J. W. Bentley, wife and child, were thrown from their buggy Sunday evening, while driving near the railroad track in the vicinity of the Red Cloud mill. Their horse was frightened by some equestrians riding up suddenly from the rear, and became unmanageable. The buggy was a total wreck.

Died, at her home in Crete, Tuesday, May 18, Mrs. Ruth B. Cory, aged 70 years, 5 months and 15 days. Mrs. Cory was born in Orangeville, N. Y., December 3, 1815. In 1837 she was married to Sanford J. Cory, who was instantly killed by the falling of a limb from a tree December 17, 1852. Mrs. Cory was the mother of Mrs. I. Frisbie of this city.

Mrs. DeHart went to McCook this week in response to a telegram announcing the serious illness of her grand-daughter, Mattie Calmes. Mattie died on Sunday after a painful illness of three weeks' duration, aged 12 years. Her remains were brought to Red Cloud by her grief-stricken parents, and were buried in the Red Cloud cemetery, Rev. Hummell officiating.

A young cyclone struck the city Saturday night, scattering things "galawest and crooked," but fortunately doing no serious harm to buildings. Dr. Emigh had a narrow escape from death while trying to secure a gate in his back yard. The wind caught up a large bench, whirling it through the air, striking the doctor on the right leg with such force as to knock him down.

Mr. VanAlstine, the veterinary surgeon, who lately came to Red Cloud to practice his profession, was severely injured one day this week while attempting to doctor a horse. It seems that the horse's shoulder was dislocated, and while the doctor was treating the same the horse became fractious, throwing VanAlstine violently against a wagon, injuring him internally.

Uncle Levi Moore met with quite a serious accident on Tuesday night of this week. It seems that while out

riding with Harry Feight they had occasion to stop in front of the post-office, and while there for some cause the horse started up suddenly, and the buggy having no top, and a low back, Uncle Levi was suddenly thrown out backwards, lighting upon his shoulders and head, injuring him severely.

Deaths and Funerals.

Mrs. Lydia A. Bailey.

Mrs. Lydia A. Bailey, mother of J. H. Bailey, died at the home of her son, Herbert Bailey, five miles northeast of Guide Rock, last Saturday afternoon, aged 81 years, and 9 months. Funeral services were held at the home of Herbert Bailey Sunday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Duxhammer, and interment was in the Guide Rock cemetery.

Lydia A. Smith was born in Jefferson county, New York, August 1824, where she was married to George Bailey in 1841. She removed with her husband to Kenosha county, Wis., and from there to Webster county in 1873. She was the mother of nine children, five of whom, four sons and one daughter, survive her as follows: J. H. Bailey of this city, H. A. Bailey, Mt. Clare, Neb., F. W. Bailey, Bostwick, Neb., H. S. Bailey, Guide Rock, Neb., Mrs. Wm. Greenlee of Long Beach, California.

Two Ribs Broken.

Charles S. Palmer is nursing two broken ribs which will incapacitate him from work for some time to come. While he and Joe Barta were working on a new house at H. J. Sheldon's place, four miles north of town, the scaffold broke and they fell to the ground, a distance of about eight feet. Mr. Palmer struck a trestle in falling, with the result that two of his ribs were broken. Mr. Barta also received some severe bruises.

IN A POISON FACTORY.

The Deadly Drugs Have a Fascination For the Workmen.

"Slip on this glass mask," said the foreman. "You will need it."

The visitor donned the uncanny mask of glass, and the foreman led the way to the cyanide of potassium department.

"We make 1,000 tons of cyanide a year," he said. "A dose of five grains is a fatal one. Thus our annual product is enough to kill 2,500,000 people."

He opened a door, and a room filled with writhing flames, dense shadows, sparks, smoke and weird figures in glass masks was revealed. In the center of the room, in a great cauldron, 100 pounds of molten cyanide of potassium bubbled and seethed. The flames glinted strangely on the glass masks.

The foreman coughed.

"These fumes," he said, "are wholesome. The men, you see, are all robust. I have known weakly chaps, working here among these strange fumes, to pick up health and strength."

In another clean, cool room the finished cyanide was stored. It looked like crystallized white sugar, good enough to eat.

"Good enough to eat," said the foreman gravely. "Well, we have had men eat it. Four men committed suicide in that way."

"The fumes seem to create in our men a desire to taste the drug. They fight this desire, most of them, successfully, but they all feel it, the same as workers in coffee plants want to chew the coffee beans, and some feel it so strongly as to succumb."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

VIRGINS' GARLANDS.

Memorials in an English Church to Girls True to First Love.

There are seven "virgins' garlands" still in existence in Minsterley church, Salop, the first of them bearing the date 1554 and the last 1751.

They consist of silk ribbons and paper, ball shaped, and are covered with rosettes, the inside center of the cane or wire frame supporting a pair of paper gloves. They represent a romantic custom of very ancient origin and are sacred to the memory of girls who while betrothed in their youth lost their intended husbands by death, yet remained true to their first loves.

Each maiden designed her own garland, and at her death this simple emblem was borne before her by the village lasses, the white gloves being afterward added. After the obsequies these garlands were suspended in the village church on a rod bearing at its extremity a heart in the shape of an escutcheon, upon which the initials and date were inscribed. These were originally fixed above the maiden's pew.

Some of the earliest and forgotten garlands were composed of real flowers, but later the covered hoops described were substituted.

There is a passing allusion to this "simple memorial of the early dead" in "Hamlet." "Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants," "crants" signifying garlands.—London Graphic.

GODFREY'S TANKARD.

A Seventeenth Century Relic of the Plague in London.

A curious historical relic of London is the large tankard of solid silver presented by Charles II. to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey for his valuable services during the plague and the fire of London, for which he received the honor of knighthood in 1696. The tankard, which is of plain silver, has a hinged cover and weighs nearly thirty-six ounces. Its front is engraved with the royal arms and the crest of the recipient, together with inscriptions in Latin and engravings of scenes connected with the fire, which are still in excellent preservation. The engraving of the pesthouse men carrying corpses to the dismal plague pit and that of the crowded blocks of houses surmounted by flames are very quaint and curious. Sir Edmund, who was born in 1621 at Sellinge, in Kent, was a timber merchant, possessing wharfs at Dowgate city and at Charing Cross. He prospered, became justice of the peace for Westminster and member of parliament for Winchelsea. In history, as no reader of Macaulay and Green will need to be told, his name is most famous in connection with his mysterious murder, which was popularly attributed to the zeal with which he had devoted himself to unraveling the alleged popish plot. His body was found in a ditch near Primrose hill, face downward and penetrated by his own sword, under circumstances which precluded the idea of suicide or robbery.

The excitement caused by this still mysterious event is indicated by the fact that when the funeral procession left the city, with great pomp and pageant, for the burial ground of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, it was preceded by 70 clergy and followed by upward of 1,000 persons of distinction.

THE JAW AND THE TEETH.

What May Happen If We Continue Using Soft Foods.

The teeth are really appendages of the skin, and not of the skeleton, as people generally believe. The jaw is formed in accordance with the necessity for providing a hold for the teeth—that is, if there were no teeth to come, the jaw would grow differently, and would not have its present shape. The jaw is not an independent part, as it would like to be; it has to form itself to accommodate tenants with which, strictly speaking, it has no ties of kindred.

The use of soft foods decreases the size of the teeth, and they will ultimately disappear, unless we make more use of them.

As there does not seem to be any likelihood of a change in our habits, we must expect to lose them in course of time. Then the jaw will assume probably another shape. Further, the gums might disappear, for there can be no use for them after the disappearance of the teeth.

The loss of the teeth makes the lips fall in, and brings us near to the Punch form of face! We find it impossible to pronounce sounds, such as t, d, sh, ch. The change of face, so to say, will certainly lead to a modification of the tongue, and this in turn to the inability to pronounce other sounds.

Atonic Dyspepsia.

The ultimate cause of atonic dyspepsia is constitutional depression. It may be due to overwork, and especially to prolonged worry. Sometimes the dyspepsia is the first manifestation of tubercular poisoning. Again, there seems to be an inherent failure of the digestive organs. Once established, dyspepsia is, in turn, the cause of loss of strength, of mental inertia and visceral weakness. Some degree of simple anemia is almost inevitable. The exciting cause may be an illness of any kind, the excessive use of tea, coffee or other beverages, the lack of proper food, some error in habits of eating. Often it is not discoverable.

Consolatory.

A correspondent of an English paper tells how some one visited a wild beast show and saw a countryman come in bearing unmistakable signs of having had a glass too much. A tiger scratched the back of the hand with which the man grasped a bar of the cage. The laceration was severe, and the pain was great. The sufferer danced about and twirled his shillalah, crying: "Let him out! Let him out till I have me will av him!" A companion tried to soothe the irate dancer, with this neat impromptu: "Never mind, Pat. Sure, he only wanted to scrape acquaintance wid ye."

He Knew.

The first witness called in a petty lawsuit in Cincinnati was an Irishman of whose competence as a witness opposing counsel entertained doubt. At their instance there was put to him before being sworn the usual interrogatory, "Do you know the nature of an oath?"

A broad grin spread over the face of the Irishman as he replied: "Indade, your honor, I may say that it is second nature with me."—Harper's Weekly.

Variety.

She—Don't you get tired of this modern life, with its heartburnings, its longings, its cruel disappointments, its unutterable inadequacy? He—Oh, yes,

It don't cost any more

to be well dressed than half dressed. And it makes a lot of difference sometimes.

I can sell you an outfit that will get you a job, or keep you in your position, or get you married.

The SUITS I am selling at

\$7.50, \$8.50

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and up to

\$20.00

are sure winners wherever placed. All I ask is a chance to show them to you. COME IN AND BE SHOWN.

PAUL STOREY,

CLOTHIER, FURNISHER, SHOE MAN

but always just about that time some new girl comes along.—Life.

Her Status.

The Captain—That's a handsome woman! Is she unmarried? The Belle—Oh, yes! (Captain indulges in pleasing reflections.) She's been unmarried several times!—London Mail.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.—Shakespeare.

THE TURKISH KAIK.

It More Closely Resembles the Gondola Than Any Other Craft.

Crawford, the author, to whose skillful pen Constantinople is indebted for one of the most charming volumes ever issued in its praise, has a word to say about the Turkish boatmen and their vehicle, the kaik.

"Constantinople owes much," writes he, "to the matchless beauty of the three waters which run together beneath its walls, and much of their reputation again has become world-wide by the kaik. It is disputed and disputable whether the Turks copied the Venetian gondola or whether the Venetians imitated the Turkish kaik, but the resemblance between them is so strong as to make it certain that they have a common origin. Take from the gondola the 'felse,' or hood, and the rostrated stem and the remainder is practically the kaik. It is of all craft of its size the swiftest, the most easy to handle and the most comfortable, and the Turks generally are admitted to be the best oarsmen in Europe.

"Indeed, they have need to be, for both the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn are crowded with craft of every kind and made dangerous by the swift-est of currents. The distances, too, are very great and such as no ordinary oarsman would undertake for pleasure or for the sake of exercise. It is no joke to pull fifteen or sixteen miles against a stream which in some places runs four or five knots an hour."

Gardening in America.

Gardening in America has reached what one might call the "awkward age." Neither a man nor a country goes a-gardening in early youth. "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely," as Bacon once said, and as every garden writing body has repeated until Sir Francis in Elysium must regret he ever made the remark, which none the less is true. Gardening is essentially a middle aged enjoyment, and America being, as nations go, still young, her garden craft has the faults of youth. It has its incongruities, inharmonies, and it often mistakes size and expenditure for excellence.—Century.

In the Same Boat.

The Duke of Leeds before succeeding to his title was active in politics. Once when canvassing he came upon an English shoemaker, whose vote he solicited. "Sorry," said the shoemaker, "but I'm not going to vote for any bloomin' aristocrat. I can't afford it. I've got four children to bring up." "That's nothing," replied the duke, "I've got five, and they are all girls." The shoemaker came up and touched him on the arm. "All right, old chap," he said. "You shall have my vote. It seems to me we are both in the same boat, and we'd better stick together."

Pluto's Safety Valve.

A round, smooth hole in the side of a granite monument about nine miles out from the City of Mexico is locally known by a term which signifies "Pluto's safety valve." The hole is about nine inches in diameter at the opening, which is polished in a manner which suggests human workmanship. That man had nothing to do with drilling or polishing this hole will be readily surmised when it is known that it has occasionally emitted hot air and smoke during a period extending over 300 years.

The Man of Force.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

Quite Familiar.

"There is not much in a name, perhaps," said a young Sunday school teacher. "Still it did give me a turn last Sunday when I asked a boy in my class how many apostles there were to have him look up and reply carelessly, 'Oh, a dozen or so!'"

Two and Two.

There is no difference between a mile square and a square mile. Each contains 640 acres. There is, however, a difference between two miles square and two square miles.—San Francisco Call.

Wonderful.

Bridegroom—What's the matter, driver? Coachman—The horse has just thrown a shoe, sir. Bridegroom—Great Scott! Do even horses know we are just married?

Doctors and Medicine.

When a doctor does not have much faith in medicine it is a sign that he is a good doctor. The best doctors are those who give good advice rather than medicine; advice that is simple and has common sense back of it. Too many people imagine they can abuse themselves and hire a doctor to make them as well as ever for \$2. Nothing in it.—Atchison Globe.

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