

## CONSTANCY--My Valentine.

By WALTER HURT.

By the garlanded gate of the garden I wait,  
Where the reddest of roses run riot,  
Where the brown thrush a madrigal sings to his mate  
And quivers his tone through the quiet.  
In the languorous musk of the lavender dusk  
I pray for your promised returning;  
Through the marvelous mist of the dawn's amethyst.  
The watch-flies of Love still are burning.  
While softest of skies with the depths of your eyes  
Their blessing of blue bend above you,  
With all of its beats my fon heart repeats:  
"I love you—I love you—I love you."

In the dust of distrust, in the blight of the night,  
Whatever of woe may betide me,  
I reach out my hands over desolate sands  
And find your own ready to guide me.  
When life becomes strife with miseries rife  
And sadness goes down in the gloom,  
I grope toward the grave of your jessamine face—  
And the world is a grotto in gloom.  
In a thousand of years with their teaching of tears  
As my lips learn to tell how they miss you;  
In reverent dreams forever it seems  
I kiss you, and kiss you, and kiss you.

When June is a-swoon 'neath the kisses of noon,  
Or yet in the nights of November,  
My faith is without any season of doubt  
The dreams of the past to dismember.  
While Memory creeps back the urge the twilight of Time  
To pause at the place where we parted  
And pluck from the dust a poor fragment of rhyme  
Love dropped at your feet, broken-hearted.  
And though well I know wherever you go  
That heaven's sweet care will caress you,  
I ceaselessly pray through the dark and the day—  
"God bless you, and bless you, and bless you!"

## Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

We publish our formulas  
We banish alcohol from our medicines  
We urge you to consult your doctor

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Wise and Otherwise.

The echo always has the last word!  
Living on love is all right between meals!

It upsets a man terribly to lose his balance at the bank!

Many a black mustache has painted a young woman's face red!

It is not considered good form to ask

the pork packer's wife to "render" something on the piano!

Many a husband is hungry for the love his wife wastes on the dog!

A woman's darned curiosity is always responsible for the husband's lies!

Many men believe honesty pays in the long run, but they are too fat to run long!

The Diogenes of today, hunting for an honest man, would have his lantern stolen!

Many a man would sacrifice the biscuits mother used to make for the dough that uncle made!

It almost makes a man a woman hater when he thinks it is only the female mosquitoes that bite him!

The man about to be operated on for an enlarged liver sent for a minister. He wanted to be opened with prayer!

A bald-headed man will stand for hours watching flies get stuck on fly paper, and feel only partially revenged at that!

Too many rich philosophers tell you that money doesn't make happiness, and then they go out and sandbag everybody in sight for more of the filthy lucre.

When an office girl takes pity on a stray cat she usually goes out, buys a nickel's worth of pickles and then wonders why the cat is so ungrateful as not to eat them.

A fellow who had been criticised by the editor of a local newspaper applied

to a lawyer to know how to break up the paper and run it six months. He was charged \$2 for the advice.

Passing through a certain part of the country one day a stranger read this sign: "Danger! If any man or woman lets his or her cow stray into this here cornfield, his or her tail shall be cut off, as the case may be."

A St. James, Mo., newspaper office was shot into with buckshot by the local grocer because of his ad, which should have read: "A fresh stock of dairy butter daily." The printer used an "h" instead of a "d" in the word "dairy." The printer takes more chances than any other man on earth.

A merchant asked an editor in a certain Michigan town to roast the city administration for letting an itinerant peddler come in and undersell him on goods. This is what the editor wrote: "City Dads—You will hereby take notice that you are roasted for permitting peddlers to sell goods here. The merchant for whom we do this favor has his job printing done in Chicago."

A negro arraigned in a south Missouri court on the charge of stealing a cow pleaded not guilty. "Ah nevah stoled dat cow," he explained to the judge. "Yoh Honah, she took a fancy toe me and follered me home. Ah tried ter shoo her back, but, no sah, she wouldn't go. Dat night she bawled so hard Ah had ter let huh in my bahn so's mah famby could git some sleep."

One winter afternoon Mark Twain took the train for his home, but a terrific snowstorm was raging, and about half way to his suburb the train was snowed in. All night the passengers were imprisoned, but early in the morning they managed to reach a nearby telegraph station and Mark sent the following dispatch to his office: "Will not be in the office. Have not got home yesterday yet."

### He Always Remembered.

A smile lurked at the corners of Mrs. Lombard's mouth as she listened to the plaint of the school friend whom she had not seen for more than ten years. "I'm afraid, dear," she said, "you'll have to reconstruct some of your plans. You see, I married a forgetful man too."

"Why, you told me not ten minutes ago that your husband had never yet forgotten your birthday or your wedding anniversary," cried her friend, "and you told me you'd been married nearly eleven years! That's ever since the year after father took us all abroad."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lombard demurely, "I have. That's a long time, isn't it?"

But, you see, one thing was in my favor—I was born on the Fourth of July. Mr. Lombard couldn't very well forget the national holiday. And as soon as I found out how forgetful he was I decided to be married on another holiday.

"I suppose as you were abroad you didn't realize that the date of my wedding was unusual—people aren't often married on the 22d of February, I think. But, you see, by a little judicious planning I've been saved the necessity of reminding him about our anniversary."—Youth's Companion.

### Sweetly Thoughtful.

The De Jones back lawn was a lawn in name only. It was really an arid desert—bald, so to speak—and in dry weather it was always as dusty as a motor track. To the astonishment of Mrs. De Smythe, who lived next door, she one day saw her devoted husband turning the garden hose upon the De Jones' "lawn."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure I wouldn't trouble to lay the dust in the De Jones' back yard. John, especially as they are such a hateful lot of gossips. Small thanks you'll get for your trouble anyway."

Hubby turned to his better half with a smile which told of mixed pleasure and vindictiveness.

"That's all right, my dear. Their darling little Fido was washed snow white this morning. Now he's out there rolling about like a barrel and rubbing the mud well into his fleecy coat. Trust your husband, my sweet, for real, unadulterated thoughtfulness!"—London Scraps.

### Women and "Sport."

When a big shot takes place in the coverts near one of our country houses the occasion is made a sort of society gathering. The ladies of the house party grace it with their presence, and other ladies of the neighborhood are glad to be allowed the honor of such company. Thus a large and fashionable party assembles, and while each beat is in progress the girls and women try to look unmoveable while a wounded hare kicks and squalls upon the ground for minutes which seem interminable to the sensitive onlooker until the beat is over and the dogs are loosed to finish off the cripples. And, though the hare's piteous shrieking makes its case seem the worst, the mere tumbling over and over of a wounded bird is a shocking sight to see as the time passes and no one goes forward to release it of its life.—London Mail.

## Announcement

WE have purchased the Robinson & Burden grocery stock and are getting lined up ready for business.

We appreciate the liberal patronage already shown us and extend a cordial invitation to you to call and give us a trial. We will treat you right. Respectfully,

**Johnson & Boner**  
Successors to Robinson & Burden  
Bell Phone No. 4. Rural Phone No. 62.

**Saunders Bros.**  
Lumber & Coal  
Dealers

### RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

We have in stock at all times a complete line of Building Material and Good Coal. Our prices are reasonable. We solicit your patronage. Bell Tel. 60. Farmers Ind. 71.

### Mrs. J. C. Wolf.

Mrs. Martha A. Wolf, aged 65 years, died Saturday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Reed, east of Red Cloud. Funeral services were held Monday, conducted by Rev. G. W. Hummel.

An old lady was carefully brushing her hair one morning in winter in the presence of a small grandson. As is usual when the air is cold and crisp, her hair was bristling. "Why, grandmother, what makes your hair stick out like that?" asked the small boy in wonder. "Only the electricity that gets into my hair these days," she replied. "Well, if we haven't got the funniest family I ever saw! You've got electricity in your hair and ma's got gas in her stomach."

### Music Lessons Free on Violin, Mandolin or Guitar.

If you would like to learn to play any of these instruments call at once and take advantage of this opportunity. Join the first club and get a good start. Tuition absolutely free.

ARGABRIGHT'S STUDIOS,  
Potter Block, Red Cloud, Neb.

**ROYAL**  
**Baking Powder**

The only Baking Powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes—Insures healthful and delicious food for every home—every day

Safeguards your food against alum and phosphate of lime

**DR PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**

A pure, cream of tartar powder  
Its fame is world wide  
No alum; no phosphate of lime