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Showing That Men Are Brutes

When the Thompsons came in from their brisk Sunday afternoon walk, cheerful and happy, Mrs. Thompson deposited her wonderful millinery creation on the table in the reception hall. Then she hastened into the kitchen to prepare one of her delightful Sunday evening suppers, which Thompson says are entirely without equals in the culinary line.

Thompson removed his hat and coat and then wandered into the kitchen after his wife. He has a way of "tagging" her about the house. This is due partly to the fact that he is an abstractly social creature and partly to the strange circumstance that he has a particular predilection for his wife's society. Presently he drifted into the pantry and returned with a small yellow skinned onion in his hand.

"What do you call this beautiful object?" he inquired facetiously.

His wife considered this attempt at

witticism quite . unworthy of notice. She merely instructed him to put the onion back where it belonged or he would be smelling like an onion patch. After dipping around into various hings which he should have left alone,

Thompson left the kitchen, still bolding the onion in his hand. On his way to the living room he passed through the hall and there, spying the Sunday hat of Mrs. Thompson, he was moved to separate the feathers and other bijouterie which adorned it and to drop the recently acquired redolent root into the nest thus arranged.

After this frisky deed he went into the living room and soon forgot his little joke.

Owing to a series of domestic cataclysms Mrs. Thompson dressed for the tea given by Mrs. Lawton-Mrs. Lawton was quite the most aristocratic person among Mrs. Thompson's acquaintances, so she was particularly anxious to make a good appearance, though she hated teas—in a good deal of a hurry. She entered the street car which would take her nearest her destination very much out of breath and with one glove still only partly on. She was too much occupied with her glove for a few moments to be conscious of extraneous things, but presently her thoughts became less concentrated and she began to perceive a faint odor of onions in the air. She looked suspiciously at the woman who sat next to her and the woman who sat next to her looked suspiciously at her. Before long the other woman, sniffing the air with obvious intent, rose and took a seat as far away from Mrs. Thompson as possible.

"Well." murmured Mrs. Thompson, indignantly to herself, "if people will soak themselves in onions they have to expect to be annoyed by the odor."

However, she was somewhat surthat, in spite of the departure of the woman the scent of onlong still hung in the atmosphere. With a slight exclamation of annoyance she glanced sidewise at the woman on the other side of her and after a minute or so followed the example of the first woman. For a short time she seemed to have escaped the penetrating odor, but when the little breeze caused by her hasty movement had died down, the onion odor once more demanded her attention. It became so insistent that she breathed a sigh of relief when she reached her corner and left the

She was having a fairly good time at the tea when the acquaintance with whom she had been talking suddenly put up a gloved hand and murmured behind it: "Truly, it is a horrible suspicion, but I am becoming more and more convinced every minute that our hostess is going to serve onlone au naturale on this festive occasion."

It was at this point that Mrs. Thompson began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. Just how she could shed an onion flavor everywhere she went she was totally unable to imagine, but if the odor had no connection with her, why did it follow her about so persistently?

She was still turning this question over uneasily in her mind, when Mrs. Perkins, who lived two blocks from her, approached her and invited her to drive home with her in her electric runabout. When they had gone only a little distance Mrs. Perkins gave a he could light the cigar, a red-haired sudden exclamation of disgust.

"Do you smell onions?" she asked "Mrs. Thompson sniffed faint heartedly. "I-I believe I do," she murmured, meekly.

"I do believe," concluded Mrs. Perkins, vehemently, "that our chauffeur has been sleeping in the car!"

She was in the depths of depression when Thompson reached home. Without delay she poured her tale of woe into his ear. As she proceeded, his initial expression of indiscriminate sym- azine. party became tinctured with under standing. Then the bright light of comprehension spread over his face, the corners of his mouth quivered with mirth and at the climax he gave vent to a shout of laughter.

"Oh, my dear," he said when he was abje to speak, "you certainly will kill me when I tell you."

So he did tell her, but he was no longer laughing when he reached the end of his tale. In truth, he was obliged to address the latter part to her indignant back as she flew angrily up the stairs.

The price of peace was a new hat, bigger and more wonderful than the one with the onion flavor.

Calling Life-Preserver a "Belt" Caused the Loss of Many Lives in Bourgogne Disaster.

A vivid illustration of the power of mere words over human beings was once brought to the attention of French people by Francisque Sarcey.

After the wreck of the Bourgogne many passengers were found floating drowned with life preservers on. These life preservers were fastened upon the bodies but round the middle instead of under the arms, and the greater weight of the upper part of the body had tipped the head under water and the person of course was inevitably drowned.

Now it appears that the greater number of the persons so drowned were French. The French term for life preservers is ceinture de sauvetage, or "life saving belt." This word ceinture suggests to the mind, in its moments of disorder and unreadiness such as a great catastrophe brings, the idea of putting on a belt, and, as a belt is put round the waist and nowhere else, the frightened person instinctively adjusts the life preserver close about the hips.

The result is that as soon as the person so provided falls into the water, his body tips over, with the heavfer part downward, and the head is plunged beneath the surface.

The word "belt," therefore, was the cause of the loss of many lives in the Bourgogne disaster. Sarcey accordingly proposed to counteract the fatal effect of the article, and calling lit a brassiere, which is a kind of waist, and, by bringing the word bras or arm to mind, to teach people to put a life preserver on just underneath the arms.

FRICTION MATCHES MODERN

Inventor of First Practical Ones Was American Whose Idea Was Patented by Another.

Friction matches are a comparative ly modern invention. They were first made by John Walker in England, in 1827, but were rather crude affairs. He improved them somewhat in 1833 by using phosphorus. The first really practical friction match was made in the United States in 1836 by L. C. Al len of Springfield, Mass. Before this time a clumsy form of match was imported from France, which had to be dipped into a bottle of sulphuric acid before it could be lighted.

This took a great deal of time and trouble, and Allen, seeing the necessity for friction matches, set about to make them, and succeeded. He neglected to patent them, however, and on finally applying for letters patent found that a man named Alonzo Philips, who was a peddler, had discovered through a third person the secret of making the matches and had already obtained a patent. Thus Allen, though the real inventor, was forced

Novel Insurance.

The good people of Frankfort seem to have gone one better than the recent innovation at Lloyd's to insure against bad weather during holidays. The Frankforters have started a company to insure the lives of dogs. Whether the policies are for endowment or annuities or for death only we do not know, nor is the name of the company given, but a Paris contemporary suggests that it will probably be the "Hundenlebenyersicher-unggesellschaft," or something approaching it. The idea of insuring children's lives is not pleasant, but the prospect of making money out of the death of the friend of man is more repellant. Such an idea was not in the notion stage when Lamartine declared. "The more I see of men the more I love dogs." If it had been, the aphorism would probably have been more scathing.

No Smoking There.

Uncle Joe Cannon is proud of the fact that he smokes pretty much all the time in about any place he happens to frequent, but one day he met his match. He had had lunch in a restaurant in Washington conducted principally for women. After finishing his lunch, he put a cigar between his teeth and struck a match. Before waltress ran up and snatched the weed out of his mouth. He protested vigorously.

"I smoke in the Waldorf in New York," he argued, "and in the -"I don't know nothin' bout the Waldorf or the nothin' else," said the waitress with the red hair, "an' I don't care 'bout them, but the rules is rules, and it's a rule that no smoking goes in here."

"I guess I'll wait until I get out," surrendered Uncle Joe.—Popular Mag-

Her Inconvenient Wait.

"I had a most delightful time last summer," gushed Miss Noling, "but I was dreadfully inconvenienced at Leaflandville waiting for my trunk. I went there by the N. T. C. so as to tion, and cleanliness has not been sactake advantage of the scenery along rificed. When you partake of it you that route; but I had to send my trunk on the slow B. C. & E." "But why couldn't you have sent

your trunk on the N. T. C., too?" murmured Miss Sterling.

"Because," explained Miss Noling, glad to show her superior knowledge, "I learned from a friend of mine that the N. T. C. isn't a trunk line."

POWER OF WORD OVER MAN The Bense Farm and Brick Building for Sale to Highest Bidder

A quarter section of tine, rich, fertile soil, thoroughly im proved with fences and buildings. Fine alfalfa field, plow land and pasture. Land all tillable. Buildings all new, conveniently arranged and located, and well painted and in first class repair. The Bense farm is located 6 miles from Red Cloud and 3 miles from Cowles

House 24 x 36 feet, 6 rooms, ice box room, summer kitchen 14 x 16, cellar 14 x 16 and 11 feet deep, cemented walls, easy stairway, all well built. Milk house 8 x 10, cemented supply tank, underground, 200 barrels capacity. New windmill and pump, 40 ft. tower, 12 ft. wheel, 10 in. well and abundance of water. Well is curbed with tile, and anchor posts to mill set in concrete. Workshop, coal and cob house 14 x 20. Three chicken houses, one 14 x 14, one 14 x 18 and one 24 x 24, cemented floors: large hen house, built on modern plan and cost \$600. Six well built small chicken yards. Four cement feedways, three of them with troughs.

Nine hundred feet cement walks running from house to driveway, windmills, milk house, summer kitchen, chicken houses and outbuildings. Implement house 20 x 50, granary 28 x 32 with loft, ice house 14 x 16, holds 50 tons of ice. Two hog houses with room for 14 sows, floored inside and outside with concrete.

Thirteen separate hog lots with good gates to each lot. Large house and hay barn 40 x 64, holds 70 tons of hay: driveway and feed bin 32 x 40, all concrete floor on ground, 3 inch tight flooring in hay mow, 10 ft. space between ground floor and mow. Stalls all 9 feet wide, built of 2 inch planks, and two harness rooms in barn. Cow barn 14 x 36, hay mow for 2 tons of hay, 2 inch milking floor.

Plenty of room for all implements to be stored away in the dry, and in good, well built and well painted buildings. All buildings are new and well painted. This farm is all fenced and cross fenced. 80 acres corn ground, 2s in; alfalfa, 30 in pasture, 10 acres wild grass meadow, 13 acres hog lots. Plenty of fruit and good shade trees. Land is free from sand or rock; much is level, and all is readily tillable. Plenty of grapes, apples, peaches, plums, small stuff and flowering plants. House lot is fenced in 200 x 300 feet with 50 inch heavy woven wire. Two good corrals 5 boards high, posts 8 feet apart.

Complete water system, 50 bbl concrete stock tank with cover concrete water troughs in hog lots, and abundance of water at each lot, barn, milk house and summer kitchen. All piping 11/4 inch galvanized. 7 feet under ground, never freezes. Water system alone cost \$2,000.

This farm was bought by W. S. Bense, the present owner, in the spring of 1906 for \$6,500, and since purchasing the same he has put on \$2000 worth of improvements in spot cash. The raise in the value of the land is not considered. But the high dollar buys

Anyone thinking of buying a good farm and a nice home should go out and look this place over. You will have plenty of time to do so as the bids will run from now until Jan. 1st., 1912. All bids will be kept a secret and no one will know an others bid until Jan. 1st All bidders must deposit \$500 in either bank in Red Cloud to insure good faith and if any bid buys either place and bidder fails to consumate deal \$500 shall be forfeited.

The Brick Building is 24x100 feet, basement and two floors, brick engine room 12x20. Building is now used for restaurant and bakery. This building was purchased by Mr. Bense for \$7000 in 1901 and he has equipped and improved it at a cost of \$5300 more. Building rents at \$60 per month by the year, for the reason that the present occupant bought the Bense stock and fixtures. Mr. Bense desires to sell out to go into business in Salt Lake City. He likes to farm and has made it pay. He has done well and prospered in Red Cloud and likes the people. But Billy, like many others sees opportunity knocking at his door, calling him elsewhere. He desires to sell all his holdings here and offers them to highest bidder.

Mr. Bense reserves the right to reject any and all bids not inconsistent with fair play. But he proposes to sell and sell he pro-bably will to the highest bidder.

All bidders are cordially invited to go out and look this farm over. Also to lock over the brick building. Mr. Bense will be at the farm and show you around in person.

W. S. BENSE. Red Cloud, Neb

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