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We Can Save You Money!

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for Fall Delivery and have it erected
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Dealers in Monuments, Red Cloud

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Red Cloud, Nebraska - - Chief Office



A Meal of Bread

Our Bread is so nutritious that you
can make a meal on it that is thor-
oughly refreshing and strengthening.
We have made it a point to use none
but the best of flour in its prepara-
tion, and cleanliness has not been sac-
rificed. When you partake of it you
will say that "the bread that mother
used to bake" cannot be compared
with it. Fresh bread daily, and plenty
of it, does much to keep the health of
the family. It is truly the staff of life.
Call on us for your supply.

Bon-Ton-Bakery and Restaurant.

CHICHESTER SPILLS

DIAMOND BRAND
LADIES!
Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and
GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with Blue
Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHERS. Buy of your
Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five
years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE WORTH
THE PRICE**

Widow's Pension.
The recent act of April 19th, 1906
gives to all soldiers' widows a pension
of \$12 per month. Fred Maurer, the
attorney, has all necessary blanks.

NEW BAKERY

I have opened a bakery in Red
Cloud and solicit a share of
your patronage.

Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes

always in stock. Phone me
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Deliver to any part of the city

Retail store opposite Postof-
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CURT HATFIELD, Prop.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



For Sale

-BY-

John Yost

-THE-

"Dutch
Butcher"

Common Colds must be taken Seriously

For unless cured they sap the vital-
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more serious infection. Protect your
children and yourself by the prompt
use of Foley's Honey and Tar Com-
pound and note its quick and decisive
results. For coughs, colds, croup,
whooping cough, bronchitis and affec-
tions of the throat, chest and lungs it
is an ever ready and valuable remedy.
For sale at Dr. Cook's drug store.

FOUND IN THE PICTURES

"You don't want to stay for the pic-
tures, do you?" asked Laura in the
tone of one who expects the answer to
be "No."

Beth blushed. She took a childish de-
light in motion pictures, but from the
chatter about her, she gathered that it
was considered childish to sit through
the whole performance. Her cousin
Laura seemed to regard the taste for
vaudeville itself rather indicative of
elementary development.

"Do you mind?" Beth asked timidly
"There's fire department pictures."
With a shrug of her shoulder, her
cousin settled back in the seat as the
lights went out and the first picture
was thrown on the screen. The prop-
erty man and his fellows on the stage
supplied the clanging of the bells and
the screech of the whistles and to
Beth it was all very real. Then the
street with its engines vanished from
the screen to be replaced by a con-
trasting picture of three firemen sit-
ting in quarters engaged in a game of
cards. Their faces were large enough
to show the play of expression and the
audience shrieked at the pantomimic
humor.

But Beth had leaned forward and
was looking eagerly at the screen.
Laura tugged at her skirt but the girl
did not realize it. There upon the
screen was Thad Burnham. She was
sure of it. The picture changed again
and she sank back into her seat quiv-
ering in every muscle.

Rapidly she explained to Laura
how Thad had gone away from home,
how his letters had stopped and his
mother could find no trace of him.
"His mother's heart is breaking for
him," she declared. "I must find him
and tell him to write home."

She left her seat and with trembling
limbs started up the aisle, Laura fol-
lowing her country cousin curiously.
An usher directed her to the balcony
where the machine was operated, and
she waited until the operator had fin-
ished.

He could give her little information
other than to furnish her with the ad-
dress of the firm which had taken the
pictures. She could scarcely wait un-
til the next morning to continue her
search, and she started immediately
after breakfast with a male cousin as
an escort.

The manager was courteous and
seemed to take an interest in her
quest. The pictures had been made in
town, he explained, and he gave her
the number and address of the engine
company. It was far uptown but she
could not rest and in a short time she
stood in front of the tiny desk beside
the glittering engine.

"Is Mr. Burnham a fireman here?"
she asked with trembling voice.

"Tommy Burnham is with seven
trucks," he explained.

"I am looking for Thadwick Burn-
ham," she explained. "He was photo-
graphed here for some motion pic-
tures."

"Wickes, Roe and Casey posed for
that picture," he declared. "You mean
this?"

He took down from the wall a small
framed photograph, evidently an en-
largement of the picture film.

"That's Thad," she cried. "I'm sure
of it."

"Call Roe down," commanded a
voice behind her. The fireman sprang
to salute and Beth turned to face a
silver faced man with gold instead
of silver buttons and crossed trumpets
on his cap front.

"Stand where you will be in the
light," directed the newcomer, as he
stepped into the background. Wonder-
ingly she obeyed his directions as in
answer to the call a man came sliding
down the brass pole.

Before she could speak he had
turned around and came toward her.
"Hello, Beth," he cried. "Where did
you come from?"

"What is your name?" demanded the
battalion chief. Instinctively the man's
hand went to salute, and he gave a
puzzled laugh.

"It's Burnham," he said, "yet I
know I'm called Roe. What's the mat-
ter?"

"You remember the Jane street fire
in the shop where you worked?" sug-
gested the chief. Thad nodded. "But
you forget that in jumping to the net
you fell short and struck on your
head. When you came out of the hos-
pital, you had forgotten whom you
were."

"I remember now," Thad exclaimed.
"The boys were interested in me and
kept me going until I could get in the
department. You gave me Richard
Roe for a name, eh?"

"I saw you in the picture at the
theater," Beth explained. "I knew
it was you."

"Which is more than I did," he
laughed. "I've been some one else for
nearly a year now. Is mother—"

Beth nodded as his voice faltered.
"She is alive," she assured, "but very
lonely. She thinks you are dead."

The chief stepped forward. "I'm go-
ing up to see the foreman," he said
hastily. "Put in your application for
leave and I'll see that headquarters
grants it."

He stamped up the stairs, and Thad
turned to Beth. "And you?" he asked.
"Have you—"

"I've been waiting, too," she assured
as her hand stole into his.

"We can have a pretty good honey-
moon in 30 days," smiled Thad. "We'll
send the picture men some of the
cake."

"We must," she agreed, as he kissed
her right before the man on watch. "I
found you in the picture."

HENRY JAMES ASKS A DRINK

How the Noted Novelist Might Have
Given Expression to Desire to
Quench Thirst.

I would like—like with a degree of
longing so entirely out of all propor-
tion to the length of time, expressed
in hours, by the clock, since I last
refreshed myself, or at least my pal-
ate, with at least temporarily satisfy-
ing viands which you, here in this
place, by grace of the king's favor,
are permitted to dispense—and dis-
pensing, grow fat upon the just and
unchallenged profits of your ancient
and honorable occupation—that I may
lay myself open to the light-tongued
and unjust charge of inebriety—that
is habitual inebriety, which knows not
the true values of time and place, and
inappropriate circumstance (and
which brainless accusation I can, I
assure you, disprove); like, rather,
with the natural thirst—unaided by
the strong persuasion of long-harbor-
ed habits—of physical exercise in the
open air, on this sun-kissed morning
(albeit a trifle overburdened in the
matter of temperature), a glass—and
not necessarily a glass commensurate
with my physical bulk (for which I
am not wholly responsible, although
I do not wish to be misunderstood in
the matter of filial devotion), but a
glass which is neither too large nor
too small economically to satisfy the
modest clamor of a palate parched
with the unavoidable heat and dust of
a summer-besieged roadside—no rain
having fallen for several stifling days
in succession, as near as I can remem-
ber (and I do not pretend to keep
unnerving account of these trifling
things—nor offer any excuses for my
failure to do so) . . . a small
glass of sherry.—New York Mail.

WEBSTER AND THE MAGICIAN

Secretary of State's Clever Retort to
the Joking Remark of Signor
Blitz.

During the presidency of Mr. Tyler
I had occasion to call on Daniel Web-
ster, then secretary of state.

Glancing at my card, he turned
and readily extended his hand with
"Welcome, signor! No hocus pocus
among my papers," covering them
with his arms.

After explaining to him my object
I received the required information.
We laughed and chatted a few min-
utes, and I was about to retire when
I mentioned that I was an applicant
for office and hoped I could rely upon
his influence in the matter.

"You, a magician, an office seeker,
signor?"

"There is only one, sir, I aspire to;
all others I should refuse without re-
gard to their emoluments."

"Well, what one is that?" ques-
tioned the great statesman, in his
deep and powerful voice.

"Counting the treasury notes, Mr.
Webster."

"The treasury notes, signor?"
"Yes, sir. You might give me 100-
000 to count and watch me closely,
but you would find only 75,000 when
I returned them."

"Signor," he exclaimed, with lively
animation, "there is no chance for
you; there are better magicians here
than you. For there would not be
75,000 left after their counting!"
"Life and Adventures of Signor Blitz."

He Who Laughs.

It is a very dangerous thing for a
literary man to indulge his love for
the ridiculous. People laugh with him
just as long as he amuses them; but
if he attempts to be serious, they must
still have their laugh, and so they
laugh at him. There is in addition,
however, a deeper reason for
this than would at first appear. Do
you know that you feel a little super-
ior to every man who makes you
laugh, whether by making faces or
verses? Are you aware that you have
a pleasant sense of patronizing him
when you condescend so far as to let
him turn somersaults, literal or liter-
ary, for your royal delight? Now, if a
man can only be allowed to stand on
a dais, or raised platform, and look
down on his neighbor, who is exert-
ing his talent for him, oh, it is all
right—first-rate performance!—and all
the rest of the fine phrases. But
if all at once the performer asks the
gentleman to come upon the floor,
and, stepping upon the platform, be-
gins to talk down at him, ah, that
wasn't in the program!—Holmes.

He Will Never Know.

"Johnny," said the teacher to a boy
eight years old who had been look-
ing intently at a picture in the school
reader for several minutes, "what is it
that interests you so?"

"A picture, ma'am," was the reply.
"Let me see. Ah, yes—a picture of a
young man from the city about to
milk a cow out in the country."

"But it won't move, ma'am."

"No. It is not a moving picture."

"Then, how'm I ever going to know
that he sat down and began milking,
and the cow hauled off and knocked
him 15 feet with one foot and the bot-
tom of the milk pail out with the
other?"

How She Hurt Her Finger.

"What's de matten, Miss Clara?"
asked Rosa, the Browns' colored laun-
dress, seeing Miss Clara nursing her
finger with a pained look on her face.
"I bruised my finger with the hammer
the other day and it hurts still," was
the reply. "I has dat, too!" exclaimed
Rosa, eagerly, "feels like a tingle in
down de palm of my-han', but mine
jee' comes from slappin' de chulluns
on de bald."

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fort
Guaranteed
30 Years

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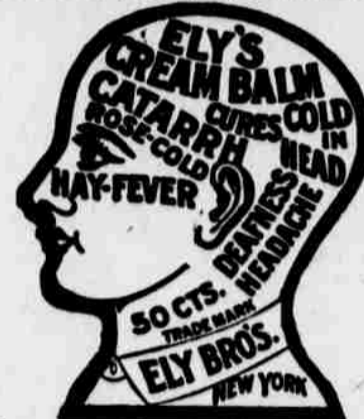
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