



JUST RECEIVED

A Car of Buggies

If you are in the market for a buggy it will pay you to investigate. They are new 1913 style with Democratic prices.

WE SELL THE

P. & O. LISTER

This Lister was sold by us last year. We put out 31 of them. There was no other article sold that pleased our customers more. Here are the names of a few farmers that you may ask: Harry Koth, Albert Perry, Will Watson, Will Lippencott, Chas. Isom, Adolph Goth, M. Bogenrief, Ran Zachary, John Most. If before you buy you will ask these nine men you will be convinced what they are. For prices come and see. You will never be fully satisfied with any other kind.

Whitaker & Buckles

Red Cloud,

Nebraska

Did You See the Large and Varied Display of Shoes - Oxfords - Pumps, - Etc.

In The **Balley & Balley Display Window?**

Look Before You Buy
East Side Shoe Store : Newhouse Bldg

FOR SALE

South Dakota Land

I have several Sections, One Half Sections and Quarter Sections of choice South Dakota Land for sale.

Most of this land is under cultivation and is located within a radius of ten miles of two good towns. This land also has improvements upon it such as houses, barns, sheds, wells, fences, etc.

This land is located on the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul from Chicago to Puget Sound.

For Further Particulars Address

O. G. MATKINS,

INAVAL.

NEBRASKA

CUTTING DOWN THE FLESH

Heroic Struggles of a Fat Man Who Thought the Scales Were Deceiving Him.

I have about come to the conclusion that the good Lord intended some of his creatures to be fat and some thin, regardless of medicines and so-called infallible cures, writes a western man. For a long while I tried all the alleged obesity cures and none of them did me any good. Then I determined to starve myself and take lots of exercise.

All my life I had been a lover of good eating, and counted that day lost on which I did not consume for my dinner the better part of a sirloin steak as thick as a darky's foot, with all the trimmings. For breakfast I usually destroyed a platter of cakes, three eggs and no end of thin-sliced bacon, besides fruits and two cups of coffee.

This lifelong system I abandoned for an entire month, cutting out all the meat and about all the vegetables, a piece of toast and glass of milk taking the place of my morning meals and a little rice being the chief item on the meager dinner bill of five. Lunch I omitted wholly. In addition I walked at least six miles every day and did all sorts of stunts in my room with a gymnasium outfit. Prior to going to bed I perpetrated all sorts of muscular contortions and rolled on the floor till my body was bruised.

At the end of thirty days I felt fit to run a three-mile foot-race or go in the ring with the champion. About this time it occurred to me that I ought to get weighed and I made a bee line for the scales. My grocer assured me that they were correct to an ounce, but they showed I had gained 14 pounds in the period of my abstinence.—Exchange.

PURE FOOD LAW NOT MODERN

Centuries Ago Tradesmen Who Adulterated Goods Were Most Severely Punished.

Pure food laws are not quite so modern an invention as we may believe. Dr. Reissner has made discoveries in Palestine that seem to indicate some sort of supervision of the food supplies delivered to the palace nearly 3000 years ago. Labels have been found that were once affixed to "a jar of pure olive oil." We may wonder what tests were employed and what would happen to the man whose oil was found to be not pure. Probably something unpleasant, for there was no Supreme court in those days.

We know what happened in the middle ages to the enterprising tradesman who adulterated his goods. In 1444 a Nuremberg merchant was burned alive for mating foreign material with his saffron and the saffron itself was used for fuel. Probably that artistic touch impressed the matter upon his memory.

Some Augsburg bakers who used false weights and bad flour were ducked in a muddy pool, and through a faulty knowledge of the human respiratory system, or sheer carelessness, they came to the surface dead.

In 1483 a wine merchant was ordered to drink six quarts of his own adulterated wine, and as he died soon after it is evident that the adulteration must have been serious. It is true that he had to finish the draft in a given number of minutes, and a small number at that, but in those days they had a pleasant way of weighing the scales and loading the dice upon the side of justice.

Civilization has changed all that. Nowadays we shiver with apprehension lest a rogue shall be punished.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Men and Women.

As times go on we have the two results to be anticipated. Men reach the point—usually early in life—where business or politics absorbs their whole attention, and they have little time, strength or interest left for the broader culture and the amenities of life, while women are prone to be too much preoccupied with these things, to the injury of the home—not, perhaps, in its smooth running, for in the average American home the wheels of its machinery do usually run smoothly, though at great expense and to the injury of the home spirit. If the two could be averaged we should more nearly approach the ideal. Men need more relaxation, more rest, more variety, especially as they advance in life. Women need more concentration, more definiteness in their work, and especially more interest and a different kind of ideal in their home-making.—Mrs. N. D. Hillis in the American Woman and Her Home.

The Rothschilds.

What chiefly struck one at the funeral of the late Baron Gustave de Rothschild was the great multiplicity of relatives descended from his father, the first Baron James, the shrewdest and most funnily humorous member of the Paris branch of the Rothschilds, that he founded. Among these descendants were a son, grandsons, and great and great-great-grandsons—Rothschilds, Lamberts, Leoninos, Ephrussis, Sterns, Sassoons, Gubbays. They represented not only the principle of blood relationship, but the finance of Paris, Brussels, Genoa, Milan, Odessa, Bombay and Calcutta. Among the numerous multi-millionaires descended from the first Baron James there was one who devoted himself to medical science, dramatic literature and the collection of autographs of great writers—Baron Henri, only son of the second Baron James.

Energy That Counts.

The friction of men in action is the energy that sends the world spinning. Disagreements are like flint and steel, they strike the new sparks. Contrary opinions flail the chaff out of ideas.—Herbert Kaufman.

To Keep Ferns Fresh.

Use a soil of about half leaf mold or smooth earth and half fine sand. Give abundant drainage and then plenty of water. About once a month put them in the washtub or bathtub and give a thorough washing, not sparing soap; rinse well, and slightly loosen the soil before returning them to the stand. A bit of fresh beef buried in the soil occasionally helps.

CHARACTER SHOWS IN BACKS

Straight and Upright Carriage Means You Are Determined, Energetic and Reliable.

If your back is straight and upright you are correspondingly straight in your conduct. You will hold your head up, for you are not afraid to look the world in the face.

Even when you're sitting you keep your back straight. There is an air of real strength about you—both physical and mental. In short, you have plenty of backbone. You are determined, energetic and to be relied upon.

If your back is stooping and rounded you are a creature as weak as you look, you are prone to lolling about, and too lazy or too feeble to take a front rank in the battle of life. The tramp is an excellent example.

If you are a criminal, your back is stooped or round, but the scholarly student of the bookworm must not be confounded with the foregoing. There is a difference which is difficult to describe, but it is readily recognized by the close observer.

If you are mean and covetous your back is narrow and rounded and your shoulders are high. You are sly—very sly. You generally have the appearance of drawing yourself up into as small a compass as possible. You are always yourself, so to speak, and people should give you the cold shoulder.

Are you too straight backed? That is, do you hold your head so high that there is a preposterous fall in the small of your back? Then you are so puffed up with self-esteem that you carry your chest out so far it's absurd.

SEEMED TO NEED A DOCTOR

Varied Ailments of the Somewhat Afflicted Family as Catalogued by the Mother.

"Yes, Doc," said the mother of a family of nine to the young doctor who had ridden 16 miles into the backwoods in the dead of night, "we are a somewhat afflicted family, an' as home doctorin' don't seem to do no good, I thought I'd send for you an' see if you could straighten us out. Jancy here, she's got something wrong with her bronchial tubes so she don't breathe like she should. I been keepin' a rag spread with goose grease an' sprinkled with red pepper an' mustard on her front chest, but it seems to add to her agny. Jake, he's got a m'fry all up an' down his spinal bone, an' I been usin' kerosene both external an' internal; but it ain't done him no good. Lizzie Belle, she's about ready to give up with plumbago, an' her sister Nancy has been feelin' mean for a week. I think that it's sklatie roomatiz that ails Nancy, but she's afraid it's the new disease they calls appendeshetus. The old man has been turrrible sllmsy for some days, an' Rube, our oldest boy, is all broke out with a rash that shows his blood ain't all right. He had a turrrible spell las' night, an' I thought he was in for cholery infantum. He's had it off an' on ever since he was 16 years old. I reckoned he'd outgrown it, but it grabs him as hard now that he's 24 as it did when he was younger. Wisht, Doc, that you'd just turn yourself loose an' see if you kin sort o' straighten us out."—Judge.

Remarkable Popular Ignorance.

Some one has remarked that at the height of Napoleon's fame there were men in the back alleys of Paris who had never heard his name. This illustration of popular ignorance was recalled by a judge who was examining candidates for citizenship in New York city recently. He asked one of these prospective citizens, "Who is the head of your native country?" "The king." "Who becomes the head when he dies?" "His son." "And who is the head of this country?" "The president." "And who would become the head if he died?" "His son." And yet, as the judge remarked, all these men know enough to earn their daily bread—the rest is a matter of schooling.

Fortunes Spent in Trouseaux.

The elaborate trousseaux of members of the smart set would have made a queen bride of a century ago open her eyes with amazement. It is an ordinary thing for the daughter of a millionaire on getting her bridal finery ready to order 20 or 30 hats, trimmed with ostrich and other feathers, to harmonize with as many gowns. Every gown needs a distinct hat. The equipment of a rich bride is looked on as incomplete if it does not contain at least 30 gowns and such a trousseau does not mean the bride will get no more dresses for a year. When lingerie and little ornaments also are taken into consideration, it is plain a young girl in New York's smart set must spend many thousands of dollars for her outfit and several women have spent \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Treatment of Wet Shoes.

If you get caught in the rain with a good pair of shoes on, remove them as soon as you enter the house, and if you do not possess a pair of trees, stuff them tight and hard with tissue paper, squeezing it well into shape. Wipe off all the mud with a soft rag. Place the shoes in a draught, soles upward, and let them dry slowly. On no account put them to dry by the fire.

Never forget to place your shoes on trees or to stuff them with paper when they are not in wear.

HUNTING DR. GREGG

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.

Godfrey Gynn, artist, was an athlete. That is, he was going to be some day. In his studio in the city he swung Indian clubs and lifted weights, and down at his brother's farm, where he passed most of his Sundays, he did more.

He rose with the lark to tramp around in the dew and breathe through his nose. The rest of the family growled about it, and the lark put him down as an eccentric. He felled trees to get shoulder muscles, and as he wasn't particular as to whose trees they were, old Farmer Hobbs made him pay five dollars each for them.

He lifted 50-pound stones over fences, climbed trees, ran up and down hills, and did so many other things that seemed curious to the farmers around that the report got abroad that he was a little touched in the head.

All this wouldn't amount to shucks had not an accident happened to Mr. Gynn one morning as he was jumping a fence. He caught his toe on the top rail as he went over and fell in such a way that he broke the thumb on his right hand. This was on a morning when he had risen with the lark, and long before anybody else was astir.

A broken thumb needs more attention than a broken neck. There must be a visit to the doctor's and some bandaging.

With a rag tied about the aching thumb, Mr. Godfrey Gynn started off down the highway at a fast walk. He had made two-thirds of the distance when a young lady came out of a manor house just ahead of him and took the highway. Her jaw was tied up with a cloth, and she seemed in a hurry to get somewhere.

"It's dollars to cents it's a case of toothache," said Mr. Gynn to himself, and the idea almost comforted him.

Mr. Gynn was right about the toothache. Miss Hope Thornton was visiting a married cousin at the manor house. At midnight she was aroused by a tooth trying to jump out of her mouth, and thence to early morn she groaned and wept and vowed that if she lived a thousand years she would never do any more wading in brooks. It was an hour after daybreak when she woke her cousin to ask what could be done.

The jaw was bandaged up and Miss Hope started out. She saw Mr. Gynn coming, and later on heard his footsteps behind her.

Mr. Gynn didn't mean to overtake the girl, as the pain of his thumb kept him gritting his teeth, but somehow or other he presently found himself keeping step with her and asking:

"Toothache?"
"Yum."
"Bad?"
"Awwful!"
"Going to Dr. Gregg's?"
"Yum."

"Then this must be the place, for here is his sign."

They both turned in at the gate, and a frosty-haired woman said:

"The doctor ain't in."
"Where is he?"

"Out in the fields somewhere to kill a rabbit for breakfast."

"I'll go find him. This young lady has a bad case of toothache."

"She can come in and wait, but he won't do anything. Early as it is, he's half-tight."

"I'll try and sober him up."

Mr. Gynn nodded to the girl to go in and wait, and after much peering and considerable tramping he got sight of the doctor with a gun on his shoulder.

"Patient?" queried the medical man.

"Young lady with the toothache."
"Let her ache."

"Thumb."
"Broken, eh? Well, go to town."

"Come on to the house."
"Nixy. Nothing doing today."

It hurt like everything, but Mr. Gynn managed to remove his coat and dropped his hat on the grass.

"What's a-coming?" asked the doctor.

"You are, unless you want a good licking!"

"Huh! You must have lots of grit to fight with a broken thumb. Well, come along."

At the house, Miss Hope was weeping and the doctor's wife saying:

"Shut up!" exclaimed the doctor as he put his gun away.

"Young lady, open your mouth. Huh! Bit of ulceration. Keep this liquid in your mouth for awhile. Feel better, eh?"

"Yes."

"Give you some to take home. Ache all gone by and by. Now, young man, for the broken thumb."

Mr. Gynn held it out to be looked at and operated on, and it was then that Miss Hope knew that he had been hurt.

"Is it broken?" she asked.

"Out of joint, Miss," answered the doctor.

"And you never told me," she said in reproachful tones to Mr. Gynn.

He tried to smile as the doctor pulled the thumb back into place, but it ended in a groan.

"You poor fellow!"

The doctor looked up and laughed, and his wife tossed her head and said:

"It's no use to advise young women. They are bound to be foolish."

"Then don't advise," grumbled the husband.

Miss Hope and Mr. Gynn walked back together. The toothache had almost vanished, and the thumb felt better. At every one of Mr. Gynn's calls for the next month they talked of toothache, broken thumbs and the doctor. Then there was a change.