

**Burlington
Route**

TIME TABLE
Falls City, Neb.

**Lincoln
Omaha
Chicago
St. Joseph
Kansas City
St. Louis and all
points east and
south.**

**Denver
Helena
Butte
Salt Lake City
Portland
San Francisco
and all points
west.**

TRAINS LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

No. 42.	Portland St. Louis Special, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and all points east and south.	7:17 p m
No. 13.	Vestibuled express, daily, Denver and all points west and northwest.	1:33 a m
No. 44.	Vestibuled Express daily, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and points East and South.	11:17 a m
No. 14.	Vestibuled express, daily, St. Joe, Kan- sas City, St. Louis and all points east and south.	7:47 a m
No. 17.	Local express daily except Sunday, Con- cordia, and points north and west.	12:10 p m
No. 15.	Vestibuled express, daily, Denver, and all points west and northwest.	1:23 p m
No. 43.	Vestibuled Express daily, Lincoln and the Northwest.	1:44 p m
No. 16.	Vestibuled express daily, St. Joe, Kan- sas City, St. Louis Chicago and points east and south.	4:35 p m
No. 18.	Local express daily except Sunday, St. Joe and points south and east.	4:05 p m
No. 41.	St. Louis-Portland Special, Lincoln, He- lena, Tacoma and Portland without change.	10:07 p m
No. 115.	Local accommoda- tion, daily ex- cept Sunday, Salem, Nemaha and Ne- braska City.	11:15 p m

Sleeping, dining and reclining chairs
(seats free) on through trains.
Tickets sold and baggage checked to
any point in the States or Canada. For
information, time tables, maps and
tickets, call on or write to E. G. WHIT-
FORD Agent, Falls City, Neb., or L.
W. WAKELIN, G. P. & T. A., Omaha.

Missouri Pacific Railway
Time Table, Falls City, Neb.

NORTH

No. 135 Omaha, local.	7:45 a. m.
No. 105 Omaha and Lincoln Express.	A 1:57 a m
No. 103 Omaha and Lincoln	8:15 p m
No. 127 From Kansas City.	A 1:41 p m
No. 191 Local Freight, Au- burn.	A 1:16 p m

SOUTH

No. 104 Kansas City local.	7:50 a m
No. 106 Kansas City and St. Louis and Denver.	A 3:10 a m
No. 108 Kansas City and St. Louis and Denver.	A 1:16 p m
No. 138 From Omaha.	8:35 p m
No. 192 Local, Atchison.	10:15 a m

A. Daily. B. Daily except Sunday.
J. B. VARNER, Agent.

**\$5,000
Reward**

will be paid to any person who can find one atom of opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, ether or chloroform or their derivatives in any of Dr. Miles' Remedies.

This reward is offered because certain unscrupulous persons make false statements about these remedies. It is understood that this reward applies only to goods purchased in the open market, which have not been tampered with.

Dr. Miles' remedies cure by their strengthening and invigorating effect upon the nervous system, and not by weakening the nerves.

"I consider that there are no better remedies put up than Dr. Miles' Nerve, Anti-Pain Pills, and Nerve and Liver Pills. We have used them for years, and recommend them to many others. My wife is using the Nerve, and considers it the best medicine in the world. A lady friend of mine, who was almost a total nervous wreck, through my earnest solicitation has used several bottles of the Nerve with wonderful results."
WM. CROME, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that on October 29th, 1906, between the hours of 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock, p. m., of said day, I will offer for sale at the west door of the court house in Falls City in Richardson county, Nebraska, the following described real estate, to-wit:
The west half of southeast quarter (1/2 sec) of section 7 and northeast quarter of southeast quarter (1/4 sec) of section 7, township one (1) north, range 15, and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, block 37 Walker's add to Humboldt, Nebraska, lots 1, 2, and 3, block 23 Nims' add to Humboldt, lots 8, block 25 Nims' add to Humboldt, lot 9, block 4, lot 5, block 7, city of Humboldt, and two (2) acres in sw 1/4 of sec 4 of section 3 town 2 range 13 east 6th p. m.

This property having been attached as the property of the defendant, Jerome C. Wilton, at the suit of the plaintiff, George G. Gandy, in the district court of said county and is now being sold as per order of said court on a writ issued to me by the clerk of said court under the seal thereof. Terms of sale cash.
424 W. T. FENTON, Sheriff.
REAVIS & REAVIS, Attorneys.

The Abduction of a Justice.

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

Dressed in her brother's clothing as she was, "Cowboy Maggie" vaulted again to her saddle with familiar ease. "Seven miles we've come," she mused, as she rode by "the widow's," and guided her horse into Tarnahan road. "Then it's 30 more to make. I'll beat them yet!"

Fifty yards beyond the fork of the roads, her broncho suddenly shied at a dimly seen object in the brush. Maggie recognized a white calf. She assured her horse with a touch and a murmur. Her quick eyes then discovered a number of other calves. She knew the little band at once. There were nine small heifers, the property of Mrs. Jordan, "the widow."

"They're all I've got in the world," Mrs. Jordan had told her, smiling through tears as she spoke, "for Hickey bought up the undertaker's bills against me and took all my cows. He'd have taken the calves, too, only the lawyers made him stop."

"Hickey—the miserable thief!" Maggie sputtered. "And to think of Ed. Hickey daring to marry Carrie Downs! I don't see how she ever thought of saying yes. But she shan't—she shan't—not if I have to steal her myself and run away! They must have made her take him. Get up, Brutus! What are you doing?"

Almost on the moment, a curse and a shout indicated that two or more riders had discovered the calves, doubtless through the shying of their bronchos.

"Here, Skete, hold on," cried one of the riders behind her; "ain't them Jordan cattle?"

The girl recognized the nasal snarl of young Hickey.

What answer was made by "Skete" she could not determine. A murmur represented the conversation of the man, who had evidently halted in the road.

"Branded?—like hell!" came the high voice of Hickey again, in dispute; "I tell you I saw 'em two days ago, and not a one of 'em ironed. Can't nobody swear to a calf unless it's branded? This is the softest snap I ever seen. Here—round 'em up—send 'em along."

"Can't do it alone," growled the other. "You better come and help on the job, if you want it done up so sudden."

"Me?" snarled Hickey, as he swung his vicious horse toward a loitering heifer. "I've got to git a move on now to git to my wedding. I told you before it's coming off at daylight. It's got to—we've got to catch that train. Bite 'em! bite 'em! Hey there! Rush 'em lively!"

The scurrying hoofs beat up a cloud of dust, felt rather than seen.

Maggie was tingling with indignation. She had caught Hickey fairly in the act of robbery; she had heard him confirm the maddening story that he meant to marry Carrie Downs at daylight. She was thrice more anxious than before to fly to Tarnahan's and save her friend, but Hickey would now be there as soon as she. She would have to resort to some other plan to stop the wedding.

Maggie fancied she could see old Justice Carey cross as a badger, thin as a knife, gray as the desert, standing before Carrie and Hickey snapping out the words of the sacred ceremony. He was the only man within a radius of 100 miles who could perform the rite. If he would only refuse, the trick would yet be won!

But she knew old Carey. She knew he would not refuse, not for love nor money. He was crazed on the subject of marrying anyone to anyone else. He seemed almost to take a devilish delight in tying together ill-assorted couples. Then, like lightning, a thought struck in her brain. It almost made her reel with its force. But her whole horizon was cleared.

Fall Opening Sale

AND
Exposition of the New Modes for the Season at Hand



October will mark the formal Opening of Autumn and Winter business. At this time our complete showing of New Fall Models will be on parade for inspection. For those wanting the more exclusive fabrics, it is advisable to make selections early in the season, and we invite the interest of those who desire the widest range of selection. The prominent feature in Business Suits, is the form-fitting back with flared skirts. In some styles this is pronounced and in others only moderately so. The same style prevails in Overcoats. Business Coats are moderately long. In Overcoats one may wear a style 45 or 50 inches long, or some length between the two, and any of them will be correct. While Sack Coats are made with vents, all Overcoats are also provided with them.

We have a very wide range of Fabrics this season as well as the correct new styles, and we may say that we have never shown an assortment more pleasing in every respect than we now present for your consideration. We also call your attention to our line of Boys and Childrens Suits and Overcoats. Our line of Mens and Boys Shoes, Hats and Caps, Underwear, Shirts, Gloves and Mittens, is very complete as is also all lines usually found in a first-class Clothing Store.

We would be pleased to show you through our stock before you make your fall purchases.

WAHL & PARCHEN
FALLS CITY, - - NEBRASKA

AT THE GEHLING



Tuesday Evening, October 16

She vaulted up into the saddle. Not a moment did she have to spare. Brutus leaped at the dig of her spurs and started madly down the road.

Late as she had started, and considerable as the distance was, over hills and through swales, Maggie a little before two o'clock in the morning rapped on Justice Carey's door.

"You noisy idiot," chopped the voice of the justice, who thrust his thin face out into the darkness, "'tain't time—'tain't time! What do you want? You don't want me now, you young scoundrel?"

"Yes—now," said Maggie, as roughly as possible. "Hurry up, or we'll be too late!"

He disappeared and slammed the door.

Maggie feared he had returned to his bed. She took out her pistol and was about to batter the door again, when the man came out fully dressed. He chattered in the chill air.

"Where is m-m-my horse?", he demanded. "Didn't you fetch me a h-h-horse? Do you expect me to get out the b-buckboard alone at this—"

"Get upon my horse—it's the best we can do, and the quickest way," interrupted Maggie.

She boosted the man astride the saddle in a hurry, sprang up behind him with the reins in her hand.

"Where you—heading, young man?" he said, disjunctively. "This ain't the way to Tarnahan's Bar!"

"No, it isn't," assented Maggie.

"Then what—what—what—what do you mean? What are you doing? Here, you, let me—"

"Be still!" commanded the girl. "You can feel my pistol against your back. You are not going to the Bar this morning."

"But the wedding," cried the old fiend; "the wedding this—"

"There will not be any wedding," she told him, shortly.

He comprehended with pain, then, that he, the high and mighty justice of the peace "in and for said county and township," had actually been abducted bodily. In polyglot moods, of rapid succession, he threatened, ranted, reasoned with his captor, and entreated that she permit

him to go and perform the wedding.

Maggie was as grim as she was firm. Her horse was in a reeking perspiration, but she could not afford to spare him now. Straight away into the mountains she rode. Three miles from Nicholl's she came upon the dim form of a shanty, in a lonely ravine, far from the traveled trails. It was all that remained of a mining excitement which the hills had enjoyed. Here she forced her prisoner to dismount, after which she tied his hands behind him, compelled him to enter the shanty, and there secured his feet, in a manner highly satisfactory to herself. For the binding she employed a slender tethering-rope which she carried in addition to her braided lasso.

Then she shut the door on a mixture of threats, life sentences and pleadings and started for Tarnahan's Bar. She arrived there some hours later dressed in her own clothes.

"They had a great old time at the Bar," said the girl, concluding her story to her mother the following day. "Ed. Hickey rode around after poor old Mr. Carey like a rooster without his head, got horribly drunk, and you never saw Carrie cry so much in all your life when I told her about Mrs. Jordan's cattle. She cried and laughed together. I wouldn't have believed a girl could be so happy to give it all up—after getting all those lovely dresses and presents. Poor

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dear Carrie—it's funny she didn't know better herself, at first."

"But," said Maggie's mother, "I hope everybody hasn't left poor, dear Mr. Carey up there all this time, pining in that cabin."

"Oh, no," replied the girl, "he got loose and came in to Tarnahan's Bar by himself late in the afternoon. After he told his story, they got up a wonderful romance about a daring young fellow who rode 60 miles, from Pizen, in the night, and stole the justice to save his lady-love from Hickey. Some call him Hickey's rival, and some call him Carrie's mysterious lover."

(Copyright, by J. B. Bowles.)

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates