



TIME TABLE

Falls City, Neb.

Lincoln	Denver
Omaha	Helena
Chicago	Butte
St. Joseph	Salt Lake City
Kansas City	Portland
St. Louis and all points east and south.	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, Kansas City, St. Louis and all points east and south.	7:47 a. m.
No. 17. Local express daily except Sunday, Concordia, 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, Kansas 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, Helena, Tacoma and Portland without change.	10:07 p. m.
No. 115. Local accommodation, daily except Sunday, Salem, Nemaha and Nebraska City.	11:15 p. m.

Missouri Pacific Railway Time Table, Falls City, Neb.

NORTH	
No. 145 Omaha local	6:45 a. m.
No. 105 Omaha and Lincoln Express	1:57 a. m.
No. 103 Omaha and Lincoln	8:15 p. m.
No. 127 From Kansas City passenger	1:41 p. m.
No. 191 Local Freight, Auburn	1:16 p. m.
SOUTH	
No. 104 Kansas City local	7:50 a. m.
No. 106 Kansas City and St. Louis and Denver	3:10 a. m.
No. 108 Kansas City and St. Louis and Denver	1:16 p. m.
No. 138 From Omaha	8:35 p. m.
No. 192 Local, Atchison	10:15 a. m.

Robbing Yourself

That is just what you are doing when you fail to get regular and sufficient sleep. Your body requires this unconscious period for repair work; without it your nerve energy becomes exhausted, and you are tired, worn-out, nervous, excitable; have headache, neuralgia, indigestion, poor appetite, or other ailments caused by a lack of nerve force. Make it your business to sleep. If you are restless, take Dr. Miles' Nervine; it soothes and strengthens the nerves, and brings sweet, refreshing, life-giving sleep, and gives the organs power to work naturally. Try it to-day.

"I had a severe spell of fever, which left me in a very weak condition and very nervous. I had severe spells of headache and neuralgia, and could sleep but very little. Every effort that was made to recover my strength was of no avail until I began taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. After I commenced to take the Nervine my sleep was profound and restful, and the pains in my head, as well as the neuralgia pains, left me to a certain extent and I grew gradually better."

MRS. E. M. GILBERTSON, 821 Berylton Ave., Belvidere, Ills.

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Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind

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THE TRIBUNE ...\$1.00 a Year...

Encouraging Teddy.

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

When two women are sitting over a glowing fire in the broad daylight, and one is married and the other is not, they invariably talk of two things—dress and servants. But when the light has waned, and the glow of the fire fills the corners of the room with dancing shadows, even dress and servants are left, and the conversation invariably turns to the other great stock subject—man.

"Of course, I didn't do it to be thanked; but I think you might have murmured one little word of gratitude to me for asking Mr. Carr down. I mean, ordinary politeness requires some attention even from you."

Eva looked up at Mrs. Clutton from a deep dell of hot coal which had been formed between the bars. "Thank you," she said; and then added, "for nothing."

Mrs. Clutton was one of those long slight, tired women who always dress to perfection, are never ruffled, never different, who are able to hurry while appearing to dawdle, to be exceedingly annoyed without the least apparent effort, to laugh heartily without making a sound, and to talk with great animation, without in any way disturbing the undulating, velvety drawl with which they are born.

"You might talk to me from now till the middle of next week," she said, "and then you couldn't convince me that you are not glad that he is here."

A laugh sprang across Eva's face, to be instantly hunted away by a sigh. "My dear Enid, I haven't the faintest desire to prove that I am not hopelessly in love with him. Unfortunately it is known to everybody in this world except the man himself. And the absurdity of the whole thing—the thing that makes me feel like half a tomato on a grid-iron—is that he's just as much in love with me as I am with him, and that's a very great deal indeed."

"I don't see where the absurdity comes in. If you are both in love as much as all that, why don't you marry him?"

Half-tragically, half-comically, wholly in the manner—so far as we can guess—of a petulant angel, Eva sprang to her feet, and flinging her collection of cushions far and wide, commenced dashing about the room, greatly to its danger.

"Marry him! marry him! Don't I want to marry him? Isn't it my one ambition in life to become the wife of this silly, foolish, timid, wretch? It's all fine for you to sit there and say those easy, insane things; but I can't run away with the man can I? I can't buy a toy pistol, meet the poor dear in a dark passage and shriek, 'Marry me, or you die!' can I? I can't chase him into a conservatory, flop on my knees, and cry, 'Teddy, I love you with a love that is almost indiscreet; be, oh, be my husband,' can I, can I, can I?" Eva caught one of the cushions a beautiful kick, and sent it flying against a what-not.

"Not very well," said Mrs. Clutton. "But shall I tell you what you can and will do?"

"What?" cried Eva, eagerly.

"Smash my precious china if you kick cushions about like that. . . The point is, have you given him any encouragement?"

Eva laughed the laugh of theater scorn. "Encouragement? Why, my dear Enid, I have done everything a nicely-brought-up girl ought to do, and a good deal that she oughtn't."

During that time, a matter or perhaps a minute and a quarter—Mrs. Clutton had been thinking hard, although it would have been impossible to guess it from the placid state of her features.

"Eva," she said finally, "have you ever noticed that picture painted on the panel over the bookcase, of a girl sitting on an

armchair with her eyes cast down and with her hands folded meekly on her lap?"

"No," said Eva, "and if I had, what on earth has she to do with my horrid problem?"

Mrs. Clutton undulated on: "The figure of the girl works on a hinge and sometimes when my husband had got into a boyish scrape and wanted to hear what his father said about it to his mother, he used to get his sister to pull the picture back, and sit in the girl's place to report to him what went on. A dishonorable and very fascinating proceeding. A chair was placed behind the picture in the next room, the floor of which is on a level with it, and in this kind of light it was impossible to tell the difference between the real and unreal girl. . . Now, don't you think—"

"Think! Think!" cried Eva, covering the permanently quiet Mrs. Clutton with kisses, I should think I do think. Oh, Enid, you engineer! You want me to get into the picture; you want to bring Teddy here to see my new portrait; you want to leave him to say to me on a panel what he daren't say to me in flesh; and then, when at last he cries: 'Oh darling, my beautiful piquant, little beauty, I love you so, if only I could screw up courage to ask you to be my wife!' you want me to say: 'Teddy, you infant, I'm dying to be your wife.'"

"How wonderfully well—" Before Mrs. Clutton could get any further Eva mounted upon the bookcase, had pushed back the panel, had caught up a chair from a corner of the little room which could just be seen through the aperture, and in a twinkling had become, for the first time in her life, a quiet, meek little figure with downcast eyes and folded hands.

"How's that?" she asked, through a cascade of chuckles. "Are you certain you can't see my breathing? And do you think it matters if I blink every now and then?"

"Certain. The unsteady flicker of the fire in this dim light will make any blinking seem quite natural."

"Enid"—Eva looked down with suddenly earnest eyes—"If everything works well you shall choose whatever you like from my wedding presents. . . S-s-s-sh! There's Teddy at the door. I know it by the way he clutches the handle."

Ten minutes later, after Mrs. Clutton had quietly led the conversation from comic opera to tobacco, from tobacco to Eva, and from that young woman to the new portrait of her above the bookcase, she asked Teddy to excuse her while she went to look for her little friend, and left the room. Teddy had his back to the picture as the door closed; but in the looking-glass over the fireplace he was amazed to see a handkerchief flutter hastily up to the picture's nose, and flutter as hastily back again—amazed, infinitely worried, and full of wonder.

During the first quarter of an hour, he stood with his back to her, gazing at her in the looking glass. From the corner of her eye, Eva watched him with a kind of tingling amusement, immensely flattered at the thought that even in the presence of her portrait—a mere thing of oils—he should still be bashful and diffident. The strength of his love must be enormous! In a moment or two, she argued, he would realize that she was merely a picture, and come and stand underneath her to examine more closely the wonderful fidelity of the portrait, the exquisite skill of the artist; and then, knowing that she could not hear anything he said, he would utter aloud all those burning words he had bottled up so long. In a moment or two. . .

Feeling hot all over, his dense head in a whirl, certain only that Eva had got into the picture in order to make a fool of him,

Teddy sat down in the chair by the fire to try to transform the chaos of his brain into something approaching order.

During the next hour he remained motionless, not looking once in the direction of the picture. To him, the hour was a minute. To her, sitting in the same attitude, hardly breathing, hardly thinking, getting more and more hungry, the hour seemed a week, a year, an eternity. She made up her mind that when he did think aloud she would snap her finger in his face and tell him, in scalding, bitter words that she loathed him, and sooner than marry him she would die a thousand deaths.

"Good gracious! There goes the gong for dinner! Oh, how awful, how horrible! What will they think? . . . Idiot! Creature! Why. . . Why. . . Oh!" she cried aloud suddenly, forgetting everything under the influence of cramps. "Oh, oh!"

Teddy sprang across the room. "What's the matter? What's the matter?"

Desperately concerned, Teddy stood upon a chair, lifted Eva down from the picture with the huge gentleness of a six-foot-three man, placed her tenderly in a chair, and knelt at her feet. Her eyes were closed. He was certain she was dying. "Eva, my little darling, open your eyes! It's me, the man who loves you more than all the world." His grammar became shaky, his heart stone, his breathing cyclonic. "Eva, my sweetheart, my beloved, look at me, if only for a moment, and tell me before you die that you will be my wife."

Of course, with the change of position the cramp had gone and Eva knew that those symptoms were snares. She sat up coldly. "I have no intention of dying," she said; "and of course I will be your wife. But I think that you are the most abject person it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Yes, of course I love you, dearest Teddy; but think what you you have made me suffer. The gong has rung and you don't know, never will know, how frightfully hungry I am."

The youngest member of the next legislature will be Representative Aubrey A. Smith, of St. Edwards. He is 28 years old and looks no more than 19. A hard fight in the last campaign was made on him because of his youthful appearance. Mr. Smith is the cashier of the Smith National bank of St. Edwards and manages its affairs completely. He is a graduate of Yale and Heidelberg universities. Born on a Nebraska farm in Boone county, Mr. Smith is a well-read and much traveled man. He has visited nearly all the civilized countries of the world. Mr. Smith is described as a modest, democratic young man. He is popular where he is best known.

There is a new deal in Nebraska and the people are fighting for lower railroad rates. So many things are happening of real interest to every citizen that a daily newspaper is now a necessity. The biggest bargain that has come to our notice is the Daily State Journal without Sunday from now until January 1, 1907, for only 50 cents. This is such a small price that it can only be made to introduce the paper into new homes. The publishers claim that this is not a scheme to get you on our subscription books, but a bona fide offer to give you your money's worth. The State Journal is a paper with a big circulation.

Marriage Record.

Henry Spieker, Rulo	21
Ida Johnson, Rulo	17
Theodore Majerus, Rulo	24
Genevieve Winterbottom, Rulo	24
William H. Schmelzel, Falls City	23
Bessie Lee Davis, Falls City	24
Allen D. Meyers, Morrill	28
Ruth E. Moore, Sabetha	25

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A fine lot of draft mares weighing from 1,000 to 1,450 bred to a Jack, for sale at the Margrave ranch.

The best imported horses \$1,000 each. Home-bred registered draft stallions, \$250 to \$750 at my stable doors. A. Latimer Wilson, Creston, Ia.

Corn huskers wanted at the Margrave Ranch.

Imported draft stallions, \$1,000 each. Home-bred registered draft stallions, \$300 to \$800. Hart Bros., Osceola, Iowa.

Home-bred draft stallions, \$250 to \$600; imported stallions, your choice \$1,000. F. L. Stream, Creston, Ia.

Dancing Proves Fatal.
Many men and women catch colds at dances which terminate in pneumonia and consumption. After exposure, if Foley's Honey and Tar is taken it will break up a cold and no serious results need be feared. Refuse any but the genuine in a yellow package. For sale by all druggists.

Presbyterian Church.

Services 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school 9:45 a. m.
Junior C. E. 2:30 p. m.
Senior C. E. 6:30 p. m.
All are invited.

M. E. Church.

The following services next Sabbath:

9:45 Sunday school.
10:45 preaching.
3:00 p. m. Junior league.
6:30 p. m. Epworth league.
7:30 p. m., sermon.
Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday evening.
All cordially invited.

W. T. CLINE, Pastor.

First Christian Church

Services of the First Christian church, Lordsday, Oct. 21st:

9:45 a. m., Bible School.
11:00 a. m. communion.
11:30 a. m., morning sermon.
3:00 p. m. Junior Endeavor.
6:30 p. m. Senior Y. P. S. C. E.
7:30 p. m., evening sermon.
All are cordially invited and strangers and visitors in the city are kindly welcomed to attend all of these services.

T. A. LINDENMEYER, Minister.

Eyangelical Lutheran Church.

Services at 2:30 p. m. on alternate Sundays.
REV. O. H. ENGELBRECHT.

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