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SPRING GOODS IN

We have just received our Spring line of Suitings and Pants Patterns and they are certainly swell. We ask our customers to call and inspect them.

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John Wilson, Tailor
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They all Like Archie.

March eighth's bulletins from the White house sick room have been more cheerful, but the keen anxiety felt here has not been relieved. Diphtheria is a treacherous disease and the president has been thoroughly exposed. Mrs. Roosevelt has been constantly at her child's bedside and Quentin and Ethel share the same danger. However, later reports say that Archie is out of danger, and on the road to recovery.

This boy, within his little circle, has won a popularity of his own as strong as that of his father and as catholic, for it embraces statesmen and policemen, diplomats and jacksies of the navy, senators and messengers, the sons of the great and butcher's boy. And the traits which have won for the son something of the same affection in which the father is held are his father's traits, good nature, bright courage, simple pure democracy of spirit and whole hearted loyalty.

Archie has been ever a ring-leader in the wholesome mischief that has proved the White house

youngsters so typical of robust, spirited American "kids." Quite recently the elaborate and dignified ceremonial of presenting the British ambassador in full uniform to the president of the United States was temporarily interrupted for a warm exchange of snowballs between Archie Roosevelt and a grown up chum of his, who happened for the moment to be wearing a sword and eleven pounds of gold lace and decorations. One day last winter visitors at the executive offices found the approach skillfully decorated with a fortification, on the construction of which some grinning engineer officer had given "General" Archie Roosevelt points. Mr. Garfield and several members of the tennis cabinet and regular cabinet had a lively time running past the snowballs from this fortification. The little Roosevelts, understand, never take liberties with any except their tried friends, who encourage the fun. They are shy of strangers, respectful and quiet before mere acquaintances and

their merry selves with their chums.

Secretary Garfield is one of their chums. One hot summer evening he told at the White house table of a prank the little Garfield boys played at the White house on such a night. The Garfield urchins slipped out secretly and went swimming in the big fountain behind the White house. The Roosevelt youngsters listened eagerly and the next morning the servants discovered wet pajamas all about the nursery. Since then Mr. Garfield has been more careful in reciting his reminiscences. The pests of Archie's life and of the rest of the children have been photographers and women tourists who wanted to kiss them. Whenever the latter see Archie there are cries of "the dear little fellow; isn't he just too sweet." Archie runs, deep disgust on every line of his face. He doesn't like to be messed with by a lot of gushy, if well meaning, women any better than any other self respecting boy, who feels that he is pretty near a man.

A crowd of women school teachers "doing Washington" did corral Archie in the east room once, and he climbed frantically to safety out of the window, to the grinning amusement of ushers and policemen. It was Archie who saw the possibilities of the terrace roofs for a roller skating rink and threw that sacred territory open to a small horde of his public school companions. It was a furious fun while it lasted, but the din was so terrific that the president had to interfere in order that cabinet meetings could be conducted without megaphones. But Archie brought his skates down to the ground and he made the paved walks within the White house fence rattle until he was taken ill. Now and then, when things were quiet, he would burst into the executive offices with a whirl of rollers and glide laughing out again before somebody in authority had time to cry "Sh-h-h-h!"

Washington saw him first proudly riding a calico pony, somewhat taller than a bicycle, which he still has. In rough rider hat, sweater and riding breeches like his father's he spurred about as fast as the fat, opinionated pony cared to go, with a groom on a bicycle following. Once, when the measles interrupted the activity of White house childhood, Archie insisted on having this pony brought up in the elevator to his room, and it was done. Now he has been promoted to bigger mounts, although he still sticks to the pony and rides him on occasion.

Archie is rather short and slight for his age, but he is strong and wiry, his fair skin, tanned by sun and wind, his eyes bright, keen and light blue, and he comes under the class of tow-heads. His hair is always tousled, too, and his raiment is the rough looking, serviceable sort a boy loves. The Roosevelt boys have never been strong on velvet Fauntleroy suits and wide lace collars. Sweaters and corduroys are Archie's preferences.

He went to a public school, like the rest of them, until the point came where the president desired a certain arrangement of courses that could be better had in a school especially designed to forward college preparation. So Archie was in the Friends' school of Washington when he was taken ill. But he clings to his public school chums, his particular crony is, one of the White house policemen and he has the best time with the sailors of the Mayflower, whom he has solemnly entertained on more than one occasion at the White house, his father and mother aiding and abetting.

Coughs and colds contracted at this season of the year should have immediate attention. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is unequalled for hoarseness, croup and coughs. Pleasant to take; mothers endorse it; children like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by A. G. Wanner.

The Panic of "Black Friday."

The recent Wall street panic has recalled, of course, the famous "Black Friday" of 1869. But one thing that added to the dramatic effect of that day nearly forty years ago was the connection with it of the president of the United States—a connection, however, that reflected on his sense of propriety rather than on his honesty. For though General Grant was frankly dazzled by such financial pirates as James Fisk, jr., and Jay Gould, they did not corruptly control him.

Fisk and Gould had recently obtained control of the Erie railroad. They had transferred its headquarters to a marble palace up town in New York, which they furnished with barbaric splendor. In the same building was an opera house in which low class performances were given. Fisk lived in an adjoining house and the atmosphere of the whole establishment, as somebody has written, "was not disturbed by moral prejudices." Yet Grant was willing to be publicly entertained by these men while in New York, and the prestige which they secured in consequence helped in their operations.

At this time gold was at a premium and prices and wages were all in paper currency. In August, 1869, Gould formed a pool for the purchase of gold in order to put the price up. It was necessary, for the success of his corner, to prevent the government from selling any of its large stocks of metal. So he represented to Grant that an advance in the price of gold, with its corresponding increase in that of wheat, would start the crops moving and be a great benefit to the country. Further to safeguard his position with the administration he bought gold for A. R. Corbin, the president's brother-in-law, and for Horace Porter, his private secretary. Corbin accepted a profit of \$25,000, but Porter repudiated the purchase.

In September while the president was visiting in Pennsylvania at a place twenty-eight miles from a railroad and remote from a telegraph station, Gould and Fisk started to put the price of gold up from 132. It went to 140, when Gould got word from Corbin that the president was distressed over the affair and disapproved of the speculation. At that Gould determined to get out and began to unload. Apparently he kept Fisk in ignorance, for his partner continued his purchases.

On Friday, September 24, Fisk, in his shirt sleeves, with a big cane in his hand, calling himself the Napoleon of Wall street and boasting that he would put gold to 200, ordered heavy purchases. The price amid tremendous excitement went to 162. Then came word that after a conference with the president, who had returned to Washington, the secretary of the treasury had ordered the sale of four millions of government gold. The corner collapsed and in the uproar that followed Gould and Fisk were forced to flee from the mob.

The business of the country had been paralyzed during the operation of the speculators and many failures and defalcations followed. But the country gradually recovered and had become prosperous when the great panic of 1873 began the long season of industrial depression.



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MARRYING MY PA OFF

By MERCER VERNON.

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They say I'll be in love some day. But I don't know. Pa was in love once—but he's married now. And they say "It's a wise son that knows his own father." I thought I was "wise" until cupid's darts began to worry pa; then he didn't seem like the same man.

But it wasn't pa's fault he got married. Pa's awful handsome. Any man that's handsome and a widower and has plenty of money has a pretty hard time to keep from getting married. All the unmannered women in town are after him. At least, they were all after pa.

And, then, he tried to blame it on me—he said I needed a home and someone to look after me, and all that sort of rot. Of course that meant he'd have to get married. I caught on in a minute. I knew who he had his eye on. She's been awfully good to me lately.

I suppose pa thought I was easy. But I just fooled him. I told him I guessed we could get along all right the way we were.

"But, my boy," said he. "If you had a home you could have a dog." I told him I didn't care much for dogs any more.

"Well, then, you could have a pony."

"Nope," says I. "I don't like ponies, either. But say, pop, how about an automobile?"

"I'll tell you, my boy, if you'll be real sensible, and try to do things to please me, I'll get you an automobile."

I knew what that meant—but, then, I'd do anything for an automobile.

"All right, pop," says I. "I think it would be bully to keep house. And then you'd have someone to look after you when you get sick."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, my boy," said he.

"Give me a nickel, pa?"
I knew I had him over a barrel, and he knew it too, so he ponied up without even asking me what I wanted it for.

Pa and I lived in a hotel—and his "girl" lived in a flat across the street. He and I always took a walk after dinner. But when he got ready that evening I told him I was tired and that he'd better get Miss Jane—that was his "girl"—and take her out for a walk. He patted me on the shoulder and said he was sorry I didn't feel like going, and that's the last I saw of him that evening.

But after that he began going to Miss Jane's every evening. I got tired of staying alone so I began going with him. I guess this wasn't very satisfactory to him—but I liked it pretty well. One evening he gave me a quarter—(bet he thought it was a nickel)—and told me I'd better go over to the hotel.

Pa always said I had a good head for business, so after that I made him this proposition: I'd go back to the hotel.

At nine o'clock for 25 cents;
At ten o'clock for 15 cents;
At 11 o'clock for ten cents.

I made 25 cents pretty nearly every night that way.

Then one night they went out walking and left me at Miss Jane's. I guess they had a falling out, because they hadn't been gone long before they came back. Pa opened the door and let Miss Jane in and then went away. This sort of surprised Miss Jane—she thought he was coming in. She began to bawl. I told her it would be all right some day. She said she just knew pa'd never come back. I supposed all girls liked something romantic so I told Miss Jane that maybe pa'd go jump in the bay like another disappointed lover had done that summer. But that didn't seem to cheer her up very much, because she bawled some more.

Then came the most disgusting part of all. Pa came back! I never thought pa'd be such a weak-kneed sister as that. You bet your boots I won't be the first one to make up when I get mad at my girl. I'll just stay mad, and tell her that there's lots of other girls, and then she'll run after me and beg me not to go away, and then I'll tell her I'll think it over, and after while I'll tell her I'll give her another

chance. That's what pa should have done.

But anyway, he didn't—and, to make matters worse, he said he had come after me—me—me that had been able to go home alone every night for the last month. That made me sick. So I just told him to come along and grabbed up my hat and started for the door. But he didn't seem to want to come, so I went back and sat down. But you bet your boots he didn't get a chance to make up with Miss Jane. She sat off in a corner reading a paper, and I kept talking and talking to pa, and I made him read three of Tennyson's poems and lots of other stuff, and pretty soon he grabbed up his hat and told me we were going over to the hotel. After I got into bed pa said he'd forgotten something over at Miss Jane's, so he went back after it. It took him an hour to find it, whatever it was.

The next day he began talking again about the home question. He asked me who I'd like for a step-mother. Of course he thought I would say Miss Jane first thing—but I just thought I'd have a little fun with him.

"I think Miss Maud would be nice," said I. Miss Maud was one of his lady friends. "How would you like her, pa?"

"Oh, fairly well," said he. "But can't you think of someone else?"

"Well—how about Miss Harriette—and she's rich, too."

"Money isn't everything, my son."

"I can't just think of anyone else I'd like," said I.

Poor pa didn't say anything more about it that evening. But one day he said: "Miss Jane thinks a lot of you, my boy."

"Does she?" said I.

"Yes; she says you're the nicest little fellow she knows."

"Where do you come in at, pa?"

"Oh—a—that—that's different."

"Well," said I; I thought I'd say something to please pa for once—

"I like her, too."

My—you should have seen the change that came over pa. He got



He Asked Me Who I'd Like for a Step-Mother.

all excited and talked and talked, and said there'd be two circuses in town pretty soon and I could go to both of them. Then he wound up by asking me how I'd like Miss Jane for a step-mother.

"I think she's fine," says I. "But do you think she'd have you?"

"Oh, of course," said pa.

"Have you popped the question, pop?"

"N-no, my son."

"Well, you'd better get busy."

Pa left me in a hurry. The last I saw of him he was flying across the street toward Miss Jane's. He didn't show up for dinner that evening, so about seven I went over to Miss Jane's. I didn't knock before going in and I guess I sort of surprised Miss Jane—she thought he was coming in. She began to bawl. I told her it would be all right some day. She said she just knew pa'd never come back. I supposed all girls liked something romantic so I told Miss Jane that maybe pa'd go jump in the bay like another disappointed lover had done that summer. But that didn't seem to cheer her up very much, because she bawled some more.

When I came into the room Miss Jane was as red as a beet. They both looked awful happy and pa was all perspiring. I knew what was up, so I went over and took one of Miss Jane's hands and one of pa's in mine and said: "Blessings upon you, my children." Pa gave me 50 cents, and I thought it would be sort of mean to hang around so I started to whistle "I Got Mine," and left them to face their future.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

"Are those mining stock certificates safe investments?"

"In a sense. They are the sort you lock up in a safe, and then hope for the best."