



Prepare
for
Winter
THE OLD
STANDBY
The New
Round Oak
Base Burner

SOLD BY

J. C. TANNER

There's A Reason

There's a reason for doing all things. The "reason" in this case for your giving us your

Grain, Flour and Feed

business, is that Q-U-A-L-I-T-Y is our most important watchword. When you get it have it of the first quality. Free delivery to all parts of the city. We are located

Just West Falls City Auto Co.

Aldrich & Portrey

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA



I am trying to make a date with

WHITAKER
THE
AUCTIONEER

They tell me he is strictly up-to-date and well posted on all classes of domestic animals and also farm property in general.

He can certainly please you, as he has had sixteen years' experience. He is also from Missouri, and if given the opportunity will "SHOW YOU"—results.

BEFORE ARRANGING DATE, WRITE, TELEPHONE or TELEGRAPH (at my expense)

J. G. WHITAKER

Phones 168-131-216

Falls City, Neb.

Early Winter Excursion Rates

TO CHICAGO: The National Farm Land Congress and United States Land and Irrigation Exposition, also The Great International Live Stock Exposition, the most wonderful exhibition of farm products ever held in this country. Students of modern farming methods and of improved grades of live stock should attend; rates open to the public.

Tickets sold November 15th, 19th, 28th, 29th, 30th, Dec. 6th and 7th; final limit Dec. 13th.

TO OMAHA: National Corn Exposition, Dec. 6th to 18th. A new Exposition in character and scope. The future benefits of this Exposition should mean increased wealth to every farm.

WINTER TOURIST RATES: Daily from November 1st, to Southern and Cuban resorts. See the New South and enjoy its winter climate, the hospitality of its people and the luxury of its grand hotels.

TO THE PACIFIC COAST: The usual winter tourist rates to California with return via Puget Sound.

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS: First and third Tuesdays to the south and west during November and December.



L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., Omaha
E. G. WHITFORD, Ticket Agent

THAT SUIT OF HERS

"John, dear, may I interrupt you just a moment?" timidly began Mrs. Tibbs. "Yes, dear," replied Tibbs, laying down his paper.

"I want to talk to you about my suit. I am worried to death about it." "What suit is it, my dear? You don't need another suit, do you? You just got a suit."

"John! How can you say such a thing? You know I haven't had a suit for a long time," retorted Mrs. Tibbs. "Anyway, you said I could have it."

"Oh, did I? Well, how about the suit you just got? The suit we've been talking about so long?"

"That's the suit I mean."

"I am quite sure you told me the other day that you had ordered it."

"Well, you never more than half listen to what I say." She fished two samples out of her portemonnaie. "Now I want you to tell me honestly which of these you like better. Please put your mind on it for a minute."

Tibbs took the samples and eyed them languidly.

"When did you get them?" he asked.

"Those are the same that I showed you before."

Tibbs looked at them a little more closely.

"So they are," he admitted, "but why are you asking me about them again? Do you think I'll change my mind?"

"Which do you really like?" she went on, ignoring his question.

"I told you the other day I liked the light goods," he answered rather abruptly and tossed them into her lap.

"That's just the trouble. Men have such queer taste. I hoped you'd like the dark stuff."

"Do you like the dark thing better?"

"No. It does not make a particle of difference to me. Auntie likes the dark cloth better, though, and Mabel likes the light, but she's going to get a light suit made the same way and I didn't want them to be so near alike. We go out together so much, you know. But Mabel was awfully nice about it. She thought it might be nice if they were something alike. Goodness! I don't want to make a mistake."

"I don't see how you can make a mistake," said her husband reassuringly. "If you like them both it makes no difference which you take. Shut your eyes and grab."

"Why can't you treat it seriously? I suppose you men simply don't understand."

"I admit I don't understand. You asked my advice and I gave it the best I could," he replied.

"Well, what is it you don't like about the dark material?"

"I thought it looked rather cheap. That's all."

"Now isn't that funny? You think the dark looks cheap and I think the light looks cheap, and besides it seems kind of sleazy. That's the reason I ordered the dark."

"So you've ordered it after all? You just said you didn't order it."

"What I said was that I didn't order it the other day."

"What is the argument for if it's all settled?"

"I can change the order easy enough. Of course I wouldn't think of taking the dark if you think it looks cheap."

"I didn't say it looked cheap."

"You certainly did. You said it looked cheap."

"Well, if I did I didn't mean it. What I meant was that it looked comparatively cheap. Compared to the other, you know."

"Well, don't you think the light stuff looks kind of sleazy?"

"Maybe it is, but that's one reason I like it."

"Well, if I can't get the dark goods perhaps I'll take the light after all."

"What do you mean by not being able to get it? I thought you said you had already ordered it?"

"I did, but Mons. Blanc, you know, only has the samples. He has to send out and buy the material after you select it. He said he'd call me up this evening and tell me whether he could get it or not. He knows I'm worried to death. There's the telephone now. I'll bet you that's who it is."

"Now what do you think of that? Isn't it exasperating?" she exclaimed upon her return to the library after a long conversation with the tailor.

"What's wrong now?"

"He says he can't get the dark cloth."

"That's good," exclaimed her husband. "That puts an end to the argument."

"Why, John, how stupid! Don't you see that he tells me he can't get the dark goods because he wants to sell me the light material?"

"I don't see how that follows at all. He doesn't care which he sells you. He wants you to be satisfied."

"Then that makes it worse. If the dark is really all sold out, it proves what I thought, that it is the best. Goodness! I don't know what in the world to do."

"You'll have to do something. What did you tell him?"

"I told him to go ahead with the light. What else could I tell him?"

Tibbs heaved a sigh of relief and picked up his paper.

"Now just one more question, John, and I won't bother you any more. How would you have the skirt made, plaited or plain? They're making them both ways. Now auntie thinks—"

"Gee whizz!" interrupted Tibbs, rising and jerking out his watch. "I almost forgot an important engagement. I'm half an hour late as it is. I'll not be out late. Don't wait up."

ELLERY GAVE PROOF

It Was a Convincing Demonstration

Ellery first noticed the low-browed individual when he paused at a show window to gaze therein at a hectic array of fascinating socks. The man brushed up against him, jarring the small package which Ellery carried beneath his arm so that he had to readjust his grasp of it.

It was a small box neatly tied up in fresh paper with violet cord, because his sister had attended to that detail. It looked as if it might be a jeweler's push box containing a diamond necklace or something of the sort, but in reality it held two sandwiches.

This was because Ellery is an absent-minded individual who will not heed the call of hunger unless some one is at hand forcibly to lead him to a meal. Of late he had been working nights and forgetting to go out to dinner, coming out of his trance about ten o'clock, ravenous and faint.

"If you put this box in front of you upon your desk," his sister had told him with faint sarcasm, "maybe you'll remember to open it and eat the contents while you work."

Ellery had obediently carried the box downtown with him. It was small enough to escape general notice, but it seemed to have attracted the low-browed man.

Indeed, at the entrance to a convenient alley that lurking individual suddenly gave Ellery a push and made another unsuccessful grab at the box. Then he speedily bit the dust, because Ellery in his indignation and alarm had immediately squared off and hit back, chance planting his fist on the sensitive spot of the low-browed man's jaw.

In the resultant confusion the man scrambled to his feet and fled. The box was recovered by its owner while the assembled populace cheered him for so ably defending his property.

Ellery is a man of peace. Under ordinary conditions he would beg pardon of a fly if he got in its way. However, in his ears still rang pleasantly the plaudits of the street crowd as he entered the general office and related his adventure.

"You say you actually hit him?" demanded Busby with a look of incredulity.

"You—in a vulgar street fight!" mourned Williamson. "Oh, you shock me, dear boy."

"Maybe you think I'm a coward!" bristled Ellery.

"No, oh, no," soothed Lummer. "But are you sure you really hit him?"

For answer Ellery walked into his private office and slammed the door. Unconsciously he doubled up his arm and felt his swelling biceps with a certain fierce pleasure. He measured a good five feet eleven and was broad of shoulder and inwardly he writhed at the incredulous tones which had been employed by the men in the outer office. That they should think him incapable of worsting an opponent or even of hitting back rankled in his mind. That he was mild of manner and reserved of speech was no reason for putting him down as a mollycoddle afraid to call his own.

All day in intervals of work the little sting kept recurring to destroy Ellery's peace of mind, to rouse in him a spirit of wrath. In a subconscious way he knew the men in the office had talked the matter over and he could imagine their comments and their winks. Maybe they even went so far as to think he had exaggerated had even told a falsehood.

In a sort of fury Ellery worked on that evening, devouring his sandwiches with slow, fierce grinds of his jaws, his brows straight and frowning. He did not realize that those sandwiches had been lovingly filled with lettuce and mayonnaise and chopped nuts—they might just as well have been spread with sawdust.

He started home about ten o'clock. Just as he reached the deserted corner of the building from the shadows stepped a man with the gruff command, "Hands up!"

There was no one else in sight, so it was useless to call for help. The man was bigger than Ellery, but Ellery's exasperation at this second assault in one day overcame all other emotions.

With an inarticulate howl and the blood thumping in his temples, Ellery made a leap at the robber in sublime disregard of a possible six-shooter. His assailant crumpled up like a paper man beneath the shock of Ellery's weight. Without any wasting of breath in preliminaries Ellery proceeded to pound the man's face as if it were a particularly tough beefsteak which he was in a hurry to make tender. The joy of onset was still upon him as he pounded away, but his opponent twisted his countenance aside to escape that implacable fist.

"Stop, Ellery, stop!" gasped a strangely familiar voice.

Looking closely the gladiator saw it was Lummer from the office. Speechless he removed his knees from Lummer's chest and arose, staring. Lummer remained sitting on the pavement, touching his mangled countenance in a gingerly fashion with trembling fingers and looking extremely sick and downhearted. Still Ellery waited, his head whirling.

Holding his head between his hands Lummer spoke again, a trifle weakly. "Busby wins," he said. "Busby believed you really did hit him. And I—I believe it now!"—Chicago Daily News.

And it isn't always fear of being considered dishonest that keeps men from stealing a kiss.

Great Sale

Men's Suits and Overcoats
Worth \$18 and \$20
Now Going at

\$14.50

You are perfectly welcome to try them on

Will Let the Clothes Do the Talking

M. SEFF

Special Sale of Cut Glass Samples

We have purchased Cut Glass Samples of one of the best houses in the business, and offer them to you next week

At Prices Much Below their Real Value

They will be displayed in our south window. A saving to you. See the line of hand-painted and rail plates, at

Chas. M. Wilson's

WANTED Horses and Mules

4 TO 20 YEARS OLD

Just so they are fat and broke to work. You farmers all saw me buy a load last Saturday a week ago. I bought every one that came in. I can give you more for a fat one than any man that travels the road. I buy all kinds, from a cheap one to as good as grows. They never get to good for me. I buy more than any of them. Don't come in and tell me what you have got at home—fetch them in and give me a chance at them and try others.

I WILL BE IN FALLS CITY At Chapman's Feed Yard

Friday and Saturday **Nov. 19-20**

Two days. Be sure and come in. I want to buy two loads. Don't forget the date. Tell your neighbors.

MOON STENSON
RICHMOND, VA.

THE MAN WHO BUYS THEM ALL

EDGAR R. MATHERS
DENTIST

Phones: Nos. 177, 217

SAM'L WAHL BUILDING

DR. C. N. ALLISON
DENTIST

Phone 248 Over Richardson County Bank.

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA

R. P. ROBERTS
DENTIST

Office over Kerr's Pharmacy
Office Phone 260 Residence Phone 271

CLEAVER & SEBOLD
INSURANCE
REAL ESTATE AND LOANS
NOTARY IN OFFICE

Watch it Grow
Advertising is the fertilizer of dull business soil. Its work is magic. Thin, weakened trade becomes a thing of power when its roots feel the healthy sunlight of publicity.
YOUR AD. IN OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL PROVE IT.

(Copyright, 1906, by W. N. U.)