

THE QUIET HOUR

Jim Jeffries Advice.

Hundreds and thousands of boys and young men will listen to what a fighting man has to say, who would not pay any attention to what a thinking man would say on the theme. Before his last fight in Reno on the Fourth, Jeffries was asked by a New York reporter what advice he would give to young men. Jeffries said: "I'd give a boy the same advice that his mother would give him. But the boys of today seem to think they know more than their parents, and when they find that they don't its too late. Every boy that smokes a cigarette may be perfectly sure that he is doing his best to make himself of no account. Cigarette smoking ruins a boys lungs it poisons and hurts his brains. Do you think I'd have this chest on me if I'd had a box of cigarettes in my pocket when I was a boy. What I tell you about cigarette smoking is true of drinking. The best thing a boy can do is to mind his mother. She knows what is good for him, and the boy who thinks she doesn't is a fool.

Where

A wealthy and prominent planter had died and was buried. A neighbor asked one of the dead man's slaves, a shrewd and pious darky, whether he thought Massa had gone to heaven. The old fellow shook his woolly head doubtfully, and when pressed for an opinion, replied: "When Massa want to go North he always talk about it a long time before he go and begin to get ready. Massa never said nothing bout heaven, and not get ready to go. Massa not gone to heaven." The old darky was right. "As the tree falls so shall it lie." A heavenless life spells a heavenless eternity.

A prince once gave his jester a stick and said to him: "If you ever find any one who is a greater fool than yourself, give him the stick." Some years later the prince was ill, and was visited by his jester. As the sick man told him that he would soon leave him, the jester said: "And where are you going?" "To the other world." "Will you return in a month's time?" "No." "Will you return in a year's time?" "Not even then." "But when then will it be?" "Never." "What provision have you made for so long a journey, and for living in the country where you are going?" "None at all." "What, none at all? In that case take my stick, you are just leaving for ever, and you have not even devised any means whereby you may live happily in the other world whence you will never return! Take my stick, for I, at any rate, have never been guilty of such folly as that!"

The Bigot.

There is no bigot so hopelessly fettered as the man who is always finding bigotry in other people. And there is none so creed-bound as he, who is always flaunting as his creed, "I believe all creeds are wrong." He, like every one else, has a belief; but his belief leads him nowhere, while the beliefs of those who rejoice in their creeds lead to a definite somewhere. The believer's creeds is a possession of value, the result of thought and conviction that seeks to build. The creed-attacker's creed is an obsession, such as one finds in the disordered minds of a lunatic asylum; seeking to destroy others, it destroys only itself.

The Golden Privilege of A Circumscribed Life.

Thirty years ago, in a little prairie town in Kansas, there lived a little woman who was appointed teacher of the primary class. The woman carried a delicate baby on a pillow when she first went on duty. As time passed, being anxious to accomplish much, she organized a mission band and talked to the little group about the great commission and taught them to save and give. Although the woman herself has not been outside the prairie town more than once, and the population of the town is numbered by hundreds only, the following is the result of her teaching and effort: Five of her little class are or have been to the foreign field.

One went to Africa with Bishop Taylor, married, was widowed, returned and is now in charge of a girls school in the south.

One is a medical missionary in the Philippines.

One is in the Y. M. C. A. work in the Orient.

One is a missionary in Korea. One is a missionary in Alaska. The one in Alaska wrote recently to the little old mother, "You made us feel that we should be missionaries."

What a record for one little woman, and what a multiplication of one limited circle of influence and opportunity.—Indiana Awakener.

The Knight of The White Feathers.

Long ago there lived the good old King Arthur. In those days the rich people were not kind, to the poor people. Strong men hurt weak men. Robbers stole from all. So King Arthur asked men who wished to help make things better to be his knights. These knights were to love God, to do good and brave deeds and to fight for poor and weak people.

Now there was one knight called the Knight of the White Feathers, because he always wore two white feathers in his helmet. He rode a white horse and had a long white beard, for he was not young. For some time the Knight of the White Feathers had nothing to do. The people thought an old man would not be strong enough to fight for them. The other knights laughed at him and called him Old Sir White Beard.

But the Knight of the White Feather knew he was strong, if he was old, so he put on his helmet with the two white feathers, leaped into his saddle, and blowing his trumpet, he called out, "Ho! The Knight of the White Feathers! He comes to fight for the children! Ho!"

No sooner had he spoken these words than from behind a tree crept a child. His clothes were torn, as if by briars, his little hands were scratched and stained with berry juice and on his cheeks tears had made clean paths through the dust there. "I'm lost!" he said, in a tiny voice. "Will you please find me, Sir Knight?"

The Knight of the White Feathers leaned down from his horse and picked up the poor little boy, setting him in front of him, where he could hold him and see that no harm came to him. The little boy leaned against the knight and his head nodded.

"Where do you live?" asked the knight. "With mother," said the boy. "And where does mother live?" "In our house, of course." "But how shall we know when we get to your house?" asked the knight, smiling down into the boy's sleepy face.

"Cause—cause there is—lions—at the gate!" and the boy fell fast asleep with one hand holding the knight's white beard.

"On, Charger!" whispered the knight to his horse, and away they went like the wind. Every now and then the knight blew his trumpet and called out, "Found! by the Knight of the White Feathers, the boy of the House of the Two Lions! Ho!"

Soon a voice answered, "Sir Knight, stop!" It belonged to an old man, who said, "Turn to your left when you reach the place where four roads cross, and you'll come to the House of the Two Lions."

"Thanks, old man," said the knight, tossing him some money. "On Charger!" and away they went like the wind, till they reached a gate having two stone lions beside it.

"Found!" called the knight, rapping on the gate with his sword; "by the Knight of the White Feathers, the boy of the House of the Two Lions!" From the house came the boy's mother hurrying, crying with joy, the nurse who had let him stray away, and the father who had been hunting for his child all day. When they turned from kissing the boy to thank the knight all they saw was a cloud of dust far away.

The knight had not ridden long when he was stopped by a woman, who said, "Sir Knight, there is a child in a small house two minutes' journey into the forest, who has to stay indoors all day, for a robber has stolen her shoes, and her feet are too tender to walk without them."

"On Charger!" said the knight, and into the forest they went, past the house with the child's sad face at the window, till before him the knight saw the robber riding with the child's shoes hanging over his saddle.

"The Knight of the White Feathers!" he shouted, "to fight for the child's stolen shoes!"

The robber was surprised that a knight should fight for so small a thing, but long they fought, till the knight rode off with the child's shoes, and soon she was running happily about the forest.

And when the knight came to King Arthur and told of his adventures no one laughed any more at him, and King Arthur himself said, "Thou shalt no longer be called the Knight of the White Feathers, but the Children's Knight." — Beginners Stories.

The Falls City State Bank

Will be pleased to loan you what money you may need on approved security.

This bank desires your business and is in a position to extend such accommodations and courtesies as are consistent with good banking.

If you are not already a customer we herewith give you a hearty invitation to become one.

Falls City State Bank

Dissatisfaction

Will Come to You



if your order for a monument is taken from the prepared pictures shown you by the smooth-tongued agent. Select your monument from our large line of fine work and you will have no cause to regret it.

We employ no agents, so can save you the commission you would pay if you ordered from irresponsible agent.

DOES THIS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

Falls City Marble Works

Established 1881.

R. A. & F. A. NEITZEL, Mgrs.



Special June Sale of Queensware

We now have 22 patterns in Dinnerware for you to select from. Haviland and Avenir French Chinas, Austrian Chinas and the best of English and Austrian Wares. We show samples of all patterns IN THE SOUTH WINDOW. This is the largest and best line of Dinnerware shown in the county. See it and get prices.

Chas. M. Wilson's

LOWE BROTHERS

MELLOTONE Paint

Ready for Use on Walls Woodwork, Burlap, Etc.

Put up in gallons, half gallons and quarts. Flat colors for interior decoration on woodwork and walls. Has no equal.

Permanent, Washable Practical, Beautiful

Ready to use at any time. It is a revelation in its results—it has all the excellences of water colors, the soft, beautiful effect.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR

Pittsburg Electrically Welded Fence Wire Sure Hatch Incubators and Brooders

They have few equals and no superiors. It will pay you to investigate our claims for these wares—they are reputation builders.

J. C. TANNER

Tinning and Plumbing

Falls City, Nebraska

FRANK PECK Auctioneer

If you contemplate having a sale see me or write for terms at once. I guarantee satisfaction to my patrons.

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA



SUMMER FOOTWEAR FOR EVERYONE H. M. Jenne Shoe Store

The Central Credit Co.

FALLS CITY, NEB.

DRAWER NO. 12.

REPORTS on financial standing and reliability of firms, corporations and individuals anywhere.

Domestic and foreign COLLECTIONS given prompt and competent attention

D. S. McCarthy

DRAY AND TRANSFER

Prompt attention given to the removal of household goods.

PHONE NO. 211

DR. C. N. ALLISON DENTIST

Phone 248 Over Richardson County Bank.

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA

DR. H. S. ANDREWS General Practitioner

Calls Answered Day Or Night In Town or Country.

TELEPHONE NO. 3

BARADA, NEBRASKA

CLEAVER & SEBOLD

INSURANCE

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS NOTARY IN OFFICE

R. P. ROBERTS DENTIST

Office over Kerr's Pharmacy

Office Phone 260 Residence Phone 271

EDGAR R. MATHERS DENTIST

Phones: Nos. 177, 217

SAM'L. WAHL BUILDING

Paste this in Your Hat!

J. B. WHIPPLE WILL SELL

Poland-China Hogs

Saturday, Oct. 15, 1910

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1910

WHITAKER The Auctioneer

Before arranging date write, telephone or telegraph, my expense

J. G. WHITAKER

Phones 168-131-2161 Falls City, Neb.

Mrs. M. A. Lyle Mrs. N. E. Byerr

Next Door West European Cafe On Corner.

Practising Nurses

Falls City, Neb.

July Rate Tours

You can make an eastern trip any day at very low rates—lower than ever before. There is such a variety of rate tours embracing so many sections of the East that it is impossible to describe them here. Consult with us.

If the East does not appeal to you, try a Pacific Coast tour or a vacation in Yellowstone Park or in Colorado.

The Wyoming extension has been completed to Thermopolis, where Eighteen Million gallons of water at a temperature of 130 degrees flow daily. This beautiful resort is destined to become one of the most attractive and effective health restoring localities in the country.

Call or write, describing your proposed trip, and let us help you.



L. W. WAKELEY, General Passenger Agent

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

E. G. WHITFORD, Ticket Agent, Falls City, Neb.

JOHN W. POWELL Real Estate and Loans

MORTGAGES BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money to Loan at 5 and 6 per cent interest on good real estate security. Also money to loan on good chattel security.

Office in Maddox Bldg. West of Court House

Falls City, Nebraska

Passenger Trains Burlington Route



South Bound

Tr. 104—St. Louis Mail and Express 1:50 p. m.
Tr. 106—Kansas City Exp. 3:41 a. m.
Tr. 132 x—K. C. local leaves 7:30 a. m.
Tr. 138 x—Falls City arrives 9:00 p. m. x—Daily except Sunday

North Bound

Tr. 103—Nebraska Mail and Express 1:50 p. m.
Tr. 105—Omaha Express 1:48 a. m.
Tr. 137 x—Omaha local leaves 7:00 a. m.
Tr. 131 x—Falls City local arrives 8:45 p. m. x—Daily except Sunday

Local Frt. Trains Carrying Passengers

North Bound
Tr. 192x—To Atchison 11:10 a. m.
South Bound
Tr. 191x—To Auburn 1:23 p. m.



West Bound

No. 13—Denver Exp. 1:10 a. m.
No. 15—Denver Exp. (Local) 1:40 p. m.
No. 43—Portland Exp. 10:17 p. m.
No. 41—Portland Exp. 2:25 p. m.
No. 121—Lincoln Loc. via Nebraska City 5:00 a. m.

East Bound

No. 14—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 7:38 a. m.
No. 44—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 4:11 a. m.
No. 16—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 4:22 p. m. (Local)
No. 42—St. J., K. C. & St. L. 4:35 p. m.
No. 122—From Lincoln, via Nebraska City 8:45 p. m.
E. G. WHITFORD, Agent.

—We have some fresh Red Seal flour in now. Come and get a sack.—C. A. Heck.