

## LADIES! HERE IS A BARGAIN FOR YOU

We have been giving the Men Bargains all Fall and Spring, now here is an opportunity for the Ladies. **A Hosiery Sale That Means Much to the Ladies.**

on Saturday Morning, February the 6th

We will place on sale one lot of Ladies Fine Hose at 25c per pair. There is not a pair in the lot worth less than 50c per pair and some are worth as much as \$1.00 per pair. They come in **Tans, Blacks, Whites, Fancy Colors**, Embroidered, Drop Stitch and Gauze Lises. While they last, Remember at only 25c per pair.

At Only 10c per Pair

Another Big lot of Ladies Fine Hose worth 25c and 35c per pair for only 10c per pair. This lot contains **Blacks, Tans**, in both Plain and Drop Stitches, **Plain Whites**, and Drop Stitches, Lises, Gauzes, and Embroidered. **For only 10c pair.**

In either lot, (just so as to make them reach as far as possible) not over 5 pairs to one customer. Come early if you want first choice.

*Ed. S. Nic. J.*  
**Marx & Berscheidt**  
The GOOD CLOTHES and SHOE STORE  
Great Bend, Kans.

"A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE"

## GOLD! GOLD!

### Gold Dredging is the Safest,

Best and most profitable business in the world, paying 25 to 100 per cent, and oftener more than that.

The Mutual Placer Company has a large tract of the best dredging ground in the United States. Come and see it, it will cost you nothing. Cut out and mail coupon below.

#### COUPON

J. A. CARRUTH,  
SECRETARY MUTUAL PLACER CO.  
Santa Fe, N. M.,  
Please send me information about your Company and oblige,

Mr. and Mrs. Don Porter were here from Wichita Monday visiting with Mrs. Frank Porter.

Walter Gunn went to Kansas City Tuesday in the interests of the Barton County Flour Mills Co.

John Ashby left Saturday evening for Neodesha to look after his business interests at that place.

E. S. Marx and family have moved into their new house recently erected by Charles Lundblade on Broadway.

The county commissioners went out to Clarence township Tuesday morning to look after some bridge business there.

**THE NEW WAY OF SMOKING MEAT**

By applying two coats of WRIGHT'S CONDENSED SMOKE directly to the meat with a brush after the meat has gone through the salt, it will be thoroughly smoked, will have a delicious flavor and will keep solid and sweet and free from insects through the entire summer.

**Wright's Condensed Smoke**

is a liquid smoke and contains nothing except what is obtained by burning hickory wood. It is put up in square quart bottles only, each with a metal cap. NEVER SOLD IN BULK. A bottle will smoke a barrel of meat (50 lbs.) For sale by all druggists at 50c. Every bottle guaranteed. Ask druggist for FREE BOOK "The New Way." Be sure to get the genuine WRIGHT'S CONDENSED SMOKE. Made only by THE E. H. WRIGHT CO., Ltd., Kansas City, Mo.

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY  
**HOOPER DRUG CO.**



For Sale by  
**The Great Bend Hardware & Implement Co.** "At the Busy Corner"

#### OLMITZ NEWS.

The band boys report having had a good time at Galatia where they gave a concert last Monday evening. The boys and their ladies say they were treated fine by the people of Galatia and are satisfied even though the concert was not a success financially.

Farmers of this neighborhood say the growing wheat is in fine condition so far.

F. C. Meitner, manager of Wildgen lumber yard, has taken a lay off and is going to spend about a month on the Pacific coast. C. J. Kreisel is working in his place.

James Pizinger has sold his half section, north of here to Peter Brack. We understand the consideration was \$15,500.

Nick Lichter living south east of town, is having the interior of his house painted. Albert Gehrke is doing the work and Wildgen is furnishing the paint.

C. Sheldon has resigned his position as agent for the Mo. Pacific and has moved to Indiana. Mr. Hartman has taken his place.

Henry Miller's section foreman has resigned and Mr. Weitzle has the job.

Constantine Schneider had quite an accident happen to his automobile last Sunday at Otis. An axle broke just as he was starting for home.

Walter Lindsay is putting up a fine house for Lawrence Seidl, one of our prosperous farmers, who has returned from the farm and will live in town from now on.

Schreiber Bros. are making improvements and an addition to their store.

Harry Wildgen spent Sunday here visiting friends.

Run aways are getting more frequent right along and nearly every one is on account of carelessness but fortunately no one has been hurt so far.

## NOT ALWAYS GOOD

PREACHER'S OPINION OF APPEAL TO "PRINCIPLE."

In His View the Stumbling Block to Reconciliation Between Erring Brethren is in That Word Used by Stiffnecked.

The mud was almost hub-deep. The two strong horses drew the single carriage with reasonable comfort, but one horse might almost have stuck in the mud. Mr. Blake was driving to inspect one of his cheese factories; and only the fact that the thing had to be done accounted for his driving out with the roads in this condition. He had the road to himself, however; and he had the added satisfaction, if such it was, of remembering that it was the daily journeys of the milk-wagons to and from his several factories that plowed the mud to this bottomless condition.

Ahead, at the side of the road, he discovered a solitary figure walking. The pedestrian picked his way with some care, looking round from time to time at the approaching vehicle. As soon as he saw that it was a two-horse carriage with a single passenger, he stopped, selected a favorable approach to the roadway, and began cleaning the mud off his boots. By this time Mr. Blake recognized the eccentric Methodist preacher, Mr. Pepper.

"Good morning, Brother Pepper!" he called out to him. "How's the navigation?"

But Mr. Pepper did not answer; he merely stood till the carriage stopped, and climbed in between the muddy wheels.

"Glad to see you, Brother Blake," he said. "I've sunk down in the mud an average of one foot for every step, and I've come three miles; so I'm a mile deep in the mud. Those are good horses of yours. I like a good horse—two good horses—when roads are like this. You came at a good time. I'm very tired."

"What brings you so far when the roads are like this?" asked Mr. Blake. "I'm coming down to try to reconcile two members who have had a quarrel," said Mr. Pepper.

"Well, if you get them reconciled by two o'clock you can ride back. I have to drive on to the farther factory, and I expect to return about that time." Mr. Blake drove back past the house where he expected to find Mr. Pepper, and as it was after two o'clock, he concluded that the preacher had finished his task earlier than he expected and walked home. But as he was getting almost out of ear-shot, he was halted by loud shouts in a camp-meeting voice, augmented by two others of the amen-corner quality. He reined in the tired horses, and saw the preacher running toward the gate, shaking hands with both the men at once and giving them a parting admonition. Then he hurried through the mud to the carriage.

"You seem to have got them reconciled, but you nearly lost your ride," said Mr. Blake.

"Yes, yes!" puffed Mr. Pepper, scraping his boots against the iron step. "They're reconciled, but it was hard work."

He finished scraping his boots, and then took up his parable.

"Brother Blake," he said, "you can do almost anything with two men till they begin to say 'Principle! Principle!' More men go to hell with that word on their unforgiving lips than any other word in the dictionary."

"Let two men be just as mean as they know how to be, and know they've been mean, and show them their duty, and each will stop and quibble over some trifle, and say: 'It's a matter of principle with me!' When men begin to say: 'Principle! Principle!' I'd rather undertake to reconcile two fiends from the bottomless pit."

"How did you do it?" asked Mr. Blake.

"I reasoned with them, and prayed with them, and I got them both on their knees, and I thought a dozen times it was as good as settled, when one or the other would say 'Principle!' and the fat was all in the fire again."

"We'd have been there till doomsday, but the last time we rose from our knees I saw the carriage disappearing, and I said: 'There goes my chance of a ride home, and your day of grace is going, too. Let your principles go where they came from—they knew where that was—and shake hands and be brothers!' And they did it, and I said 'Glory!' and shouted for you to hold on and let me in. Most of what men call principles at such times are pure stubbornness."

Mr. Blake told the story many times in later years, and he was accustomed to say that he had come to believe that Brother Pepper told the truth.—Youth's Companion.

#### Explaining It.

"Although my father is an invalid," said Miss Howell, "he takes a deep interest in my musical education. He always encourages me to practice my singing at home, even when he's in greatest pain."

"Well," replied Miss Cutting, "they do say that one may be made to forget a great pain by a greater one."

#### Love's Awakening.

"I'm almost sure the count is in love with me," excitedly exclaimed the first waitress.

"What makes you think so?" inquired the other.

"He asked me to-day how much I was worth."

## THE TELEPHONE CALL

By John H. McNeely.

"Mr. Ramfouder, how does it happen that the telephone was busy all afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Ramfouder, as her husband appeared at his home from the office.

"Busy!" exclaimed Ramfouder. "That's exactly what I said. I called you up at least six or seven times and couldn't get connection."

"Too bad!"

"Mr. Ramfouder, I don't need any of your feigned sympathy. I have asked you a civil question and I expect a civil answer. Now there isn't a bit of doubt that you were talking to some party, unknown to me, of course, because you are so secretive that you would not tell me, and I am certain that I have no curiosity to find out the greater part of the afternoon."

"I am accustomed to transact my business by tongue," replied the husband, mysteriously.

"Just as I thought. Mr. Ramfouder, you have frankly admitted, then, that you have been talking with some one over the telephone. So far as business is concerned, I do not have to depend upon your statement, as I can draw my own conclusions. You were carrying on with some girl, of course, and when—"

"You are mis—"

"Never mind contradicting me, Mr. Ramfouder. It is just like you to stand there and try to deceive me, but I am so well acquainted with your personality that I have long ago become accustomed to your gaudy and flimsy apologies. Of course, it is plain now why I could not get connection. Here I have been calling and calling at one end of the line for my husband, while he is at the other warbling a lot of silly rubbish at a blonde stenographer or probably one of those girls employed in some cigar store. So this is the kind of use you are putting your telephone to, is it, Mr. Ramfouder? I suppose you were laughing up your sleeve when the operator informed you that I was making desperate efforts to get connection. And then you went on talking to the other party, ignoring my call altogether. Well, it's just like you. You take an extreme delight in insulting your wife on every occasion possible. Especially when you know that I have something important to communicate. But, Mr. Ramfouder, you have taxed my patience too far. Your repeated trials at deception have had their effect. I have not expected much from a wavering and frail weakling like you except the ordinary courtesies due a faithful, loving and obedient wife. In even this you have failed ignominiously. You ought to despise yourself for refusing to talk to me over the telephone. But no!

You were too busy with your childish prattle to carry on a serious conversation with a member of your own family, the one who has sacrificed everything in the world, including her mother and father, to make your home happy and cheerful. I want to ask you what you mean by such—"

"If you will allow me to—"

"Mr. Ramfouder, I will not allow you to tell me another one of your fixed stories. You have probably been racking your shallow and narrow mind all afternoon, planning an excuse to tell me when I faced you with the truth. I have had enough of them. But the day of reckoning has come, and I shall not be with you when you cry out in remorse at having abused and mistreated me. Knowing, as you do, that I have always made it a point to be proper whatever emergency may arise, so that the neighbors can never find the slightest provocation for saying anything against my character, you take advantage of it to humiliate me. I want to inform you, Mr. Ramfouder, that I had no callers at the house when I tried to get you over the telephone eight or nine times. I was alone, thank goodness! I realize that you would have been tickled to death if some of my friends could have heard me making frantic and fruitless struggles to call up my husband by telephone. And they would not be so ignorant as not to comprehend that you were conversing with some new prey—understand! I say prey—of your admiration. No doubt I could have induced the operator to break in on the line and heard your brilliant conversation, but I am too honorable for that—"

"Mrs. Ramfouder, I beg to—"

"What do you mean by having the unmitigated audacity to address me! Have you no conscience? You had your opportunity to talk to me this afternoon, but you preferred to spend your time conversing with another and deliberately repulsing your wife. If you had the least bit of feeling you would get down on your knees and beg my forgiveness. But you are not that kind. I realize it now, after I have married and lived with you 29 long years, only to discover my bitter mistake after it is too late. I had my presentiment from the very beginning, but I felt that you should have the benefit of the doubt, only to be spurned and grossly mortified in the end. The gaudy creature whom you were—"

"But," shouted Ramfouder, straining his voice to a high pitch, "my telephone at the office has been out of order for two days."

The one whom my soul loveth I sent away starved for a word of endearment, and I set a feast before a dirty beggar whose need was only food that anyone might have given him.