

# HALL & GREENWALD'S RED TICKET SHOE SALE

Commencing Monday morning January 18, 1904, and ending Saturday night February 6, 1904. We will offer for sale at a big cut price several hundred pairs of Men's, Women's, Boys', Misses' and Children's Shoes. Every pair we offer at this cut price will have a large "Red Ticket" on it with the regular and cut price thereon. Don't fail to attend this "Red Ticket", Mid-Winter Clearing Sale and remember it will run

## FROM JAN. 18, '04, TO FEB. 6, '04

This will be the greatest bargain Shoe Sale ever offered to the trade in Falls City. The object is to get rid of some odds and ends, some heavy winter goods and to clean up the stock and store in general and get ready for our spring goods. Some of our prices are as follows:

Shoes that sell regular for \$5.00 for.....	<b>\$4.00</b>	Shoes that sell regular for \$2.50 for.....	<b>\$1.85</b>
Shoes that sell regular for \$3.50 for.....	<b>\$2.50</b>	Shoes that sell regular for \$2.00 for.....	<b>\$1.50</b>



Everything that goes at this cut price will be strictly for cash. This will be a money saver for you. Money saved is money made and if you will take advantage of this sale you will make some money. Come and see what we have to offer you. Respt.

**HALL & GREENWALD**  
EXCLUSIVE SHOE DEALERS  
FALLS CITY, NEB.



### THE FAIRY LAMPS.

The Little Bare-Legged Boy and the Fairy of the Woods.

There was once a little bare-legged, brown-limbed boy who spent all his time in the woods, writes Ernest Thompson Seton, in Century. He loved the woods and all that was in them. He used to look, not at the flowers, but deep down into them, and not at the singing bird, but into its eyes, to its little heart; and so he got an insight better than most others, and he quite gave up collecting birds' eggs.

But the woods were full of mysteries. He used to hear little bursts of song, and when he came to the place he could find no bird there. Noises and movements would just escape him. In the woods he saw strange tracks, and one day, at length, he saw a wonderful bird making these very tracks. He had never seen the bird before, and would have thought it a great rarity had he not seen its tracks everywhere. So he learned that the woods were full of beautiful creatures that were skillful and quick to avoid him.

One day, as he passed by a spot that he had been to a hundred times before, he found a bird's nest. It must have been there all the time, and yet he had not seen it; and so he learned how blind he was, and exclaimed: "Oh, if only I could see, then I might under-

stand these things! If only I knew! If I could see but for once how many there are and how near! If only every bird would wear over its nest this evening a little lamp to show me!"

The sun was down now; but all at once there was a soft light on the path, and in the middle of it the brown boy saw a Little Brown Lady in a long robe and in her hand a rod.

She smiled pleasantly and said: "Little boy, I am the Fairy of the Woods. I have been watching you for long. I like you. You seem to be different from other boys. Your request shall be granted."

Then she faded away. But at once the whole landscape twinkled over with wonderful little lamps, red, blue and green, high and low, doubles and singles and groups; wherever he looked were lamps—twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, here and everywhere, until the forest shone like the starry sky. He ran to the nearest, and there, sure enough, was a bird's nest. He ran to the next; yes, another nest. And here and there each different kind of lamp stood for another kind of nest. A beautiful purple blaze in a low tangle caught his eye. He ran there, and found a nest he had never seen before. It was full of purple eggs, and there was the rare bird he had seen but once. It was chanting the weird song he had often heard,

but never traced. But the eggs were the marvelous things. His old egg-collecting instinct broke out. He rushed forth to clutch the wonderful prize, and—in an instant all the lights went out. There was nothing but the black woods about him. Then on the pathway again shone the soft light. It grew brighter, till in the middle of it he saw the Little Brown Lady—the Fairy of the Woods. But she was not smiling now. Her face was stern and sad as she said: "I fear I set you over-high. I thought you were better than the rest. Keep this in mind:

"Who reverence not the lamp of life can never see its light."

Then she faded from his view.

### GLADSTONE.

Had an Extraordinary Capacity for Righteous Indignation.

Mr. Gladstone had an extraordinary capacity for righteous indignation, says Rollo Ogden, in Atlantic. What his flaming speech against giant injustice could do in the way of impressing the popular imagination, let his sweeping victory of 1880, in the teeth of the wisest political prophets, be the witness. And as the historian J. R. Green wrote to Humphry Ward: "Let us never forget that the triumph is his. He and he only among the liberals I met never despaired. He and he only foresaw what the verdict on

this 'great trial' would be. When folk talk of 'cool-headed statesmen' and 'sentimental rhetoricians' again, I shall always call to mind that in taking stock of English opinion at this crisis the sentimental rhetorician was right and the cool-headed statesmen were wrong." Mr. Morley quotes Green's glowing tribute to the leader of whom he was so proud—the man who "was always noble of soul." Mr. Gladstone had the power of thus impressing widely diverse natures. Large-fibred Spurgeon rivaled the finely grained Green in admiration. "We believe," he wrote, "in no man's infallibility, but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity." "That marks the secret." No ordinary man could have so clasped to himself such differing supporters. At Oxford, Gladstone had Pusey's vote, and he had Jowett's.

### Glass Globes.

In fitting on gas globes it is a common error to screw them too tightly. Room should be allowed for the expansion of the glass when it has become heated by the gas, for otherwise a breakage is inevitable.

Read the Tribune ads carefully. It will not only prove interesting but may prove profitable to you.

Have your sale bills printed at The Tribune office.