

GRAY'S January Clean Sweep Sale Begins MONDAY, JAN. 3rd

THIS MEANS GREAT VALUES FOR LITTLE MONEY TO YOU

A Happy New Year

We wish to extend New Year Greetings to our many customers and friends, and thank them for their patronage during the last year, and ask for a continuation of the same during 1910.

GREISEN BROS

Marriage Licenses.

Charles G. Taylor, Lindsay.....	82
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How to Make Chop Suey.

When his sister came home from cooking school and asked him if he had ever heard a recipe for chop suey he didn't like to admit there was anything on earth that he did not know. He was just at that age. So he spared no time by asking what she wanted it for.

It seems that the cooking school teacher had given them the question to investigate for themselves. It was one for which there were many answers, but the girl who produced the best recipe was to receive a little prize of some sort. Her big brother must have found out how chop suey was made, he thought, during some of his trips to Chinatown.

The brother then smiled a wicked smile and said he would write out the best and easiest recipe for chop suey in the world. Next morning he handed her an envelope containing the information. She did not open it until her name was called in the class. Then this is what she read aloud, to the amazement of all, herself included: "Recipe for Chop Suey.—Take a bowl of rice, clean away and then chop it.—Chicago Tribune.

The Hint That Failed.

Wife—A tree, you know, gets new clothes every spring—hat, parasol, everything. Husband—Yes, darling, and makes them all itself.—Flegende Blatt.

Two to One.

She—Charlie, why are you so very much opposed to piano duets? He—From principle. I think it's cowardly for two persons to attack one piece of music.

The Very Simple Life.

Pierre Loti, the French author, always did like a practical joke. A French poet who had been advocating a return to the simple life decided one day to make the acquaintance of Loti. He left his village, he who never travels, stick in hand, to make the journey to Hendaye, the home of Loti, on foot. He prayed the celebrated novelist to receive him without ceremony; that he should be satisfied with a bowl of milk for his repast.

But he was much astonished when the novelist took him at his word. In the dining room on a table without cloth or napkin there was only an immense crock of milk.

The visitor showed some hesitation about beginning the feast. Meanwhile his host began to walk around the room like a bear in a cage, only interrupting his walk from time to time to take a long swig of milk from the crock. Without saying a word the host invited the astonished guest to imitate him.

The man of the simple life had found one more simple than himself, and he left the house convinced that the great novelist had become crazy.

British Julius Caesars.

Julius Caesar, who on one of the closing days of August in 56 B. C. landed on the Kentish coast, has had many British namesakes, including a great cricketer, but the best known is Julius Caesar, master of the rolls under James I., about whom Lord Clarendon in the first volume of his history tells the amusing story, "Remember Caesar." The unpopular Earl of Portland sat up all night in a barricaded house with his friends and retainers armed to the teeth because he found in his pocket a slip of paper bidding him "Remember Caesar," which really had reference to the assassination of the Roman statesman, but to some preferment promised to a son of Sir Julius Caesar. The tomb of Sir Julius Caesar, with a quaint epitaph in legal phraseology, is among the many curious monuments of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.—London Family Herald.

DOUBLE SUNSET.

Curious Spectacle Seen at Times in One Spot in England. A very curious astronomical phenomenon occurs in the heavens at a certain time of the year which can be witnessed only by standing in the parish churchyard of Leek, in Staffordshire, England.

From that position the top of a mountain known as the Cloud breaks the line of sight and fully intercepts your view of the setting of the sun. This mountain is six miles distant, as the crow flies, from the town of Leek and owing to its peculiar formation causes the sun when it has entered that sign of the zodiac known as Cancer, which happens when we are about halfway through the year, to produce the strange effect of setting twice daily.

The first time that it sets the town sinks into darkness, and the inhabitants light up their houses and shops in the usual way. Presently dawn suffuses over the town, clear daylight follows, and artificial lights are put out. At the second setting of the sun darkness sets in for good. This phenomenon continues for some days. The head and shoulders of the distant mountain intervene just at the juncture when the sun at the first setting drops behind the top or head of the mountain. There he hides for some time and emerges again from behind just below the head and throws daylight out upon the locality once more, when he again sinks behind the mountain's shoulders and finally sets behind the horizon.—Stray Stories.

KNOCKED FOR RAIN.

And Within an Hour the Wind Veered and the Shower Came.

Frances Gostling, author of "The Britons at Home," has this curious tale of the doleful of Roccaud, with its curious cup shaped impressions like the constellation Pleiades: An old woman, a bystander, was asked what the marks were for. "Folks say," said she, "that they were made by the elbows and knees of St. Rock. He fell down on this stone when he landed from Ireland." And then the old woman added: "We use the holes now when we want the wind to change. We knock in them." The story continues: "Do ask her to knock!" I cried eagerly. There was a moment of hesitation on the part of the old woman, a half franc shown in a careless way, and "What wind would madam like to have?" "Southwest," said I, looking at the cloudless sky.

"The old woman took up a flint and went slowly to the dolmen. Without any pause for reflection she knocked three times in a particular depression, murmuring some words I should not have understood even had they been audible. 'Come,' observed my friend; 'we have yet time to see the rest of the peninsula.'

"The old woman said something, at which M. le Rouic laughed. 'She says that if we are going farther it will be best to be quick,' said he. 'Why? The rain you asked for will be here shortly.' And in less than an hour it was raining."

Needle Dust.

In factories where needles are made the grindstones throw off great quantities of minute steel particles, with which the air becomes heavily charged, although the dust is too fine to be perceptible to the eye. Breathing the dust shows no immediate effect, but gradually sets up irritation, usually ending in pulmonary consumption. Ineffective attempts were made to screen the air by gauze or linen guards for nose and mouth. At last the use of the magnet was suggested, and now masks of magnetized steel wire are worn by workmen and effectually remove the metal dust before the air is breathed.—London Graphic.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

Bribery Was Rampant in the Old Time Campaigns.

Even now parliamentary elections are not altogether free from corruption. Worcester was for a time disfranchised after the last general election on account of the irregularities found to have been prevalent, and other constituencies had a rough time before they were secure of their respective members.

But the old time elections were altogether different. The popularity of the reform bill, which purposed the abolition of bribery, was by no means universal. In the Times of May 10, 1831, there is a story of a London police constable who asked his inspector for leave to go into the country to vote for an anti-reform candidate. He explained that he would get £10 and his expenses for his vote, but complained that it was not then as in former times, when he had had as much as £40 and never less than £25. "And if that reform bill passes it will be a sad loss to me and my brother freemen," he added.

King George III. had his own method as an election agent. On the eve of an election at Windsor in which Admiral Keppel was the Whig candidate the king strolled into a silk mercer's shop in the town and called out: "The queen wants a gown—wants a gown! No Keppel! No Keppel!"—London Answers.

ARMY FLAGS.

The Largest is the Garrison Flag, Twenty by Thirty-six Feet.

The largest ensign made is called No. 1, and its dimensions are thirty-six feet on the fly and nineteen feet at the hoist, but this is very rarely used. The largest flag used in the army is the garrison flag, with a thirty-six foot fly and a twenty foot hoist, which is displayed only on holidays and important occasions.

To describe the various designs and give the different dimensions of all the flags used in our army and navy would require several columns of space. There is a considerable number of flags of various kinds that have peculiar functions to perform. The amount of bunting required for the outfit of one of our battalions is something enormous, for, besides our own flags, we must be supplied with a varied assortment (some forty odd) of foreign national flags for display, as naval etiquette demands, when the high officials of other nations come aboard or whose waters our ships enter while on a foreign cruise.

All of these foreign flags are made at the Brooklyn navy yard.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

Not Worth Having.

He was employed by a firm of dealers in bric-a-brac and old furniture to scour rural districts in search of antiques, and suddenly he espied an old fashioned cottage nestling at the foot of a hill.

Surely here in this old world spot there would be something in his line. He knocked sharply at the door, and a weary looking woman answered.

"Do you happen to have any antique furniture, madam," he asked, "or any old ornaments, such as heathen idols or the like?"

The woman looked somewhat puzzled for a moment.

"I think I've got one," she said at length.

Agreeing with expectation, he followed her into the house and to a room where lay a hulking fellow who was fast asleep on a couch.

"There it is," she replied, pointing to the couch. "He's the only idle thing I've got in the place—hasn't done any work for years. He may do for you, but he's certainly no ornament."—London Tit-Bits.

Logic, Feminine Brand.

"I don't like to play cards for money, but I don't in the least mind playing for a prize," is the attitude of several New York women who have recently got up a club. Who was to furnish the prizes was another question. They didn't wish to have the woman at whose home they happened to be playing buy prizes in addition to a little lunch.

Finally one of the members suggested a plan which has met the approval of all the women concerned, and it has been adopted in the club. At the beginning of the game each player puts up a quarter, so that there is a prize of a dollar at each table for the winner. That is perfectly logical and the eternal feminine way of getting out of a difficulty. They don't want to play for money, but it is all right to play for prizes, whatever they may be. And the prizes happen to be money. No matter.—New York Press.

His Conclusion.

"And this," said the young man who was shouting his country relatives through the luncheon of Art, "is a replica of the Venus de Milo."

"Gosh," said his Uncle Amos, "she was a good looking, all right! Wasn't never married, was she?"

"No; I don't believe she ever was." "I's'pose, bein' armless and not havin' a husband to hook up her clo's, she simply had to dress that way, no matter whether she liked it or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Memory.

"Has he a good memory?" "No, just a common, ordinary, everyday memory. He remembers people who owe him money much better than those to whom he owes money."—Detroit Free Press.

If more blues are not truth they are at least the cloth of which it is made.—Moore.



THE GIRL FROM THE U. S. A. NORTH THEATRE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31

PRICES 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

The Stuart Penny.

A pamphlet published in 1677, entitled "The Worth of a Penny, or, A Caution to Keep Money, With the Causes of the Scarcity and Misery of the Want Thereof in These Hard and Merciless Times," contains a list of articles obtainable for a penny in the days of Charles II. These include "a dish of coffee to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits," "a fair cucumber" and "portions of such commodities as nuts, vinegar, grapes, cake, onions and oatmeal." The catalogue of pennyworths obtainable at an apothecary's is a lengthy one and includes "lettuce to make you sleep, sulphur to make you sweat and antiseptic, which may save your life in a fainting or swooning."

This is the way of recreation "for a penny you may see our monster, jack-snapes or those roaring boys, the lions; you may hear a most eloquent oration upon our English kings and queens if you listen to him who keeps monuments at Westminster; you may have all the news in England and other countries of murders, floods, witches, fires, tempests and what not in the weekly newspapers."—London Scraps.

How He Helped the Blind.

"Please help a blind man," said a fellow with green goggles as he held a tin cup toward the line of people issuing from the Union depot. "I always help the blind," said one of two young men who were passing, and he stopped and took out a five dollar bill. "Can you get a quarter out of this?" "I guess so," said the blind man, fishing out a handful of change and counting out \$4.75. "Well, John," said the benevolent young man's companion as they walked on, "you're a bigger fool than I took you to be." "Am I?" said John. "Yes, you are. That fellow's no more blind than I am. How could he tell that was a five dollar bill?" "Blamed if I know," said John innocently. "but he must be mighty near sighted not to see that it was a counterfeit."—Chicago News.

A Vegetable Cameo.

Spain is the land of the onion, a fact which tempted Mr. Shaw, the author of "Spain of Today," to fall into the appended easy verse. All returned travelers are sure to appreciate it for its feeling for truth rather than its resemblance to the form of "The Ancient Mariner."

Garlic, garlic everywhere Except in what you drink.

Spider Web as a Styptic.

A spider's web, an old cure for bleeding, is an unobscured application, as it is generally procured from the most neglected corner in a room and is consequently laden with dust. The earliest reference to this remedy in our language seems to be in a translation of that curious encyclopedic work of the middle ages "De Proprietatibus Rerum," where we read, "Cope webbe that is white and close stauncheth blood." But as I have seen it applied to a cut finger it has been anything but white and clean. There is another reference in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," when Bottom, the weaver, says to the fairy Cobweb, "I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb; if I cut my finger I shall make bold with you."

As a styptic, however, it must be acknowledged a spider's web is somewhat effective. In a case of excessive hemorrhage after the extraction of a tooth a dentist applied a cobweb with most satisfactory results.—Hospital.

Parent and Prodigal.

In a Hongkong paper a short time ago there appeared a paragraph reciting that a wealthy young Chinese whose mother controlled a large business in Canton had been spending the money of the firm too lavishly, the attraction of motecars and other vehicles of extravagance being too powerful for him. After various endeavors to control him the mother at length prepared chains and fetters and had him locked up. He, however, escaped, and the irate mother announced her intention to exercise her maternal rights on his return by cutting the tendons of his ankles and thus crippling him. The account proceeded to say that this treatment is often resorted to by irate parents with prodigious success.—From "China," by Mortimer Menpes and Sir Henry A. Blake.

Not Entertaining.

A vendor of fresh shrimps had had a very unexciting day. Money was scarce. Eventually in a dreary street a woman stood shouting at the door. "Hurrying up, be asked eagerly. "A pen'orth, mam?" "No," she replied sharply. "a hap'orth. D'ye think we've got company?"—London Scraps.

Sarcastic.

"I can recommend this horse, sir," said a dealer, "as a strong, sound animal." "It must be," agreed the customer, "to have attained its present age."

Granaries Flat and Thief Proof.

In some sections of the corn and wheat growing districts of Mexico the ancient method of storing grain has been abandoned, and extraordinary precautions have to be taken to prevent the destruction of the crops by the little animals. Sneak thieving of the natives must also be provided against. Corn and wheat bins of ordinary construction, such as are used in the United States, would not serve the purpose of protecting the grain. Instead of wooden structures the granaries are built of stone and brick. Most of them are of conical shape and vary in capacity from 500 to 5,000 bushels. The foundations of these granaries are sunk deep into the ground. At the top of the structure is a close fitting lid which covers the hole through which the grain is emptied into the granary. The ordinary method of filling the granary is to have the grain carried to the top in sacks upon the backs of laborers up steep ladders. At the bottom of the granary is a door which leads into a narrow chamber, which is separated from the granary room by a solid wall of brick or stone, containing a slatted opening, through which the grain is emptied when required.—Kansas City Star.

A Story of Gambetta.

It is told of Gambetta that once, when in the heyday of his power, when he went to some agricultural department to oust a reactionary candidate in favor of one of his friends, he inquired about the agriculturist's wants. "We are sadly in need of rain," came the answer. "I'll see about it when I get to Paris," promised Gambetta. And his listeners believed in his promise. The record runs that the rain came down in torrents a day or two after and that when the reactionary candidate presented himself he was booted at. "Let your party do as much for us as Gambetta, and we'll elect you," they said.

Poor Dogs!

Returned Explorer—Yes, the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs. Miss Youngblood—Indeed? Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged they they would break off.—Boston Transcript.

Gallant.

Beautiful Widow—Do you know, I am forty years old today. Gallant Bachelor—Madam, you are just twenty. I never believe more than half of what I hear.

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