

We Have no Closing-Out Sale

To advertise. Never had such a run of trade; in fact its a regular land-slide. It's our spot cash knock-out prices that has done it.

NOTION DEPARTMENT.

- German Knitting yarn. 15c a skein. Full count Pins. 3 papers for 5 cents. Adamantine Pins. 1 cent a paper.

- Men's all-wool Cassimere Suit for. \$ 6.50. Men's all-wool Cheviot Suit for. \$ 6.50. Men's all-wool Clay Worsted Suit for. \$ 8.00.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Union Cassimere Suit for. \$ 5.00

The Hub, W. T. Banks, Prop.

GREAT CLEARING SALE FOR SIXTY DAYS ONLY.

We are overstocked with goods and must unload as we need money. Look and compare prices with any city in the Union. Men's Woven Cheviot Suits in brown and black, sizes 36 to 42, at \$8.50

Model Clothing House, - - M. Einstein, Prop. FOLEY'S OLD STAND.

BURT IS THE MAN. A press dispatch from New York dated yesterday says: It is officially announced that Horace G. Burt, third vice-president of the Chicago & Northwestern railway, has been selected for the presidency of the Union Pacific Railway company

A HOUSE-WARMING. Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McNeel living northwest of town gave a grand house warming and Christmas dinner, throwing open the entire new residence to the use of the guests, of whom there were about sixty.

EVENTS IN NEBRASKA

The young people of Willow have resolved to quit their foolishness and get married. The young son of County Treasurer White, of Red Cloud, was seriously injured while coasting on Wednesday.

IN THE MERRY WORLD.

The Weather Prophet's Words. I promised thee a rainstorm, and it never rained a jot. Then prophesied whirlwinds, and the sun was piping hot.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. ROYAL MAKES THE FOOD PURE, wholesome and delicious.

in the village of Bayard almost nightly and without leave, and carry away the plumpiest yellow legs in the place.

Down in Nebraska where they have dollar wheat, observes the Denver Post, people expect to get a ton of coal or something like that in their stockings.

Some good Samaritans should rush upon the state dairymen's meeting which is now in session at Lincoln and explain to that "aggregation of intelligence" what a cow is.

Report comes from Norfolk that the citizens of that town are hot on the trail of another sugar factory. The Norfolarians know a good thing when they see it.

Court has been grinding regularly at Lexington this week. The Peters rape case of Gotthenburg which has been in court for two or three years was brought to a close by a verdict of acquittal for young Peters.

The organization of a co-operative creamery company in this city, which has been under way for a few weeks past, bids fair to terminate very successfully.

The trial of Thos. Maudlin of Kennebec precinct which held the boards in the district court before Judge Sullivan at Lexington last week, came to a close Saturday night when the jury acquitted Maudlin of the murder of S. D. Wiseman, his neighbor.

The challenge of the Gothenburg school football team has been accepted by the Cozad school team and the game will be played in Cozad on the afternoon of January 1.

It is so seldom that a Fremont citizen cleans his sidewalk that the Tribune finds space in its columns to make the event a matter of history when anybody is caught in the act.

Coyotes are becoming numerous and bold. They visit chicken coops

ENGAGED!

The fingers still in the driving mist. Striving to keep his shadow in sight. There's a tremulous smile on the lips he has kissed.

LOST HIS BEARD.

"Rezonville! Gravelotte! Montreuil! What a long time ago it all seems—half a lifetime, monsieur!" said my old friend Philippe Albert, the ex-dragon, as we stood before Brisset's picture in the salon of 1894.

"You want an anecdote of our troop, monsieur? Well, you shall have one. You may take it that we were picked men. There was but one youngster among us, and to us old mustaches his beardless face seemed strange.

"A good creature, that Marie. We were devoted to her as to a man, but she reserved her smiles for Leon, and if I must say what I think, the inmost recesses of her heart for monsieur le docteur.

"There are plenty of Prussian combs for cutting, Corporal Cambert," our sergeant would reply. "Let us carve them, my friend, before we practice on each other.

"Ah, well, the campaign was in its infancy then, and France, like a bride who decks herself for her nuptials, had gone out to espouse the god of war.

"The doctor, with a gasping sob, turned to us as we drew toward the door of the hut. 'I loved the youth,' he said. 'I find that I have loved my sister. It is well that you should go—she wishes it—but courage, my brothers, the time has not yet come to say of our brave comrade in arms—may the soul of the faithful departed rest in peace.'

"How shall I face my comrades," she said; "how meet them, now I no longer dare to wear the dress in which they knew me?"

him groan 'O Jesus!' and saw him throw out both his hands into the air. Then I knew what had happened.

"In another instant he would fall backward over his horse's hanches and lie the ground with a Prussian bullet in his internals and his comrades' horses trampling the beauty in his young face.

"Holy Virgin! Jean Joseph Cambert's voice reached me through the screaming and the hissing of the bullets. He was speaking grimly. 'Courage, comrade,' he said; 'you win your wager, for you ride before me toward the enemy's line.' And, monsieur, it was so! Leon St. Paul had been caught as he fell, and lay across the saddle of his rival, supported by his left arm.

"When it was over we returned, and we three, Cambert, St. Paul and I, were still together.

"Cambert bore St. Paul to the place where M. Vendome and Marie Emmanuel were at work. They were both covered with blood and sweat. The surgeon groined as we brought the youth in, for, as I have said, he loved St. Paul, but Marie uttered a cry which was heard on Cambert and made him look more grim than ever.

"The surgeon drew back irresolute, which was indeed strange with moments so precious and gaping wounds waiting for him on every side.

"'Go, go, my friends,' she said; 'monsieur must find that bullet, and this is no place for you. You all have had mothers, women of France, sisters, Betine, I beg. If I come to the door of the hut and say, 'My friends, it is the death—here her strong voice broke—'then pray—pray for the soul of a brave daughter of France.'

"Well, monsieur, my arm was taken off and I did well enough. They extracted that bullet from young Leon's body, and the doctor kept it. A bit of German lead, of course, but made precious by a countrywoman's blood. They moved us to the house of a wealthy patriot, and she lay in the temporary ward among the men, but separated by a screen. My bed was next to it.

"Cambert came to visit us, clean shaven, and not half so fierce and grim without his mustache. When he left, he was weeping like a child.

"Must Have Been a Loose Screw. For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full. It was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate. With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realized that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness he could have almost wept with joy.