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Especially when it comes to Men's and Boys' Wearables. There is a satisfaction in their wear--a style about them as well, that never accompanies inferior goods. If you select from our new clothing stock you get the best goods from foremost makers of fine clothes and always of a price that makes it a value--that invariably brings you back again.

SWELL NEW STYLES.

Fashionable Fall of 1902 Ideas for the correct dressing. You will like the way they are made, the style and the fit makes you feel like buying your Christmas clothes here.

Men's all-wool black Cheviot Suits, worth \$10.00, Christmas price .. **\$7.50**
 Fifty Men's all-wool Suits in checks and stripes, worth from \$12.50 to \$15.00, special price **\$8.50**
 Men's fine black unfinished Worsted Suits, worth \$17.50, special price **\$15.00**
 Overcoats from **\$5.00 to \$20.00**
 Boys' Norfolk Suits, worth \$3.00, sale price **\$2.25**

Boys' Norfolk Suits, sizes from 3 to 14, worth \$5.00, special price **\$3.50**

Boys' 3-Piece Suits at very low prices.

Special sale on Boys' Overcoats from now until they are closed out.

Fine Furnishings for Christmas.

All the fixing that goes with proper dressing for men and boys. New Ties, New Hosiery, New Collars, New Shirts, New Shoes; everything that you may think of to make your male friend a useful Christmas present.

Come and examine our stock and you will find it pays to trade with

HUB CLOTHING CO.

JAKE & ED.

The city schools closed today for a two weeks vacation.

Mrs. E. B. Heinze and children returned today from a two week's visit with relatives at Cario, Neb.

Miss Bertha Oleson, who has been teaching school at Wellfleet, is expected home tomorrow to spend the holidays.

Leigh Carroll, of Gothenburg, has been spending the past day or two in town as the guest of Earl Stamp, having been class mates at the state university.

Bert Waite who shipped a car of horses to this city from Evanston, Wyo., the early part of the week, held them here until yesterday and then shipped them to Gibbon.

W. C. Elker lost a colt Wednesday. The animal was hooked by a cow, sustaining a broken leg, from which blood poisoning resulted, necessitating the killing of the colt.

The deputy game warden who confiscated 300 quail which were being shipped from Beatrice recently, was unable to find the parties who shipped the game, and has decided to prosecute the express company for shipping them. The express agent who handled the game was a son of O. H. P. Buchanan of this city.

The Lutheran Sunday school will have a giving as well as a receiving Christmas this year. Every member is asked to bring some gift to the school this Sunday--the gift to consist of something in the grocery line, candy, or clothing new or worn. A committee will then be appointed to distribute the gifts on or before Christmas day to such as might not know much of the Christmas joy. The parents of the children are urged to co-operate in the effort to make some poor people happy. Any reader knowing of those whose hearts would be made glad by a little Christmas remembrance will confer a favor by giving the names to any of the Lutheran members or dropping a card to Rev. Seibert. While this effort is intended for members of the school, the gifts of others inclined to help will be distributed to the best of the committee's ability.

Harriman Adverse to Yielding to Strikers.

A New York special in yesterday's Bee says: It was understood in Wall street today that Chairman Harriman had opposed the demands of the Union Pacific striking machinists, boilermakers and blacksmiths who delivered an ultimatum to President Burt last week threatening a strike on the Southern Pacific if engines of that company continued to be loaned to the Union Pacific. President Burt and several of the directors who favor meeting the labor situation half way, were said today to have been unable so far to persuade Mr. Harriman to change his attitude.

They have pointed out the crippled condition of the road's equipment, due to the machinists' strike, continuing since last spring, and have advised that the differences be settled under a compromise. It is expected that no further action will be taken by the men until President Burt returns to Omaha, and it is stated by a representative of Chairman Harriman today that the rights of the employees would be carefully looked into and protected on the basis of strict justice.

Y. M. C. A. NOTFS.

Not losing prestige, twenty-four railroad companies in the United States are so well pleased with the Y. M. C. A. that they will contribute over \$500,000 to their support in 1903, and will help to build thirty-five buildings.

New members this week are Fred Perret, Frances M. Osterhout, Floyd L. Weeks, John A. Bellin, Edward McGlothlen and John H. Fitzgerald.

Christmas is coming, a lamp for the parlor would be an acceptable present.

Mr. James Barron will address the men's meeting next Sunday. We hope to have special music.

Mrs. C. J. McGrew, who had been spending the past three months in Knoxville, Iowa, as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Roy Brobst, returned home this week.

ABORIGINES

By Esther Harlan

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The "cliff dwellers," from the dizzy altitude of their apartments in the old studio building, were on terms of semi-rivalry (veiled of course by the usual bilious courtesies) with the "mound builders," who "burrowed" on the first floor. The former "drew with a pencil," and the latter "did things with a pen," and there was absolutely no ground for collision in their work, but instinctively they pretended there was (each secretly wondering if the others guessed facts) merely to disguise the real cause for the friction--a man, as usual, or rather, three men, who also "bunked" in the studio building. The sum of the situation was the cliff dwellers were the poster sort both as to occupation and personality. They dressed smartly, chatted entertainingly, even wittily, were trammelled by no traditions and were a match in most ways for any up to date young man of their acquaintance.

Whereas the mound builders were not full fledged Bohemians and far from "smart," they still had ideals and illusions, also a chaperon, who was the mother of one of them. They had taken the ground floor apartment because the rent was lower.

When Dal and his chum and "the other one" spent an evening either separately or collectively with the mound builders, they came away feeling decidedly jolly, almost boyishly so, on good terms with themselves and the rest of the world.

"A call on the builders leaves a good, wholesome taste in a fellow's mouth," "the other one" had remarked one night.

"The little girl's mother's a brick," Dal chimed in. "She makes one feel like the time when the treetops seemed close against the sky."

Dallas Sinclair had dropped in this afternoon just for a word with Vivacia, she of the cliff dwellers, and had stepped back of the screen to examine some of her latest sketches. Vivacia had paused in the next room to slip on a pretty house gown. Somehow she always liked to look her best when Dal came.

So it happened that while Dal was back of the screen they left the elevator and paused to study the card carelessly left in the ground glass door.

"Back at 2." It's ten minutes of. Let's wait. I can never screw my courage up to this point again."

It was the voice of "the little girl," she of the mound builders. Then the door was pushed farther open, and the two entered.

"Oh, mamsie, dear! If our den only looked like this! I wonder people ever come to see us--we're so 'sparse.'"

Dallas was in an agony. It would certainly not do to disclose his presence. His soul loathed the role of eavesdropper. Yet he did so want to know which one she cared for, himself or "the other one."

"If only my last wee bit story will be a 'go,'" the sweet voice went on, "then I can accept Mr. Sinclair's invitation at last. I suppose most of our friends really believe our 'no place like home' excuses by this time."

"Is that the bachelor girl story--'Tips'?" the older voice asked. "Why didn't you let Mr. Sinclair have that, Dorothy? He told you he was on the Up to Date staff."

"Now, mother mine, you know I couldn't do a thing like that. I would rather never have it printed."

"Well, maybe not. You're a funny little chick of a daughter, but one can overdo even so desirable a thing as independence. If Mr. Sinclair wants to be of service to you, I don't see why--even if he is merely a casual acquaintance--the color creep up over the girl's fair throat--"you would do the same for him, I am sure."

"But, anyway, it's lots more fun, mamsie, dear," the girl began, with an effort at lightness, "to blaze one's own trees."

"And that is why you said 'No' to Tom Davenport last week and refused Aunt Sageman's gifts?"

"Now, mother, dear, you know Aunt Sageman treated you atrociously not so long back. I'm not going to swallow that just because I happen to need togs."

"Still it doesn't do to be too proud, dearie. Who was it--Elijah--who let himself be cared for by--wasn't it Ravens?"

"Mamsie, you must read up," the girl exclaimed, laughing. "Ravens are all right, or even English sparrows, for that matter, but I draw the line at relations. And as for Tom, he was good, and he had pennies and ancestors and all the usual means of grace, but--well, I just couldn't, that's all. It would seem nice, though," reflectively, "not to have to calculate whether my shoes will hang together till I get back before I accept an invitation for a stroll. I'm afraid Providence has grown a trifle absconded in my direction of late."

"Dorothy, my dear," the older voice cried, "you frighten me. You must not talk so," and then with a change of tone and apparent irrelevance: "Dallas Sinclair was talking to me last night about his home. He has a very lovable nature, Dorothy, such a contrast to Mr. Mortimer."

"The other one? Oh, he's just a nice playfellow. What--what did Mr. Sinclair say to you, mother?"

There was a clatter of heels in the hall, a momentarily astonished face in the doorway, the gilly fall as assurances of welcome and delight, dar-

ing which Dal silently and unnoticed clipped from screen to open door. He took the first cab for his office in the Up to Date building to impertune the long suffering manuscript reader as to a story entitled "Tips," which he represented as having been turned in by himself. Inconspicuously, after a bad quarter of an hour, "But wait till I touch it up, and you'll howl for it," he said.

"I believe she'd forgive me if she knew," he assured his conscience, "and I'll tell her all about it afterward."

A week later a typewritten note of acceptance, with a double dosed check, which Dorothy in her inexperience did not stop to scrutinize (it was not from the Up to Date checkbook), made sunshine in a certain dark studio and made possible a certain long deferred outing, from which two people returned tired and happy as the children they really were at heart.

"The flat seems so stuffy after--today," Dorothy had said.

"Let's go up on the roof just for a sendoff!"

"Oh, the cliff dwellers staked that off long ago as their claim," Dorothy objected wistfully.

"Nonsense! What's that to 'us-es?' We'll counterstake." And they laughed as they entered the cage-like old elevator. Up among the chimneys and under the stars, sitting without discomfort on the edge of the ugly brick cornice--

"If I only had space like this to write in," Dorothy said, "but in my slice of a room--just a pigeonhole!"

"Why, that's all right," the man returned cheerily. "You're just a sketch yourself yet. Pigeonholes are the places for such things. Wait till you get to be a volume and a number of them!"

"Then I'll be laid on the shelf?"

"No; you'll have a whole library to yourself."

"I think I'll tell you a bit of luck that came my way lately," Dorothy began after a pause, and then she related all she knew of the Up to Date incident. Dallas Sinclair was properly surprised, appreciative and congratulatory, and when conscience twinged he repeated, "I'll tell her the truth--afterward."

It was so good to be there in the mellow autumn starlight, so free, so still, so--yes, so near together. "Togetherness" is one of the good things of this dear old earth. For a moment the thought of it all thrilled the girl's sensitive being, the little white hand that was nearest Dal's trembled and turned its pluk palm half outward, then its owner drew it back into her lap and put the other demurely over it. The man had seen, and his heart, throbbing joyously, had understood.

"Why don't you let it have its way?" he said simply, taking gentle possession of the little fingers. "How could you know?" she acquiesced happily.

"A pair of eyes, unnoticed, emerged from the trapdoor and as quickly vanished."

"No, I don't feel like going up on the roof tonight," their owner said wearily a few minutes later to the other cliff dwellers. "I--I don't feel--I think I'll say good night."

"Don't squeal till your hundred dollar 'Autumn Leaf' poster comes out, Vivacia," somebody called after her. "Oh, I'll be all right in the morning."

Women are all alike, whether they make red and green posters or dream dreams on house-tops.

Saved at Grave's Brink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newson, of Decatur, Ala., "if it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of Indigestion, Waterbrash, Stomach and Bowel Dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles, Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at A. F. Streitz's Drug Store.

SHOES.

We sell more Shoes than any other three stores in town. Why? Because we carry the largest assortment, the most popular brands made in the country, and sell them at prices that save the purchaser from 25 to 75 per cent

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