

We Wish You
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Clinton, The Jeweler.

DR. O. H. CRESSLER,
Graduate Dentist.
Office over the McDonald
State Bank.

Geo. F. Payne left last night for a visit with friends at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Mrs. J. C. Den left yesterday for Arapahoe to visit friends for a couple of weeks.

Miss Ruth Streitz arrived home Wednesday from Omaha to spend the holiday vacation.

Frank McGovern leaves tonight for Denver, where he will spend Christmas with his parents.

Judge Hoagland has been confined to the house for a week past with an attack of lagrippe.

J. A. Markee returned this week from Lisco where he sold five or six thousand dollars worth of land.

Miss Eunice Babbitt arrived from Lincoln this week and will visit her parents during the school vacation.

Mr. Green, the plumber, accompanied by Mrs. Green, left last night for Columbus, where they will visit friends for several days.

Wanted—A girl to learn book keeping. Apply by letter only to North Platte Telephone Co.

Chas. Fredericy, the urbane waiter at the Vienna, left last night for Holten, Kan., when he will visit relatives for a week or two.

Snow began to fall again this morning and the aspects are decidedly wintry. There seems to be no hope for the banana crop to survive the present wintry weather.

Arthur McNamara went to Denver Wednesday and from there to Oakley, Kan., to spend Christmas with his daughter and sister-in-law.

The Kirksmith Sisters entertained a good-sized audience, at the Keith last evening with a program of vocal and instrumental music, each number of which was well received.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Through the generosity of Dr. C. D. Miller the Y. M. C. A. library has an addition of fourteen volumes by Theodore Roosevelt.

The interest in chess and checker is on the increase.

If time seems to languish, come up and enjoy a game, and you will be surprised how enchanted become the hours.

Our Sunday meetings seem to meet a sympathetic chord. As the enchanted time of the year approaches, when men more than ever are thinking of gifts, do not forget that the greatest gift is one's self.

The Y. M. C. A. sends greetings to all and wishes for all just a good enough time, not to require bleeding. Come to the meeting Sunday at 4 p. m.

The Boatwain's Judgment.

It was somewhere in this wide, wide world, just where has slipped my mind, and they were about to buy beef on hoof for the ships. So the officer whose duty it is to make the purchase took ashore with him the boatwain representing the crew, to look over the animals and other objects or not. They approached the first animal.

"How will that do?" asked the officer.

The boatwain cautiously approached the beast, bent down and gingerly ran his thumb and forefinger down first one shank and then the other until the whole four shanks had been examined. Straightening up he said:

"He'll do all right, sir."

The officer, flustered, cried:

"But, dash it all, you can't tell the good points of a bullock by the shanks!"

"Perhaps not, sir, but they're the only parts we ever gets at," was the reply. — Pail Mail Gazette

SCHILLER & CO.,
Prescription Druggists

First Door North of
First National Bank

Buy's Lamb Grocery.

A deal was consummated last evening whereby E. T. Tramp and Fred Westfeld became the owners of the Lamb grocery store in the Third ward. An inventory of the stock will be made tomorrow and the purchasers will take formal possession as soon as the inventory is completed, which will probably be Monday morning.

Mr. Lamb disposes of the store on account of poor health, brought by too close application to business. As noted in these columns a few weeks ago, Mr. Lamb's success has been phenomenal during the three years he has been in business.

Mr. Tramp has been in the grocery business for ten years, and has made an unqualified success. He started with a small stock now he occupies two rooms at his present location. Mr. Westfeld, who is associated with Mr. Tramp in the purchase, has been in the employ of the Union Pacific for twenty-six years. He will resign his position and give his attention to the business, and will have associated with him as clerks his son Henry and Herbert Tramp.

The new firm is a progressive one, and there is no question but that they will not only maintain the present volume of business in the Third ward, but increase it along with the natural increase of the city.

Mr. Lamb will remain in the city and look after his realty interests.

Install Officers.

The local lodge of the B. of R. T. had an installation of officers last evening, and following the ceremony gave a supper and dance at the Masonic hall to the members of the ladies' auxiliary of the same order. About seventy were present, and the evening proved a most enjoyable one. Such affairs as these cement the fraternal ties, result in greater sociability among the members, and are certainly to be commended.

And Again.

The Tribune is compelled to issue but four pages today on account of the non-arrival of the auxiliary sheets from Omaha. The slowness of freight shipments on the Union Pacific is certainly very aggravating, so much so that it has caused The Tribune publisher to decide to make a change at an early date in the form and make-up in the paper—a change that he believes will be appreciated by patrons.

Stung For 15 Years

by Indigestion's pangs—trying many doctors and \$200.00 worth of medicine in vain, B. F. Ayres, of Ingleside, N. C., at last used Dr. King's New Life Pills, and writes they wholly cured him. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowel troubles. 25c at Stone Drug Co.

Simplified Debats.

"Are you going to attempt to answer all the charges made against you?"

"Certainly," replied Senator Sorghum. "Answering charges these days is easy. All you've got to do is say 'You're another.'"—Washington Star.

A Definition.

"What is the difference between preferred and common stock?"

"Well, if you buy the common you lose your money right off, but if you buy preferred there is a little longer delay about it."—Judge.



Belle Reno with The Fighting Parson.

EMIGRANT WEDDING.

By GWENDOLEN ADAMS.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

At the port of New York there is what is called the barge office. It is connected with the transit of goods and people from abroad into the United States. It is a place apparently as bare of romance as an ash heap. But wherever the human heart beats there is romance. Painters and poets like to picture it as far as they can from the business world, especially eschewing localities where people are hurrying with their strapped and roped chattels from the odoriferous steerage of a ship to the smoke and dust of a railway train. Nevertheless there are countless romances among immigrants entering the United States.

"Is this the place where they keep the immigrant girls?" asked a black-eyed young Armenian who came hurriedly into the New York barge office. But the man's English was not intelligible, so he received no reply till after his nationality was learned and an interpreter had been called. The interpreter told him that he had struck the place he was looking for. He at once beckoned in the direction of the door, and several dark complexioned fellows advanced.

"These are my witnesses," said the young man. "This is the clerk, and this is the priest. Give me my girl, and I will marry her at once, so that you need not be afraid that the government will have to take care of her."

"What sort of nonsense are you giving me?" said the interpreter.

"I am an Armenian. Toskowi is an Armenian too. Why do you keep me waiting? Didn't I tell you that I am ready to marry her?"

"See here, you crack-brained lunatic, I am employed to interpret what you say from Armenian into English! Talk in your native tongue and stop the long roll in 'K'."

"Huh! I not speak English. I been in this country three years." Then he commenced again in his adopted tongue and rattled his r's and b's. An officer cried, "Call the madam."

The "mother of immigrants" made her appearance, and to her the young man told his story. Women are more keenly sensitive to romance than men, and it was not long before the matron separated a love affair under the rattling r's and bouncing b's. It was this:

Three years before the young aspirant for honors in the English tongue had come to America from Armenia. His name was Vahl Kriborian. He had left at home a pretty sweetheart, then seventeen years old, named Toskowi Golobeddin. It seemed singular to the investigators that a man with such a name able to speak understandingly to a girl with such a name should after three years in America have made so little headway in English. The upshot of the matter was that Toskowi had come over to join Vahl, who was abundantly able to take care of her, and proposed to relieve the government from all responsibility concerning her by marrying her.

Then the matron took the officer to the girl. She was a small, slender creature, with large black eyes and hair equally black plastered down over her temples and coiled up behind in small braids. She was very bashful and ready to blush at the slightest provocation through her olive complexion. The clerk questioned her before she was brought forth to her lover.

"Have you got any money?" he asked.

"No, sir. I have a sweetheart."

"Huh!" said the clerk. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. How do you know he'll marry you?"

"Because God would strike him dead if he did not keep his promise."

"And he would deserve it. Come this way."

He led her to where her lover was with his witnesses and the priest. As soon as Vahl saw her standing demurely among the others he ran to her and, putting his arms around her, was about to kiss her when she drew back. Her cheeks flushed like two roses behind dark hair.

"What do you mean, Toskowi?" asked the lover, terrified. "Have you changed? Don't you want me after the long voyage across the ocean?"

"Yes, Vahl, but there are so many princes looking at us. I am ashamed."

"Well, well! Then we will be married at once. I told these gentlemen that the president need not fear having to take care of you; that I am earning good wages and will do that myself. See, here are the witnesses, and there is the priest. Come, let us be married."

The custodian of the government's interests would not permit the marriage within the barge office, so the party adjourned just without the walls. The clerk, in order to make sure that the girl did not escape unmarried and call upon the president for a living, kept her in sight till the ceremony was performed. After it was over the "prince" went back to their daily avocations, consisting chiefly of terrifying immigrants with fear they will have to be turned back to endure another trip in the steerage to find themselves again at the end of the voyage in the desolate lands from which they have vainly tried to escape. Little Toskowi found herself free to go "out into America."

So the sentimental part of this romance ended. Perhaps it is well that it did. It must have been difficult even before marriage for the lover to keep whispering repeatedly: "Darrest Toskowi, do you love me?" and hear in reply: "Yes, I love you, Vahl Kriborian."

A NEW YEAR GIFT.

By BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"Mr. Bickford," said the president, "you are aware, I suppose, that this business is solely for making money. What pays goes; what doesn't pay keeps me up to making dividends. If I don't pay dividends my head goes off. We can get your work done for half of the salary we pay you. We shall not need your services after the 1st of January."

"But, Mr. Tinkham, I've been with you sixteen years. I'm now thirty-six. Places are being filled by younger men. I fear I may not get another."

"That is your misfortune."

"I don't know what I shall do."

"I have no time to listen to what your future may be. I have other matters to attend to."

Bickford fretted over his discharge till it made him ill. One day a chum said to him:

"Bickford, I tell you what you do. You've got \$1,000. I know. Spend half of it having a good time. Resign your position and go off where you'll find something to distract your attention from this bugbear. When you feel strong come back and go to work at anything you can get to do. If you stay here you'll go under."

Bickford took the advice. He went to Florida, putting up at a hotel where he paid \$5 a day for his board, and stayed there a month. Instead of getting matters into a better he got them into a worse fix. He felt desperately in love.

The object of Bickford's affection was Miss Maida Tibbetts, a young girl who was staying at one of the less pretentious hotels. It was more quiet and comfortable than the caravansary where Bickford was staying, and Miss Tibbetts' mother, an invalid, was with her, and the house was better fitted for such a person. Nevertheless from appearances there was no money in the Tibbetts family. Bickford felt that he was playing a contemptible part in making it appear by the amount that he daily expended for board that he was opulent when in reality he was without any income whatever. But in his affair with Miss Tibbetts he found at least a temporary mental relief from his troubles and had no heart to break with her till he was obliged to. When his \$300 was spent, except enough for his railway ticket home, he found himself in a position to make an explanation. He told the girl the facts.

Probably she would have blamed him for what he had done had it not been for her repugnance to the treatment he had received.

"These modern ways of doing business," she said, "are execrable. As soon as a man has established a successful business he capitalizes it. This gives him a board of directors, to whom he pretends to be responsible. This in turn gives him an ostensible excuse to run the business without a soul. Then he gets rid of those who have helped him build it up and replaces them by cheaper men, mere cogwheels in the great machine he has been constructing."

The question between Bickford and Miss Tibbetts was what should they do. They loved, and Bickford could not support a wife. Miss Tibbetts was an ardent believer in love as a basis of matrimony, with or without money. She said that when she got back to the north she thought she could find something among her relatives for Bickford to do. He had \$300 in bank at home, which, with some funds of hers, would last them for several months. Bickford saw that she favored the plan of being married then and there, and, with many misgivings, he consented. He had come away without any income with which to support even himself. He went back with a wife requiring—so he considered it—a far greater income than for one.

Mrs. Bickford after the marriage insisted on remaining a month longer in Florida. Her mother needed to stay there and would stand the additional expense. The young wife did a great deal of writing and received a number of letters, with the contents of which her husband was not made acquainted. When the extra month had passed they all packed their trunks and went back north.

They arrived in the city in the morning of Jan. 1. Miss Bickford sent her mother home in a carriage, while she and her husband remained in the business district, where they breakfasted. After breakfast the young wife told her husband that she had a position for him and would make the final arrangements before going home. She led the way and stopped at the building where he had been employed.

"What does this mean?" asked Bickford.

"Take me to the president's office."

"But this is New Year's morning. He will not be here."

"I think he will."

Bickford led her to Mr. Tinkham's private office. True enough, the president was there, evidently waiting for something in a mystified condition.

"Mr. Tinkham," said the wife, "you have been notified. I believe that the purchaser of a certain block of stock recently giving the purchaser the control of this corporation wished to see you this morning at your office. I am that purchaser. I desire to put the concern in other hands for the ensuing year. I would like your resignation."

"And whom do you propose to put in my place?" cried the astonished man.

"I shall give it as a New Year's present to my husband, Mr. Bickford."

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Peter Young and Frederick Ayres were playmates in childhood, attended the same school and left the same college in the spring of 1861 to enlist in the same regiment in the Union army. They campaigned together and after each fight immediately sought each other to learn of their mutual safety. On one occasion Young shot a Confederate who was about to run a bayonet into his friend's breast. On another Ayres carried Young, who had been wounded, for miles on a retreat, saving him from a southern prison and perhaps death. Their devotion to each other was well known in the army in which they served, and they were referred to as furnishing an example of a typical friendship.

In the fourth and last year of their service they quarreled. Both had become subaltern officers and were tent-mates. One day Young entered their tent and, looking under his cot, missed a chip he kept there as a rest for his soap.

"What's become of my soap dish?" he asked his friend.

"What soap dish?"

"That chip I had here."

"Oh, that dirty thing! I threw it out."

"What did you do that for?" angrily.

"Because I propose to have the tent I live in respectable."

"And I propose to have something to put my soap on, and I won't allow any man to interfere with it."

It is not essential to give the steps by which these two bosom friends became more and more angry and finally alienated. The contemptible cause was a chip which his friend considered a soap dish and his friend as not sufficiently aesthetic to grace their canvas habitation. They did not speak to each other during that campaign and before another Ayres had been transferred to the staff and assigned to duty with a different corps.

In 1865 Young and Ayres were both again in civil life. On Christmas morning of the next year on going to the postoffice for his mail Ayres was handed an envelope addressed to him in the familiar handwriting of his friend. Opening it, he drew forth a card on which was a picture of a dove with an olive branch in its mouth. Nothing was written on the card, nor did any letter accompany it, but the recipient knew that his friend had remembered his birthday and sent a peace offering. He was not a demonstrative man—nor was Young, for that matter—so he put the card in his pocket, saying nothing to any one about it, but thinking on it a great deal.

The next Christmas morning Young's wife, whom he had just married, handed him an envelope the superscription on which was in Ayres' handwriting. It contained the Christmas card he had sent Ayres on his twenty-third birthday. Mrs. Young asked her husband what it all meant. He prevailed upon her to tell her the story—firstly, on account of the insignificant cause that had separated him from his friend; secondly, because he blushed at this missive passing between them, worthy rather of two schoolgirls than two veterans of a great war.

For forty years the card continued to pass at Christmas time between the two friends. Picture processes improved, and the little dove of 1865 was a sorry looking bird beside the dove of the twentieth century. Besides, the card was worn and soiled. Possibly had the two friends been near each other they would have returned to a closer relationship. But in all these years they never met. Ayres never married, and Mrs. Young, who meanwhile had come into possession of the story of their quarrel, said facetiously that she believed he loved her husband too well to marry a woman.

A Christmas came round when Peter Young was in no mood to remember to send the card with the dove and olive branch. A crisis had come in his affairs, and what he had been for years building fell with a crash. The crown of his and his wife's sorrow was that his health broke down under the strain.

Had he not after these many years come to tread in a rut he would have written to learn the cause of his not receiving his token. But he had never written a line or spoken a word to the man with whom he had quarreled in his youth, and it seemed too late for him to begin. The result was that he refrained from writing and worried.

One day—it was shortly before Christmas—Mrs. Young, rummaging in her husband's desk, found the old card. It occurred to her at once that in her husband's pre-occupation and distress he had for the first time forgotten it. She had saved a paragraph taken from a newspaper mentioning her husband's failure in business and another stating that he was suffering from nervous prostration. Placing these items with the card in an envelope, she sent it to Ayres.

Christmas morning brought a letter from Ayres including his check for \$10,000 and a note stating that it was sent in the hope that it would place his friend again on his feet. The Christmas card he would thereafter keep in his possession.

That was the end of the painful estrangement. Mrs. Young telegraphed Ayres urging him to join them that evening at a Christmas dinner. Ayres took the first train and reached the house of his old friend to find him and his wife waiting for him. And there and then they laughed over the "young man's" check.