

Our Store is Chuck Full of Useful Christmas Presents For "Him."

Suggestions that will help you in selecting your Christmas Gifts that Please Him.

A Lounging Robe

may be just what he wants. See our heavy weight robes at
\$10.00 to 15.00

Initial Handkerchiefs.

Silk, Linen and Cotton.
2 for 25c 3 for 50c
3 for \$1.00.

For the Ladies.

Full Fashioned PURE SILK HOSE
\$2.00 to \$3.00 Per Pair.
True Shape and Topsy Brands.

Beautiful Xmas Neckwear.

In Christmas Boxes.
75c to \$3.

Hosiery---

Silk and Lisle.
Lisle 35c to 65c.
Silk 75c to 1.25
Boys Stockings, black and brown, 50c

Silk Shirts.

Beautiful Patterns.
\$5.00 to 12.00

For the Boy

Best Ever Suits, double seat, knees and Elbows, \$15.00 16.50.
Best Ever Overcoats, \$12.50 to 15.00.
Boy's Mackinaws, heavy weights, \$7.50 to 8.50.
Boy's High Cut Shoes 3.50 to 6.50.
Boy's Stocking Caps 1.00 to 1.50.

We are style headquarters for the famous brand of SOCIETY CLOTHES for young men.]

Harry Samuelson.
Outfitter to Good Dressers.

Lost and Found

By WALTER J. DELANEY

(Copyright, 1915, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

There was the swing and the smile of unrestrained sheer joy of living present with Ruby Dale as she crossed a vacant space to the house of the nearest neighbor.

"Nearest—and dearest!" she whispered laughingly to herself, and then flushed rosy red and she glanced at a ring on her white shapely hand with sparkling eyes and kissed it.

"Oh, how silly, but delightful!" chirped Ruby, flushing again.

A new interest in life seemed to have been born in her since the previous afternoon. She was one of the party of agreeable young people who had comprised a picnic party. She had been the special invited guest of Dorothy Bell, but before the day was over the brother of that young lady, Aylmer Bell had appropriated her completely and accompanied her clear to the door of her home.

Ruby's eyes glistened as she recalled that delicious half-hour lingering at the gate in the clear white moonlight. She had known the Bells only since they had taken the next house a month previous. Aylmer had arrived from college only a week since, but had eyes for Ruby only among the town belles. His attentions flattered, and then attracted her. Certainly he was a handsome, courteous, bright-spirited young man. She was radiant with excitement and the sure dawning of first love.

Ruby had noticed that her escort wore a ring of peculiar pattern bearing several cabalistic signs set in mosaic across a seal surface, and Aylmer had recited quite a story appertaining to its origin and history.

"A student from India gave it to me," he told Ruby. "We got quite chummy. It's a sort of magic wishing ring in his country, he told me. I've made my wish. Suppose you wear it for a spell? Maybe you have some special wish. Try it. And both laughed gleefully, but Ruby with a thrill as she met those expressive eyes of Aylmer, plainly revealing how pleased he was to have her accept the romantic token proffered.

Aylmer's sister had phoned the evening previous. "Brother and I are planning something grand in the way of a social entertainment," she told Ruby.

Alas! for ideals of human felicity. The Bell place occupied extensive gar-

den space, and thus was accessible by gateways on three sides. Ruby traversed a gravelled path, crossed a tennis court and came to a sudden halt.

Her gaze was transfixed. A little distance ahead was a garden bench. Seated upon it was a very lovely woman. By her side was an open book upon which her glance was fixed and her lips moved as though she was reading from it. At her feet, in the attitude of some devoted cavalier, was Aylmer Bell.

He held one hand of the strange lady and seemed pleading to her in tumultuous emotion. She drew close to him and he pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

Her face aflame, her soul aroused to deep amazement and disappointment, Ruby turned. Her eyes flashed as she removed the ring he had given her—flung it across a grass plat, and retraced her way homeward to seek her room sobbing and in tears. It was an hour later when her sister ran up the stairs.

"Oh! Ruby, dear," she announced, "Miss Bell is here and wishes to see you."

Ruby repressed her wretchedness and went downstairs to find Aylmer's sister on the porch, her automobile at the curb.

"I can linger only a moment," she spoke. "Why did you not come? Aylmer waited and Mrs. Estes, too. She is our sister-in-law, you know, and we are to give a little play at our next entertainment with you and Aylmer as hero and heroine. She wants to coach you on your part. Aylmer has been in training all the morning. Shall we say five for the first rehearsal?"

"If you please," replied Ruby meekly, and as her visitor left, a new relieved and happy light came into her eyes. She discovered her error now regarding the garden scene. She tripped along joyously as she neared the place a few hours later. As before she entered the garden.

"The ring—I must recover it!" she breathed eagerly, and she was down on her knees upon the little grass plat where she had cast it away. A cry of gladness escaped her lips as she came across it. She pressed it to her lips, started and looked up.

"Why, Miss Dale, looking for something," questioned Aylmer Bell, a queer wrinkle about the lips.

"I—I lost your ring," stammered Ruby, "but I have found it," and paused, blushing crimson.

He drew nearer to her. Well was he aware of her caprice of a few hours previous. The situation, that sweet embarrassed face won both pity and love. He took her hands in his own.

"I hope soon to replace the ring with another," he said tenderly.

"Have you wished yet? When you do, let me hope it will be in accordance with my own wish—that still another ring will be acceptable, later on."

And Ruby, understanding him, did not take her hand away from that loving clasp.

FAMOUS CHURCH OF LONDON

Bayard Taylor Considered St. Paul's Cathedral One of the World's Architectural Marvels.

"St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur exceeding everything I have yet seen," writes Bayard Taylor of his first trip abroad in 1844. "The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look at it; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, gives it a dim, shadowy appearance, that startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches; blackened for 300 years with the coal smoke of London it stands like a relic of the giant architecture of the early world.

"The interior is what one would expect to behold, after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side encompasses the dome, at which you gaze up as at the sky. . . . I was never more impressed at the grandeur of human invention than when ascending the dome. I could with difficulty conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. The dome is like the summit of a mountain, so wide is the prospect and so great the pile upon which you stand."

Result of Putting Sun to Work.

There is another angle to the subject of harnessing the sun. If such a thing is done will it not lead to a readjustment of the world's population and the centers of political power? Such a result was glimpsed by Prof. S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, who wrote some years ago:

"Future ages may see the seat of empire transferred to regions of the earth now barren and desolate under intense solar heat—countries which, for that very cause, will not probably become the seat of mechanical and thence political power. Whoever finds the way to make industrially useful the vast sun power now wasted on the deserts of north Africa or the shores of the Red sea will effect a greater change in man's affairs than any conqueror in history has done; for he will once more people those waste places with the life that once swarmed there in the best days of Carthage and old Egypt, but under another civilization, where man shall no longer worship the sun as a god, but shall have learned to make it his servant."

BEGINNING AGAIN

By MARY WINIFRED FORD.

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"But Tom, what's the use, she will only start all over again—it's getting unbearable," and Dick Hollister paced the room up and down as if uncertain what to do.

"Dick, she is only a mere child—she does it only to tease you, and you know she doesn't care a night about any of them," Tom added consolingly.

Tom Brewster was Dick's closest friend, and Tom knew only too well Dick's greatest fault, which was his jealousy over any attention shown Fifi Gray, his sweetheart from childhood.

Fifi was home for the holidays from boarding school, and Dick was home also for the holidays from college. The first few days were delightful ones for Dick and Fifi until Bob Merrill arrived. Barbara Merrill had met Fifi at a house party the year previous, and they had become good friends. Bob had been out West for five years and had just returned home—"Handsome Bob," as he was called by his most intimate friends. After securing an introduction to Fifi, Bob fairly monopolized her, and fully three days had gone by now and Dick had not even a glimpse of Fifi. He called at her home and was informed that "Miss Fifi" was out motoring with Mr. Bob, and pulling his cap far over his eyes and with his hands deep in his pockets, Dick would tear around the town looking for Bob and Fifi, and then suddenly would come upon them arm in arm laughing happily. Fifi looked so unconcerned when she saw him and smiled up at him so pleasantly, that Dick could only look at her and pass on without a word. Fifi could not understand for a moment; then remembering the old Dick whom she knew so well before they went away to school, she knew he was jealous of Bob Merrill's attentions, and Fifi decided to cure Dick's jealousy. So the following day when she was with Bob and Dick appeared, she passed him by without any recognition on her part whatever. The more Fifi thought of it, the more she wanted to tease Dick, so when she received a note from Dick asking her permission to act as her escort to Barbara Merrill's reception, to which they were both invited, Fifi declined with thanks, and added that Mr. Merrill was going to call for her.

"Tom, this is going the limit—I just can't stand it any longer; somehow or other I wish the two weeks were up and that I was back at college, plugging away, almost anything rather than watch that fellow take her away from me."

"Dick, don't be foolish and stay away from the reception—why don't you show Fifi that you don't care—why not make her jealous?"

"That you, Fifi? Awfully sorry, little girl, but it will be impossible for me to come over in the car for you. I have to meet a friend at the station—not offended are you? Thanks," and Fifi could only stare at the telephone in a dazed sort of fashion.

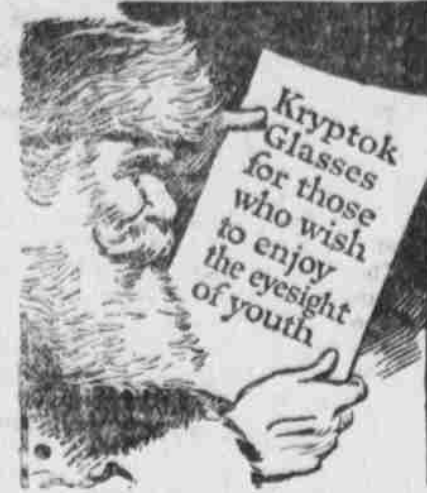
"Whatever will I do; the idea of him disappointing me at the last moment—why didn't I let Dick call for me," and going to the telephone she called Dick.

"Yes, Dick, dear, I've decided that I don't want to go with Tom; in fact, I want you to call for me—will you?"

"Why—er—yes, if Mr. Merrill is not going to," and to Fifi, Dick's voice sounded very cold.

At the reception that evening poor Fifi had a miserable time of it with four conspirators around. Barbara fairly monopolized Dick and Dick looked like the devoted lover. Bob was all eyes and ears for his little sweetheart Nellie Lowe, and Tom played his part to perfection. Going to Fifi who looked so out of place alone, he said smilingly, "Well, Barbara and Dick certainly are having a wonderful evening—I don't know when I saw Dick so attentive to a young lady before, and look at our 'Handsome Bob'—oh, by the way, do you know they are going to announce the engagement tomorrow?"

"Shop early, Dixon, the jeweler."



A Yuletide Suggestion

Give some one who is close to you a pair of Kryptok Glasses for Christmas. KRYPTOKS are for people who need double-vision glasses. They end the bother and fuss of using two pairs, and, unlike old-style bifocals, are free from lines and seams.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

are the only real improvement over old-fashioned bifocals. It is easy to give them for Christmas. Ask us about our Christmas Gift Certificate, which simplifies the giving of a genuinely useful present.

Dixon & Son,
SIGHT SPECIALISTS

At this point of the conversation Tom was called away, and Fifi was left to wonder whose engagement it was, Dick and Barbara's or Bob's, and feeling certain that no one saw her she stole out into the conservatory and sitting behind some palms the brown curly head dropped and the tears fell fast. And before she realized it, she was talking aloud: "To think my little playmate and sweetheart is mine no more," and the tears continued to fall. A heavy step sounded close by, but Fifi did not pay any attention to it, and presently a voice was saying, "No, dear little playmate, I'm still your Dick and what's more—"

"Why, Dick Hollister, the idea of you talking to me like that when Barbara and—oh, let me pass," but Dick stood in her way and taking the little hands in his he told her how Barbara, he, Tom and Bob had conspired in order to cure her of her flirtations and teasing him.

"Why—er—Dick, that's funny, and only a few days ago I decided I wanted to give you a lesson so that you would not be jealous of me any more, but—"

"But what, little girl?" asked Dick tenderly.

"Well, it's—It's kind of nice to have someone care, and I don't care if you are jealous, so there!" and Fifi tried to run away.

The waltz was playing and as the last note died, Dick whispered in Fifi's ear, "Yes, little girl, we'll begin all over again."

There They Were.

While attending college I went to church services one Sunday morning with a chum. The house was filled and a large number of students were present. The services were long and my friend grew restless. In changing his position in the pew he extended his feet well forward so that unknown to him his shoes came in touch with those of a young woman who sat in front of him. Finally the service was at an end and as the congregation arose he could not rise, neither could she. The bow of one of her shoe laces had hooked on an eyelet of his shoe, and there they were, and both strangers to each other.—Chicago Tribune.

Shop early, Dixon, the jeweler.

STOP-THINK-LISTEN!

Where are you buying your Groceries? Are you getting Quality and Price? Look over some of our prices below, as we can save you money.

9 oz. jar prepared mustard 15c
22 oz. Preserves 25c
16 oz bottle Supreme Catsup 30c
16 oz bottle Webfoot Catsup 25c
No. 2½ can tomatoes 19c
No. 3 can pumpkin 15c
No. 3 can pork and beans 15c
Large package fancy oats 33c
Tall can medium red salmon 39c

The above are well known brands and you won't be deceived on quality and price. We are headquarters for the famous Butternut and Kream Krust Bread.

We deliver fresh meat with grocery orders if desired. Call and get prices on other goods. We are not in all parts of the city but you can get us by calling 212.

Dick Stegeman.

813 North Loenst Street.

A PORTABLE FIRE

start the day right

Let the furnace take its time; the Radiantfire responds instantly. For bathroom, for playroom, for any cold room, get a

PORTABLE HUMPHREY RADIANTFIRE

The same in principle of construction as the wonderful fireplace unit.

See it demonstrated at our show rooms



North Platte Light & Power Co.

Dolls or Toys

We don't have all the Dolls and Toys and Xmas goods in North Platte, but we have a fair stock and will sell them at right prices. No hold-up here on account of coal shortage. Come in and be shown.

Geo. Frater.

In the United States District Court, For the District of Nebraska, North Platte Division.

In the Matter of Frank W. Campbell, Bankrupt.
Case No. 73, in Bankruptcy, Voluntary Petition.
Order of Referee on Proceedings for Discharge.

In said District on this 6th day of December, A. D., 1919, before Walter V. Hoagland, Referee in Bankruptcy at North Platte, Nebraska.

This cause came on for hearing upon the filing and reading of the bankrupt's petition for Discharge and it is ordered that a hearing be had upon the same on the 15th day of January, A. D., 1920, before said Court, at North Platte, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the morning and that notice thereof be published in the North Platte Tribune, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at the said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered by the Court, that the referee shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

WALTER V. HOAGLAND,
d9-12 Referee in Bankruptcy.

Notice to Creditors
Estate No. 1676 of James C. Pennington, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is April 9th, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is November 1st, 1920, that I will sit at the county court room in said county on January 9th, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on April 9th, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.
(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
d9j2 County Judge

A SERVICE MESSAGE

For Farmers

Long experience with the business and financial affairs of farmers enables us to render a service particularly fitted to their needs.

Here farmers find their problems understood without long explanations; their requirements met fully and promptly.

Farmers who place their financial affairs in our hands place them in safe hands, and competent ones.

Platte Valley State Bank,
NORTH PLATTE, NEB.