

GIFTS THAT LAST

A Floor Lamp, Mahogany base and Silk Shadh, would be a lovely Gift for Mother. Also a nice Table Lamp. Values \$10.00. to \$50.00.

CLINTON & SON,
Sign of The Big Ring.

"MR. BOB"

By GEORGIA F. HARRIS

Little Bobbie's eyes were popping with excitement as he burst into the living room, where his mother sat reading the evening paper.

"See, mother," he cried, breathlessly, as he pulled a large, brown envelope from his blouse, "I met a man down the road, and he told me to give you this for your business."

As Mrs. Merwin tore open the envelope, she gave a quick start of surprise. A large roll of bills lay before her!

"Why, Bobbie, boy!" she exclaimed, her pretty face showing her bewilderment, "tell mother everything that happened."

Bobbie had now regained his breath. "I was pickin' daisies over in Jenkins' field, and when I was comin' home, I met Mr. Bob."

Mrs. Merwin was silent for a few moments. "Did he ask you about your father?" she finally asked.

"Yep, and I told him my dad ain't been 'round here for ever so long—"

"What did he say when he gave you

the money?" interrupted Mrs. Merwin, as she nervously fingered the large roll of bills.

"He just told me to give it to you for your business, then—" Bobbie hesitated, as if preparing for a confession—"he kissed me—just like I was a girl—and told me to bring the envelope right home to you."

Letty Merwin took the money from the drawer. She stared at the large roll of bills, as if searching for an answer to the burning questions in her brain.

Why had Bob Merwin, for surely it was he, sent her this money?—Memories of her father's anger when he had driven Robert from the house, of her remorse because she had told her father of the quarrel with Robert, and of Robert's wrath as he swore never to look again at the wife who was ruled by an unreasonable father, loomed up with startling clearness, as she meditated.

Suddenly, with an apprehensive shiver, she snatched up the evening paper and searched for a little item which, earlier in the evening, had received but a glance. Yes, there it was—"Whitton general store robbed of \$1,000, Robert Smith, a clerk in the store, very cleverly made away with \$1,000—"

A strange, stern look crept into Letty Merwin's eyes. When last she had heard of Robert he had been working in Whitton. Before she could put the money into the drawer the door opened and a man stepped into the room.

"Robert Merwin!" burst from Letty's trembling lips.

"I couldn't go away, Letty," murmured the man brokenly. "I tried to, but, somehow, I couldn't. I don't expect your forgiveness," he went on, as she didn't speak, "and I know I shouldn't come; but I met little Bobbie and—" He stopped, for his wife had hastily picked up the money and was silently offering it to him.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way—yet I hoped—"

"You thought I'd take this money?" said Letty.

"I hoped, that is, until—" he paused, for Letty was holding before him the newspaper and was pointing to the robbery item with an accusing finger. "Does that mean anything to you?" she asked quietly—too quietly.

The man read the item without be-

traying the slightest emotion. "I guess I deserve that—perhaps more," he replied in a low voice. He took a bank book out of his pocket and opened it to a page which showed that \$1,000 had been withdrawn a few days before. The book also showed regular weekly deposits for over two years. He then took a bunch of pay envelopes from another pocket.

"I guess these will tell the story," he said slowly, "because the envelopes check up with the bank book deposits."

An ashamed blush reddened Letty's cheeks as she read "Ridgton National Bank" on the book and noticed a single dollar in the balance column.

"Why didn't you come to me yourself?" she faltered, after an awkward pause.

"I had been looking forward to it for weeks, just waiting for my money to reach the thousand mark. I was nearly home when I met Bobbie and learned from him how things are. Funny—the prattling of a little youngster can really mean a great deal sometimes."

"What did Bobby tell you?" Letty's voice had a suspicious tremor in it.

"He just repeated the gossip that is probably around the village. Evidently he heard some of them say that his dad, who had been away for a long time, would be 'sneaking back,' now that his mother was successful in business." The man turned toward the door.

"The old gossips," cried Letty indignantly. "I didn't know—Bobbie didn't tell me all. They don't know or understand—"

"Understand what?" The man caught his breath sharply.

"Understand that I've always been waiting for you to come back to Bobbie—and me," answered Letty softly. "Can you forgive me?" She pointed to the newspaper item.

"Forgive?" he repeated, a happy light breaking over his tired face. . . . Together they stole into the room beyond, where Bobbie, with one chubby hand tucked under his chin, lay dreaming.

The Privilege of Privacy.

"Fashion decrees that skirts shall be longer."

"I'm glad of it," declared Miss Cayenne. "A bowlegged woman has some rights."



L. & S. Groceteria.

NOT AS SHE HAD PICTURED

Girl Who Had Herself Paged in Hotel Unprepared for Meeting With Flippant Individual.

The girl had never been paged in a hotel. Time after time she had heard the bellboys go by calling out names, and always she had envied the young women who got up and followed them to the telephone.

It got to be a positive mania with her—this desire to be paged—and finally she persuaded one of her friends to telephone her at a hotel at a specified time.

She waited in the lobby, sitting on the edge of her seat in excitement, until the boy appeared.

"Miss Brown! Miss Brown!"

She rose excitedly. "I am Miss Brown," she said.

"Gentleman waiting to see you out front."

She looked rather surprised; that had not been in the scheme. But perhaps he had changed his mind. She followed the boy obediently, and was led face to face with a perfect stranger.

Her face grew pink with confusion as she gazed at him, and he, realizing the mistake, watched her in amusement. He was a rather loudly dressed young man with a great air of assurance.

For a moment they stared; then he spoke.

"Not so good," he said slowly, and then, as an after thought, "but not so bad, either!"

And the girl fled in embarrassment.

OFFER MARK TWAIN REFUSED

Nothing Sadder, He is Reported to Have Said, Than Editorship of Humorous Periodical.

About that time my wife helped me put another temptation behind me. This was an offer of sixteen thousand dollars a year, for five years, to let my name be used as editor of a humorous periodical.

I praise her for furnishing her help in resisting that temptation, for it is her due. There was no temptation about it, in fact, but she would have offered her help just the same if there had been one. I can conceive of many wild and extravagant things when my imagination is in good repair, but I can conceive of nothing quite so wild and extravagant as the idea of my accepting the editorship of a humorous periodical.

I should regard that as the saddest of all occupations. If I should undertake it I should have to add to the occupation of undertaker, to relieve it in some degree of its cheerlessness. —From "Unpublished Chapters from the Autobiography of Mark Twain" in Harper's Magazine.

Our stock of fancy hair ornaments expert engraver, Dixon the Jeweler.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Tribune for Christmas. \$1.50 year J. C. Moore transacted business in Hershey yesterday.

Harry Stevens transacted business in Hershey yesterday.

Mrs. Raymond Miller of Hershey shopped in the city Wednesday.

Philip Temple has taken a position at the Rineker drug store.

DeMolay—Emblems, rings, belts and cuff links. Dixon, the Jeweler, Gifts that last.

Thos. Orton left the first of the week for Chicago where he will spend a week transacting business.

George Russell returned Wednesday from Denver where he has been visiting with friends for several days.

Hand Painted candles and candle holders painted to match. Something exceptionally different. Dixon, the Jeweler.

Carrol Stevens who is attending the University at Lincoln is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stevens.

Mrs. Frank Spear of Denver is visiting in the city at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stuart Mrs. Spear was formerly Miss Marie Stuart.

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NOTICE
Paving Assessments for the following districts may now be paid at the office of the City Treasurer.
Paving District
3 (East 4th Street)
4 (West 5th)
5 (West 4 to Oak)
6 (East 5th)
Districts 3 and 6 have been drawing interest since October 6th, 1922, and districts 4 and 5 will begin drawing interest December 6th, 1922.
L. E. MEHLMANN
City Treasurer

Christmas Tokens.

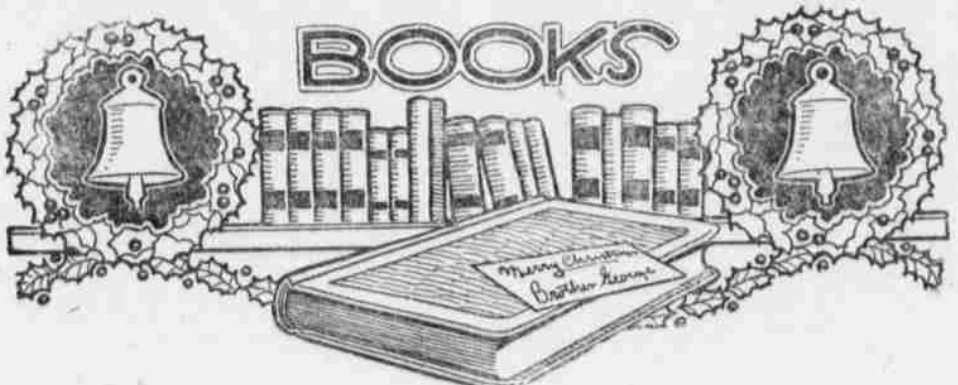
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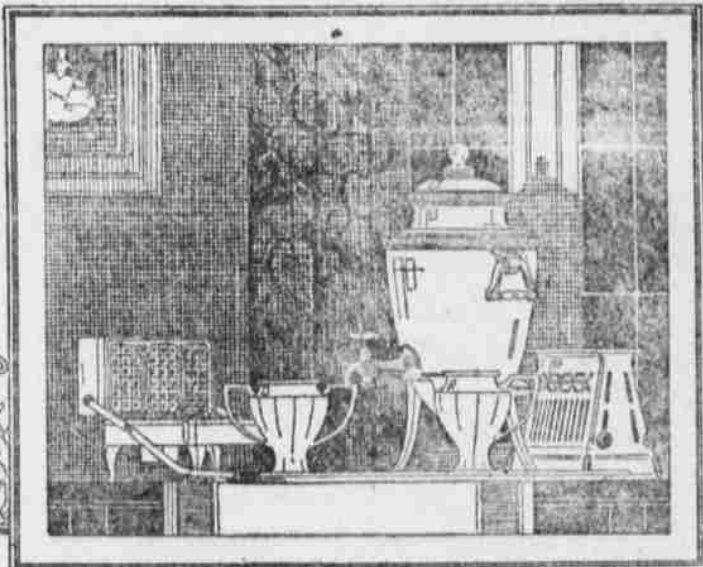
Nolan Bros. Phone 4



TITLE	AUTHOR
The Mother of All Living	Robert Keable
Northwest	Blindloss
On Tiptoe	Stewart E. White
One of Ours	Willa Cathers
Rough Hewn	Dorothy Canfield
Simon Called Peter	Robert Keable
Stepsons of Light	Rhodes
Shadow of the East	E. M. Hull
This Freedom	A. S. M. Hutchinson
West	Chas. A. Seltzer
In the Days of Poor Richard	Irving Bacheller
Four Square	Grace S. Richmond
Flowing Gold	Rex Beach
Fair Harbor	Jos. C. Lincoln
The Evil Shepherd	E. Phillips Oppenheim
December Love	Robt. Richens
Cappy Ricks Retires	Peter B. Kyne
Outline of History	H. G. Wells
The Breaking Point	Mary Robts. Rinehart
Tales of the Jazz Age	F. Scott Fitzgerald
Behind the Mirrors	

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