

ARRESTED

WE WANT TO ARREST YOUR MIND THE COMING MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, WHEN YOU WILL BE SENTENCED TO BUY ONE OF OUR

Celebrated Wooltex Suits or Cloaks at ONE-HALF PRICE.

On these days we will make you our final offer. We propose to sell our \$10 suits or cloaks for \$5. Our \$15 suits or cloaks for \$7.50. Our \$20 suits or cloaks for \$10. Our \$30 suits or cloaks for \$15. Our \$40 suits or cloaks for \$20. It is heartbreaking to do this but the holidays are so near we are compelled to make the sacrifice and you are getting the benefit. We would rather the Plattsmouth people had the goods at such prices than to move them away.

Ladies Rubberized Rain Coats, they will have to go and you get them for \$4.98 and \$5.98

FURS! FURS!

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we dispose of our entire stock of Furs at any old price. Now is your chance; you will never get another like it.

More than 200 Trimmed Hats

We have by actual count more than 200 swell ladies' trimmed hats and have them on display in the front part of our store. These hats will go for 98c to \$1.98.

Now ladies this is the greatest opportunity you ever had to buy goods in the city of Plattsmouth. WE NEED THE MONEY, YOU NEED THE GOODS. We are selling all new merchandise and have undertaken to close out and are going to do it and you are going to help for it is dollars in your pocket.

FANGER'S DEPT. STORE

QUITTING BUSINESS

THE ESKIMO.

What He Looks Like and the Way He Dresses and Lives.

What is an Eskimo like? His portrait is easily sketched: A small person (five feet five inches is the average height of the men and five feet that of the women), with a grayish copperish and oily skin, thick lips, deep set and oblique eyes like the Japanese, a flat, oval face and fat cheeks, a low, retreating forehead and black, glossy, straight hair, which is allowed to grow to its full length. The hands and feet are remarkably small. The nose is abnormally flat.

The faces of the children are generally so fat that the eyes almost disappear, and the nose is sunken between the cheeks instead of protruding.

The Eskimos have a happy, careless, optimistic look about them. Nordenskjold used to call them "big children" and stated that "these unfortunate creatures, who are deprived of every comfort, are conceited and jocular. They are hospitable, too, and when brought into contact with Europeans they grow civilized quite rapidly, though they retain a number of their old habits."

As regards dress, it is almost the same for women as for men—a close fitting sealskin coat, with a hood for the head and breeches of the same material.

Needless to say the Eskimos dislike water as a "cleansing agent," and they lack fascination. But they do not consider Europeans as very attractive, and the refinements of civilization are repulsive to them. The same Nordenskjold once told a very amusing story on this matter. He gave a bottle of eau de cologne to an aged Eskimo lady to smell. She almost fainted and called the scent "dreadfully stenching." But she dwelt in a sordid hut, where the air was "unbreathable," and lived on food of which one hesitates to think.

The Eskimos have no religion worthy of the name. They are extremely superstitious. But how could they help being so, surrounded as they are by truly fantastic scenery—mysterious caverns and grottoes, mountains of ice, bathed in the weird light effects of the arctic atmosphere or in the awe-inspiring gloom of the polar night?

The Eskimos, however, have much respect for the "head of the family." Funerals are a complicated affair in Greenland, and the most curious custom in connection

with such ceremonies is the burying of a dog's head—meant to act as a guide—together with the dead body.

They live under tents during the summer and under snow huts during the cold season. They possess a skin canoe called kayak, a sledge and a few dogs.

They marry at an early age. The bride brings to her new home her clothes, a knife and a lamp. The husband gives her a cooking pot. Eskimo etiquette compels the bride to object to marriage, and she must pretend to escape from her husband two or three times before settling down to her duties and accepting her share of responsibilities.—Exchange.

Whistling and Weeping Trees.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar or whistling tree of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flutelike sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores at the base of the leaves.—Chicago Journal.

An Irishman or an Irishwoman is rarely at a loss to give quite as good as she gets. The American tourist who figures in Sketchy Bits found this out to his cost.

An old Irishwoman who kept a fruit stall had some melons exposed for sale. The Yankee, wishing to have some fun with the old lady, took up one of them and said:

"These are small apples you grow over here. In America we have them twice the size."

The woman slowly looked up at him and in a tone of pity exclaimed:

"Sure, sorr, ye must be a stranger in Ireland and know very little about the fruit of our country whin ye can't tell apples from gooseberries!"

Good Things Are Great. Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great, said Demosthenes.

STOCK TRADER'S CANE.

A Stick or a Whip Always Carried in the Cattle Yards.

To a live stock trader a cane or a whip is as essential as a uniform is to a soldier. One or the other always is carried by regular traders in the stockyards. A prospective cattle buyer usually buys a cane before he enters the pens. A trader would no more think of going to work without his cane than he would without his hat.

In many cases the whips and canes are of great service. When the cattle are turned into an alley to be sorted and some obstreperous animal takes a header for the gate-keeper the means of turning the animal is a blow across the head, usually intended to catch him just above the nostrils. Sometimes a heavy blow from a cane brings him to his knees, but in many cases it takes only the sting of a lash to turn him. Some of the most stubborn steers run a regular gantlet of canes, clubs and whips and are not stopped until some one "gets a gate on him," the yard way of expressing the closing of a gate across the alley down which the animal is headed.

The regulation trader's cane is made of hickory, with a large curved handle, and weighs about twenty-four ounces. The surface is smooth and unvarnished. Some of the canes have been in use constantly for ten years. Hackberry, dogwood, elm, oak, maple and ash are the other kinds of wood used to make this class of canes. They cost from 25 to 50 cents each.

Whips of all kinds are seen. A few weeks ago a four plait hickory bark whip, the kind that has to be left in the dew overnight to keep it pliable, stung the backs of some frightened cattle as they ran along the viaduct. Many high priced buggy whips are used, but the bulk of them cost only from 75 cents to \$1.

A few regular heavy cattle whips are seen, though they are not liked by cattlemen, as a heavy blow leaves a large welt. Rope and one lash leather whips are common. In some cases a short strap nailed to a long stick is used.

The best sheep and hog whip is a piece of canvas hose, meshed to a flat surface and attached to a piece of wood about fourteen inches long. When this strikes an animal it makes plenty of noise, but leaves no bruise.

Many times cattle are uselessly beaten by some one who is in a hur-

ry. The rule, however, is not to leave any kind of mark or bruise, as buyers look closely for such spots.

When whips or canes are broken they generally are thrown to the ground, and the yard company gathers them up with the other refuse. About thirty whips and twenty canes are abandoned each day at the yards.—Kansas City Star.

Zero.

The word "zero" is from the Spanish and means "empty," hence nothing. It was first used for a thermometer in 1795 by a Prussian named Fahrenheit. By experimenting with snow and salt Fahrenheit found that he could produce a degree of cold equal to that of the coldest winter day. It happened that the day on which he made his final experiment was the coldest that anybody could remember, and, struck with the coincidence of his scientific discovery, he hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature, either natural or artificial. He called the degree "zero" and constructed a thermometer graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he marked 212 and the freezing point 32.

Grace—Women are not so frivolous as you think, Tom. There are still some who have thoughts of higher things than dress.

Tom—Oh, yes, I know—bats!—London Illustrated Bits.

THE INDIANS VANISHED.

Strange Illusion That Came to Thirty Men at Once.

"One of the greatest hallucinations I ever knew of," said J. B. Quigley, who surveyed the state lands of Texas just after the civil war, "happened to the party that was helping me run the range lines on the Texas prairies. We were pretty nervous about the Indians and kept a sharp lookout for them. At one time we had quite a brush with a band of about 300 reds. They surrounded us, and we dug trenches inside a circle of mess wagons. They pestered us two days, and we had to tunnel 200 yards for drinking water. Then we drove them off.

"One morning about a month later an alarm sounded in our camp just as day was beginning to break. We rolled out of our blankets and looked around us. On all sides were seen the enemy. Not tens nor hundreds, but seemingly thousands of them, swarmed over the prairies.

"It dirt never flew before it did then. Every man seized a shovel and dug trenches for dear life. Blisters blossomed on our hands in no time, and the sweat streamed from our faces, but there wasn't time to

rest. We could see the shadows of their ponies lying down, the red devils peering over the horses and they covered the prairies as far as the eye could see. Occasionally an Indian could be seen running on foot from one horse to another. Farther away they were galloping around on horseback.

"In the few minutes between the early morning twilight and day-break we had entrenched and fortified our camp. Then we relaxed to await the attack of the Indians.

"I don't know who came to his senses first, but as daylight streamed over the prairie the mists cleared from before our eyes and some one cried in a startled voice:

"They're prairie dogs!" "And prairie dogs they were. We had camped in the middle of their village and not an Indian within miles. Psychologists say that what a man expects to see, he'll see. Our fear fraught minds had transformed the prairie dogs into mounted Indians and a company of thirty men had suffered the same illusion. Our blistered hands and deep dug trenches testified to that."—Kansas

An Ancient Tree. A mammoth olive tree in the garden of Gethsemane is at least a thousand years old.

LINCOLN JOURNAL

ALL OF 1910

\$3 without Sunday, \$4 with Sunday

This is our BARGAIN WEEK OFFER, DECEMBER 21 to 28, inclusive. Fourth year of the big offer, and thousands always take advantage of it and save money. No traveling men for you to support, no hotel bills, no railroad fare, no fake premiums; just newspaper we are selling you and nothing else. Every cent of extra cost cut out and given to you. Do you want to encourage that sort of thing and save the usual waste? If so, here's your chance, and you get the biggest and best newspaper in Nebraska, the one that can print the truth about everybody and everything. It will be an eye-opener. Some interesting things going on and if you want the inside, here's your chance. No whiskey or beer ads, no dirty medical ads. It's as clean as a whistle and you'll like it. You ought to have a Lincoln paper. -:- -:- -:- -:- -:-

ASK THE PUBLISHER OF THIS PAPER ABOUT IT