

Millinery Below Cost!

You well know that this firm is going out of business. You know that we could not sell goods at the prices that we have been doing for the past six weeks if we were not going out of business, and had the goods on hand and did not want to move them. This is positive, and we may not be with you much longer to sell you goods at such prices. We have some great bargains in our MILLINERY DEPARTMENT RIGHT NOW that will surely surprise you. We do not want to move these hats, and if the price will sell them here is what we will do. Some of them are \$10 and \$15 PATTERN HATS some are SAMPLE HATS, and we are going to offer them to you in just three prices.

98c, \$2.48, \$3.79

Fanger's Department Store

Local News

From Wednesday's Daily.

A. F. Cassidy was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, where he was called to look after some matters of business.

Mrs. O. K. Reed and son were in Omaha today for a few hours, going to that city on the afternoon Burlington train.

Mrs. A. B. Pirie of Atchison, Kansas, and niece, Mrs. William Lemon, of Lincoln, are here today, guests of Mrs. Annie Britt.

Peter Meisinger of near Cedar Creek was in the city for a few hours today looking after some matters with the merchants.

Mrs. Ben Hankinson was among those going to Omaha today, where she will look after some matters with the wholesale houses.

J. H. Meisinger of near Cedar Creek was in the city for a few hours today looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Mrs. H. J. Streight returned home last evening from Omaha, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Jackson and family.

Mrs. August Gorder was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she accompanied her friend, Mrs. M. M. Lynch, on her way to Max, Nebraska.

Mrs. Robert Knight of Malvern, Iowa, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon to spend several days with her sister, Mrs. John Wiles and family.

W. S. Wetenkamp motored in this morning from the farm near Mynard and spent a few hours here looking after some matters with the merchants.

Mrs. S. A. Wiles and Mrs. L. L. Wiles were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will spend the day looking after some matters of business.

J. H. Donnelly, one of the state bank examiners, was in attendance at the Bankers' convention in Omaha today, going to that city on the early Burlington train.

Mrs. M. M. Lynch departed today for Crete, Nebraska, where she will enjoy a short visit, and will then go on to Max, Nebraska, where she will spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wiles and daughter, Miss Bessie, and Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Wiles motored to Omaha Tuesday, where they spent the day attending to some business matters.

County Assessor W. R. Bryan departed this afternoon for Ashland to look after his farm there for a short time, and will then go on to Lincoln to attend the assessors' convention.

Mrs. Julia South was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she will visit for the day, and was accompanied by Mrs. A. M. Edmunds, who is returning home after a short visit in this city.

Frank Finkle, one of the best fellows in the whole world, drove up this morning from his farm home near Union, in company with his son, and spent a few hours in this city, and of course called on the Journal folks, and he is surely always welcome.

OUR JITNEY OFFER—This and 5c.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE
By HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XVI.

Deserting the Ranch.

ALL that Wayland said of his family deepened Berrie's dismay. Their interests were so alien to her own.

"I'm afraid to have you go even for a day," she admitted, with simple honesty, which moved him deeply. "I don't know what I should do if you went away. I think of nothing but you now."

Her face was pitiful, and he put his arm about her neck as if she were a child. "You mustn't do that. You must go on with your life just as if I'd never been. Think of your father's job—the forest and the ranch."

"I can't do it. I've lost interest in the service. I never want to go into the high country again, and I don't want you to go either. It's too savage and cruel."

"That is only a mood," he said confidently. "It is splendid up there. I shall certainly go back some time."

"Of course, we are not rich, but we are not poor, and my mother's family is one of the oldest in Kentucky." She uttered this with a touch of her mother's quiet dignity. "Your father need not despise us."

"So far as my father is concerned, family doesn't count and neither does money. But he confidently expects me to take up his business in Chicago, and I suppose it is my duty to do so. If he finds me looking fit he may order me into the ranks at once."

"I'll go there. I'll do anything you want me to do," she urged. "You can tell your father that I'll help you in the office. I can learn. I'm ready to use a typewriter—anything."

He was silent in the face of her naive expression of self-sacrificing love, and after a moment she added hesitatingly: "I wish I could meet your father. Perhaps he'd come up here if you asked him to do so."

He seized upon the suggestion. "By George, I believe he would! I don't want to go to town. I just believe I'll wire him that I'm laid up here and can't come."

A knock at the door interrupted Wayland, and Mrs. McFarlane's voice, filled with new excitement, called out, "Berrie, the district office is on the wire!"

Berrie opened the door and confronted her mother, who said, "Mr. Evingham phones that the afternoon papers contain an account of a fight at Coal City between Settle and one of Alec Belden's men and that the district forester is coming down to investigate it."

"Let him come," answered Berrie defiantly. "He can't do us any harm. What was the row about?"

"I didn't hear much of it. Your father was at the phone."

"What is it all about, father?" asked Berrie.

"Why, it seems that after I left yesterday Settle rode down the valley with Belden's outfit, and they all got to drinking, ending in a row, and Tony beat one of Belden's men almost to death. The sheriff has gone over to get Tony, and the Beldens declare they're going to railroad him. That means we'll all be brought into it. Belden has seized the moment to prefer charges against me for keeping Settle in the service and for putting a nonresident on the roll as guard. The whelp will dig up everything he can to queer me with the office. All that kept him from doing it before was Cliff's interest in you."

"He can't make any of his charges stick," declared Berrie.

"Of course he can't. He knows that. But he can bring us all into court. You and Mr. Norcross will both be called as witnesses, for it seems that Tony was defending your name. The papers call it 'a fight for a girl.' Oh, it's a sweet mess. You and Berrie and Mrs. McFarlane must get out of here before you are subpoenaed."

"And leave you to fight it out alone?" exclaimed his wife. "I shall do nothing of the kind. Berrie and Mr. Norcross can go."

"That won't do," retorted McFarlane quickly. "That won't do at all. You must go with them. I can take care of myself. I will not have you dragged into this muckhole."

Berrie now argued against running away. Her blood was up. She joined her mother. "We won't leave you to inherit all this trouble. Who will look after the ranch? Who will keep house for you?"

McFarlane remained firm. "I'll manage. Don't worry about me. Just get out of reach. The more I consider this thing the more worrisome it gets. Suppose Cliff should come back to testify?"

"He won't. If he does I'll have him arrested for trying to kill Wayland," retorted Berrie.

"And make the whole thing worse! No; you are all going to cross the range. You can start out as if for a little turn round the valley and just naturally keep going. It can't do any harm, and it may save a nasty time in court."

"One would think we were a lot of criminals," remarked Wayland.

"That's the way you'll be treated," retorted McFarlane. "Belden has retained old Whitty, the foulest old brute in the business, and he'll bring you all into it if he can."

"But running away from it will not prevent talk," argued his wife.

"Not entirely, but talk and testimony are two different things. Suppose they call daughter to the stand? Do you want her cross examined as to what basis there was for this gossip? They know something of Cliff's being let out and that will inflame them. He may be at the mill this minute."

"I guess you're right," said Norcross sadly. "Our delightful excursion into the forest has led us into a predicament from which there is only one way of escape, and that is flight."

McFarlane was again called to the telephone. Landon, with characteristic brevity, conveyed to him the fact that Mrs. Belden was at home and busily phoning scandalous stories about the country. "If you don't stop her she's going to poison every ear in the valley," ended the ranger.

"You'd think they'd all know my daughter well enough not to believe anything Mrs. Belden says," responded McFarlane bitterly.

"All the boys are ready to do what Tony did. But nobody can stop this old fool's mouth but you. Cliff has disappeared, and that adds to the excitement."

"Thank the boys for me," said McFarlane, "and tell them not to fight. Tell 'em to keep cool. It will all be cleared up soon."

As McFarlane went out to order the horses looked up Wayland followed him as far as the bars. "I'm conscience smitten over this thing, supervisor, for I am aware that I am the cause of all your trouble."

"Don't let that worry you," responded the older man. "But he spoke with effort. 'It can't be helped. It was all unavoidable.'"

"The most appalling thing to me is the fact that not even your daughter's popularity can neutralize the gossip of a woman like Mrs. Belden. My belief an outsider counts against Berrie, and I'm ready to do anything—anything," he repeated earnestly. "I love your daughter, Mr. McFarlane, and I'm ready to marry her at once if you think best. She's a noble girl, and I cannot bear to be the cause of her humiliation."

There was mist in the supervisor's eyes as he turned them on the young man. "I'm right glad to hear you say that, my boy." He reached out his hand, and Wayland took it. "I knew you'd say the word when the time came. I didn't know how strongly she felt toward you till today. I knew she liked you, of course, for she said so, but I didn't know that she had plum set her heart on you. I didn't expect her to marry a city man, but I like you, and—well, she's the doctor. What suits her suits me. Don't you be afraid of her not meeting all comers." He went on after a pause. "She's never seen much of city life, but she'll hold her own anywhere, you can gamble on that."

"She has wonderful adaptability, I know," answered Wayland slowly. "But I don't like to take her away from here—from you."

"If you hadn't come she would have married Cliff, and what kind of a life would she have led with him?" demanded McFarlane. "I knew Cliff was rough, but I couldn't convince her that he was cheap. I live only for her happiness, my boy, and though I know you will take her away from me, I believe you can make her happy, and so I give her over to you. As to time and place, arrange that—with her mother."

He turned and walked away, unable to utter another word.

Wayland's throat was aching also, and he went back into the house with a sense of responsibility which excited him into sturdier manhood.

Berrie met him in a pretty gown, a dress he had never seen her wear, a costume which transformed her into something entirely feminine. She seemed to have put away the self-reliant manner of the trail and in its stead presented the lambent gaze, the tremulous lips of the bride. As he looked at her thus transfigured his heart cast out its hesitancy, and he entered upon his new adventure without further question or regret.

It was a clock of a fine, clear, golden afternoon as they said good-by to McFarlane and started eastward, as if for a little drive. Berrie held the reins in spite of Wayland's protestations. "These branches are only about half busted," she said. "They need watching. I know them better than you do." Therefore he submitted, well knowing that she was entirely competent and fully informed.

At last the topmost looming crags of the continental divide cut the skyline, and then in the smooth hollow between two rounded grassy summits Berrie halted, and they all silently contemplated the two worlds. To the west and north lay an endless spread

of mountains, wate on wave, snow lined, savage, sullen in the dying light, while to the east and southeast the foothills faded into the plain, whose dim cities, insubstantial as flecks in a veil of violet mist, were hardly distinguishable without the aid of glasses.

Berrie turned in her seat and was about to take up the reins when Wayland asserted himself. "Wait a moment. Here's where my dominion begins. Here's where you change seats with me. I am the driver now."

She looked at him with questioning, smiling glance. "Can you drive? It's all the way downhill—and steep."

"If I can't I'll ask your aid. I'm old enough to remember the family carage. I've even driven a four in hand."

Their descent was rapid, but it was long after dark before they reached Flume, which lay up the valley to the right. It was a poor little decaying mining town set against the hillside, and had but one hotel, a sun warped and sagging pine building just above the station.

"Not much like the Profile house," said Wayland as he drew up to the porch. "But I see no choice."

"There isn't any," Berrie assured him.

(To Be Continued.)

No danger of infecting your hogs with Cholera or Foot and Mouth Disease when you treat them with Vessey's Anti-Cholera. A disease germ could not live half a second in a drop of this remedy. It is sure death to worms and all disease germs, and makes hogs hearty and vigorous. For sale by Gering & Co., Druggists.

10-28-w2t

FOR EXCHANGE. FOR EXCHANGE for western land, eight-room house, steam heat, bath, etc., 3 lots. For Sale—New six-room house. A five-room cottage on monthly payments. Vacant building lots. Small acreage tracts. Windham Investment & Loan Co.

10-15-3td-4tw

Come to The Journal for fine stationery.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money

Cut out this advertisement, enclose 5 cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing:

(1) Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, the standard family remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, tightness and soreness in chest, grippe and bronchial coughs.

(2) Foley Kidney Pills, for overworked and disordered kidneys and bladder ailments, pain in sides and back due to kidney trouble, sore muscles, stiff joints, backache and rheumatism.

(3) Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. Especially comforting to stout persons, and a purgative needed by everybody with sluggish bowels and torpid liver. You can try these three family remedies for only 5c.

Sold Everywhere.

C/B

a la Spirite Corsets

To the Woman Who Longs for Lovely Lines

To have in your own figure those subtle, ever-youthful lines which are the very essence of Style: to know that whatever the shifting of Fashion you will meet it with the distinction of figure that sets off either the extreme or the conservative—that is the satisfaction which will come to you as a wearer of the C/B a la Spirite Corset.

Over 240 models—one for every possible figure. \$1 to \$10

For the Woman of Fashion



E. G. DOVEY & SON

Value! Quality! Service!

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

Erma Reynolds, Plaintiff,

vs.

Joseph Reynolds, Defendant.

To Joseph Reynolds, Defendant:

You are hereby notified that on the 17th day of July, 1915, Erma Reynolds filed her petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, the object and purpose of which is to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds of desertion and failure to support.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 28th day of November, 1915.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1915. ERMA REYNOLDS, Plaintiff.

10-21-4wks.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

BY ADMINISTRATOR. To All Persons Interested in the Estate of John Pearley, Deceased, and to the Public in General: Notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of June, A. D. 1915, I was duly appointed by the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, as administrator with will annexed of the estate of John Pearley, deceased. That I duly accepted said office, qualified for same according to law, and am now acting as such administrator.

You are further notified that under and by virtue of the authority and power vested in me by the last will and testament of John Pearley, deceased, which last will and testament has been duly probated and allowed, I will on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the north front door of the Bank of Union, in Union, Cass County, Nebraska, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate to-wit:

The Southwest Quarter of Section eighteen (18), Township ten (10), Range fourteen (14), Cass County, Nebraska.

Said sale will remain open for one hour.

Dated this 1st day of October, A. D. 1915. F. H. MCCARTHY, Administrator with Will Annexed of the Estate of John Pearley, Deceased.

10-4-5wks

LEGAL NOTICE.

Resident Defendant. YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT on the 12th day of May, 1915, Max Duda filed a petition against you in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you upon the grounds of cruelty, desertion and infidelity, and for the custody of the infant child, the issue of said marriage, Marie Duda, aged two years, and that the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant may be dissolved, and for such other and further relief as may be equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 15th day of November, 1915.

MAX DUDA, Plaintiff.

9-16-4wks

Everyone reads the want ads.

FIVE A.M.

AND THE FIRE

IS-OUT



Wow! Cold as the Dickens!

Why do you put up with such a nuisance? You don't have to if you furnish your house with a

Cole's Original Hot Blast

You build only one fire each winter. It is never out from fall till spring.

You get up and dress in rooms warmed with fuel put in the night before. This is not possible with other stoves. Burns anything—soft coal, hard coal or wood.

Come in and see this great fire keeper and fuel saver.

"Cole's Hot Blast makes your coal pile last."

G. P. EASTWOOD



To avoid imitations, look for the G. P. on feed door.

COLE'S HOT BLAST