

Cromwell's Iron Heart.

BY JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN. (Copyright, 1901, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

To the fashion of these latter days to hold that Oliver Cromwell, the great Lord General of Parliament, was of such hardness of heart that none of the emotions that sway the common clay found lodgment in his breast. Therefore do I adventure this statement that my children and my children's children may have it on record over my sign and seal what Old Noll did do for me, that time I was Captain of the First Troop of the Ironsides.

It began—where of a verity most things do begin—with a woman. Mistress Margaret Fullerton. I loved her and so did many, notably one Oliver Hepworth. Now, of a truth, this Hepworth was not by nature more cruel and violent than other men, and we were friends of a sort. But when Mistress Margaret had no ears for his suit he straightway conceived a most bitter hate for me. And in this he was unwarranted, for though I was sick with love for Mistress Margaret, I worshipped afar off, not daring to make my passion known. Now, when war was proclaimed the girl did go with kith and kin, as was most natural, and so did our side with the King, while Hepworth and I made haste to offer our swords to Colonel Cromwell, who was our neighbor and much looked up to by us. As the war went on we rose in favor with our colonel until we both were given a troop. And then one day we clashed and Cromwell had Captain Hepworth transferred to a regiment of foot. Whereupon Hepworth straightway came to be named as a man who had no mercy in him and his fierce zeal made him a major.

Then came the day that Lord Willoughby, the commander-in-chief, ordered that Grafton House should be taken and put the undertaking in the charge of Major Hepworth, giving him choice of foot and horse and some ordnance. Major Hepworth chose a company of his own regiment of Londoners and nine own troop of the Ironsides. At this I marveled much and had suspicion of some secret design. We drew up about the wall that surrounded the park of Grafton House and made formal demand for its surrender. The answer came back to take it if we could.

"Hark!" cried Hepworth. "The malignants refuse our terms and send back violent defiance. Lord, I thank Thee." And then he shouted, with exultation in every tone: "I order 'no quarter'—spare none, whoever they may be!" I sickened at his words, for I guessed that in Grafton House must be women and children, but they were soon forgotten in the fierce joy of the onset. My troop was in the great hall. Inside was a rabble of musketeers and pikemen and beyond them the great staircase was crowded with retainers and servants, among them women and children. Midway up the stair stood Lord Chillingford, my companion of college days, and clinging to his arm was his bride of a month. And just behind them stood Mistress Margaret Fullerton.

Lord Chillingford caught sight of me and bade his men lay down their arms, saying that I was known to him and would grant honorable terms. And then, while I stood there dumb with the horror of the pit that had been dug for me, there came the first rush of the Londoners, shouting: "No quarter! Death to the Papists! Smite the malignants hip and thigh!" "Yes, Lord Chillingford," I said like a man in a trance, "you shall have quarter. I pledge you honorable treatment." And then I took his offered sword in token of surrender. Then in strode Major Hepworth.

"Hark!" he cried. "You are first, Captain Willoughby!" His sword went whirling half across the great hall. "I thank you, Major Hepworth," I made reply. "They have surrendered. Here is Lord Chillingford's sword." With that I offered him the blade.

"What is this?" he cried, stepping back and refusing the sword. "Surrender! You forget, sir, that I ordered 'no quarter.'" And behind him the Londoners took up the words "No quarter!" with a wild ferocity that set the women and children to screaming with terror and made even Lord Chillingford's scornful face grow white. "I pray you, Major Hepworth," I said, "countermand your order. Here be women and children. Else 'tis murder." For a space of a score of seconds Major Hepworth hesitated, glaring

to right and left. He saw me setting it straight his order. He saw on the proud, calm face of the woman he had wooed and lost contempt and loathing unspeakable. Then the devil in him broke loose. "Mutiny!" he cried. "Wycheleigh, you are under arrest. Drop your sword and retire to the rear. Londoners, I give the prisoners into your hand to work your will. To th' attack!"

"Ironsides, stand fast!" I shouted so that my voice rose above all the hell of sound that broke loose upon his order. And like a living wall of steel the First Troop of Cromwell's Own closed up behind me. Oh, but the clang of their spurred heels on the marble floor was a sound to bear and thank the Lord of Hosts for! So we faced each other for an instant while that devil Hepworth's face went livid for rage and the Londoners strained and surged behind him. A devil he was and with the devil's own courage. For, shouting the charge, he came on, sword in hand, and his men behind him.

Midway I met him. His sword went whirling half across the great hall. My point stood at his throat. Perchance the devil glaring out of his eyes discovered a blacker devil in the eyes that gazed into his.

And Lord Chillingford and his, eye, to the meanest scullion under his roof-tree, went out of Grafton House under safe conduct. I sat in the guardhouse, waiting for the dawn and death. Yet I was at peace with fate. Even to die the death of a mutineer had no sting. For I had laid down my life to save the woman I loved, and I thought of the morning's dawn with a smile.

Cromwell was in London on pressing business with the Parliament, and in his absence, they had given me short shrift. The deadly mischance of it! For had he known he would have saved me; that I felt in my heart. A key turned in the door; the bolts were pushed back. The door opened and shut and a woman's figure stood dark in the feeble candle light. No need to ask who it was. I rose and stood staring. I could not speak.

"John Wycheleigh," she said, "when we walk in the valley of the shadow of death a maid may do that which at another time she would not. So it is that I have come to you unbidden. If I am not welcome I will give you thanks for the gift of life at your hands and get me gone." So low and sad was her voice that I scarce knew it for hers, for Mistress Margaret Fullerton was a proud woman, holding herself aloof, and not given to a show of feeling. She went on: "For I would not have you think, John, that we were thankless or idle in your behalf. First we sent word to Cromwell. I made a way to Lord Willoughby. I told him all and I asked for your pardon. But the most he would grant was this pass to the guardhouse. And when Cromwell came half an hour ago I went to him—"

"Hark!" I cried. "Cromwell here! And what said he?" "Little," she answered sadly. "He heard me to the end, then questioned me close. He sat silent a space and then strode out the door without a word. John, he is a man of iron—body and soul and mind of iron—I understand him not."

So this was the end—no word of hope from my colonel! "Margaret," I said, and I knelt down at her feet. "dost know what I was saying in my heart when you came in? 'Twas this: 'Though she lie in some other man's arms she can never forget!'" There was silence between us for a space and then her little hand drew me to my feet and I took her in my arms.

"Jack," she whispered, "on my knees I begged of Lord Willoughby the life of the man I loved. If not you, then none shall—Hark! What is that?" Of a sudden the ground shook with the tread of a horse and the air was full of the clink and rattle of stirrup and sword. Then came stillness again. I dragged the oaken bench to the window and together we stared out into the darkness. Round the guardhouse was ranged company upon company of horse, the fitful light of the campfires flashing on headpiece and sword. It was the Ironsides. And as we clung together, staring and doubting our eyes, the door of the council hall opened and Cromwell strode out. Behind him was Lord Willoughby and General Crawford and others of the council. In the glare of the torches we saw Cromwell point with outstretched arm to his regiment of horse. For a moment Lord Willoughby stood like a stone. Then he made a gesture of assent and submission and went off to his quarters without looking back.

TROOPS STARVING.

DEPLORABLE CONDITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Tommy Atkins obliged to Subsist on Food Unit for Human Beings, While Tons of Rations Are Held Up by Red Tape.

A war correspondent with the British army in South Africa, A. G. Hales, in a recent dispatch to a London paper scathingly denounces the officials in charge of the army commissary both at home and in South Africa, and condemns the unwonted display of red tape which impedes the work and efficiency of the troops, all of which he classes as criminal neglect. He says: "Let me tell you how our army in Africa is treated by the incompetent people of the good city of London. I will deal now, particularly, with the men who are acting under the command of Gen. Sir Leslie Rundle. This good soldier and courteous gentleman has to hold a frontage line from Winburg, via Senekal, almost to the borders of Basutoiland. His whole front, extending nearly a hundred miles, is constantly threatened by an active, dashing, determined enemy—an enemy who knows the country far better than an English fox hunting seasoner knows the ground he hunts over season after season. To hold this vast line intact Gen. Rundle has to march from point to point as his scouts warn him of the movements of the tireless foe.

"Gen. Rundle's task is a colossal one, and any sane man would think that gigantic efforts would be made to keep him amply supplied with food for his soldiers. But such is not the case. The men are absolutely starving. Many of the infantrymen are so weak that they can barely stagger along under the weight of their soldierly equipment. They are worn to shadows and move with weary, listless footsteps on the march. This is what the soldiers get to eat, what they have been getting to eat for a long time past, and what they are likely to get for a long time to come:

"One pound of raw flour, which the soldiers have to cook after a hard day's march, is served out to each man every alternate day. The following day he eats one pound of biscuits. In this country there is no fuel, excepting a little ox dung, dried by the sun. If a soldier is lucky enough to pick up a little, he can go to the nearest water, of which there is plenty, mix his cake without yeast or baking powder and make some sort of a wretched mouthful. He gets one pound of raw fresh meat daily, which, nine times out of ten, he cannot cook, and there his supplies end.

"What has become of the rations of rum, of sugar, of tea, of cocoa, of groceries generally? Ask at the snug little railway sidings where the goods are stacked—and forgotten. Ask in the big stores in Cape Town and other seaport towns, Ask in your own country, where countless thousands of pounds worth of food stuff lie rotting in the warehouses, bound up and tied down with red tape bandage. Ask—yes, ask; but don't stop at asking, demand reparation of somebody high up in power.

"Don't let some wretched underling be made the scapegoat of this criminal state of affairs, but the taint of this shameful thing rests upon you, upon every Briton whose home, privilege and prosperity is being safeguarded by these famishing men.

"The folks in authority will probably tell you that Gen. Rundle and his splendid fellows are so isolated that food cannot be obtained for them. I say that is false, for recently I, in company with another correspondent, left Gen. Rundle's camp without an escort. We made our way in the saddle, taking our two Cape carts with us to Winburg railway station, where our horseflesh there we took train for East London; then back to the junction and down to Cape Town, where we remained for 48 hours, thence making our way back to Winburg, and from Winburg we came without escort to rejoin Gen. Rundle at Hammanonia. If two war correspondents could traverse that country and get through with winter supplies for themselves, why can't the transport people manage to do the same. These transfer people look with contempt upon a war correspondent, but if we could not manage transport business better than they do most of us would willingly stand up and allow ourselves to be shot."

Teneriffe's Primitive Laundries. According to Consul Berliner's report the laundry methods at Teneriffe are primitive, to say the least. He writes of the treatment of his white duck suits. "First washing them without soap, the laundress then puts them on the ground and beats them with stones. It's enough to break your heart to see her ripping up your Sunday suits with those sharp rocks. When this process is finished she soaps the clothes, puts them in dirty water, and then goes back to the stoning process again. When she's worn several holes in a suit she hangs the entire outfit on a tree or lays it in the dirt to dry. Chiquita sends Mr. Berliner's crash suits home, after she has so violently assaulted them, heavily starched, and the owner is unable to wear them until they are clubbed into wearable shapelessness."

Walter Q. Gresham's Portrait. A portrait of the late Walter Q. Gresham, secretary of state under President Cleveland, is to be given a place of honor in the galleries of the emperor of Japan. This is to be done as a tribute to Mr. Gresham's services in negotiating the treaty between the United States and Japan which was adopted during Cleveland's second term.

NEBRASKA SENATORIAL FIGHT

Ways That are Peculiar and Tricks That are Vain—Confusion and Bitterness its Chief Characteristics.

The ways of the republicans around the Nebraska legislature are peculiar and their tricks, which are many, are vain. There are two senators to elect—one for four years and one for a term of six years. There are twenty candidates. No two of them have votes enough, if combined, to elect. Therefore combinations are useless. For the most part these candidates hate each other worse than the devil hates holy water. Two or three of them have votes enough to prevent an election unless they are the favored ones and get one of the places. It looks, therefore, like there was to be a high old time for many weeks. Thompson has more votes on which he can rely than Rosewater has. But Thompson has enemies, bitter enemies, and lots of them in the republican party who swear by high heaven that he shall never be elected. Rosewater also has enemies, but he has more friends among the rank and file of the republican party than Thompson has. The newspaper men are for the most part for him. He is a fighter, a stick-to-it sort of a fighter, and carries at his belt the scalawag he ever went after. The republicans whom he has fought in the past are so dead politically that they have no influence and can't hurt him or aid his living enemies. Melkjohn seems to have the aid of Mark Hanna. How much that will count for we will have to wait to know. The remainder of the gang are mostly keeping their men in hand so that they, when they do throw them to some candidate that has a chance of election, can make a stiff bargain. There is a great deal more in this fight than the election of two senators. Think of the share that Nebraska republicans will have in all the rich appointments that will be made during the next four years. There is a great standing army to be officered, there are commissions galore, there are sinecure positions and big salaries by the thousand to be distributed, and the two senators from Nebraska will have appointments with salaries attached amounting to two or three million dollars to hand out to those who can select the winning men and give them substantial assistance. There is lots of money in it. That is what brings these big crowds to Lincoln. That is the way the man of common sense looks at it, but the mullet heads think it is pure patriotism that brings these men here and causes them to spend thousands of dollars for hotel bills, whiskey and other necessary things that go into the cost of electing a United States senator by a

republican legislature. The first vote taken for senators was on last Tuesday. There was so much confusion in the minds of the republicans that they voted for some men, both for the short term and long term. Then they appointed a committee to arrange for a caucus. There was so much confusion there that the committee was discharged and they will now go it every man for himself. The first vote for senators resulted as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Short term, Long term, Total. Lists names like G. D. Meiklejohn, D. E. Thompson, E. Rosewater, etc.

Two members absent. The fusionists in the above list number eight, of whom Allen, Berge, Harrington and Sutherland are populists and W. H. Thompson, Hitchcock, Dunn and Bryan are democrats. The votes cast for Mr. Bryan were cast against his wishes. All the others are republicans. If any one can find any basis for a forecast in that vote, they are at liberty to try. The independent has no disposition to try.

Wednesday the first joint session was held, the two houses meeting in the hall of the house of representatives. The ballot was as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Short term, Long term, Total. Lists names like D. E. Thompson, Crouse, Currie, Hainer, etc.

Handkerchiefs: Men's Japanette Handkerchiefs...50c, Men's Japanette Handkerchiefs...10c, Men's Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs...2c, Men's Turkey Red Handkerchiefs...1c, Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, plain or fancy border...8 1/2c, Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs 12 1/2c

Hosiery: Men's all wool hose, worth 10c, only...10c, Men's wool hose, worth 25c, only...12 1/2c, Men's wool hose, worth 30c, only...19c, Men's Rockford Socks...4c, Men's pure dye seamless socks, in black, tan, blue or red...8 1/2c, Men's extra fine half hose...12 1/2c, Men's fine half hose...19c

Little Bargains: Gold plated collar buttons, front or back...5c, Link or plain cuff buttons of a superior quality...25c, Men's unlaundered white shirts...25c, Men's hose supporters...10c, Ear muffs, 25c quality...19c, Turkey red handkerchiefs...1c, Boys' odd knee pants...19c, Boys' shirt waists, for boys age 11, 12, 13 and 14, regular 50c, 75c and \$1.00, only...33c, Brownie overalls, age 4 to 14 years...25c, 25 per cent discount on all flannel shirts. Choice of all our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 stiff hats, only \$2.40, Choice of \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50 caps, only...78c, Special lot of fine colored silk handkerchiefs...25c

REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE.

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A DESCRIPTIVE NAME

Several Correspondents Send Suggestions to Correct the Misnomer of the Republican State Organ.

In view of the well-known proclivities of the paper I suggest that it be called "The State Jackal," as being truly expressive of the work of it and its correspondents to which, notably, Harrison and Johnson are devoted. ARTHUR E. CHILDS, Norfolk, Neb.

I hereby submit the name "Judah Journal" as the appropriate title of the Nebraska State Journal. "Devil's Mouth Piece" and "Satan's Emissary" might also be appropriate. BELLE GOODRICH, Geneva, Neb.

I suggest the "Cotton Mouth Republican Journal of Lincoln." T. F. GRAHAM, Alma, Neb.

I will give a name for the Journal—"The State Hypocrite." K. D. MERRICK, Brainard, Neb.

You wish a name for the Gold Standard Liar. I can't think of any strong enough to suit me, but will send this mild one—"Dirigo." It is certainly the leading liar. JEREMIAH LE RUE, Ferris, Cal.

I don't expect to win the prize, but I suggest a name for the State Journal, "The Imperialist Anti-Silver Blatherskite." CARL SANBURG, Sutton, Neb.

Suggestions of appropriate names will be received until February 1, on which date The Independent will pay \$5.00 to the person who sends the name that is accepted as the most appropriate for general use. Send in your suggestions.

Republican Taxation. A recent bulletin of the department of labor gives some interesting statistics relative to the cost of maintaining city government. From it we learn what Lincoln taxpayers have no doubt long suspected, that Lincoln

government costs its citizens nearly twice as much on the \$1,000 valuation as Tammany-ruled New York. Here are a few figures:

Table with 2 columns: City, Rate per \$1,000 valuation. Lists cities like Lincoln, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago, Louisville, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Providence, Boston, Portland, Salt Lake City, McKeesport, Indianapolis, Allentown.

On the average the citizens of most cities pay about one-third less taxes than the New Yorkers. But the people of Lincoln, notorious for their discourteous treatment of a candidate for president—their fellow townsmen—grope along in the dark and with much grumbling pay nearly double the rate the Tammanites do, yet make no attempt to discover and remove the cause of this exorbitant taxation.

Big bargains in shoes at Webster & Rogers, 1043 O st., Lincoln.

Stop Some Stealing. Reservoirs on the headwaters of the Missouri and its tributaries would leave no excuse for appropriating many of the millions that go into the river and harbor bill and cut off the stealing that is done to build dykes and levees. That is the reason that a good many congressmen take so little interest in the irrigation of the great west. Those who suffer from the floods that periodically devastate the lower Mississippi see the benefit that would come to them from irrigation reservoirs. The New Orleans Picayune remarks in regard to that matter as follows:

"The first and most immediate benefits would result to agriculture in the use of the water to irrigate the arid lands of the far west. The second result would be the diverting of those flood waters from the Mississippi river, thereby relieving the lowlands of the valley from the inundations they periodically cause without such diversion. While Louisiana has a general interest in the improvement of the entire country, and in the promoting of its agriculture, this state's special interest is in the relief from floods from the great rivers that pour their waters down from the mountains upon the lowlands."

Shoe sale at Webster & Rogers.

JANUARY SALE OF FURNISHING GOODS

In conjunction with our great manufacturers' Sale of clothing for the purpose to inaugurate the greatest sale of Furnishing Goods ever known in these parts. If you can't come, order by mail; it's a good, safe way.

\$20,000 worth of Fine Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Mittens, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, and the like will be disposed of during this sale greatly to the advantage of those who make an effort to be with us during these busy days of clearing. This sale is truly worthy of your most vigilant investigation, for each and every item below named, when carefully inspected at the store, will reveal to you a huge bargain in itself. You will not find a scanty stock to make your selection from, but on the other hand you will have the full benefit of our entire furnishing goods department, which is the largest, best stocked, and best equipped of any in the west. Read with great care every item below named; there is money in it for you. Mail orders filled, money back if not satisfied

Handkerchiefs: Men's Japanette Handkerchiefs...50c, Men's Japanette Handkerchiefs...10c, Men's Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs...2c, Men's Turkey Red Handkerchiefs...1c, Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, plain or fancy border...8 1/2c, Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs 12 1/2c

Suspenders: Men's suspenders...8c, Men's good suspenders...12c, Men's extra quality suspenders...19c, Men's leather suspenders...19c, Men's fine quality suspenders...25c, Boys' suspenders at...5c, 8c, 12c 15c

Oxford Mufflers: \$2.00 Oxford Mufflers...1 25, 1.50 Oxford Mufflers...1 13, 1.00 Oxford Mufflers...75c, 75c Oxford Mufflers...50c, 50c Oxford Mufflers...39c

Night Shirts: 25 Dozen night shirts...39c, Regular 75c grade night shirts...50c, Flannel night shirts, at 50c, 75c, and...81 00

Shirt Bargains: Special and liberal prices named on our handsome line of Men's stiff bosom colored shirts. Three Important Lots: LOT 1—All our regular line of Men's all colored, stiff bosom shirts; come plain or pleated bosom with two pairs of cuffs; shirts that bear the trade mark of Monarch, Wilson Brothers, Eagle, Elgin, Lyon Brand, and Griffin. Shirts that sold in our store all season at \$1.50 and \$2.00. Special price...\$1 13

Neckwear: 100 dozen fine, pure silk neck, string or four-in-hand ties, worth 40c, sale price...25c, 60 dozen extra fine, silk neck, puff, string or four-in-hand ties, worth 75c, sale price...50c

Work Gloves, Mittens: 25 Dozen leather gloves and mittens, go at...25c, 50 Dozen leather gloves and mittens, go at...35c, 100 Dozen gloves and mittens, worth 65c and 75c, go at...50c

Winter Underwear: Made possible by our GREAT JANUARY SALE. By way of explanation, we have bunched all broken lots, all short lines, and have put them on one table. The prices named on goods will scarcely equal the original cost of manufacture, thus showing to our patrons the most liberal saving ever made possible on this particular line.

Five Lots of Special importance: LOT 1—Broken lots of Men's shirts and drawers, worth \$1.50 and \$2.00 only...1 00, LOT 2—Broken lots of Men's shirts and drawers, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25...50c, LOT 3—Broken lots of Men's shirts and drawers, worth 50c and 75c...29c, LOT 4—Broken lots of Men's shirts and drawers, worth 40c...29c, LOT 5—Broken lots of Men's shirts and drawers, worth 25c and 35c...16c, Boys' fleece lined shirts and drawers...19c

Special Bargains: Men's work shirts, worth 30c, only...19c, Men's work shirts, worth 35c, only...25c, Men's work shirts worth 45c, only...35c, Men's work shirts worth 50c, only...39c, Men's work shirts worth 60c, only...50c

Collars and Cuffs: Pure linen collars, all styles...7c, Pure linen cuffs, all styles...11c, Large assortment of odd collars (pure linen), over 25 styles in all, worth 10c, 15c, and 20c, each...1c, Celluloid cuffs, 3c, 5c, 10c, and...15c, Celluloid cuffs, at 10c, 15c and...25c

THE ARMSTRONG CLOTHING CO., LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.