

AS TOLD TO US

Be A Good Fellow. Buy Bread at Powell and Pope's. Attend the Legion Dance Friday night. Mrs. Roy Cramer spent Saturday in Hastings. County Agent Henry Fausch was in Lincoln Monday. Robt. Newton was down from Inavale Tuesday afternoon. Wanted—Washing.—Mrs. Floyd Roberson, phone Ind. 78 R. I. B. Wagoner was a passenger to Hastings Monday morning. Lee Johnson was a passenger to Holdrege Tuesday morning. F. I. Hooker of Guide Rock was in the city Saturday morning. Mrs. H. R. Childress and children spent Saturday in Hastings. Mrs. John Arnell was a passenger to Holdrege Sunday evening. Russell Summers of Hastings spent Sunday here with his mother. Mrs. Edith F. Hope was a passenger to Wray, Colorado, Tuesday evening. Lee Richmond of the Franklin Sentinel was in the city Monday afternoon. Dr. R. S. Martin made a professional call to Grand Island Thursday night. Miss Marjorie Stunkard went to Naponee Tuesday evening to visit relatives. Mrs. Mark McConkey and children, Myrtle and Harold spent Saturday in Hastings. Attorney A. M. Walters of Blue Hill was attending court in this city Monday. S. B. Kizer expects to leave soon for California where he will spend several months. J. A. McArthur spent Monday with his sister, Mrs. S. M. Carl, at Long Island, Kansas. George Amack and John Ryan attended a Farmers' Union meeting at Rosemont Tuesday. John Turner returned to Hastings Monday after spending a few days with relatives here. W. H. Dungan, engine foreman for the Burlington at Denver, spent Tuesday in the city. J. C. Graham went to Kansas City Wednesday morning to attend to some business matters. William Thompson of Benkelman spent the weekend here with his father, Harry Thompson. Miss Minnie Traut of McCook spent Sunday in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Traut. The Red Cloud Farmers Union local will give a program and oyster supper in the I. O. O. F. hall, Friday evening, December 16th. There will also be election of officers for the local. A. B. PIERCE, Pres. Miss Zelma Wonderly and Mr. Glenn Fry of Red Cloud, who are students at the Nebraska Wesleyan University, are assisting in the drive for a million and a third dollars for their alma mater. This sum of money will be in part expended for some fine new buildings including an up-to-date gymnasium. The rest will increase the permanent endowment fund of the institution. One of the professors has erected on the campus an immense thermometer which rises as the endowment increases. One man recently gave \$50,000. The drive will close at midnight, December 21. Bishop Homer C. Stuntz has been a guest of Wesleyan during the past weekend. The students of Red Cloud heard him in several addresses. At noon of the 16th the student body will begin to enjoy their annual holiday vacation. This will continue until January 2, 1922.

Be A Good Fellow. Conklin's Fountain Pen for Christmas at Cotting's. Roundhouse Foreman J. W. Hauck attended a meeting of Burlington officials at McCook Saturday. Miss Mary Christian returned home Friday evening from Grand Island where she spent a few days. Mrs. Cecil Essig arrived here Monday morning to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Jernberg. Mrs. Al Helverson returned home Friday evening from Hastings where she had been visiting friends. Mrs. Chas. Eldrege arrived here Tuesday evening to visit her sister, Mrs. Grant Turner and family. Mrs. Meredith Butler and baby of Hastings were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Butler the last of the week. Delaney Bros. shipped two cars of hogs to Kansas City Sunday and A. B. Crabbill two cars of hogs to St. Joe. Be A Good Fellow. G. R. Beck and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Patten were in Hastings Sunday in attendance at the operation of Mrs. Beck. The Webster County Northeast District Sunday School Convention will be held at Blue Hill, December 18th. Mrs. W. H. McKimney returned home the last of the week from Washington, Kansas where she had been visiting her brother. Mr. and Mrs. John Lain were passengers to Lincoln Tuesday morning after spending a few days with relatives and friends here. Mrs. G. R. Beck underwent an operation Sunday at the Mary Lanning hospital in Hastings and is getting along nicely at this writing. B. F. Perry and George Overing returned home Friday evening from Omaha where they attended a state convention of county officials. Be A Good Fellow. Dale Dickson departed Wednesday evening for Los Angeles, California, after spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dickson. The ladies of the Baptist church will hold an Apron Bazaar with other articles both useful and pleasing also a food sale Dec. 17th at C. S. Romine's Cream Station. Mrs. Lester Yost arrived in the city Monday morning after spending several weeks at Akron, Colorado, where her husband is working for the Burlington. A. B. Crabbill shipped two cars of cattle to Kansas City Wednesday morning and Connie Starke shipped a car of hogs Tuesday morning to Kansas City from Lester. FOR SALE—199 acres choice bottom, 1 mile from town, 100 acres cultivation, balance pasture, on highway nicely improved. Price for quick sale \$100 per acre. Write, Voss & Van Kooten Long Island, Kas. Chas. Meiler, Manager of the American Legion Basket Ball team, states that there will be a practice game with the All Star team at the High School gymnasium Monday evening. Those wanting to join the team should see him. Engineer H. Grubb who has been on the Hastings-Red Cloud freight for the past several years was relieved by Engineer Egan of Denver about the middle of the week. Engineer Grubb took No. 4 and 11 Mitchell who has been on this run taking the Red Cloud-Oxford local. Grace Church Services Fourth Sunday in Advent Sunday School at 10 a. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. No Evening Service. Choir Rehearsal at 7:30 Saturday. Cheaper Farm Loans I am making farm loans at lower interest rates with optional payment privilege. No expense to you for inspection and money is ready as soon as abstract is furnished. SEE B. W. Stewart, Bonded Abstractor. The FOLKS AT HOME EXPECT YOU TO TELL 'EM ALL ABOUT 'EM. Exciting BURLESK and VAUDEVILLE. Always Filled with Pretty Girls, Finest Shows, Gorgeous Equine, Brilliant Scene, Revue, MATINEE DAILY, 2:15; EVNGS. 8:30. EVERYBODY GOES, ASK ANYBODY. Always the Biggest and Best Show West of Chicago.

The Supreme Sacrifice By CLAIRE SMITH Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union. A beautiful young girl sat at an open window gazing out upon a garden redolent with lilac bloom. Her hands were clasped, her eyes fixed upon the full moon sailing on in silver state, her soul's thoughts going forth to her lover at the other end of the world. She was Agnes Norton, and the person upon whom her heart centered was Wade Latham, author and artist. Once he had been a law reporter, and quite incidentally had acquired information upon which rested the vital issues of the great Norton will case. The Norton family rose or fell on the final decision upon that noted litigation. It was natural on account of this that Agnes and Wade should meet. It was just as natural that they should love. The Norton case would not come up for a year, Wade had an offer from a publication to invade central China and bring back something new from pen and pencil to give to the world. Success in this effort meant, further, a recognition by the Academy of Design. It was a great commission for a young man and Wade ambitiously understood his execution. A year had nearly gone by. Agnes had not heard from her lover for nearly three months. The will case came up in thirty days. She pictured him among great temples, far extending mountain chains, amid splendid pagodas of richly garbed mandarins—only the glare and glitter of a vast empire filled her mind. At that very hour the man she loved was at the crisis of his life—a lone figure amid a lonely, lonely scene. He crouched behind the figure of an idol in a Chinese burial ground, pale. Thousands of miles from civilization, a friendless hunted fugitive, he was lurking in this forlorn retreat, clinging with a natural love of life to a mere thread of hope. He drew further into the shadow of his refuge as he made out two forms approaching. Then at a glance he made out friends, and spoke to them. Both the new comers were Mongolians. One poorly dressed advanced, kowtowed humbly to Wade, and even kissed his feet—reverently, gratefully. "See," he said, arising and waving his companion forward as though he were some supreme person—"It is the high one of our family—Kwang Lo." Wade welcomed the little, erect young man introduced. There was a quiet dignity that attracted. "I am the sacrifice," he said simply. "The sacrifice?" repeated Wade in wonderment. "It is so," was the quiet reply. "It is you who a month since found the mandarin at the home of my kinsman. He was about to be beheaded for an infringement of the law." It was that or the payment of \$1,100 tael. Wade well remembered the circumstances. Sheer pity for the unfortunate family had, indeed, induced him to part with nearly all his surplus stock of money. "Since then," continued Kwang Lo, "the evil mandarins, thinking you had money, have imprisoned you in the hopes of winning the bribe ransom you could not pay. Last night my kinsman here enabled you to escape from jail. They will seek you everywhere. They have sent for me, the high one of the family, to get you beyond peril, and because for some great reason that is not our affair you must be in your native land speedily." "But I have no means to finance my journey from Beiro to Canton," suggested Wade. "They shall be provided," quietly assured Kwang Lo. True to his promise Kwang Lo reappeared shortly with a two-wheeled pushcart holding a close wicker box top. Across this was a broad sheet of bamboo bearing some Chinese letters in bright vermilion. In an instant Wade knew what this meant. The royal sign manual was always written with a vermilion pencil. Within that wicker covert Wade Latham was conveyed to Beiro. When it was opened he found himself in the rear room of a Chinese pawnshop. Kwang Lo had disrobed to the waist. Encircling him was a band of gold, heavy and unbroken, bearing native characters. There was some talk between him and the keeper of the shop. Then money passed, and Kwang Lo came forward and placed in Wade's hand a sum equal to two hundred American dollars. "I have agreed to remain here the slave of the shop keeper until I am redeemed," said Kwang Lo. "The family circle, sacred for generations—surely my family will not allow it to pass to others at my death! But that is naught to you. I am the sacrifice—I glory in this doing for the man who saved my kinsman!" That sublime sacrifice was first in the thoughts of Wade Latham when he landed on American soil. As quickly as he could reach his friends more than the amount necessary to redeem Kwang Lo and his family tideman was transmitted to Beiro to make of him a free man. In time to act as a witness in the great lawsuit and to see it won for General Norton, honored and famous through his contributions to science and literature, Wade Latham gained a still richer prize after all his perilous adventures—the hand of loyal, happy Agnes Norton.

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Facile coast—Washington Star. throw on the ancient history of the fumes for the sake of the light they being made to record all these are vital able to speak it. Efforts are through the death of the first had even language, coming to exist your passing without some clever, or thirty being persons, and hardly a six, and others only by twenty or of them are known only by five or are now rapidly disappearing. Several as in California. But those languages such a diversity of Indian languages Nowhere in America has there been Vanishing Languages. Salt and Gasoline. Gasoline used in combination with salt is a good dry cleaner; salt absorbs the oiliness of the gasoline, as well as cutting into the badly soiled places. Dip the cloth first in the gasoline and then take up a little salt before rubbing garments. Juvenile Humor. The poem under analysis was Ten-nyson's "The Brook" and the pupils were asked to write a sentence containing the words "cool" and "horn." One small pupil turned in this one: "A little girl I know had an awful coat doll, but it wasn't horn." Easy to Discover. "What is space?" asks a headline in a daily paper. If the writer would only take the trouble to sit between two stout women in a crowded street car he would perhaps stop asking such silly questions.—London Punch. Happens That Way Sometimes. The man who sat on his woodpile and told a funny story, expecting the wood to split," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "evidently did not strike a responsive cord."—Yonkers Statesman. Two Nuisances. "Is there anything worse than to hear a business man on the links eternally talking shop?" an exchange asks. There is, brother—to hear a business man in the shop eternally talking golf.—Boston Transcript. Doing Boston. Tourist From Chicago to Wife as They Stand in Front of Public Library.—You look at the outside, Helen, and I'll just glance at the inside and we'll be through in a jiffy.—Boston Transcript. Prevent a Black Eye. When a child has had a fall or received a blow which is likely to cause a black eye, the best remedy is to butter the parts for two or three inches around the eye every few minutes for an hour.

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BE A GOOD FELLOW! Contribute to the fund for the Community Christmas Tree. Make your contribution to a member of the finance committee or drop in one of the boxes.