

## ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

**O**UR Annual Clearance Sale began Thursday, and is now under full headway. All stock damaged by the flood has been moved to the Auditorium, and not a single damaged article is included in this sale. With the exceptions of some contract goods in a few departments nothing is exempt from the 20 per cent discount we make during this great sale. Our annual clearance sales are too well known to need description at length. Remember that our store closes promptly at 6 o'clock every evening. Do your shopping as early in the day as possible.



MILLER & PAINÉ.

## Discount Sale!

**10 To 50 Per Cent Discount!**  
On All Shoes, Slippers and Oxfords. Nothing Reserved.

You know what this means. Where sizes are broken we put them into lots as follows:

632 pairs of men's \$3.00 to \$5.00 oxfords, all sizes.....	\$2.45
702 pairs of ladies' Queen Quality, and \$2.50 to \$4.00 oxfords.....	\$1.95
327 pairs of odds and ends ladies' \$1.50 to \$3.00 oxfords.....	95c

BARGAIN COUNTERS	
Comfort Slippers.....	55c
Infants' Shoes .....	25c
Ladies' Oxfords.....	95c
Misses' and children's slippers and oxfords .....	95c
Odds and ends, slippers and oxfords .....	50c

### A REAL SNAP

Boys' and youths', all sizes and widths, up-to-date, Brown \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes. Your choice

**\$1.50**

A lot of leather sole, leather upper, low shoes, child's, Misses' and ladies', all sizes, your choice

**50c**

### BARE FOOT SANDALS

All colors in canvas and kid oxfords to match your suit. Boys' white and black check patent tip canvas bals. Men and boys' canvas and linen oxfords & shoes, 50c up

We must reduce our stock--to do this and get your money, we are going to clean out all broken lots regardless of their cost, and sell you any shoe in our store at a Big Discount, **NOTHING RESERVED.** You are sure to find what you want at a Bargain. Come in and see

**GOODS AT SALE PRICES MUST BE CASH**

	<b>SANDERSON'S</b> FOOT-FORM-STORE 1229-O STREET. LINCOLN, NEB.	
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### BATCH OF QUEER TRADES.

Among Them Are Fly and Flea Catchers, Lion Hunters and Human Inventors.

A request was recently sent out by an English paper for suggestions of novel ways of earning money. Some of the replies have novelty enough and to spare. Here are a few "professions" which were proposed:

A professional flea catcher, a custodian for safety pins, a collector of dried flies for hens' food, purveyor of fads to the leisure classes, a lion hunting agency for society's use, a motor car library to call all out of the way places with the newest books, a maker up of minds, a grievance abater, a manners teacher.

Evidently dried flies are in demand, for the suggestion of a dried fly merchant came from two quarters. As for the maker up of minds and an equivalent of the motor car library, they exist in New York at the present time.

So also does the umbrella and waterproof exchange recommended by another person. Among the queer occupations described as already followed is that of artistically painting with harmless pigments, fictitious, if scanty, hair on bald heads.

"A man I know," says one answer, "makes his living out of funerals and weddings. He attends a funeral, gets a list of the wreaths from the undertaker (on reciprocal terms), takes a shorthand note of the minister's address, draws up a souvenir report of the whole thing, and offers it to the survivors."

"Bereaved people are an easy prey. Not infrequently he receives encouragement also from the printer or typist if he can persuade them to have it put in type."

"His tactics are similar in regard to weddings; but there, as he suffers severely from the competition of the newspapers, his great source of profit is acting as agent for the loan of wedding presents. It is said that at the second wedding of a well-known politician at Birmingham the present were valued at £60,000, and two-thirds of them were hired. Commission on £40,000 worth of business is not to be despised."

Another case is that of a busy farmer's wife in Australia who had the misfortune to have a paralytic son who was bedridden. She was a notable manager, and, considering the great cost of the invalid and the loss of his services on the farm she persuaded him to allow clutches of eggs to be placed with proper precautions in the bed, that the equal and continual warmth might hatch them. This was accordingly done, and the paralytic youth was as proud of the broods as possible and thoroughly earned his living, besides gaining an interest in his life.

### Ancient Ferry.

Proof of the fact that the line of boats between Chelsea and Boston has been in regular operation for 275 years, the directors of the Winnisimmett ferry celebrated the anniversary with a special beneficence. They arranged to turn over the entire receipts in fares for this day to the R. S. Frost hospital of Chelsea, to be used in the maintenance of that institution. The Winnisimmett ferry is the oldest in the United States. Its original charter was obtained by Samuel Maverick, whose name comes down to the present day in certain local designations in Chelsea and East Boston. For a hundred years the boats were all propelled by either oars or sails. In 1832 two steamers, the Chelsea and the Boston, were placed in service.—Boston Transcript.

### Long Fibre of Silkworm.

Authorities and popular works differ greatly in their estimates of the length of the fibre in the cocoon of the domestic silkworm, *Bombyx mori*. Published statements of the length of this fibre could be cited which range all the way from 1,100 feet to eleven miles. Even so good an authority as the Encyclopaedia Britannica places it at 300 yards. Recent measurements made in the division of entomology show that with certain Milanese yellow cocoons raised in the United States from eggs purchased from France the fibre varies in length from 888 to 1,195 yards.—Forest and Stream.

### Striking Differences.

"Don't whip your children," said the theoretical educational expert to the angry mother of many perniciously active children. "Adopt the rational modern methods, and you will find their rapid development along the highest mental and moral lines remarkable."

"There ain't a goin' to be no machine-made prodigies in this family," answered the practical parent, firmly, as she reached for her slipper. "I'm a bringin' up these yore children by hand!"—Baltimore American.

### No Swine Fever in Great Britain.

Swine fever has become almost extinct in Great Britain, writes Consul Mabin, of Nottingham. This is due, he says, to the scientific measures of the British board of agriculture, working with local authorities. There were 3,140 cases in 1901, and only 817 in 1905. The entire country is divided into groups, with effective application of regulations.

### No Help Needed.

Hicks—I wonder why old maids are usually thin?

Wicks—Dispensation of Providence, perhaps. A woman with sharp elbows can make her way through the world without the assistance of any man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## MY COMPANION IN DARKNESS

By OWEN OLIVER

(Copyright, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

There was a time when none would speak of the horror which came upon the world; but now that three years have passed men talk about it openly and ask one another what it was and how it happened.

It was on the afternoon of the twenty-second of June, 1950. I was a hot, bright day and I was shading my eyes to look across the street, when suddenly the sun went out.

I thought I was smitten with blindness and flung up my arms and gave a great cry. I heard the beginning of it. Then all sound stopped. The rumble of vehicles, the scurry of feet, the cries of the street vendors, the shouts of the newspaper boys—all the hums of life—ceased in an instant.

I thought at first that I had died; but I could feel my limbs; feel my lips moving as I cried for help; feel the vibration of the traffic that I could not hear.

"I am blind!" I shouted. "Blind! And deaf! Hold me, some one—some one!"

I heard no call, and no answer. I groped wildly in the darkness, and met other hands that were groping too. I seized some one by the shoulder, and others seized me. Their hands twitched convulsively. They were crying out as I was. I knew by touching their open mouths and faces contorted with fright.

It is possible that I fainted, but was held up on my feet by the pressure of the crowd, for I seemed to lose myself for a time and to come back to myself in a swaying, clutching mass of unseen, unheard people. I felt sick and almost suffocated, and tried vainly to push my way out, till the crowd was scattered by a plunging horse which brushed against me as it passed. I took a few hurried steps and found myself somewhere—alone! I was more afraid of the loneliness than I had been of the crowd.

Presently when I had gone some way two hands clutched my legs. They were such small hands that I did not fear them greatly. I stooped down, and felt a small child lying on the lap of a woman. The woman's hair was loose and hanging over her face. I thought she was young. She shivered at my touch, but I sat down beside her. She laid my hand on the child as if she appealed to me for help. I felt its mouth moving, as if it cried for something. I invented an alphabet and spelled out a message with taps upon her shoulder; one tap for A, two for B, and so on, but she put my hand to her head to feel that she shook it. I could tell by the way she held my hand that she did not mean to refuse my friendship, but to show that she could not understand my signs.

I plucked at her sleeve to rise and come with me, and she came. She was scarcely able to stand, so I took the child from her and carried it.

She felt the texture of my clothing carefully and my scarf and watch chain and even my handkerchief. She evidently wanted to know what manner of man I was. Apparently she was satisfied, for she held gently to my sleeve when she had finished her inspection.

After a few minutes I took her hand and tried my alphabet again; and this time she understood and answered. This was the conversation, spelt out slowly, letter for letter:

I. F-r-i-e-n-d.  
She. F-r-i-e-n-d.  
I. J-o-h-n C-a-r-t-e-r. F-r-i-e-n-d.  
She. Y-e-s. F-r-i-e-n-d. A-l-i-c-e  
T-h-o-r-n. W-h-a-t-i-s-i-t?  
I. D-o-n-t k-n-o-w.  
She. S-h-a-l-l w-e d-i-e?  
I. D-o-n-t k-n-o-w.  
She. W-h-a-t s-h-a-l-l w-e d-o?  
I. F-i-n-y-o-u-r-h-o-m-e.

We were very hungry, and at last we met some policemen who understood our new language. One of them took us to an eating-house. I offered him money, but he refused.

"N-o-o-s-e," he tapped. "E-n-d o-f  
w-o-r-l-d."

We had a good meal and lay down to sleep in an inner room.

In the morning—if it were morning—when we awoke we found a basket, filled it with food and bottles of water, and started again.

"I-a-m h-a-p-p-y n-o-w," Alice spelled out. I began to spell out an answer, but the letters would not come quickly enough for her and suddenly she caught at me and wrote with her finger on my cheek. I could read the writing easily, and it was much quicker than the taps. We were so pleased with our quicker conversation that we stood still writing on one another's faces as fast as our fingers would move. (We always used this way afterward.)

We discussed at length the calamity which had come upon the world, and "perhaps," I concluded, "it is a sort of fog over New York. Shall we try to reach the country?"

"I will do whatever you tell me," she wrote back.

"Tell me just what you are like," I wrote. "What is the color of your hair? How old are you?"

"I shall not tell you," she wrote, "because if you like me now, perhaps you would not then. If the sun never rises again I can look just as you like me to look, and be just as old as you wish. Now shall we go on?"

We walked on for a long time, and at last we came to some railings. As we felt our way by them we met a woman coming along in the other direction. We felt one another with our hands and accepted acquaintance. She

was a very intelligent lady and understood our writing.

"It is Union Square," she wrote; "I am looking for my son. He went out for some provisions and has not come back. Have you met him?"

"No," I answered. "Can we sleep anywhere?"

"My house," she offered, and took us there.

We stayed with them for two days. Their name was Roberts, and they were a very peasant family. We learned to know them all by touch, to find our way all over the house, and even to do work in the dark.

But Alice wanted to get to her family, and I offered to take her. So on the third day we took a stock of provisions and started off together. We left the baby whom Alice had happened on by chance, with Mrs. Roberts. (She afterward adopted him, as his parents were never found.)

We lost ourselves in the first few minutes and could not find anyone who could understand our signs and direct us.

After a long time we found a shelter and concluded that we were in a park. We could not find the way out. Alice wrote on my cheek, "Very cold, hungry, tired, frightened." She wanted to sit down, but we were shivering already, and I dared not stop moving till we found a heap of small leafy branches cut from the trees.

We sat down and walked alternately. Then I slipped into some water, about three feet deep—I guessed a pond. We drank greedily, and I wrung the water out of my clothes. Then we crawled away to a seat and fell into a sleep or stupor. I was roused by Alice shaking my arm.

"The darkness is moving," she wrote on my face. "Moving!"

I have often asked her to describe what she saw, but she can find no other words than this. To me it seemed as if the blindness of my eyes had gone, but they could not see through the darkness outside me—an overwhelming blackness that rolled upon us in black waves outrunning the black mist at the back. I could feel it, taste it—it almost stifled me, and my tongue swelled till it nearly filled my mouth, and I gasped for breath.

"The end," I wrote. "Good-bye."

And suddenly the black waves passed and the world sprang upon us out of the dark! It was a bright day, and the sky was blue. Alice grasped my arm till her fingers hurt. We turned to one another and saw—strangers!

Alice has never told me what she expected to see and what she saw, and I have never told her; but I think she expected to discover a handsome, well-groomed young gentleman, and I know that I had thought of her as a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked, prettily dressed girl of 20. She found a creature who looked like a tramp; a bent, unkempt, unshaven ruffian, who might have been 40. I saw a fair-haired, blue-eyed, white-faced, travel-stained—child! For she whom I had taken for the lady of my dreams was but a tall schoolgirl of 15!

We sat and stared at one another. Our lips trembled when we tried to speak. I think we should have hurt one another if we had spoken, but the woman's heart in her childish body saved everybody. She took my hand and wrote on it slowly.

"Friend! Kind friend!"

And then I took her hands in mine and spoke. My voice was hoarse with thirst and weakness.

"God bless you, dear!" I said. "God bless you—This is the sun and the sound. We are the loyal and loving friends that we have been—that we shall be always."

"Always," she said; and we rose and walked forth to find the world, hand in hand.

It was Central Park, and the people gave us food and drink; and in an hour we reached her home.

That is the end of my story of the dark days that men lost. You know as well as I that the astronomers reckon that they were seven; and say that the darkness and deafness were due to our passing through an ethereal space which stopped light, and, in some way which they cannot explain, deadened the sound vibrations of the air. Sometimes I think that the days of darkness were not in vain; and last night I almost wished them back.

I was leaving Alice's house, and she saw me to the door as usual. We have always loved one another as a man and a child may love, and now she has ceased to be a child, and does her hair up in a golden knob. I think her very beautiful.

We had just reached the door when suddenly the electric light went out. She gave a sharp cry, and in a moment she was in my arms—Then I lifted her face and wrote with my finger on her cheek:

"I love you—love you—love you!"

She did not speak, but pressed my hand upon her face to feel her smile—the smile that lit my heart in the dark days.

"WE SAT AND STARED."

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