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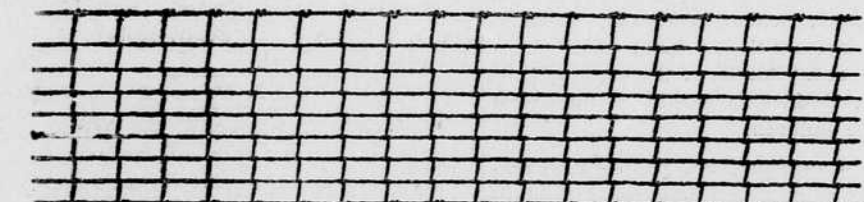
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DO YOU READ

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The Leading Weekly in Western Nebraska.

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A SAMARITAN.

BY SEWELL FORD.

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IT WAS Christmas day. The unfortunates who were obliged to spend the day in the St. Julien hotel realized it painfully. They wished they could forget it, but they could not. Not that the St. Julien, as a hotel, was not well managed and cheerful enough in its way, but who has ever passed a Christmas at a hotel and wished to try another one?

Rooms No. 32 and No. 33 in the St. Julien were both occupied on this particular Christmas day. Both occupants were women. Both were young—that is, about 25.

In No. 32 was Miss Estelle Fabayan, a soubrette filling an engagement at the Empire. It was just noon. Miss Fabayan had evidently returned from an after breakfast walk, for she was standing in the sunlight at the window with her hat and street clothes on, idly tapping her still gloved fingers on the sill as she looked out on the almost deserted sidewalk.

In room No. 33 Miss Eleanor Carlyle was sitting at a table, her gold eye glasses poised airily on her tip tilted nose. She was looking over some pages of manuscript. Miss Carlyle had come on from Boston at the invitation of the Young Ladies' Scientific Relief society. She was to read an essay that evening on "The Ethics of Charity." She had been giving the finishing touches to the essay. Presently she put down the last sheet of the manuscript and walked to the window.

The soubrette and the Boston essayist, unconscious of each other's presence, were at that particular moment doing precisely the same thing. Each was looking languidly out of the window, and each was tapping the sill with her fingers.

Just then something occurred. A young woman who had come suddenly into view on the opposite side of the street from the St. Julien attracted the attention of the two young women at the hotel windows. She was glancing nervously behind her. As she broke into a run and dashed across the street the soubrette pressed her pretty nose to the pane to see where she went. So did the essayist. Neither of them saw, for a jutting cornice hid the sidewalk immediately beneath.

Miss Carlyle returned to her table and began to write a letter.

Miss Fabayan had a different impulse. The sunlight had seemed so inviting that she determined to take another walk. She had just opened her door when some one rushing along the hall almost collided with her. The person turned sharply and brushed past her into her room. Miss Fabayan saw at a glance that it was the young woman whom she had seen a minute before running across the street.

"Well!" began Miss Fabayan. "Oh, please don't put me out! Please don't! They'll get me if you do, and I never did it! Please don't!"

The young woman had sunk on her knees on the carpet and was convulsively grasping Miss Fabayan's hand.

"We will see about that," said the soubrette. "Now, who are you and what is the matter? Sit down and explain."

Instead of obeying the young woman threw herself on a sofa and cried hysterically for several minutes. Then she grew calmer and began to speak rapidly.

"Oh, indeed I am not so bad as they say I am! I did not steal! It was the woman I met on the street. It must have been that one. But you don't know—do you? I was drinking. Yes, I drink. When I came down to the city from Vermont, I expected to do very differently from what I did. I thought it would be all pleasure and excitement. But it wasn't. I found work. It was in a dressmaker's shop. Some of the girls who worked there taught me to drink. They took me to their rooms, where they had wine and other drinks. After awhile I acquired an appetite for it. Last night I was drinking with them again. There was a strange Frenchwoman there, and she went with me, when we left, to my room. There we drank more, and when I woke up there was a man from the dressmaker's, asking for a costly dress which I had taken home to finish in time for Christmas night.

"I could not find it in the room. He said he must have it, and that if I did not give it to him at once he should go to the police. He saw that I had been drinking, and he accused me of taking the dress to a pawnshop. He said I had stolen it. But I didn't. It must have been that Frenchwoman who was with me. I did not know when she went out. But the police will not believe that. No one knew that the Frenchwoman went to my room with me, for it was late. They will say I stole it myself, and they will put me in jail. If I could get away now, I would go back home. They would take me back there. I would not drink on the farm, and I would never come to the city again. I hate it. But if I am put in jail I never could go back to the folks again. They would know about it, and there would be no place for me to go. Oh, you do not believe that I stole the dress, do you? Tell me you believe what I say!"

Miss Fabayan was biting her pretty lips. Evidently she was undecided. Just then there was a sound of quick footsteps in the hall. The sounds came nearer.

"They are coming! They are coming!" sobbed the girl wildly.

Miss Fabayan turned quickly to her. "Hush! If I can save you, will you go back to the farm and stay there?"

"Oh, indeed, I will. I—"

"Get into that closet then—quick!"

The girl ran to the closet and closed

the door just as a sharp rap was given on the door leading into the hall.

The hotel clerk and an officer stood in the hall.

"Er—ah—Miss Fabayan—er—did you see a young woman pass down the hall?" asked the clerk.

"I did not."

"Did you—er—ah—is there any one—ah—"

"Well?" demanded Miss Fabayan sharply.

"That's all. Excuse us," stammered the clerk. Then, turning to the officers he said, "She must have gone through the other corridor."

Miss Fabayan had but closed her door when there came a second rap. This time it was the essayist in No. 33.

"I am Miss Carlyle," said the essayist. "I have the next room."

"Come in," said Miss Fabayan.

"I have heard all," said Miss Carlyle after the door had been closed.

"Well?" replied the soubrette icily.

"I simply came to ask if you intend to shield that female from the law?"

"To what female do you refer?"

"To the one in your closet."

Miss Fabayan walked to the closet door and opened it. "Come out, now," she said kindly. Placing one arm around the unfortunate young woman, Miss Fabayan looked calmly at the essayist and said, "I intend to give this young woman a chance if it lies within my power."

It was a singular group. Miss Carlyle stood with her back to the door, a haughty look on her face. Her cold gray eyes looked sternly through her glasses at the two young women in the center of the room.

Miss Carlyle broke the silence.

"Very well. If you cannot see what is your duty, I am fully alive to mine."

"You may do as you please," hotly returned Miss Fabayan.

Miss Carlyle set her thin lips firmly together and left the room.

"Oh, where shall I go? What shall I do?" sobbed the strange young woman.

"I must get away from here. They will arrest me now. That woman is going after the police."

"Stay where you are. It is useless to try to escape now," replied Miss Fabayan. They heard the door of No. 33 close.

"She is going now," sobbed the young woman.

"Yes," said Miss Fabayan. "She is going down to the office. She will send up a policeman. I have it! Here—quick! It may succeed!"

Miss Fabayan had jumped to her feet again. Her eyes flashed with excitement. She hastily opened her trunk and pulled out a wrapper.

"Here, now, take off your hat, your cloak, your dress! Put this on!"

The young woman mechanically obeyed.

"Now, listen," said Miss Fabayan. "They may send another officer. You are to stay here. I will go in your place. As soon as I am gone you take one of my dresses from that trunk. You will find a hat and a jacket. You will put them on, also a heavy veil. Here is some money. Half an hour after I am gone you will walk out. Go directly to the station and take the first train for your home."

"Oh, but you—"

"Never mind me. I can get out of this all right."

The two young women worked hastily. In 10 minutes there was another knock at the door. This time it was a man in plain clothes.

"Which is the young woman who came into this house a few moments ago?" he demanded.

"I came in a few moments ago," said Miss Fabayan.

"Then you will have to go with me. I am a detective."

"I will go," answered Miss Fabayan calmly.

All that afternoon Miss Fabayan passed in a cell in a police station. She had

refused her name and would only say that she had been falsely arrested. The police officials laughed at her.

It was 6 o'clock before she asked for a messenger. The message brought the manager of the Empire down in hot haste. His astonishment at seeing his favorite soubrette in a cell was great. He swore at the sergeant, threatened to enter suit against every official within sight and finally gave bail for the appearance of Miss Fabayan in court.

The soubrette, after leaving the police station, dropped her air of outraged and indignant innocence and surprised her manager by laughing heartily at what she called a most ridiculous mistake. She made him promise to make no fuss whatever about the matter. The police, when they found out who their prisoner was, were only too glad to let the affair drop.

That Christmas night was the happiest, Miss Fabayan assured her friends, she had ever spent.

The essay delivered by Miss Carlyle of Boston on "The Ethics of Charity" was declared by the young ladies of the Scientific Relief society to be "perfectly lovely."

Miss Fabayan has received an invitation to spend a month next summer on a farm up in Vermont. She says that the invitation comes from a young woman whom she met last Christmas day "under the most peculiar circumstances," and she is going to accept it.

"I AM A DETECTIVE."

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What is rarer or richer than a set of cut glass tumblers? Noble has some handsome ones, artistically cut and tasteful in design.

Noble's stock of Christmas candies is unusually fine, this season.

Leach, the jeweler, has an elegant line of watches at all prices.

BEWARE.—Do not buy poor truck, but go straight to the B. & M. MEAT MARKET and get as choice a cut of meat as can be produced.

Noble is distinctly in the holiday trade. Call and see his handsome and elegant assortment of china, queensware, glassware, etc. Nothing like it for richness and variety and reasonableness in cost in McCook.

The burning question with housewives of all lands, all creeds, and all ages is: "Which is the best Cooking Stove?" S. M. Cochran & Co. answer this question today by proclaiming the "CHARTER OAK STOVES" to be the best in every conceivable shape.

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Vases, pretty and useful and ornamental at Noble's. And a thousand other things to please the old and the young. Don't close your holiday purchases until you have seen his stock of presents.

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We don't sell packing house lard, but our own make.
F. S. WILCOX.

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S. M. Cochran & Co. have an immense stock of farm implements on hand. See them before buying elsewhere.

Log cabin maple syrup, finest in the market, at Anderson's grocery.

Use McConnell's Fragrant Lotion for Chapped Hands and Face.

Hecker's self-rising Buck-wheat at Anderson's grocery. Try a package.

Try how far a dollar will go for holiday presents at KNIPPLE'S

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We invite inspection and defy competition in quality and price of Meat at the B. & M. Meat Market.

Put your \$\$\$ where they will do the most good, where they will secure the best and the most groceries for instance. You will make no mistake if Noble's is the place of deposit. He gives the limit in quantity, quality and value, and his stock cannot be duplicated in Western Nebraska.

Lots of nice toys at Knipple's. You can't afford to disappoint the little ones, even though the times are close, while presents can be had for so little money.

S. M. Cochran & Co. carry a large line of buggies in stock. See them if you want a good vehicle cheap.

Sewing machines at \$5.00 per month on the installment plan at PADE & SON'S.

Well Digging.

If you want a well put down in fine shape see Frank Nichols. He guarantees his work. Leave orders at S. M. Cochran & Co.'s.

Come in early and often and see the fine line of meats at the B. & M. Meat Market.

IN QUEENSWARE Noble carries the largest assortment and the richest designs of the season. His prices are reasonable.

Use McConnell's Fragrant Lotion for Chapped Hands and Face.

Make Noble your family grocer and many other blessings will fall to your lot, besides having the best groceries on your table that the market affords.

Try the Cream Pork Sausage at the B. & M. Meat Market.

Ink, pens, pencils school tablets, etc., at THE TRIBUNE stationery department.

Club House cheese, nothing finer, for sale at Anderson's grocery.

Use McConnell's Fragrant Lotion for Chapped Hands and Face.

Remember that S. M. Cochran & Co. now carry in stock a full and complete stock of builders' hardware supplies.

WANTED:—Fat and stock hogs at the B. & M. Meat Market.

J. H. Ludwick is buying and selling second-hand goods at the old stand on west Dennison street. Give him a call or drop a postal card.

To Whom it May Concern: I propose to carry a finer line of meats than any other house in the city.
F. S. WILCOX.

Leach, the jeweler, has some of the Latest Novelties in Silverware.

See the display of Fine Jewelry and get prices. Chas. A. Leach.

Dainty and fashionable water sets at Noble's. Buy a set.