



HERE once lived on a plantation a miser so mean and stingy that even his pigs were eternally disgruntled, while his geese hissed at him as he passed, and his hens cackled derisively at the very sight of him. He never paid anybody more than half of what they were entitled to, and even the mosquitoes avoided him in disgust as having a hide like an automobile tire and with no more sustenance beneath it. No man, woman, child or beast was ever fed by him without rendering services in advance for more than the food was worth, and his neighbors were afraid to shake hands with him for fear that he would steal their finger-nails. He skimmed his milk twice, made his decayed apples into cider, and when his horses got so old they could not work for him any longer he killed them and made them into glue, and then used the glue to stick another mortgage on some neighbor's house. Of course everybody hated him worse than they did the fever and ague, but he did not mind that much because in one way or another he kept getting money and that was revenge enough for him.

Now, half a mile away from this man's house was the little cabin of old Ike Clay and his old wife Sally. Ike was so poor that even the mice could not afford to board with him, much as they liked him, and his poverty was generally due to the fact that as soon as he got anything he would give it away to the first one who asked him for it, for Ike and Sally lived in the belief that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Also they were very humble and religious and devoutly believed in everyday miracles and that the Lord would feed his children even as he did his sparrows and fishes. And up to this time it had always turned out that way, but now the day before Christmas had arrived and the cupboard was as empty as Ike's pockets, and Ike's pockets had nothing in them at all but holes. But his wife's faith was unwavering and she filled the pot with water and put it on the stove that it might be hot and ready for the offering when it came.

"Where our Christmas offerin' is a-goin' ter come from I shore don't know, but the Lord works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, and I don't reckon he is a-goin' to forget we uns," she said, confidently. But as the day slipped by and no special Providence befell them Ike began to become a trifle nervous—not that he doubted Providence in the least, but because he feared it might need a gentle reminder at this season of the year when there were so many de-



"Go Away!"

mands being made upon it. So he decided to make a little special effort of his own. He knew well enough that it would be a waste of time to ask the miser to give him a goose or gobbler, but he had a faint hope that because of the season of the year the old skinflint might perhaps soften enough to give him credit on his well-known honesty. So he set forth in the gathering dusk and sifting snow upon his mission and in a little time was tapping at the miser's back door.

For several minutes he tapped away and scuffed his feet and at last the miser came forth—not as a man comes forth, but in the manner you would expect to see a miser appear, first a nose and then a foot and then a hand and finally the rest of him, as if he grudged even his presence, and stood frowning at Ike through the gloom. Ike's clothes were ragged and flapping in the wind and his toes were leaking from the end of his shoes, but the smile on his face was cheerful and would have made a friend of any one except a miser who loved no man or woman or child or beast, and whose soul was shriveled and warped, and whose conscience was as tough as the hoof of a horse.

"What do you want?" he asked in a voice as disagreeable as the sound of filling a saw.

Ike took off his hat and his bare head began to bob conciliatingly up and down like the bobber of a fish line when the fish nibbles at the hook below. "I has come to see yu', Mistah Skimpum, fo' the reason that I am most pow'ful hungry an' because there is no meat in we-un's cabin. And because this is the evenin' of the most blessed day in the whole world when the good book says there should be peace on earth and good will to man, I am a-goin' to ask yu' to do me a mighty favor."

"I haven't got anything to give," interrupted the miser, hastily. "And I don't believe in Christmas givng, anyway. It is merely an excuse for beggary. I wish you would go away."

Ike's head bobbed again. "Yes, suh, but I am not begging. I'll do yu' two days' hard work to pay yu' for a turkey."

"I don't need any help. I do my own work."

"Yes, suh, I know that. But if you'll loan me a turkey for a couple of days I'll work for somebody else and pay yu' in cash."

"No, I wouldn't trust you. And, besides, if the Lord wanted you to have



"Didn't I Tell Yu' So?"

a turkey he would send you one without your begging for it. So go away." Ike took a step backward with quiet dignity. "All right, suh, I reckons yu' is correct. Thank yu', suh," he said, and then went plodding homeward empty of hands and as hollow inside as an old bee tree, the wind nipping at his bare toes and howling after him like a wolf, and as a matter of fact the wolf of hunger was very close to him indeed. But Sally did not despair when she heard his story.

"That offerin' is shore a-comin', Ike," she asserted, as she put another stick on the fire to keep the water in readiness. "I don't know jest how we-alls is a-goin' to get it, but I feels it a-comin' in the air. And jest yu' mark what I tell yu'."

Then they sat down together by the bare table and listened to the wind. And, my, how it began to howl! Away off in the northwest a great storm had been brewing that day and now it was approaching them like a giant in a rage. And as it passed along it came to the home of the miser and with a growl fell upon it. It gripped the house and shook it as a terrier does a rat, roaring down the chimney and whistling under the door until the shingles flew from the roof like feathers and the bones of the cringing miser rattled together in his fear. Then it pounced upon the fowlhouse, and cuffing off the roof blew with all its breath within, and in a second the night air was filled with flying fowls that flapped and squawked as they went sailing into the distance like puff balls scattered by a blast.

Over in their little cabin Ike and Sally heard the uproar and fell upon their knees in prayer. Frightened though he was Ike did not forget his hunger.

"They say it is an ill wind that don't blow anybody good, dear Lord," he began. "And I prays that out of this heah mighty gale will fall a few grain from yu' bounteous store." And scarcely was the prayer finished than there came a fearful gust and the crash of a heavy body against the door. And the latch broke and the door flew wide and upon the floor there fell with a thud a ten-pound gobbler, wind-blown and ruffled to be sure, but fat, tender and soul-satisfying—the very bird in fact, that the miser had fattened for his own sharp teeth.

Sally arose and held the big bird high in her hands. Faith, charity and happiness illuminated her lean face until it shone as from a light within. "Didn't I tell yu' so, old man," she cried, exultingly. "Didn't I tell yu' I felt it a-comin' in the air? Bless the good Lord, for he shorely works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." (Copyright, 1908, by Wright A. Patterson.)



Good Cause for Gladness.

"Alas!" sighed the moody man, "there is no gladness for me in this joyous season."

"Tut-tut!" said the optimist. "Surely there is a ray of sunshine for you, as there is for all of us if we but look for it!"

"No," replied the moody one. "I have not a single friend, and no relatives with whom I am on speaking terms."

"Cheer up, then," advised the other, with a shade of envy in his tone. "Can't you be glad because you will not have to buy any Christmas presents?"

Candidate's Election Expenses
Following is a list of election expenses as filed by the candidates.

J. R. CAIN	
Republican camp fund	Reh-
ardson County	\$25 00
Telephone	70
Republican campaign fund	Law-
nee County	25 00
Tribune Pub. Co. cards	2 00
Pawnee City Republican club	1 00
	\$53 70

A. E. GANTT	
Humboldt Standard, printing	5 00
Postage	68
Livery	2 50
Carfare on B. and M.	2 52
	\$10 70

JOHN WILTSE	
Campaign assessment	50 00
Cards printing, etc.	9 50
	\$59 50

RALPH A. CLARK	
Democrat Co. Cen. committee	40 00
Advertising and postage	15 00
Livery, traveling ex., incidentals	35 00
	\$90 00

O. A. ZOOK	
Republican Co. Cen. committee	50 00
Cards and printing	2 00
Shubert Citizen	50
	\$52 70

S. H. BOLEJACK	
Republican Co. Cen. committee	50 00
Cards and printing	2 00
Shubert Citizen	50
	\$52 70

HENRY GERDES	
Printing and postage	1 61
Committee assessment	40 00
	\$41 61

OTTO KOTJOC	
Committee assessment	40 00
Printing	2 00
	\$42 00

H. STITZER	
Aid in getting votes to polls	\$1.00
HENRY SIEMERING, JR	
Committee assessment	\$5 00

R. A. Coupe and Harmon Leong, candidates for supervisor, each file affidavits that they had no election expenses.

The Types of Cats.

There are a number of classes of Persian cats, the division between them being purely arbitrary and based on the color of the fur. The most beautiful of all the Persians is the pure white. They are, however, very hard to keep clean, and a dirty white cat is certainly anything but an ornament about one's rooms. It is unfortunate that many white cats are deaf, so when one is making a purchase of a cat that color it is a wise precaution to test the hearing. Another failing which white cats have, in common with all light colored cats, is that their constitutions are not so vigorous as those of the dark haired cats.—*Suburban Life.*

Two-Handed Writers.

"Don't go after wealth with both hands," advises Rudyard Kipling. Isn't this a rather severe restriction on the ambidextrous authors who are making fortunes whanging out modern novels on the typewriter?

Proper Lighting of Mines.

It is argued that the compulsory adoption of the incandescent system of electric lighting in mines will greatly cut down the death roll.

Superstitions of Great Minds.

Many celebrities have been superstitious to an extreme degree. Caesar never mounted his chariot without first uttering a magic formula as a preventive against disaster. Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, believed in witchcraft. Richelieu consulted an astrologer, Bismarck was superstitious about Friday and about sitting thirteen at a table. Actors are proverbially superstitious. Rachel and Mars believed their success assured if they met a funeral just before appearing on the stage.

Makes Many Kinds of Wine.

Grapes are squeezed six times in making champagne, yielding wine of different qualities.

Garden of the Gods.

The Garden of the Gods is a tract of land about 500 acres in extent, near Colorado Springs, Col. It abounds in weird and fantastic pinnacles and towers of red and white sandstone, some of them more than 500 feet in height. Among the chief features of interest are the Cathedral Spires, the Balanced Rock, etc. The gateway of the garden consists of two enormous masses of red sandstone, 330 feet high, sufficiently far apart for the roadway to pass between them.

Accepted.

"Do you consider your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an air ship navigator?" "Well, I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl."

Rolling Pin Method.

A Nebraska woman sewed her husband between two blankets and belabored him with a rolling pin until he agreed to sign a temperance pledge. We rather suspect that is one variety of prohibition likely to actually prohibit.—*Redlands Review.*

Paper Bullets Not Deadly.

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor?—*Shakespeare.*

The Really Great.

The really great are the few who make a success of a failure, though the many who make a failure of success commonly get the name.

W E are making the greatest preparation in our lives for Christmas. We feel, as many others do, that *substantial* Presents will be more in demand than flimsy, trifling toys, etc.

We have, therefore, taken Karpen's advice and ordered a great line of GENUINE LEATHER FURNITURE from this famous Upholstery house.

We have taken Stearns & Foster's advice and have in transit the finest Cotton Elastic Felt Mattresses on earth.

We have likewise listened to the warnings of the Bissel Carpet Sweeper Co., the Victor Talking Machine Co., the Edison Phonograph Co., the Phoenix Chair Co., in fact to all the great leaders of their lines in the United States, and will have on our floors for your inspection soon the best the market affords.

The *Globe-Wernicke* Elastic Bookcases, too.

All of these lines are our Exclusive Sale. You can't buy them anywhere else. We feel proud to offer the product of these advertised houses to our trade for their consideration. All Christmas Presents marked, stored and delivered when and where you want them. Make your selections early from us—our goods will be sold earliest because of their reputation and publicity.

REAVIS & ABBEY

PROCLAMATION: IT IS HEREBY ORDERED AND ORDA'NED AS FOLLOWS, THAT THE WEEK OF NOVEMBER 22d, 1908, BE SET ASIDE AND PROCLAIMED AS

A Special Thanksgiving Sale of Clothing and Furnishings for Men and Boys



Thanksgiving Week-- One of the most eagerly - looked - for Holidays by old and young alike—one that carries us back nearly three hundred years, to the beginning—days of our New World. In nearly every home over the length and breadth of America, it is met with feasting, celebration and good cheer. That we may do our part in making it a happy time in our community, we have arranged a Special Sale on a great list of things that the people need right now. Beginning with Suits and Overcoats, Neckwear, Furnishings and Shoes we go right down the line in every department to make it unusually interesting and profitable to our Thanksgiving Week customers. With good times here again—to stay—a bountiful crop and favorable weather—we may feel that there is plenty to be thankful for—and you will realize that you can extend that sentiment after you find what a saving you can make this week as a result of this sale.



WAHL & PARCHEN

Open 'til 9:00 Each Evening