

CHILDREN'S
DAY AT . . .

GRAY'S

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DAY AT

SATURDAY, OCT. 12

SPECIAL OPENING SALE OF UNDERWEAR

We have the largest and best assorted stock of low, medium and high priced Underwear ever displayed in our store, and intend to make prices that will sell the goods early in the season. If you want the warm, comfortable, satisfactory Underwear that is reasonable in price, it will pay you to investigate our stock. We have all kinds and can please the most fastidious, and at prices that will suit every pocketbook. Buy early, while our assortment of sizes is complete. Sale commences Saturday morning Oct. 12th. We are going to make this store headquarters for Underwear, because our goods and prices are right.

THEY CAN'T BE BEAT

Ladies Union Suits, open across the bust; good heavy ones at 50c, 65c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50 per suit. These come in gray, ecru, white pink and blue.

Ladies Vests and Pants, fleece lined, well made, come ask 30c and 35c. Here only 22 1-2c.

Very heavy fleece lined Vest and Pants, worth 40c, our price 30c.

Extra heavy fleece lined Vest and Pant bargains at 50c, 60c and 70c.

Ladies Union Suits, open all the way down the front, open half way down the front and open across the bust. Suits made to sell at \$1 are finished with the same care as the higher priced garments. The best foundation for tasteful dress is a perfect fitting suit of Munsing Underwear.

Misses Union Suits—Give a maximum of comfort at a minimum of expense, made for children from 3 to 14 years of age in several different qualities in light medium and heavy weights open front at 25c to \$1.75 per suit.

Misses Vests and Pants—Heavy knit kind each 10c to 20c.

Misses Vests and Pants—Nice heavy ones each 25c to 40c. They fit well, wear well and are perfectly satisfactory to those who don't like combination garments.

TO PLEASE THE LITTLE FOLKS WE WILL GIVE AWAY FREE 300 DOLLS VESTS, Made by the Manufacturers of the celebrated Munsing Underwear.

Let every little girl in Columbus and surrounding counties bring her doll and come with her mother or some other grown up person, at our Underwear Department Saturday, morning, Oct. 12, between the hours of 9 and 11 o'clock. We expect to see more little girls and more pretty dolls than any one in this town ever saw before. We have only 300 shirts and may have to disappoint those who come late. Each lady will receive a nice little Munsing Underwear Booklet.

The following conditions must be complied with by those who receive the Doll Vests: First, each little girl must be accompanied by her mother or some other grown up person. Second, each little girl must bring her doll with her.

P. S.—Any little boy who wants to come and bring his doll with him can have a doll vest too.

See our display of Doll Vests in our big window all this week. Remember the date, Sat., Oct. 12, from 9 to 11 o'clock.

Dress Goods—Everything that's wanted this fall is here. What's wanted this season? Plaids, checks and stripes in modest shades and combinations of brown, blue and green. These few words give you the key to the whole dress goods question this fall. As in the past season, the Gray Department Store is to be the "Dress Goods Store of the city" and we've chosen our stock with a view to establish more firmly that reputation. The new goods are all here. We print today a few suggestions, but we want to impress the fact that printers' ink can give no adequate description of the beautiful new goods—you must see them.

Special prices on Dress Goods, Friday, Saturday and Monday:
36-in all wool suiting at 35c. 50-in broad cloth, all colors special price 50c.
39-in Fancy Suiting at 45c. 50-in Pajama in Black and colors, special value 75c.
Beautiful Flaid Dress Goods, 28, 35, 43, 75, and 1.25. 50-in black Mohair 50c.
50-in Suiting in a large line of colors at 45c.

Sole Agents for Ladies and Misses Munsing Underwear

GRAY'S

The Only Place Where You Can Get the Doll Vests

Puzzle—What Did He Find?
She had just returned from Europe, and had been met at the pier by a New York friend who was bearing her off to the seashore. En route to the ferry she was regaled with the news—social, personal, and what not—and among other things the dinner given at Newport to Connel, the chimpanzee. "H'm," she meditated; "well, you know we are told that water will find its level." "I wonder," retorted her escort, "what the chimpanzee found."

A London Weather Report.
One day while I was in London I wanted to know what the weather report was. The sort of weather we had been having was not all that could be desired and I hoped against expectation that it might be better. Turning to the Tribune I found this: Summary Forecast—Light to moderate breezes, varying in direction; alternate calm and thunders and fine periods; sharp local storms.—Pulsnam's Magazine.



Continued from last week.

repeated feeling. Then the voice of command sounded out in front; Calhoun gently withdrew his hand from the other's grasp, and with bowed head rode slowly to the front of his troops.

In columns of four, silent, with not a canteen rattling, with scabbards thrust under their stirrup leathers, each man sitting in his saddle like a statue, ready carbine slung forward across the pommel, those sunburnt troopers moved steadily down the broad coulee. The troopers riding at either side of Hampton wondering still at their captain's peculiar words and actions, glanced curiously at the new comrade, marveling at his tightly pressed lips, his moistened eyes. Yet in all the glorious column, no heart lighter than his, or happier, pressed forward to meet a warrior's death.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
The Last Stand.

It was shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon when that compact column of cavalymen moved silently forward down the concealing coulee toward the more open ground beyond. Custer's plan was simple, the sudden smiting of that village in the valley from the rear by the quick charge of his horsemen. From man to man the whispered purpose travelled down the ranks, the eager troopers greeting the welcome message with kindling eyes. It was the old way of the seventh, and they knew it well.

With Custer riding at the head of the column, and only a little to the rear of the advance scouts, his adjutant Cook, together with a volunteer aide, beside him, the five depleted troops filed resolutely forward, dreaming not of possible defeat. Suddenly distant shots were heard far off to their left and rear, and deepening into a rumble, evidencing a warm engagement. The interested troopers lifted their heads, listening intently, while eager whispers ran from man to man along the closed files.

"There is going to be, boys; it will be our turn next."

"Close up! Quiet there, kids, quiet," officer after officer passed the word of command.

Yet there were those among them who felt a strange dread—that firing sounded so far up the stream from where Reno should have been by that time. Still it might be that those overhanging bluffs would muffle and deflect the reports. All about them hovered death in dreadful guise. None among them saw those cruel, spying eyes watching from distant ridges, peering at them from concealed ravines; none marked the rapidly massing hordes, hideous in war-paint, crowded into near-by coulees and behind protecting hills.

It burst upon them with wild yells. The gloomy ridges biased into their startled faces, the dark ravines hurried at them skurrying horsemen, while, wherever their eyes turned, they beheld savage forms leaping forth from hill and coulee, quick and rock shad- ing. Horses fell, or ran about neigh- ing; men lunged up their hands and died in that first awful minute of con- sideration, and the little column seemed to shiver away as if con- quered by the flame which struck it, front and flank and rear. It was as if those men had ridden into the mouth of hell.

Yet it was scarcely for more than a minute. Men trained, strong, clear of brain, were in those stricken lines—men who had seen Indian battle before. The recoil came, swift as had been the surprise. Voice after voice rang out old familiar orders, steady- ing instantly the startled nerves; discipline conquered disorder, and the shattered column rolled out, as if by magic, into the semblance of a battle line.

It was magnificently done. Custer and his troop commanders brought their sorely smitten men into a position of defense, even hurried them cheering forward in short, swift charges, so as to clear the front and gain room in which to deploy. Out of confusion emerged discipline, confidence, spirit de corps.

Briefly beyond the range of the troopers' light carbines, the Indians, with their heavier rifles, kept hurling a constant storm of lead, hugging the coulees, and spreading out until there was no rear toward which the harassed cavalymen could turn for safety. One by one, continually under a heavy fire, the scattered troops were form-

ed into something more nearly resembling a battle line—Calhoun on the left, then Keogh, Smith and Yates, with Tom Custer holding the extreme right. Thus they waited grimly for the next assault.

Nor was it long delayed. Scarcely had the troopers recovered, refilled their depleted cartridge belts from those of their dead comrades, when the onslaught came. The soldiers waited their coming. The short, brown-barreled carbines gleamed at the level in the sunlight, and then belched forth their message of flame into the very faces of those reckless horsemen. It was not in flesh and blood to bear such a blow. With screams of rage, the red braves swerved to left and right, leaving many a dark, war-battered figure lying dead behind them, and many a riderless pony skurrying over the prairie. Eminent over their seeming successful repulse, the men lunged themselves again upon the earth, their cheers ringing out above the thud of retreating hoofs.

"We can hold them here, boys, until Reno comes," they shouted to each other.

The skulking red riflemen crept ever closer behind the ridges, driving their deadly missiles into those ranks exposed in the open. To the command of the bugle they discharged two roaring volleys from their carbines, hopeful that the combined sound might reach the ears of the lagging Reno. They were hopeful yet, although one troop had only a sergeant left in command, and the dead bodies of their comrades strewed the plain.

It was four o'clock. For two long hours they had been engaged in ceaseless struggle, and now hardly a hundred men, smoke begrimed, thirsty, bleeding, half their carbines empty, and they still formed an impenetrable ring around their chief. The struggle was over, and they realized the fact.

When that wave of savage horsemen swept forth again it would be to ride them down, to crush them under their horses' pounding hoofs.

Like a whirlwind those red demons came—howling woe, now certain of their prey. On both flanks of the short, slender line struck Gall and Crazy Horse, while like a thunderbolt Crow-King and Rain-in-the-Face attacked the center. These three storms converged at the foot of the hill, crushing the little band of troopers.

With ammunition gone, the helpless victims could meet that mighty on- rushing torrent only with chaotic struggle, for one instant of desperate struggle. Shoulder to shoulder, and arm stead shielding the commander to the last. Twenty or 30 made a desperate dash, in a vain endeavor to burst through the red enveloping lines, only to be tomahawked or shot; but the rest remained, a thin struggling ring, with Custer in its center. Thus came the inevitable end. The red waves surged completely across the crest, so white men fell off the edge the 9th. They had fought a

good fight; they had kept the faith. Two days later, having relieved Reno from his unpleasant predicament in the valley, Terry's and Gibbon's infantry tramped up the ravine, and emerged upon the stricken field, in lines of motionless dead they read the fearful story; and there they found that man we know. Lying upon a bed of emptied cartridge shells, his body riddled with shot and mutilated with knives, his clothing torn to rags, his hands grasped a smashed and twisted carbine, his lips smiling even in death, was that soldier whom the Seventh had disowned and cast out, but who had come back to defend its chief and to die for its honor—Robert Hampton Nolan.

"Will you walk outside with me?" he asked, at last. "I have much to say which I am sure you would rather hear alone."

She bent her head, and with a brief word of explanation to the others, the young officer conducted her forth into the bright July sunshine. They walked in silence side by side along the bank of the little stream. Brant glanced furtively toward the sweet, girlish face. Then he spoke.

"Naida," he said, gravely, "I have come back, as I said I would, and surely I read welcome in your eyes?"

"Yes."

"And I have come to say that there is no longer any shadow of the dead between us."

She looked up quickly, her hands clasped, her cheeks flushing. "Are you sure? Perhaps you misunderstand; perhaps you mistake my meaning."

"I know it all," he answered, soberly, "from the lips of Hampton."

"You have seen him? Oh, Lieut. Brant, please tell me the whole truth. I have missed him so much, and since the day he rode away in Cheyenne get To be Continued.

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