

20% Discount on all Fur Scarfs

GRAY'S

20% Discount on Blankets

GREAT JANUARY CLEAN SWEEP SALE

CONTINUES UNTIL SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1908

DRESS MAKING DEPARTMENT. During the month of January we will make special prices on all shirt waists, dresses and suits. We will make any style wool skirt you may desire provided you purchase the material of us for **\$2.50**

Flanelettes 3 to 10 yds. length in Flanelettes, per yard 5c Mohair Waistings in a beautiful line of colors, special price 35c	36 inch wide black taffets 98c Plain and fancy China silk, special price 35c	Ladies black cotton hose warranted 25c 36 inch all wool sacking, special price 25c	Banzai silk, a regular 50c silk special price 35c A discount on all knit shawls and fascinators of 20%	Boy's 20c hose, in an extra quality 15c Children's knit waists special price 10c	10 pieces of dress suiting worth up to 60c at 35c Large sized bed spreads, special price 98c
--	---	---	---	---	---

Columbus

GRAY'S

Nebraska

A QUESTION OF WILL

The Bride was calling on the Widow.

The Bride was young, thin, freckled. She wore a very correctly tailored costume, and such a hat as girls with large noses invariably favor.

The Widow was 39 years old, full of gracious curves and with an opalescent complexion—that is to say, addicted to little flushes through the cream of her flesh-tint. She was gowned exquisitely and wore a gold comb in her hair; such a comb as women with magnificent wavy hair deem the rest of us to.

The Bride was nervous and happy, and gushing and giggling. The Widow was tranquil and passive, and gracious and charming. One would have said that here were two natures which could not possibly have one thought in common. Much less—
"Tut!" cried the Bride. "Oh, I just love it! Don't you love it? And do you know, I never drank it until after I was married! But Will just loves it, and so of course I had to learn to drink it, and now I just love it."

The Widow—beside the tea-tray—began to make her guest a cup of tea with the ease born of an infinite number of brewings.

"And what a love of a teapot you have!" cried the Bride; "I just love that crackle-ware, don't you? I do wish you'd tell me where you bought it."

"It came from China," said the Widow quietly; "it was a present to me from a friend who went there."

"Will's been in China?" exclaimed the Bride; "the best loved China!—Will's so enthusiastic—I'm so enthusiastic, too. He says we must go to China together some time. Oh, what darling sugar-tongs! Where did you ever get those? Are they from China, too?"

"They were a present from a friend in India," said the Widow, holding out the tongs for inspection. "They are really unique. Do you see?"
"Unique! Why, they're just too lovely for anything! Will's been in India—I must remember and tell him about them; he'll be so interested. And your spoons are all souvenirs, aren't they? Oh, how lovely!"

"They were gifts from all over the world," said the Widow. "The one that you have come from St. Gallen near Bodensee. Do look at the quaint marriage some done on the inside of the bowl!"
"Oh, how perfectly dear! I must tell Will about that! That would just interest him immensely, because he's been all around Lake Constance. It seems to me that Will has been just everywhere; it's perfectly lovely to hear him talk about where he's been, only he does so perfectly love to talk about everywhere he's been that sometimes I'm almost afraid that some time I may get tired of the places. But then, of course, Will and I are just so awfully in love that we never can get tired. Will isn't the kind of a man to ever get tired of anything he loved. I tell him I can see that in his eyes, even if I wasn't sure of it."

The Widow sat by her tea table—betwixt and smiling.
"You see," the Bride rattled on, "Will hasn't been a bit like other men. He never cared for any women in all his life until he met me. Isn't that just too lovely for anything?"

The Widow nodded sweetly—offering her the silver dish of bonbons.
"Oh, allegretto!" she squealed joyfully. "Oh, I just love them! Don't

you just love them? — says me a big box every Saturday night."
"I got a box every Saturday night myself," said the Widow. She took her visitor's cup and set it down on the table.
"It's been so lovely to meet you like this," said the Bride, rising; "it's been so lovely and informal, somehow. I just feel as if I really knew you. I must tell Will all about you—or does he know you well himself?"

"We are friends," said the Widow. "Do remember me to him, please."
"Oh, I shall just love to; I tell him just everything—everything that I think, even. I just think he's the grandest fellow that ever lived—I don't see how anyone could help thinking that!"

She held out her hand, and all her freckled angles were glorified by the fervor of her girlish feelings.
"Good-by," said the Widow, and behind the splendid superiority of her own beauty and brilliancy there crept a hint of wistfulness.

"Good-by," said the Bride. "Do come and see me soon. I shall so love to see you."
Then she went out, and the other looked after her going. "Do I envy her?" she asked herself—and smiled and shook her head.

"Poor Will!" she said, after a second's thought—and sighed and shook her head again.

And then she took up the sugar-tongs, and reflected at length.
"Curious creatures men are, anyway!" was the end of her soliloquy.

And then she rang for the maid to come in and put the table in order.
New Socialist Paper for Paris.
A new Socialist paper is about to be started in Paris, with Paul Brousse as the chief editor. It will be called "The Proletaire," and will voice the protests of a section of the Socialist party against the anti-patriotic doctrines enunciated by M. Herve.

FIFTY RUPEES EASILY MADE.
Tricky Indian Merchant Feared Inquisitive Stranger.

An Indian merchant wished to dispose of an old elephant and took it to a fair. As soon as he had arrived he noticed a man who, without saying a word, began to walk round the animal, examining it attentively on all sides. The merchant became very anxious, for he feared the man had found out that his elephant was not worth much. He took him aside and whispered in his ear: "I see a customer coming. Do not say a word until I have sold the beast and I will give you 50 rupees." The man looked at the merchant and wonderingly complied with his request. It happened that the customer had more money than sense, so that he was easily taken in. When the bargain was completed and the elephant led away by its new owner, the merchant handed the 50 rupees to the silent man, saying: "Now, I want you to tell me how you discovered the defect in his left leg. I thought I had concealed it so skillfully." "I have discovered nothing," replied the stranger. "It is the first elephant I have ever seen, and I wanted to know which was the head and which was the tail."
—Exchange.

HIS FIRST LITERARY EFFORT.
Not Likely Among the "Six Best Sellers" of That Year.

A party of friends had gathered in the author's house to congratulate him on the success of his new book. They were extravagantly enthusiastic, as friends are apt to be on such occasions, and the young author was swelling visibly. The author's mother

beamed. Finally one of the guests turned to her. "Tell me, did your son show symptoms of literary genius at an early age?" I presume he did, and you've got some baby effusion treasured away." "I have the first letter he ever wrote me," said the mother smiling, "and maybe you'd call it his first literary effort. He was on a visit to his grandmother's and he had never visited her without me before. But maybe you'd like to hear the letter." The guests chorused "Yes" eagerly. The mother produced a crumpled envelope and paper and read slowly: "Dear Mama—The dogs is awful thick here. Your loving son."

Plant Like a Camel.
The nearest thing to a camel among plants is a curious specimen of the cucumber family which bears the name of the Ibericella sobora. This plant, like the camel, is a native of the desert and it has to go without water longer than the animal. As the rainy season in the desert comes only once a year nature provides the I. S. with a reservoir to store up enough moisture to last it between times. The organ in which the water is stored is located at the base of the stem. It is covered with a sort of mackintosh envelope, through which the water can neither escape nor evaporate. This water holder rests on the sand throughout the entire period of drought, but when the rain comes it springs into activity.

Pointer for Husbands.
When you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a lifelong struggle toward an unattainable ideal. Unattainable! Yes, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.—R. L. Stevenson.

WILL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME.
Young Reporter in Trouble on His First Assignment.

Reporters are not born, as some people seem to think, but made, and sometimes the making is a series of mishaps. A young man just put on the staff of a Philadelphia paper was handed his police card and assigned to a tour of the hospitals and police stations of a certain district. Full of importance in the possession of the much-coveted police card, the young man hastened to a hospital. Arrived there he found a side door, and not knowing just how to proceed, he hunted about until he spied an electric push button. He didn't stop to read the sign over it, but gave it a good shove and stood back awaiting results. They came. In a moment the door was thrown violently open and two men came rushing out with a stretcher, while behind them followed two nurses and a doctor. The doctor at once accosted the young man. "What is it?" he demanded. "What do you want?" The young man drew himself up. "I'm a reporter," he said, "and I want a list of accidents." The physician took the young man by the arm and marched him over to the button. He pointed to the sign, which read: "In case of accidents, push."
"Now I want to tell you," he said solemnly, "if you try that trick again you'll be in an accident."

Chinese Punishment.
The other day the Chinese police court punished one of its female subjects in a novel way. The woman referred to assaulted an elderly man by dragging his pipe from his mouth, thereby causing the loss of two of his front teeth, and for this she was compelled to defray the expenses of a Chinese theater for two days which performed in the temple close to the main gallery.—Chiefs Daily News.

FOR PERFECTION IN KISSING.
Magazine Writer Gives One Pointer Worth Remembering.

Why occupation has received so little attention from wise men we can not tell, says the North American Review. It may be that thinking and kissing go not well together; if so, few of us would require long time to choose between them. Or, possibly, the subject has seemed to require too delicate handling; or it may have seemed trifling. We neither know nor care. The most valuable practical lesson to be derived from experience and now set down is that closing of the eyes is essential to perfection in kissing. Aside from this hint to those of congenial spirit, we would merely direct the attention of those who may deary the importance of the topic to the influence of the charm in retaining hold upon one worth keeping, and rendering less frequent and hazardous those absences which are only too likely to make the heart grow fonder—of some one else.

Legends of Goblin Hounds.
Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles," a "fearsome animal," is said to have its origin in the legends of packs of spectral hounds which are popular in various parts of England and Wales. In the north of England these apparitions are known as "Ghribri's hounds;" in Devon, the "Wick," "Yest," or "Heath hounds;" in Wales, "Cron Annwa," or "Cwn Wylbir," and in Cornwall the "Devil's Dandy dogs." They are supposed to be evil spirits haunting the souls of the dead. Generally they are only heard and seem to be passing swiftly along in the air, as they usually choose cloudy nights for the pursuit of their prey. Their yelping is said to be terrific, resembling the note of a bloodhound. All of which tends to show that the origin of these legends of goblin-hounds is to be found in the terrifying noises made by flocks of wild geese.

Doctor's Rich Fee from American.
A French nerve doctor was called to treat an American visitor for acute neuralgia. Electricity was applied with excellent results. The patient, gratified, promised to send the doctor a check. The next day the medico was astonished to receive a check for £1,000. He went and asked if a mistake had not been made and received further expressions of gratitude. A few days later the American sent title deeds for a house near Arc de Triomphe of the value of 1,000,000 francs. Gil Blas vouchers for the story and says the doctor has just moved into the house given him.

The Fool of the Family.
Primogeniture had engaged so much of a young American's hostile attention that his companion, who happened to be the heir to an earldom, felt constrained to apologize for it. "It has its advantages," he said, mildly; "it makes but one fool in a family, you know." "All my younger brothers amount to something, as you Americans put it," he further explained. "One of them is in the army, another in the navy, and the third lives and works in the east end of London."—Youth's Companion.

Causes of Seaman's Bad Language.
At Southampton (Eng.) a seaman named Johnson had to appear before the borough magistrate on a charge of making use of bad language in St. Mary's street. In explanation he said he was married in St. Mary's church, Southampton, many years ago. He left Southampton after the ceremony and was away several years. Coming back the other day he went to look at the church, and finding there was still so steep to it he did in his righteous anger use some very strong words. In suing the defendant ten shillings and costs the chairman of the bench said many people had said strong things about such a beautiful church as St. Mary's having no steep, but they did not use such bad expressions as the defendant had.

A Broached Strategist.
After the battle of Ramillies had been won by the great duke of Marlborough, Lord John Hay, who commanded a regiment of Scotch dragoons, was captured by the French.

WAS A LESSON FOR "AB'AHAM."
Good Old Uncle Job Felt Called Upon to Rebuke Sinner.

"Yas, suh," began Uncle Job, surveying his hearers with an expression of virtuous sadness; "yas, suh, I sholy gib dat trifling Ab'aham a lesson he neveh fohgot!" Then, seeing an inquiring look in the eyes of some of his hearers, and hearing a question from the lips of one of them, he decided to go more into details about the nature of the lesson he had imparted. "What'd I do tuh him? I's gwine tuh tell you alls. Ab'aham fair drawed de lightnin on hisself w'en he hed de 'dacty tuh 'vite me tuh he house tuh eat er tukkey dinner. Tukkey," repeated Uncle Job, after a telling pause, "w'en dat liverashous rascal neveh raised any tukkey in he life 'cept often some w'ite man's roost. Hit sho was er fine tukkey, but I showed dat Ab'aham dat stolen goods proffeth little. Dat tukkey was er his gobbick, an' dere was nobody but me an' Ab'aham dere; an' I seasoned dat bird wif adonitions tuh be good an' wainings fom de wrath to come. Hit sholy would hev tasted good if hit hedn't been stole. But de sauce ob a deed well did an' a staneh rebuked almos' made hit reliah, an'," concluded Uncle Job, with pious satisfaction, "though hit was er hard pill, I's bound to say I held out to 'de end an' finished dat tukkey, spite ob Ab'aham's hint dat he spected hit tuh las' him erweek."—Youth's Companion.

VARIETIES IN HUMAN SPECIES.
Source of Everything That is Beautiful and Interesting.

Each human being has something distinguishing in form, proportions, countenance, gesture, voice—in feelings, thought, and temper, in mental as well as corporeal physiognomy. This variety is the source of everything beautiful and interesting in the external world—the foundation of the whole moral fabric of the universe. Certain external circumstances, as power, climate, mode of life, have the power of modifying the animal organization, so as to make it deviate from that of the parent. But this effect terminates in the individual. Thus, a fair Englishman, if exposed to the sun, becomes dark and swarthy in Bengal; but his offspring, if from an English woman, are born just as fair as he himself was originally; and the children, after any number of generations that we have yet observed, are still born equally fair, provided there has been no intermixture of dark blood.

Causes of Seaman's Bad Language.
At Southampton (Eng.) a seaman named Johnson had to appear before the borough magistrate on a charge of making use of bad language in St. Mary's street. In explanation he said he was married in St. Mary's church, Southampton, many years ago. He left Southampton after the ceremony and was away several years. Coming back the other day he went to look at the church, and finding there was still so steep to it he did in his righteous anger use some very strong words. In suing the defendant ten shillings and costs the chairman of the bench said many people had said strong things about such a beautiful church as St. Mary's having no steep, but they did not use such bad expressions as the defendant had.

A Broached Strategist.
After the battle of Ramillies had been won by the great duke of Marlborough, Lord John Hay, who commanded a regiment of Scotch dragoons, was captured by the French.

A Broached Strategist.
After the battle of Ramillies had been won by the great duke of Marlborough, Lord John Hay, who commanded a regiment of Scotch dragoons, was captured by the French.

called the King's, consisting of 1,200 men, submitted to him and surrendered their arms and colors, ordered, to prevent their running away, and the necessity of setting a strong guard over them, that every man should cut a piece out of the waist-band of his breeches, which obliged them to hold them up with one hand, and in that posture they marched with a guard of only 25 dragoons and a sergeant. Charles XII. did some thing like this by the Muscovites after the battle of Narva.

Man's Prejudice for Black Clothes.
In opening an artistic dress exhibition Mr. Louis N. Parker, master of the recent Warwick pageant, said there could be no doubt that the clothes men wore were foolish, says the Pall Mall Gazette. He claimed that as woman could array herself in sympathetic colors and flowing folds, the time had arrived when man should be placed on equality with her, instead of the having to array himself in black for dinner, the theater, funerals and weddings. He believed and hoped that his pageants would do something to sweep away the prejudice for black, for it was a horrid custom on the part of civilization.

Dead.
"Silas Kidder has just answered my letter," said the country editor's assistant. "You know I wrote to him and told him his subscription had expired." "Dumbest if I know." He just sent my letter back with some Italian words scrawled on the bottom of it. Looks like 'requiescat in pace.'"
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Gossip Set to Music.
"I went to the opera last night." "What did you hear?" "That Mrs. Brewster is going to get a divorce. Mrs. Elgin has the dearest dog and a new baby, and the Hutton's are going to live in India."—Harper's Weekly.
HER "NO" NOT ALWAYS FINAL.

Women Have Been Known to Recede After Refusal of Marriage.

There are plenty of happy marriages which have begun with "no" and ended with "yes." It frequently happens that the woman who refuses the first time consents willingly upon the second or third. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. The woman

who answers with a negative often does so believing that if her suitor really means what he says he will not accept dismissal without making an effort to reverse her decision. The astute lover, when declined as a husband, begs humbly for friendship and proceeds to make himself necessary to his lady love's comfort and happiness. He studies her tastes, humors her whims, is always on hand when needed, yet never in the way. In short, he plays the part of "cavalier servant" so adroitly that some day when he betakes himself to Japan or Paris his lady love wakes up to the knowledge that he has become indispensable to her, a part of her life, which, withdrawn, leaves a some lack, a void. Most fortunes will capitulate if the siege be long enough and well conducted, and the rule holds good in love as well as in war.
—Exchange.

MOSQUITO EASILY ON THE TOP.
Insect Holds Record for Slaughter of Human Beings.

Napoleon is supposed to have passed away from earth burdened with the weight of responsibility for a million deaths. Genghis Khan and Timur are credited with ten millions each. These are mighty warriors, and history gives them page after page by way of exhorting us to the "strenuous life," but for centuries the mosquito has pegged away and kept the annual average of 250,000 deaths! What statesman has given to earth such a soldier community? What patriot has made a country so terrible throughout the world? A general and his army passes away—from the beginning the mosquito has been with us. He is responsible, mainly, to-day for the fact that the tribes of men are cooped into the inhospitable climates of the north and leave the warmer, more generous and productive south to him. Why not put the mosquito on the flag of warrior nations instead of the eagle and the lion?—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Simple and Logical.
A teacher observed what he thought a lack of patriotic enthusiasm in one of the boys under his instruction. "Now, Tommy," said he, "tell me what you think if you saw the stars and stripes waving over the field of battle." "I should think," was the logical reply of Thomas, "that the wind was blowing."

NEW MUSIC STORE

WE have opened a new music store in the Landon furniture store on Eleventh street and will handle a complete line of first-class pianos. Our prices defy all competition. Remember we are permanently located in Columbus.

BECKER BROS.

HENRY J. BECKER, Manager