

Miss Helen Welch leaves next week for a trip through the Yellowstone in company with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bryar.

Numerous picnic parties were held July 5 at Ensign's farm, Lincoln Park, Cushman, and the state farm.

Chancellor MacLean is in attendance at the National Teachers' association at Milwaukee.

A party of high school young people picnicked at the Crete Chautauqua Monday. They were met there by a party from the Beatrice high school.

Miss Ethel Bigcell gave a birthday party on Thursday evening to thirty of her friends. The party went trolleying out to Union College and back again to a lunch which the unjaded appetites of the young people did full justice to.

### STORIES IN PASSING.

She hustled into a South Seventeenth car at the depot and sat down near the door, an old leather grip by her side and a hat box on her lap.

"Let me out at Euclid avenue" she said in a timid agitated voice to the conductor on the rear platform, and he nodded silently.

She said nothing as the car traveled down O street and out past the high school and the state house, and turned into Seventeenth.

"You won't forget to put me off at Euclid avenue," she then said anxiously, but the conductor was as deaf as an image.

"Isn't this Euclid?" she ventured as the car made the little twist in the street at A. The conductor nailed her with a cold and masterly eye, and she shrank back behind the hand box and looked nervously out the window.

"Surely this is Euclid," came from the woman appealingly as the car stopped a moment, and she half arose, but they were moving and with a frightened look, she sank down again.

The car sped on a block and then the sphinx on the rear platform spoke.

"Euclid avenue!" he shouted. There was a stop. Then the little bell up front tinkled twice, the car raced down the distance, and a woman with leather-worn grip and hat-box stood bewildered in the center of the street, uncertain whether she should turn to the east or west of Seventeenth on Euclid avenue.

If there is one place in all the world where a civilian is a fool to glory in his horsemanship, it is at an army post where a cavalry troop is stationed. But Dr. Coggle of Coggleville, Maryland, did not know this, or if he did, showed his indiscretion by entirely ignoring the fact. It took one good, long hard ride to convince the doctor of this. And here is the story of that ride:

The doctor had come out to Fort Robinson from the east—a young man of about thirty, who sang well, played a steady hand at cards, and won his share at billiards, so he soon grew into favor of all the officers and their families. But the doctor above all else prided himself in his horsemanship and there he made his big mistake. He was, to tell the truth, a good mount and could handle easily any horse that came into that post. But almost every man at the station could do that and more too. The lieutenants listened civilly to the doctor's talk over his ability and smiled to themselves in a knowing way. And so things ran on all that spring and into the summer.

In July, two companies of the Ninth were ordered to Fort Assinaboine, Wyoming. Now, Fort Assinaboine is something like three hundred miles from Fort Robinson, and as the transfer was to be made with all possible speed, it meant a long, hard ride, night and day, through the hottest, driest, dreariest part of the old American desert. And by some means

Dr. Coggle, of Coggleville, Maryland, was persuaded to accompany the troop.

They set out at four in the afternoon, and by midnight had made sixty miles where they rested. At four in the morning they pushed on and all that day, and by night were into Wyoming and half the distance to Fort Assinaboine. The stretch was beginning to tell on the doctor, but he bore up manfully. Then they struck difficulty. The streams in those parts had run dry. So all that second night they rode on toward some tanks that were known to have been placed in the hills, but in the morning these were reached and found empty. And still a hundred miles of white, hot sandy desert lay before them. Horses and men were half dead, but there was little complaint from the troops. The liquor bottles had been emptied long before and left behind. At noon that day they came to a little bunch of shriveled trees and here the doctor got off, his face white and drawn, his tongue lolling from his half-open mouth, his eyes blood shot and glassy. He rolled to the grass and declared that he could and would go no farther—he would die first.

The major rode back and looked at the drooping figure silently. Then he whipped out a revolver and aimed it at the man.

"Get on that horse!" he commanded gruffly, and the doctor crawled up and on to the saddle. They tied his feet together under the animal, and half dead, faint and pale, doubled up far over the horse's neck, he rode those last fifty miles into the fort. When they took him down he was raving and it was September before he could ride abroad again. But he never glories in his horsemanship now, though since then he has made many a longer and harder ride than those three hundred miles from Fort Robinson to Fort Assinaboine.

Early one morning, just as the streets were beginning to awaken, a man and a child sat on the steps of a pawn-broker's shop down by the depot. The man's faded brown trousers were frayed about the heels with much walking. He had no coat, his dirty shirt was open at the neck, and his hat was almost shapeless. On his chin was a week's stubble, and his hands were big and brown and sun-burned. Above his eye-brows and about his nostrils, and on all his person was the dust of the railroad ties.

The man half leaned against the shop door, his head hanging over to one side awkwardly, like to a man whose neck is broken by a sharp blow on the back. His mouth was open and the morning flies ran back and forth across the lips and over his face. But he did not stir for such things.

At his feet slept the child, one arm about his knee confidently, the man's big hand on her little shoulder. Her toes peeped from the coarse worn shoe and her naked back stared out from the dress she wore. And like the other she was brown and sun-burned and covered with the dust of the railroad ties, and like him, she too slept the sleep of the dead.

A dog came by, nosed at the pair and ran on up the bricks, a swallow twittered on the cornice overhead and a straw fell upon the child's face. An ice wagon rumbled past, an early street car with clanging bell slid down the little hill to the depot, and a locomotive whistled shrilly at the far end of the yards—but the two slept on. A window above them opened and a man with scowling eyes looked out. Then the window closed and the door below was opened noiselessly.

"Get out!" and the man with scowling eyes and he kicked heavily at the figure before him.

The brown, sun-burned man arose slowly from the pavement, where he had fallen, rubbed his eyes awake and then rubbed his back. Then without a word he took up the still sleeping child

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in his arms, and wearily walked down the street to the tracks and on and out into the face of the rising sun that silvered the rails which stretched away endlessly into the distance.

There were two boys of twelve and fourteen dressed in crash suits and straw hats, who had gone down to the Crete Chautauqua to spend the Fourth. They had evidently tired of the place and were then sitting in the shade of the water tank near the depot shooting fire-crackers in a weary way. A man came by and the older one hailed him.

"Say, mister, when's that train going back to Lincoln?"

"There's one in about half an hour—twelve thirty—but you're going back rather early in the day."

"None too early for us" was the answer from one of the boys, "Pap sent us down here to have a good time but it's all a darn fake. I'd just like to know what pap's idea of having a good time is anyway."

"Got here at nine" put in the older

boy, "and it didn't take fifteen minutes to see the whole show. D'ye you think we want to see scenery and hear a man preach to a lot of women and Sunday-school teachers on the fourth of July? You just bet not. And they haven't a band nor a balloon nor a cannon nor a bloomin' thing."

"Not even a merry go-round," said the younger boy.

"Nor lemonade"

"Nor bicycle races."

"Nor a base-ball game."

"Nor anything."

"I wish that train would hurry up and come and we'll have time to go out to the park and see the games anyway."

And as the man moved away he heard the smaller boy say, "I don't take much stock in pap's fun—what a——he must have been if he spent his fourth at a thing like this down here."

H. G. SHEDD.

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