

Store Hours 10 a. m. till 5 p. m. Store Hours 10 a. m. till 5 p. m.

XMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

MARK THIS LIST

This list was prepared for your help and convenience. Look it over carefully and mark what you want; BRING IT WITH YOU. Our line of Christmas gifts embraces selections for every member of a household, from grandma and grandpa right down to the baby. We have what you want at the price you want to pay for it, and, remember that our name on a box is a guarantee of QUALITY.



We have those Christmas Presents.

For Baby

Photo Frame
Silver Buttonhook
Silver Pusher
Locket and chain
Baby Ring
Silver Cup
Brooch Pin
Set Baby Studs
Set Baby Pins
Napkin Clip
Silver Fork
Feeding Spoon

For Mother

Gold Thimble
Veil Pins
Silver Toilet Set
Boudoir Clock
Gold Brooch
Gold Watch
Pearl Necklace
Diamond Ring
Velvet Hand Bag

For Grandpa

Fancy Pencil
Stick Pin
Set Scarf Pin
Cuff Buttons
Case for Glasses
Shaving Set
Purse
Watch Chain
Watch
Pipe

For Brother

Lodge Emblem
Pocket Knife
Shirt Sets
Cuff Links
Cuff Buttons
Watch Fob
Watch Chain
Watch
Set Ring
Necktie Holder
Scarf Pin

For Father

Pocket Knife
Diamond Stud
Watch Chain
Lodge Emblem
Pipe
Fountain Pen
Cigar Case
Cuff Links
Cuff Buttons
Diamond Scarf Pin

For "Her"

Bracelet Watch
Jewel Case
Vanity Set
Locket and Chain
Gold La Valliere
Gold Brooch
Diamond Brooch
Diamond Necklace
Diamond Ring
Ivory Toilet Articles

For Sister

Fancy Hat Pins
Cut Glass Perfume Bottle
Manicure Set
Set Ring
Silver Mesh Bag
Ivory Toilet Set

For Grandma

Sewing Set
Parisian Ivory Pin Tray
Set Gold Pins
Bed Room Clock
Silver Mirror Frame
Silver Thimble
Ring
Brooch

For "Him"

Silver Ash Tray
Leather Collar Box
Pocket Knife
Initial Ring
Toilet Set
Silver Cigarette Case
Shaving Set
Set of Brushes
Pipe
Watch and Chain
Diamond Scarf Pin
Initial Cuff Links

For the Home

Set Silver Spoons
Set Plates and Forks
Silver Cutlery
Silver Crumb Set

Cut Glass Fruit Dish
Silver Fruit Dish
Silver Bread Tray
Silver Vegetable Dish

Silver Tea Set
Silver Cake Basket
Cut Glass Water Set

CLINTON, The Jeweler.

Sign of the Big Ring.

BETWEEN LINES

By ELIZABETH A. DE BAER.

(Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Olga was a senior in boarding school and George was a junior in college. They met at a college house party and, well—!

Olga was short with very large eyes and a very small mouth. She wore her hair, black and shining, parted in the middle, pulled quaintly down over her forehead, pulled over the ears and high in back. When George came to call, she wore her grandmother's comb, which was very lovely—then hurried it back among tissue paper when he left. Olga's dresses were ruffy—most impractical, but she was practical because she made them herself. She could play a guitar softly and roll her eyes at the proper moment, and, best of all, she was a good listener. But when it came to talking—Olga was a failure. She couldn't say anything funny and her words seemed to jump out in a short, snappy way. Olga couldn't talk well and, fortunately, she knew it—so she didn't talk much.

As for George—he was big and awkward, but loads of fun. He could make his thumbs go out of joint and Olga would cover her big eyes with her little hands and beg him not to be "so naughty," and said she wouldn't look, but he knew she was peering through her fingers. He liked to have her sit curled up beside him, and play soft, slow music on her guitar while they both looked into space. Yes, they were deeply in love!

Then the house party ended and Olga came back to school, fell into the arms of her waiting roommate, was dragged upstairs and, lights turned

low, confessed the whole story to wide-eyed Jane.

"And just think, dear," she ended with a resigned sigh. "It'll be two months before I'll see him."

"Poor little thing," Jane eyed with envy the diamond set fraternity pin that clung desperately to Olga's waist. "It must be wonderful to be in love."

The next day a special came for Olga—it was a letter from George and such a letter! Olga showed it to Jane and cried and laughed alternately as she read it for the fifth time. It was indeed a masterpiece, a clever, well-written letter, and Olga was wise—she knew her answer was expected to be equally as clever—it just had to be! Moreover, she knew she couldn't write a good letter any more than she could tell a good story—and she knew Jane could. And Jane did. True love should not deceive, but Olga, in her desire to keep George's affection while away from him, was desperate. She realized her shortcomings and she did her best to outwit them. So Jane, under Olga's careful censorship, carried on the latter's correspondence with her fiancé.

All went well and everyone was apparently happy until one day Jane, red-eyed, told Olga she wanted to talk with her. She flopped down on the cot among the pillows and looked up into Olga's questioning eyes.

"I can't go on with it, Roomy," she said in a hollow voice. "I can't go on deceiving him, and myself."

"Yes, I've tried to make myself believe I don't love him, but I do—his letters are so wonderful. I—"

"Stop," Olga cried; "do you mean you have fallen in love with my George?"

Jane nodded miserably and the tears bounced off her cheek.

"Yes," she answered simply. Then desperately she went on: "And I've read between the lines, it's me he loves, it's my letters, it's

the girl I've put into my letters—me—me!"

"Oh, Jane, how can you!" and Olga sank down. She wanted to cry but she didn't, so she whistled bravely.

That night the maid came patting up the stairs with two cards for Olga. One was "Georgy Potter," the other, "Stanley Mills." She couldn't think; she went mechanically down the stairs and into the reception room. George caught her hands awkwardly and, utterly ignoring the tall, dark man beside him, said:

"Olga, tell me the truth—do you love me?"

"Oh, George, what's the use if—"

"I won't believe it, Olga—I know you love me and I've come to explain everything. I was so crazy about you that when I went away I was afraid my letters wouldn't hold your interest, so I got Stan to write 'em for me." And now, Olga, he's fallen in love with you, and he says he's read between the lines and knows you're his by rights. He told me so this morning."

But Olga shot out of the room, flinging a "be right back" to the surprised man who stared after her. In a moment she returned dragging a bewildered Jane across the room.

"George, dear," she explained, "it was Jane who wrote these letters—I was trying to deceive you and—"

Mrs. Varden's patience could stand no more.

"You dare," she burst out, "to plan an elopement with my daughter! You—"

But Vickie interposed.

"Mother," she reproached, "you would not let me marry Bruce."

"Rather a thousand times Bruce," cried Mrs. Varden, "than this presumptuous Oriental."

"Then," agreed Vickie with alacrity, "I will send for Bruce."

In the darkness Kato's hand reached out to touch the girl's.

"Mother needn't know that it was an elopement with Bruce which I suggested," he said. "Me, Pansy Blossom, I'm your friend."

PANSY BLOSSOM

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1915, Western Newspaper Union)

"It is the pansy blossom," the young Japanese said, "and if you were of Japan, that should be your name—Pansy Blossom; because of the purple of your eyes, and the thoughts you bring."

Vickie smiled. She sat looking down at the water color sketch which the Japanese had placed in her hand.

"You are poetical, Kato," she replied, "and an artist, too. I like your pansy blossom, and I like your pretty way of naming women." Vickie sighed. "Everything here is beautiful enough to inspire one to poetry and art. Kato, can you imagine a lovelier spot? The sea sparkling before us in the sunshine, and the tall background of trees, before the hotel. One ought to be happy here, Kato." The girl moved her pretty hand impatiently.

"One would be if—" she laughed shakingly, "if some one were not always taking the joy out of life."

"Some one?" questioned the Japanese softly, raising his brows. Vickie drew nearer.

"I just have to tell you," she said. "It will be such a comfort to confide, and you are a sphinx, Kato; wild horses couldn't draw a confidence from you."

The youth bowed gravely.

"At your service, Pansy Blossom," he assured her.

"Mother's apparent purpose in bringing me here," said Vickie, "was that I might enjoy the pleasure with her of a seaside resort. The real underlying reason was to break off an attachment which she had discovered between myself and Bruce Masters. Mother has other plans in view for her debutante daughter, than being the wife of honest Bruce Masters. Bruce is not rich, you see, Kato, also he has still his profession to fight for. But he loves me, and I—"

The girl gazed out to sea, a tender smile curving her lips.

"I love Bruce," she ended softly.

"And this Bruce whom you love is worthy?" Kato asked. She nodded vehemently.

"There's a wealthy banker in the office," she explained, "upon whom mother has set her ambitious heart. She can't make me marry him, Kato, but she can prevent me from seeing Bruce. I'm sure I don't know how it's all going to end. You must see, how—slight I'm growing, Kato—no appetite at all. And if it were not for your wonderful musical performance at the theater each afternoon, I really don't know what I should do. You help me to pass the time, too. You're very interesting, Kato. I'm so glad you are 'the fashion' at the hotel."

"You are sorrowful, disappointed," Kato went on; "may be some way I can help you."

"Dear Kato," Vickie said. "Please try."

He arose, assisting the girl with a courtly air.

Vickie slipped her hand through his proffered arm and the two went strolling together down the beach.

"My dear Mrs. Varden," an imposing looking woman upon the hotel veranda said, to a woman in an adjoining rocking chair, "are you not afraid to allow your charming daughter so much of that fascinating Jap's society? Young people have romantic ideas, you know, and the accomplished musician may be dangerously entertaining."

Vickie Varden's mother turned, suddenly startled; then she laughed.

"My daughter is not so easily fascinated," she replied. But the uncomfortable suggestion rankled.

That evening the mother felt called upon to drop a warning remark.

"Don't you think that you are being too good to that Japanese?" she drawled. "Surely there is nothing about him to so constantly amuse."

To her surprise the girl whirled about in indignation.

"Kato doesn't amuse me," she retorted. "I like him; he is my friend."

Speechless, the mother gazed after her daughter's wrathful departure. Then in anger, she followed swiftly as the girl passed out upon the hotel veranda and deliberately down to a dusky secluded corner. The mother's newly awakened fears were realized. The Japanese was already there, evidently awaiting her daughter's appearance. Mrs. Varden drew back against a jut of the wall, and shamelessly listened.

"Pansy Blossom," greeted the youth, "the hours are long when you are not here."

"I have been thinking," he continued, "that an elopement must be the solution. True love should not be denied. It grieves me to see you suffer, and I—"

Mrs. Varden's patience could stand no more.

"You dare," she burst out, "to plan an elopement with my daughter! You—"

But Vickie interposed.

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GIVE MEANING TO WHISTLE

Canary Island Natives Said to Hold Conversations With Each Other by Musical Sounds.

Australia, it is said, can boast of whistling spiders, whistling snakes and whistling moths. But has anybody ever heard of "whistling" language?

It is recorded that in the Canary Islands the natives are expert whistlers and hold conversations with each other through this medium. Travelers who have been to these islands tell how they have learned the strange language, and also of how long and complicated conversations have been held by whistling with a neighbor a mile away.

The New Guinea whistling snake is very dangerous and many deaths have been reported. It rushes to an intruder with a whistling noise and the bite causes almost instantaneous death.

The United States has "whistling" raves and "squeaking" sands. A whistling well in Kansas has been known to give notice of coming storms, the rushing wind over it causing a loud shrill warning of approaching squalls. Singing sands are well known in the United States, but in south Colorado "squeaking" ones are found. The cause remains a mystery, but the sand only "squeaks" in dry weather.

Plants, caves and trees are recorded among the "whistlers" of the earth and it is interesting to find that in Nubia and the Sudan there grows a species of acacia which the natives call the "whistling" tree. Its "whistle" is not that of an ordinary blowing of the wind through its branches, but it arises from the air playing on some holes of a bladderlike formation, being the work of insects.

Wanted—Live stock to winter, trees, spring water and hay. Paul Saul, 9 miles northwest. 94-4 621. 921f

Choose a Needed Occupation.

Choose an occupation in which you are at an advantage. Necessary occupations insure steady employment. Food, health, clothing, household management, thrift, teaching, child care, and nursing offer traditional employments to women. The average woman can look to these necessary occupations with a fair certainty of earning an honorable and comfortable livelihood. If you prefer an exceptional occupation, and are qualified for it, do not be discouraged by initial failure. This is the age of the woman at work. The oldest and largest employments are constantly showing new and interesting developments in work for women. When the merchant begins a business he selects commodities to sell for which there is a demand. The worker should choose an occupation which offers steady, useful and well-paid employment. There seems no reason why many girls should not find employment in their father's business. Lady Rhonda is an example of the daughter who was her father's partner.—Exchange.

Mild and Ancient.

"Shall we refer to that opponent in uncompromising terms as a grafter?" asked the invaluable secretary.

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "Let's keep up-to-date and make it strong. The profiteers these days have made the old-fashioned grafter look like a piker."

His Glimpses of Warfare.

"What are your impressions of 'No Man's Land'?"

"I didn't get into the war," answered the morose citizen. "My only vivid idea of 'No Man's Land' is home while spring housecleaning is going on."—Minneapolis Tribune.

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