

THE HUB.... JUDD & PETERSEN. THE HUB

A NEW STORE with a brand new stock of the best and most durable and fashionable clothing. We have come to stay. We know that the only way to hold your confidence and your patronage is to deserve it. For this reason we offer you a stock of splendid New Fall and Winter Clothing at the very lowest prices. Talk is cheap—so we let our bargains tell their own story.

Bargains--Clothing.	Bargains--Overcoats.	Bargains in Youths and Childrens Clothing.	Bargains in Gloves and Mittens.	Bargains in Underwear.	Bargains in Childrens OVERCOATS.
Mens fine suits, plaid, plain or striped.....\$3.95	Fine Ulsters and Dress Coats.....\$3.95	A fine child's suit.....\$1.00	Six styles leather working Gloves.....25c	Heavy Shirts and Drawers each.....25c	Fine childrens cape Overcoats.....\$2.25
Mens fine wool suit, all colors.....5.00	Mens Beavers, blue, grey and black.....5.00	A fine child's suit with vest.....1.19	Asbestos and other fine makes.....50c	Fleeced lined, natural wool, camels hair, Hub price.....50c	Novelties—Cap Coats—Hub price.....2.75
Mens Cheviot suit, plain and fancy.....6.50	Fine Beaver Dress Overcoat, Hub price.....6.50	Finest grades with vest from.....1.50 to 4.50	Genuine Plymouth, Buck horse hide and others.....75c	Fine knitted wool underwear.....75c	Boy's Ulsters at ridiculous Low Prices.
Mens black and colored Clays.....8.50	Latest style blue & black Meltons.....8.00	Young mens long pants suits, fine quality.....3.50	Fine Dress Gloves of all kinds.	Heavy home spun all wool, Hub price.....1.00	--The "HUB."--
Mens suits, tailor made, of all kinds.....10.00	Fine Tailor-made Kersey all shades.....10.00	Young mens best grades made from.....4.00 to 6.00			

Money Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

VICTORIES FOR REPUBLICANS.

The records of Tuesday, November 8, show republican victories of very large proportions for an off year. Take the vote in New York, notwithstanding the tremendous fight put up by the Tamany people, and the large decrease of the popular vote, the republicans carried the state by about 20,000.

In Pennsylvania the governor and state officers are elected.

In New Jersey they have won by 10,000 majority.

Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts still remain in the republican ranks. Ohio gives a plurality of some 60,000 or 70,000.

In Iowa the grand victory of two years ago has been repeated, and a solid republican delegation will be sent to congress.

Nebraska has been taken from the grasp of populism and a republican elected instead of Populist Allen.

Thus it will be seen that the administration of President McKinley has been splendidly sustained. What does this result imply? It constitutes a vindication of republican principles and policies and shows confidence from the people and the nation will go forward in the path of progress and prosperity.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

It is safe to say that after March 4, 1899, the United States will have a republican senate. The present senate consists of forty-three republicans, with one vacancy, thirty-four democrats and twelve of different political faiths, the latter always joining the democratic forces when voting on any questions.

The house of representatives at the vote of adjournment was divided as follows: 203 republicans, 126 democrats and 25 others, making a total of 357, and leaving the republicans with a majority of 49 over all.

Chairman Babeock, in getting down to rock-bottom figures, finds that the republicans are absolutely certain of 185 seats in the next house, with about twelve districts still in doubt, but probably republican. His figures are that the republicans are sure of the following seats:

State.	Congressmen.
California.....	6
Connecticut.....	4
Delaware.....	4
Illinois.....	14
Indiana.....	8
Iowa.....	11
Kansas.....	8
Kentucky.....	1
Maine.....	4
Maryland.....	4
Massachusetts.....	10
Michigan.....	11
Minnesota.....	6
Missouri.....	3
Nebraska.....	6
New Jersey.....	6
New Hampshire.....	2
New York.....	15
North Carolina.....	2
North Dakota.....	1
Ohio.....	15
Oregon.....	2
Pennsylvania.....	20
Rhode Island.....	2
South Dakota.....	2
Tennessee.....	2
Texas.....	1
Vermont.....	2
West Virginia.....	4
Wisconsin.....	10
Wyoming.....	1
Washington.....	2
Total.....	182

CONGRESSMAN KNOWLES.

The following extract is taken from the Aberdeen, S. D. News, and shows how Mr. Freeman Knowles, a former resident of Crawford, but now a silver congressman from South Dakota runs things to suit the Knowles family.

"A short time ago the News showed that Freeman Knowles, who draws from the government \$7,000 a year for salary and mileage that costs him nothing, because he travels on passes, had appointed his 15 year old daughter as his private secretary at an additional salary of \$1,200 a year, making \$8,200 a year. But this is not all."

He is looking after the interests of the Knowles family with a keen eye, and has now appointed his son, Ellery Knowles, a cadet at West Point, as the following letter shows:

"Washington, D. C., Oct. 24, 1898.—Congressman Knowles has appointed Ellery Knowles to West Point as a private and James E. Russell as a terminate. A. C. CORBIN, adj. Gen."

"Heretofore in this state the appointment to West Point has been made upon competitive examination, and has served as an incentive to young men, and a stimulus to an education. It has been eagerly sought and at various times many of the brightest young men have striven for the honor. Lieutenant John McArthur of this city was appointed after undergoing a severe examination, in which he stood at the head of a large number of applicants, and his career in the military service has been a source of constant pride to his acquaintances, and the people of the whole state. Mr. Knowles reverses all this, however, and regulates the position to the sphere of political plunder. He has done worse. He has appointed his own son, and it is believed his action is without precedent. Mr. Knowles believes in dodging the payment of his taxes and avoiding as far as he can the payment of any contribution to the support of the government, but he squeezes the last drop of juice from the political lemon and seeks greedily for more."

TOLD A PIOUS LIE.

Very Pathetic Incident of One Wartime Cable Message.

Walking along that always to be hated railway track at Siboney on the morning of July 7, I heard the hail from behind:

"Don't walk so fast. I want you to do something for me."

Turning, I recognized a regular army officer I knew on the plains. He was on improvised crutches, and his right leg hung in splints, the tibia having been broken by a piece of shrapnel. His uniform was tattered, his hair and beard disheveled, his face gaunt and drawn with hunger and pain, but his indomitable eyes shone with all their old-time fire, tinted with humor and good will.

"That's your dispatch boat, isn't it, in the harbor there?"

"Yes. What can I do for you, old man? You shouldn't be out in this sun and with that wound, you know."

"Oh, that's all right. That's what Pills said. But if you're going to Port Antonio please send this, won't you? It'll ease the madam's mind a bit."

"This" was the following:

"Mrs. J. —

"Fort —, U. S. A.:

"Am Well.—Jim."

The pathos of it. He was badly hit, had suffered the tortures of the lost in the transporting from the front to Siboney's general hospital, did not know whether his leg could be saved or not, was feverish with thirst, and even tepid water hard to get. Yet to save a pang to the heart of a little woman who loved him he had added to his pain and written on a soiled envelope a hospital attendant gave him the pious lie above recorded. He would not trust any one to deliver the message lest it miscarry and for hours had watched for some newspaper man he knew. Thank heaven, he did not lose his leg, and is now convalescent under the ministrations of "Mrs. Jim."—Minneapolis Times.

Up in a Balloon.

Mr. Spencer errs when he says that he made in England the other day the highest balloon ascent. He went only 27,500 feet. In September, 1863, Mr. James Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, in behalf of the British association, ascended at Wolverhampton to a height of seven miles. At 5 1/2 miles Glaisher became insensible. At seven Coxwell lost the use of both hands, but opened the valve with his teeth, and the descent was made in safety.—New York Press.

Strike Situation at Pana.

Pana, Ill., Nov. 7.—The strike situation here is comparatively quiet. Isaiah Ross, the negro who was shot by a companion October 15, in the office of the Pana Coal Mining company, died from the effects of the wound, and was buried in the potter's field. It is thought that Troop B will be called to Springfield after the election. Upon their departure a change of affairs is expected here, as the union miners are more determined than ever that the negro miners must go.

On Way to Damascus.

Beyrout, Nov. 7.—The emperor and empress of Germany started for Damascus at nine o'clock in the morning.

A MAN'S MAKING.

The "judge" paused long enough to change the position of the stick he was whittling, shift the chew of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other and then glance around at the two young men sitting on the plank sidewalk on either side of him.

The judge was 60; not fat and 40, but fatter and 60. His six feet of height was burdened with the painful necessity of carrying 300 pounds when he walked and of supporting the same weight when he did not move. The judge supported it usually, and that was the reason his clothes wore out so much more quickly at one certain place than at any other. He went up and out from his feet to his waist and then up and in from his waist to the top of his head—an hourglass cut in two and put together again with the large ends in the middle. A fringe of long, dirty looking hair showed from under the band of his slouch hat. Through the hole in the top of the hat one caught an occasional glimpse of a bald and shining spot, the peak of his head trying to get through into the fresh air. But the strength had gone from his hair to his beard, for his whiskers were long and bushy and his mustaches equally so. Judge spoke, not with a drawl, but with that slow movement peculiar to fat and lazy people. Yet the little gray eyes sparkled all the time, as though they had absorbed all the energy in the man.

"Well, boys," he continued, after completing his survey, "where'd you be now if you'd enlisted?"

The younger of his auditors answered: "If we'd gone with the state regiment, we'd be at Manila probably. But if we'd gone with Grigsby's cowboys we'd be at Chickamauga, judge."

"Yes, that's it, boys. And it's—d hot there in the summer time. I spent a couple of summers in that country in 1863-4 with the army. Had a good place, too, boys, where I didn't have much hard work to do, but it was hot all the same."

"What did you do, father?" asked Charlie, who was the judge's youngest son.

"I was judge advocate of the regiment. But soldiering is hard work, no matter what you've got to do. It's a dog's life."

"Yes, we know that, judge," the other boy, Henry, said, "but we decided we could stand it and had said enough to do what we were told to do without kicking, and we thought if we did all that and did it well we might have a chance for promotion."

"We-ll, boys, I don't believe I'd go as a private in any company. You can't tell what kind of an ass you're going to have losing you. Some of the bosses may be all right, but there's bound to be one you can't get along with."

"Yes, father, we know it would be hard, but we thought we could stand it, even if we didn't like it."

"That's all right, boys, but you don't know anything about it. You've got to enlist and see for yourself. It's bad enough when you are an officer, but when you're just a private it's d—d bad."

"Did you enlist as a private, judge?" Henry asked.

"No, Hal; I organized a company and was elected captain and held that rank until I got to be judge. You see, I came out to Iowa from Ohio when I was quite a kid and had been living there for some time when the war broke out, so everybody knew me, and as I was always a good natured cuss they all seemed to like me."

The judge's stick and tobacco needed attention, and he was silent while he looked after them. Then he went on:

"We had a colonel that was the biggest ass I ever saw. He got the office through political friends, and he didn't know B from bull's foot. Our lieutenant colonel was a pretty decent sort of a man, and the two majors were fair. But that colonel! He was so mean that I never saw him, but I didn't want to shoot a gun from one of my men and snout him. I had enough sense not to say anything, although the colonel did know I didn't like him extra well. Finally I got the chance I had been longing for to tell him what I thought of him. But see here, boys, if you ever get into the army don't you think of doing anything like it. I was young then and a little foolish."

"The colonel—I don't call my name—got so fat and so fat that I

the battlement that he had to resign to keep from being kicked out. And there was a big feast in honor of his departure. Of course it was supposed to have been got up as a token of his under-officers' regard for him. After we had finished eating—it was in the lieutenant colonel's tent—and the whisky and wine and cigars were on the speech-making began. The colonel made a little talk, saying how sorry he was to leave us, and all that sort of thing. Then the lieutenant colonel and the two majors made a little speech. They all said something about the colonel being such a fine man and officer and how sorry they were to see him leave—every bit a d—d lie."

The judge stopped and laughed. His laugh wasn't loud, and one could not get the full benefit of it unless one saw him. His whole body shook with the amusement of it, and his features took on such a comical expression that it made one laugh just to see him.

"Then," he continued, "they called on me for a speech. I didn't want to respond and told them so. They would not rest, and finally I told them I had never made an after dinner speech or a departure speech in my life and didn't know whether or not I could make one, but that if I did get up I'd say some things I thought, and I didn't care about doing that. But they wouldn't hear of it, so I got up."

The judge stopped again, shut up his knife and took the remains of his stick in his right hand, holding it on a level with his shoulder.

"I began, told them how long I had known the colonel and what kind of a man I used to think he was before he got his commission as colonel of our regiment. And then I started in. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'if I had known this man was going to have command of my regiment I'd enlisted as a raw private in another one. He's got no more business being in command of men than a yellow cur dog. There's not a man in the army I would rather see kicked out than our colonel. He's the most ornary man, officer or private in the whole army, and it would have been a blessing to every mother's son of us if he'd been killed before we left camp.'

"Well, boys, I kept up this lick for about 30 minutes. When I began to talk, the faces of all the company were just normal—what faces of men ought to be when they've had a good dinner and are drinking good liquor and have not had anything to ruffle their temper. But when I began to launch forth against the colonel the faces changed. I knew there wasn't more than one or two men there who didn't feel just as I did. But the colonel—hu, hu! It was the funniest thing I ever saw. He got red, then white, then red again, and kept on changing color this way until I got through my talk. I spoke pretty loud, too, let me tell you, and it wasn't long before every man in the regiment who could was around the tent listening, and everybody in the regiment knew I was blowing up the colonel."

The judge stopped and laughed again. "There wasn't any more speeches after I got through, because the love feast seemed to break up by mutual agreement. Soon as I stopped I saluted, got my hat and went out. The boys met me at the door of the tent, hoisted me up on their shoulders and carried me round the whole camp, shouting and yelling like Sioux Indians. Our next colonel was a good man, and we never had much more trouble, except once or twice with our brigade commander."

"Did you ever see the colonel after that, judge?" Henry asked.

"Y-e-s, I saw him when I came back home, but we wasn't very friendly, and pretty soon he moved farther west. When I came out to Omaha, I ran up against him again. He was one of the big guns of the place, wealthy and respected, and was a good man; seemed to have reformed. He met me down town one day and asked me to come up to his office with him. When we got there, he shut the door, turned around and held out his hand to me saying: 'Judge, I want to thank you for that speech you made back in 1862 when I was leaving the army. It was the first time anybody ever spoke so plainly to me. It hurt then, but it did me more good than anything that ever happened to me. I want to thank you for making a decent and respectable man out of a contemptible cur who called himself a gentleman.'

You Want To Read This

We want to say to every man or woman who bought goods from us during the Exposition times that we want those goods to give you satisfaction in every sense of the word. If anything you bought here isn't exactly pleasing, if you would rather have it changed for something else, if you found out you didn't like it or didn't want it after you got home we want to say to you that you don't need to keep it. Send it back to us and we will refund what you paid for it less express or freight charges or will exchange it for any other goods. If there is any fairer store in all the world than this Nebraska store we want to hear about it? We want nobody to have a single fault to find with this store.

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We have the finest Hard Coal Base Burners and Oaks, also a line of Garland and Peerless Steel Ranges that are immense in quality, style and finish, and the prices are right.

Cook Stoves, from \$10.00 up.
Wood Air Tights, from \$3.50 up.

Have Trough, Conductor and Tinwork on short notice.
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BUY A.....

Rockford Watch..

They are O. K.
and price right
.....at.....

SEEMANN BROS.

Time Table C. & N. W. R. R.

EAST BOUND.

No. 4, Chicago Special.....	8:51 a. m.
No. 18, Carroll Passenger.....	8:18 p. m.
No. 8, Atlantic Express.....	2:10 p. m.
No. 2, Overland Limited (Don't stop).....	7:10 p. m.
No. 6, Chicago Express.....	9:05 p. m.
No. 24, Freight to West Side.....	3:12 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 1, Overland Limited (don't stop).....	6:04 a. m.
No. 3, Pacific Express.....	7:30 a. m.
No. 17, Co. Bluffs Passenger.....	1:28 p. m.
No. 7, Passenger.....	4:10 a. m.
No. 39, Freight to Co. Bluffs.....	8:45 a. m.
No. 15, Fast Mail.....	1:05 p. m.
No. 5, Colorado Special.....	9:25 p. m.
No. 17, 18, 24 daily except Sunday.	

C. M. & St. P. R. R. at Arion.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 1, Passenger.....	6:45 a. m.
No. 19, Way Freight.....	9:05 a. m.
No. 3, Passenger.....	9:25 p. m.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 2, Passenger.....	12:50 p. m.
No. 4, Passenger.....	7:15 p. m.
No. 11, Way Freight.....	9:25 p. m.