

THE HUB

Pointer No. 2601.

CASH IS KING

At The Hub. It is Cash Prices that enable us to sell our Clothing and Furnishing Goods so much lower than you ever bought them before.

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Do Not Forget Our Two Leaders--Money Savers.

THE HUB

We are Headquarters for Fur Coats, Duck Coats, Mackintoshes, Etc.

DRIVE LITTLE BORRIBOOLA GHA.

It wasn't so very happy to begin with. Christmas eve was a little dreary. Maggie only hummed a carol because it was more her way to sing than to cry.

In another moment she was dashing down newspaper alley at full speed, elbowing her way a trifle more gently than the average habitue of that far famed locality.

That exclamation had quite a history. When Maggie had been driven by her mother's illness and the want of food in the home cupboard to try paper selling, she had been afraid to cry loudly.

"Yes, don't know nothin, yer don't," he had said contemptuously, striding along by her side with an exaggerated imitation of the walk of the last actor he had admired from the "peanut heaven" of the Academy.

"Now, this yer's the way yer calls," he said, imitating her weak little cry

o the life, "an this yer's the way yer oughter yell." And he let out a shout of "Paper here! Paper! All about the great fire on the west side! Many lives lost! Nineteen firemen go down in the ruins!"

Maggie soon found this to be true, if she was to equal the sales of the other paper sellers. But still, as has been said, her conscience rebelled against the deceit.

But on this particular day, this dreary Christmas eve, as she stood mechanically repeating it, thinking meanwhile of the added pleasure for her mother and Sweetie which every penny meant, she was startled by a light touch on her shoulder.

"Where do you say the accident happened?" queried the tall, pleasant faced man who owned the hand which still lay on her arm.

"Not a cheerful day for a fellow who's got nothing but money to help him enjoy himself, and no one to share that with," he thought as he dressed slowly, dreading for the day promised to be long and barren.

Hastily completing his toilet, he disposed of a hearty breakfast, his pulses quickening as he thought of the pleasure which lay before him, the pleasure of giving happiness to another, the one pleasure which neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil has the power to mar or spoil.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts had finished selling her papers the night before and gone slowly homeward, resisting the temptation to stay out in the brilliantly lighted streets because of her mother's well remembered request to this effect, and after buying as much candy and fruit for Sweetie as was consistent with saving a few pennies to buy a flower to go to the hospital with her and the baby tomorrow.

"Well, Little Borriboola Gha," said the same kindly voice which had greeted her the day before, "merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you, sir," she answered shyly, glancing up at him with the eyes which reminded him so forcibly of his sister.

"Well, yes, I suppose so," he responded, reaching in his pocket for a \$1 bill.

"I'm going to the hospital to see mamma after I get through selling," said Maggie, who, with a child's quick intuition, had divined that this was a man to be trusted.

"Who is Sweetie?" was the next question, asked with a sympathetic intonation which somehow expressed all the kindly words he did not say about her mother.

"Sweetie's my sister," she prattled, forgetting her wares in the joy of telling her love to some one. "My baby sister. And she's been specially mised ever since mamma got sick and had to go to the hospital.

"Is Auntie Stewart your real aunt?" queried her listener, a strange interest in his tone and manner.

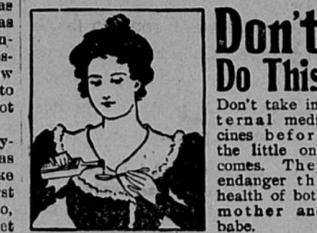
"No, Auntie Stewart is an old friend of mamma's and papa's," answered Maggie, tucking her papers more tightly under her arm.

"Papa's name was Arthur Brownell," said Maggie, wondering more and more at this man's odd behavior.

"You're not going to sell papers any more," said her uncle, as they crossed the street to his hotel.

"St. Luke's," answered Maggie, smiling as happily as though the griefs of the morning had never troubled her.

"You're not going to sell papers any more," said her uncle, as they crossed the street to his hotel.



MOTHER'S FRIEND, the good and long-tried external liniment, will relieve the early distress and the later pains better than anything else in the world.

and unselfish as she is now. "I don't know how strong and sweet her voice had been fair to be the moment I heard her gasping the 'roar' which astonished me so much.

"Was it Uncle Stewart?" asked Maggie, and the kindly girl hesitated before replying, catching the busy nurse as she turned away.

"The old gentleman who came here with her and sometimes brings the little girl? No, it was a much younger man."

"Did mamma know him?" asked Maggie, with a shade of sadness darkening her expressive face in a manner which did not escape her uncle's notice.

"Yes," she said, with a pleasant, if hasty, smile, "she was delighted to see him and went with him at once."

"Jack!" she said softly after kissing Maggie frantically. "Well, this must be Easter day instead of Christmas. Two resurrections from the dead!"

"We won't waste time upon long explanations now," said this gentleman as he put Maggie down at last.

"Well, I lost all trace of you all while I was out west," said Uncle Jack, taking possession of Maggie again, "and I only found this little girl by the merest accident."

And after that? Well, it was Christmas day, and all the stores were closed, but money will do a great deal, and it wasn't long before Auntie Stewart's scantily filled larder was plentifully supplied, and an immense turkey was roasting in the oven.

And when the dinner had been eaten and everybody had told everybody else how glad and happy and surprised they were they sat close together and made plans for the future, lovely, wonderful plans, which seemed almost too good to come true.

and unselfish as she is now. "I don't know how strong and sweet her voice had been fair to be the moment I heard her gasping the 'roar' which astonished me so much.

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA--Catholic. Services every morning at 7:30. First and third Sundays in each month services at 10:30.

GERMAN M. E. CHURCH. Services every Sunday. Sunday School 9:30 to 10:30.

METHODIST CHURCH. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL--Lutheran. Regular services at 10:30 a. m. on Sundays.

BAPTIST. Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN. Sabbath services after first day of May at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST--L. D. S. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST--Scientist. Services every Sunday at 10:30 and Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

DENISON FRATERNITIES.

HOWDALL LODGE NO. 90, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

SILVAN LODGE, NO. 507, A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting first Tuesday evening after full moon in Laub's Hall.

SILVAN CHAPTER NO. 207, O. E. S. Regular meeting first Tuesday evening after full moon in Laub's Hall.

DENISON LODGE, NO. 628, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall.

SIDONIA LODGE NO. 393, I. O. O. F. (German). Meets every Friday evening in Laub's Hall at 8 o'clock.

HAWKEYE CAMP NO. 78, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD. Meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall.

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

Table with columns for route (EAST BOUND, WEST BOUND), train number, and time.

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

Table with columns for route (TRAINS WEST, TRAINS EAST), train number, and time.

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