

## facts and figures

We have been asking you to believe that this is a good place to come for your Christmas remembrances. We have told you that for reasons of newness—for reasons of variety—for reasons of what you get for what you pay—it is useless to go elsewhere—near or far.

## it has come to a show-down

and here are the facts and figures in black and white. If you look for still further proof—it's right here in the store.

Plenty of it. Enough to convince the hard to convince. Enough to put the stamp of truth on all that we have told you about what's here.

This list tells only of goods that are actually in stock, and for every item we print, there are a dozen that aren't mentioned. Only a visit will give you the right idea.

WATCHES.	CUT GLASS
Boys, nickel.....\$1.00 to \$5.00	Salt and Peppers.....\$ .75 to \$2.50
Gents.....1.00 to 23.00	Salad bowls.....4.50 to 15.00
Gents, gold filled.....5.00 to 37.50	Tumblers.....2.00 to 9.00
Gents solid gold.....to 60.00	Water Pitchers.....5.00 to 9.50
Ladies gold filled.....8.00 to 30.00	Sugar and Creamers.....60 to 2.50
Ladies solid gold.....18.00 and up	
RINGS	SILVERWARE
Plain gold.....\$1.00 to \$9.00	B. B. Souvenir spoons.....\$1.25 to \$3.75
Ladies Set Rings.....2.25 and up	Tea spoons.....1.65 to 7.00
Gents Set Rings.....4.00 and up	Knives and forks.....3.50 to 12.25
Diamond Set Rings.....6.50 and up	Knives & forks, pearl handle.....18.50
Children's Rings.....50 and up	Nut picks.....20 to 2.25
JEWELRY	CHINAWARE
Bracelets.....\$1.25 to \$12.00	B. B. Souvenir.....\$ .15 to \$1.25
Waist sets.....75 to 7.50	Berry sets.....3.10 to 5.00
Hat pins.....60 to 3.50	Cake plates.....60 to 5.00
Emblem pins.....50 to 5.75	Chocolate sets.....5.00 to 9.00
Fobs.....1.00 to 8.50	Salad bowls.....50 to 5.00
Combs.....1.25 to 8.50	Cups and saucers.....25 to 2.50
Fountain pens.....\$1.00 and up	Jewel cases.....60 to \$8.00
Pearl handled pens.....1.50 and up	Military sets.....4.50 to 11.25
Book marks......40 to .90	Brush and comb sets.....2.50 to 11.00
Hat brushes.....1.40 to 8.50	Opera glasses.....6.25
Coat brushes.....2.40 to 4.00	Carving sets.....3.75



## Sam Foster and the Editor

A Christmas Story of Walker's Divide, by Harry B. Isard.

Written Especially for The Custer County Republican.

In Saturdays' issue of the Lighted Fuse, there appeared a spirited editorial to the effect that the citizens of Walker's Divide should put their hands deep into their pockets and dig up enough coin to provide a Christmas dinner for all cowboys and miners who happened to be walking on their uppers at that particular time. Some of the boys had been playing in pretty hard luck since winter set in, and taking it all together, the scheme looked like a middling good one. As the editor pathetically remarked: "It's not every man that carries a gun, who can afford to buy turkey at an altitude of 10,500 feet above sea level."

There were also hints thrown out to leading citizens and good reasons given why they should contribute to the cause. Sam Foster, proprietor of the Gilt Deck Bungalow, came in for a generous amount of notice; and this was the snag that nearly wrecked the enterprise. In winding up his little article, the editor said:

"Sam Foster, a notorious citizen, thug and cut-throat of this town, should contribute more than any one else; because it is a well known fact that half of the boys, who are hunting for a grub-stake and haven't enough of the 'necessary' to buy a solitary white chip, owe their present condition to this tin horn. We are surprised some of them haven't tendered him the sort of reception that was given to Purgatory Pete, some months back; but they evidently know their own business and it is not for us to interfere. If Mr. Foster will send or bring his contribution to this office, he will receive due credit through these columns."

Then there were signs of trouble, right off. Sam swore he would drop the diminutive editor on sight, and sent a special message warning him to keep under cover; but the little fellow was not built upon those lines at all. He continued to saunter about town, collecting subscriptions for the dinner, superintending arrangements and making himself generally useful. He and Sam failed to collide, and it was soon whispered that the big gambler, and not the editor, was taking to cover. Be that as it may, it did not prevent a good, round sum being collected for the turkeys.

It was eight days before Christmas! It would take six days to send a freight team over to Leadville and back. The pass was barely open, and another heavy snow would probably close it for a month; so it behoved the managers of the enterprise to get a shuffle on themselves. They chartered Dick Dolman's four full bob, gave him instructions to buy the best lot of birds and fixin's he could for the money, and started him off. As the outfit swung past the Gilt Deck Bungalow, Sam Foster, who was standing in front of the place, gave vent to an able bodied cuss word and remarked:

"I'll eat my coat if that baggage car ever shows up in this camp with a load of turks."

"The editor will make you eat it, if it don't," said a small voice, and as Sam turned quickly around, the devil of the "Fuse" office suddenly evaporated.

Things passed quietly enough until the afternoon of the sixth day. All was in readiness. Pretty Poll's terpsichorean terrace had been rented for the occasion. Hinckey's brass band, of four pieces, including a bass drum, was engaged. Every dish in town had been borrowed, the invitations were out (given verbally) and now, all that remained to complete the festivities was the precious load of fowls.

Night came on, with no signs of Dick and his charge. A traveller, who had arrived in a light sleigh, said he had passed Dolman at the half-way cabin, that he had a fine load on and was making good time, under the circumstances. This was en-

couraging and the crowd felt better; but when noon arrived the next day, and with it no Dick, it began to look as though there was a large size bolt rattling in the machine, somewhere.

The editor was the only man not excited. When approached on the subject, he said there was no use in getting one's shirt off, and went on setting type. Then a committee waited on him and suggested a search party. He asked them to hang off until 3 o'clock. They did so.

At that time the "Fuse" made it's weekly appearance. Under a scare head, the editor assured the people of Walker's that the dinner would be pulled off on schedule time, the next afternoon, and notified those citizens having large ovens at their homes, to hold themselves in readiness to assist in roasting the turkeys, which would be distributed the following morning, at 6 o'clock, from in front of the "Fuse" office.

This was a surprise party, with a vengeance; but to all questions, the editor would give but one answer: "Tomorrow morning."

There was one man to whom the surprise came with the suddenness of a solar plexus. He stood in his private room back of the bar. There was a nasty scowl on his face and he was muttering savagely:

"How in thunder is he going to do it? The blankety-blank little whelp is just bluffing, that's all. He can't possibly do anything. Still it's best to be on the safe side and make everything secure."

He made a step forward, then stopped as if petrified. The door had opened and the little editor stood there, quietly looking at him. His hands were thrust carelessly into his coat pocket and a sarcastic grin spread over his countenance as he noticed the effect his entrance had produced upon the other.

"Thought I'd make a short call. Sorry I didn't prepare you by sending my card in advance. We've exchanged courtesies before, I believe, so I'll not—"

Here the other suddenly found his voice.

"Why, you nerry little apology for something better! I've a great mind to—to—" Words failed him at this point as he moved his hand to his hip pocket.

"Stop that!" The words were snapped out as though they had come from a derringer. "I'd have been a bigger fool than even you take me for, Sam, if I couldn't have seen any further ahead than that. I've had the drop on you ever since I entered that door," and he slightly moved the right hand concealed in his coat pocket.

"Now, I'm here to transact some business and it's going through in double quick order. The first move on the board is for you to read that." The editor took a small piece of paper, evidently an old clipping, and laid it on the table with his left hand. Foster leaned over and looked at it.

As he read, his face grew livid and his limbs shook. The clipping was two years old and set forth the fact of a reward being offered of \$500 for one John Dineen, a deserter from the United States army. Simultaneously with the desertion, a number of jewels, valued at \$2,000, a belonging to the colonel's wife, also disappeared, hence, the reward.

"Recognized you by that very peculiar scar you have over the eye," calmly continued the editor. "You have tried hard to conceal it, and I give you credit for being considerably smarter than you look. I've had my little twinkling optic on you for some time."

"Now, to business! Follow closely what I say, because I'm in no humor to waste breath today. I have written out two descriptions of you, who you are and

## CHRISTMAS SEASON

is on. Soon everybody will be buying things to make others happy.

### Remember!

we have a well selected assortment of very pretty, as well as useful gifts.

- Perfumes Stationery
- Pipes Books
- Medallions Pictures
- Vases Novelties of all kinds

Be sure to come and see, even if you do not care to buy—always glad to show our goods.

## AT Baisch's

## Fill the Stockings

with candy selected from the choice line we purchased especially for the purpose and make the children happy, and then for

### Christmas Dinner

We invite your attention to the Flag Brand of Fruits and Vegetables, comprising:

- Red Raspberries.....30c
- Strawberries.....30c
- Cherries.....35c
- Wax Beans.....15c
- June Peas.....15c
- Succotash.....20c
- Cream Corn.....15c
- Pumpkin.....15c
- Tomatoes.....20c
- Sweet Potato.....15c

There is none better than Flag Brand and on this point you will so declare if you try it.

PHONE NUMBER ONE-TWO-FIVE. SHEPPARD & BURK.

## TO MAKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS

we have loaded our counters with a choice line of

## Decorated China

especially for the occasion, consisting of  
**Plates, Platters, Cups, Saucers, Bowls, Pitchers, Toureens,**

and in making your selections for Christmas tokens you should visit our store and see this line which is just in. Also a car load of

### FURNITURE

of which we feel proud, because it is beyond question the finest car load ever brought to Broken Bow and, from which you can make a selection adaptable for a very acceptable Christmas present.

## S. P. GROAT & CO

Opera House Block, Broken Bow.

## CITY BARBER SHOP



WE DO ONLY FIRST-CLASS WORK. EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE.

C. W. WAHL, Proprietor.

## SEE THE STICK OF CANDY AT THIS STORE. It weighs 125 pounds.

Old Santa Claus gave us a big order for candy and knowing that numerous papas and mammas—and young folks, too—in Custer county would want some, we shipped in

## A CAR LOAD

and you are invited so call now and make selections from the largest and most varied assortment ever opened in Broken Bow.

## CHRISTMAS EDIBLES

of the Pure Food variety, of all kinds, among which we desire to mention Fruits, Nuts, Plum Pudding, Glace Citron, Fresh Oysters, Celery, Figs, Dates, Sweet Potatoes, Cranberries, Glace Cherries and Pineapple.

## SPECIALLY LOW PRICE

on Candies, Nuts, Fruit, etc., to Sunday schools or persons purchasing in quantities.

We do a wholesale as well as a retail business

Do not fail to call and see 125-pound stick of candy.

## J. C. BOWEN,

TRADE MARK Pure Old Cider Vinegar

North Side BROKEN BOW, NEBR.