THE GLADSTONE DELTA. CHRISTMAS, 1908.

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Suits.......\$13.50 to \$27.50 Suits....... \$8.95 to \$22.50 Coats....... \$2.75 to \$12.50 match. He was the director of our dis-Coats...... 5.00 to 25.00 Overcoats.. \$6.00 to 21.00 Fur Sets... 1.25 to 3.40 rict, and the boldest scholar would be some dreadful words.

my dear," said Aunt Susan reminiscently, "I re-And the spelling matches we used to merly been one district, and he opposed have! There was old Squire Hepner, their being divided, because he owned who always took a great interest in our school. He was a peculiar kind of man. Folks would call him cranky in tax for a new schoolhouse and a new these days, I suppose. He was so school fund. gruff and sullen that you'd think he'd snap your head off.

"Education was the old man's hobby. He had no learning himself and used to tell us how he felt the need of it. He thought that people could not be educated unless they could spell clean from b-a, ba, to incommunicability in the speller.

"Well, Squire Hepner had heard that the Red Haw district folks were making their boasts that they could outspell ours, and it angered him. His daughter Harriet was the best speller in our school, and they said her father offered her any cow on his place if she'd spell the Red Haw school down. "One Friday afternoon the old squire came stamping into the schoolhouse when our school was having a spelling

had two little jet black eyes that seem 2.50ed to see right through you. He could seat by fastening his eyes upon him. 1.40 "The squire was the richest man in 7.50 Four Mile, but he never gave any money away, and that made it all the 2.50 more surprising when, just before school let out that night, he got up and 1.75 in his short, jerky, gruff way said: "'You've spelt pretty well this after-.40 noon, scholars, and I'm glad of it, for, .50 to my thinkin', spellin's the most important thing a body can l'arn. In .50 fact, it stands to reason you've got to 2.45 be good spellers 'fore you can be good readers or real good in anything. It's .50 all well enough to know how to figger correctly, an' I reckon grammar's well .75 enough, though I never took much stock in it. Geography an' algebray 3.00an' history an' all that is good enough 6.00 in its place, but 'cordin' to my notion spellin' beats 'em all. 0.00 "'An' now. to encourage you in being good spellers an' to stop the braggin' of some districts not far from here. I'm goin' to make it an object for you to study your spellers like sixty for the next few weeks. "'In six weeks from tonight, an that will be Christmas eve, we'll have a spellin' match in this house, an' I want it cirkilated round that airy school in this township is free to come an' spell for the prize I'll offer, which is \$25 in gold to the one that spells down everybody. "'Now, take your spellers home with you tonight an' do somethin' else with 'em besides a-chawin' the corners off.' And with that the squire made one of his stiff bows to the teacher and walked out. "I tell you, \$25 was a large sum of money in those days, and when it was known that the prize had been offered there was more studying of our old never spoke to them again, not even blue backed spellers than there had after Mr. Waitely died. The poor man ever been before. We used to take got caught under a falling tree and them home every night, and our fawas killed, leaving his widow with four children and nothing but a shabby thers and mothers would give us all the hard words, like 'daguerreotype' and roof over their heads and three or four 'phthisic' and 'receipt' and those with acres of scrubby land. silent letters in them, and we would "She had a fearfully hard time supporting herself and the children, but spell them over and over again. "The offering of that prize set the the squire never helped her. And, to whole township in a commotion, and make matters worse, her oldest child, little else was thought of or talked little Sam, was a cripple, humpbacked Cindy Patch, the best speller from Jack about. The Red Haw and Jack Oak and lame in one leg, so that he had Oak. districts let it be known that they to walk with a crutch. Of course he would try for the prize, and they had wasn't any help to his mother on the some good spellers in those schools, place, but she was trying to educate especially in the Red Haw. him, knowing that he never could do "But none of them had a better recany physical work. ord than Harriet Hepner, and they said "Well, the spelling bee excitement that in those six weeks she studied her | became more and more intense as the speller night and day. Folks who pass- time drew near, and when Christmas ed the Hepner house at midnight de- eve at last came the old Four Mile clared that through the windows from choolhouse was a sight to see. the road they had seen Harriet sitting "The night was one of the coldest I on a stool up near the fireplace, lean- ever remember. The stars shone like ing her head against the wall, and the bright lamps in the sky. The sleighing squire sitting in his old hickory chair, was good and the air sharp enough to spelling book in one hand and a tallow stir the blood and, if possible, still more dip in the other, giving out words to to stimulate the boys and girls. A lot her, and everybody else in bed. No of the boys had borrowed a pair of wonder the girl became thin and sled runners and put a big wagon on

peaked. "You see, the squire fairly hated the member my school days as Red Haw district and about everybody though 'twas only yesterday. in it. The Red Haw and ours had forland in both, and he knew that if they were divided there would be an extra

FRANK H. SWEET GHT. 1908 BY FRANK H. SWEE

BY

"The squire had a sister living in the

Red Haw district, but he had not spoken to her for years and would not allow his folks to look at or speak to her or her children.

"The poor woman had, in the first place, married against the squire's wishes. That angered him. Still, he spoke to her when they met, though they did not visit back and forth any. "Mr. Waitely, the squire's brother-inlaw, was the one that first suggested the dividing of the district and did more to bring it about than any other man, which was natural, for the district was so big and the schoolhouse so far off that the Waitely children could not go to school in the winter time

"But that didn't make the least difference to Squire Hepner. He was furiously angry with Waitely, and on town meeting day he and Waitely had

them. Then plenty of straw was put in the box, and about twenty of us boys and girls piled in, with lots of quilts and buffalo robes and warm shawls.

Harriet Hepner.

"I had my first beau that night. His name was Azraiel Whitehead, and of all awkward boys he was the awkwardest. I think I was the first girl he had ever asked to go with him. Anyhow, I know he fell flat on his back trying to help me out of the sled, and he let me go head first into a snow bank.

"I remember that his handkerchief was wet with cinnamon drops and that he gave me a handful of peppermint and cloves. I remember, too, how we all of us went up and down hill singing and laughing at the top of our voices. We made the old woods and

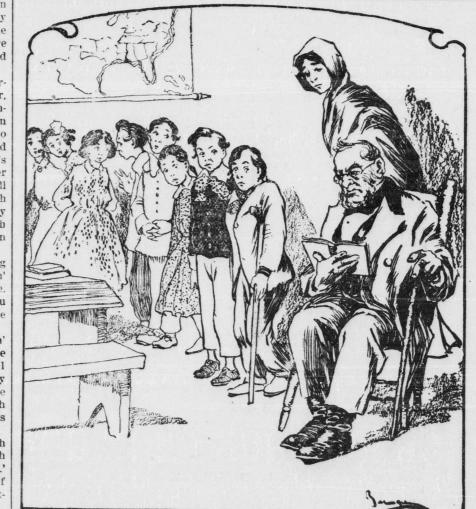
the valleys ring. Yes, and the sled upset, too, and we were all thrown into a ditch. The edge of the wagon bow caught my beau's big feet under it, and I thought I should cry from mortification when he lay there and actually bawled and sniffled. I was so put out about it that I wouldn't sit by him after we got into the sled or speak to him afterward.

"When we reached the schoolhouse

Belts	.50 to	1.50	Shirts	.39 to	2.00	Shoes	1.89 to	
Waists	1.25 to	4.00	Ties	.15 to	.75	Hose	.10 to	
Underskirts	1.25 to	7.50	Mufflers	.50 to	2.50	Hdkfs	.5 to	
Furs	1.37 to	15.00	Gloves	.50 to	3.75	Hand Bags	.50 to	
Shoes	1.50 to	4.00	Hats	.50 to	3.00	Combs	.25 to	
Fascinators	.25 to	1.25	Shoes	2.35 to	5.00	Dress Goods	.10 to	
Scarfs	.50 to	2.50	Umbrellas	.79 to	3.50	Ribbons	.01 to	
Hose	.25 to	.90	Bags	9.00 to	10.00	Boys' Ties	.15 to	
Kid Gloves	1.00 to	1.50	Sox	.10 to	.50	Suspenders	.10 to	
Wool "	.25 to	.50	Box Ties		.75	Shoes	1.37 to	
Umbrellas	.45 to	4.00	Suspenders	.35 to	.50	Caps	.13 to	
Hand Bags	.50 to	7.50	Pajamas		1.50	Gloves	.25 to	
Combs	.25 to	2.50	Night Gowns	.50 to	1.00	Sweaters	.85 to	
Slippers	.69 to	1.50	Hdkfs	.5 to	.50	Suits	1.45 to	
Hdkfs	.5 to	1.40	Caps	.50 to	1.50	Overcoats	4.00 to	1
Hat Pins	.10 to	.65	Jewelry	.5 to	.75	Mufflers	.50 to	



"Of course Mrs. Waitely sided with | we found it packed so full that we her husband, and from that day the could but just crowd in. Most every-.35 make almost any scholar wiggle in his squire turned from his own kin. He body had brought a candle to stick up



HE STOOD WITHIN A FOOT OF HIS UNCLE HEPNER.

on the logs and some sprigs of evergreen and berries to make the room look Christmasy. There were four different teachers and well known spellers from all over the township.

"Lecta Plumb and I 'chose up.' I got first choice and took Harriet Hepner. She was pale as death and looked nervous and frightened. Lecta took Abimelech Abers, the leading speller from the Red Haw school, and I took

"Then we chose everybody in the room who could spell at all. I think we had more than fifty on a side. We stood in long rows on both sides of the house against the wall, and, much to my disgust, I got my hair full of tallow from a dripping candle.

"We were about ready to commence spelling and everybody had become quiet when the people who sat near the door made way for some one who had come late, and in came little Sam Waitely on his crutch, with his mother behind him in a poor, thin, patched old faded calico dress and a thin cotton shawl, with a faded old red hood on her head. I could see a hole worn in her shoe as she put her foot up on the

stove hearth.

"Sam was then about fifteen years old, but not as tall as some boys of nine. He was very thinly dressed for such a sharp night, and they had walked fully two miles.

"I felt sorry for them and spoke up at once and took Sam on my side. It happened to be my turn to choose, and I was bound the poor fellow should not be slighted, whether he could spell or not.

"He had half a mind not to try, but I saw his mother reach out her hand and gently push him, and then he hobbled down to the end of the line and stood within a foot of his Uncle Hepner.

"Then the spelling commenced. I blush to tell it, but I actually missed the very first word given me, and that was 'mermaid.' I spelled it 'murmer.' I knew better, but I was so nervous I could not collect my thoughts. So I had to take my seat, and of course I had a little cry all to myself

"But I nearly laughed so as to be heard all over the room when Azraiel Whitehead missed 'goose.' He spelled it 'guse,' and he had told me in confidence that he half expected to get the prize and had been studying his speller

for weeks.

"Electa missed 'emanate.' She spelled it with an 'i' instead of an 'a.' "Cindy Patch missed 'tranquilize.' I think she knew how to spell it, but she was excited because seven or eight had missed it before her. The Jack Oak scholars looked very sober when Cindy had to sit down.

"But you ought to have seen old Squire Hepner's eyes twinkle and his grim face look grimmer when Abimelech Abers, the best Red Haw scholar. missed 'phytochimy' and Harriet spelled it without hesitation. Bimelech got confused and thought the last letter was 'e' instead of 'y.'

"The Red Haw people did look mortified, and the Four Mile folks were highly pleased and showed it, too, for all the best spellers were out on both sides, and only Harriet Hepner and wholly lovable young woman on the five or six others were left. Four of them missed 'micaceous,' and Harriet was just going to spell it when Mis' Waitely, in a scared, timid voice that could just be heard, said:

"'If you please, teacher, Sammy hasn't spelled yet.'

"Sammy stood down at the end of the line, and they had overlooked him. But the teacher replied:

"'Oh, indeed! I thought he was done long ago. "I thought he said it sneeringly, and

he gave Sammy the word in a tone that said plainly, 'You can't spell it anyway.'

"But what did Sammy do but spell it correctly without the slightest hesitation.

"Then the others who were standing missed 'dromedary,' and that left Harriet and Sammy alone. I tell you, you might have heard a pin drop then. Ev-

doorstep a long while, and when she tested, but which was better than watching Maurer make a fool of himdid finally step into the room, trembling and fairly mourning, her father, self.

In time the edge of the trouble wore

While there was a careful observ-

ance of the old forms, back of them

was lacking the real regard that had

Vainly Ned sought to overcome his

reversal of opinion, but it was nearly

two weeks before he could change.

Then as he was dressing one morning

he chanced to glance through the half

opened shutters, and a moment later

"You win!" he cried with such ab-

ruptness that Maurer cut himself with

the razor he was wielding. "That girl

is a raving beauty, Maurie. Funny

"She's a tricky sort of young per-

her on one of her uninteresting days

I suppose that from now on you'll be

drawing brunette dwarfs, no matter

he was in his friend's room.

made them something more than

who was sitting with his head between Ever since he had come to the city his hands before the fire, got up and he and Crosby Maurer had been the walked over to her and actually kissed firmest of friends. For three years her there before them all. Then he they had lived together in the little went off to bed without a word. four room apartment that had become

"But what followed was better still. a real home to them, and so closely Christmas day the squire took his big had they studied each other's peculiarsled, put in lots of hay and blankets ities there were none of the outbreaks and drove off like Nimshi himself to of ill humor that had spoiled many his sister's. No one ever knew what such arrangements. This was the first happened there, but it ended in Mis' time that there had come a real clash. Waitely and all the children going and Bellingham felt it keenly home with the squire. And a big Christmas day they had, folks said. away, but there was no real resump-

"The squire declared it was an honor tion of the old friendship. Maurer was to know a boy who could spell like still too hurt to forget all that had been said in the heat of passion. Sam. They say he had that boy spell the dictionary half through that winthough he had forgotten the things he ter and nearly hugged him when he had said to Ned at the first disagree spelled correctly the longest word in it. ment.

"The squire was the strangest man on the subject of spelling that I ever heard of. Nothing but Sam's knowing how to spell so well ever softened his heart toward his sister and her children. And nothing pleased him more than to have Sam and Harriet spell against each other for hours at a stretch.

How It Was Done. She - The idea! And we weren't

even standing under the mistletoe! He-No. I did that sub rosa!-Brooklyn Eagle.



Literary Press

It was Ned Bellingham who discovered the girl across the way. Crosby Maurer hooted at the suggestion that she was the daintiest and most globe

Ned retorted with some heat, and the result was that then and there the domestic partnership was threatened with dissolution.

what sort of heroines the author likes. It was the first time since they had set up housekeeping in a bachelor apartment three years before that they had had a disagreement.

Maurer had flung himself out of the room with never a goodby, and Ned had sat himself down at his drawing board to make the girl across the way the central figure in a set of illustrations he was doing for a story, blissfully ignoring the fact that the author's heroine was tall, above the ordinary, a fair haired goddess of the Norseland, while the girl across the

linnor and Ned was fast asleen hu the time he did come in. There was no reopening of the discussion, and in the morning the clash of the day before was tacitly ignored.

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The articles were selected for their usefulness and acceptability and that you will not be shown worthless and trashy merchandise in this store.

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THAT

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THAT

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Thomas O'Connell

GIII

that I should have taken that dislike to her, but it's gone now. She's all that you say she is." "And that isn't much," was the re ply in cold contempt. "Funny I should have raved about her. She looks like a chorus girl. It was a shock when

forms.

I saw her this morning." "Are you crazy?" stormed Ned "Why, she's the daintiest little woman the world can show. She's better look-

ing and sweeter than I thought she was at first." son," observed Maurer calmly. "One day she looks like the real thing, and then again she looks utterly commonplace. Funny you can only rave about

You'll lose your pull with the publishers if you keep that sort of thing up. Better see a doctor about it." "You'd better see an oculist yourself

if your eyes are so dull to real loveliness," retorted Ned. "When you have finished your breakfast let me know and I'll come and get mine. The leace here runs out at the end of this month I guess I won't renew my share, Maurer. Better get some one else." "Think I'll move, too," assented Maurer. "I don't want to stay here

with a female freak like that living across the way. I'll stop at the office way was petite and decidedly dark. on the way out and tell them to look Maurer did not return to dress for for another tenant."

hroakfast He went out to a lonely

erybody was half crazy with excitement.

"Old Squire Hepner did not move a muscle. He had the money, five gold five dollar pieces, and a fancy purse and was to give them himself to the winner.

"It seemed to me that that poor crippled boy got help from on high that night. I never saw anything like it. At first he was so shy that his voice almost trembled, but when he and the cousin he had never spoken to stood up there alone and his fierce old uncle glared so contemptuously at him the little fellow raised himself to his full height and from that moment never flinched.

"His large eyes glistened, and he threw back his head and looked boldly at his uncle and spelled the words in a loud, clear tone that fairly took people's breath away.

"His mother had quietly slipped through the crowd and taken her seat behind him, and those that sat near said she got one of his hands in hers and held it, while the tears streamed down her face.

"The two spelled against each other for a full half hour, and all the time poor Harriet was as white as a sheet, and I could see that she was trembling from head to foot.

"At last the teacher gave the word "tyrannously.' Harriet spelled the first syllable, then stopped and stammered, looked imploringly at her father and then tremblingly went on and spelled it with one 'n.

"'How did you spell it, Harriet? Did you have only'-

"Squire Hepner had been looking on a spelling book too. Now he turned sharply round to the master and in

his hardest, coldest voice said: "'She missed it, sir. Pass it to the next.'

"Sam spelled it without hesitating an instant.

"You could have heard a pin drop in that room. It was still as death. Harriet dropped into her seat and buried her face in her hands. Squire Hepner's face never changed. Without a word he rose, reached out his long arm, beckoned to Sam to come to him and then dropped into the lad's outstretched hand the purse. Turning and facing the breathless people, he said:

"'I want you all to know that I think this has been a fair and square match. and my nephew deserves the prize.' "Without further words he took his

hat and marched out of the house. "Well, the Red Haw people actually

carried Sam home on their shoulders. with Mis' Waitely close behind, crying as if her heart would break with joy and nervousness. But she had on a long, warm, plaid shawl that I saw Mis' Squire Hepner throw over her as she stepped out of the door.

"One of my sisters went home with the Hepners that night, and she said Harriet cried all the way home and Ned, to avoid further rupture, clapped was in mortal terror at the thought of on his hat and went out for a street meeting her father. She stopped on the car ride, a form of amusement he de-

More than a week passed and the cloud had blown away when Maurer, waiting for his breakfast to be sent up from the restaurant in the building, approached the window and gave a low whistle of surprise.

"You're right, old man," he cried, "and I'll eat all the humble pie you care to feed me. That girl is a goddess in miniature." Ned sprang to the window, a pleased

smile of triumph on his face. But the smile faded when he looked closely.

"It's awfully good of you to say so old chap," he said gratefully, "but I'll eat that pie myself. Funny I should have thought her such a stunner. She's a good looker, but nothing like the goddess I've been raving about." "Don't be a beastly fool," urged Maurer politely. "You're an artist.

You must know that she's one woman in a thousand." "Do you mean it?" demanded Ned

wonderingly. "I thought you were saying it to please me. Funny that you should like her. Usually your taste is very good." "Good!" echoed Maurer. "Of course

it's good, and it tells me that that girl is a remarkable beauty." "Nonsense!" scoffed Ned. "She's

good looking, but commonplace. There are hundreds like her." Maurer turned a look of ineffable scorn upon his friend and silently made his way to the table, where the

breakfast now was spread. The meal was eaten in silence, and for a second time within ten days Maurer departed for his office without the "good luck in your work, old man," which started Ned on his drawings in proper humor with himself.

Instead of going to his drawing board Ned went to the window, and for a long half hour he studied the dainty figure sewing by the window across the street.

He turned away with a sigh, then regarded the half completed sketch tacked to his drawing board. It was a remarkably good likeness of the girl opposite; but, kneading his rubber afresh, Ned started to efface the figure with another sigh for his lost ideal.

He took a melancholy pleasure in drawing in a girl who was tall and plump and whose hair glinted yellowy against a crimson curtain. This was to be the frontispiece of a magazine, and he had wondered the afternoon before if the girl would see it and recognize her likeness. He had drawn nothing else but pictures of her since that first morning, and now he wondered how he had ever been such a fool

That evening Maurer smoked his pipe in front of the window where he could watch his new divinity, and

and when he had gone Bellington came out to play with the cold chops and the lukewarm coffee. He did not go to the drawing board in spite of the splendid inspiration of the girl across the way.

He was tremendously fond of Maurer, and this abrupt termination of their friendship, coming as it had, unsettled him for work. He could only puff at his pipe and wonder what it would be like to set up housekeeping alone in a smaller apartment. He would take an apartment in the same house to be near the girl, but he would need only one room.

Maurer paid the larger share of the joint rental. He was making more money and insisted that he would pay as much were he alone. Ned had appreciated his kindness, and when he did not look at the girl he reproached himself for his new ingratitude.

But when he saw the little brown head and the delicate profile through the window opposite he told himself that an unseeing brute like Maurer did not deserve sympathy.

The luncheon came up and was sent back untasted, and the afternoon shadows grew into dusk, and still Ned sat and smoked and thought.

The girl was gone now, but he could still fancy that she was there, and he was so absorbed with his thoughts that he did not hear the key turn in the lock, and not until Maurer burst in with a whoop that rattled the shades on the electric globes did he rouse himself.

"We're both right, old man!" shouted Maurer as he dragged Ned from his chair and forced him to participate in an impromptu war dance about the tiny parlor. "The prettiest girl in the world lives across the way, but your prettiest girl is not my prettiest girl, thank heaven! There are two of 'em, old man, yours and mine-at least they're going to be yours and mine, I hope.'

He sank into a chair.

"I'm taking care of Gordon's clients while he's in Europe, and a Mrs. Foster sent for me today to consult about some real estate deal. That's where my prettiest girl went! They're twins, Alice and Phoebe Bayard, and they're Mrs. Foster's nieces. She's an invalid, and they take turns living with her. She says it's too much of a strain to have them both there at once and to try to tell which is which. That's why sometimes it was my prettiest girl and sometimes it was the one you liked. We made the mistake of thinking that there was only one. The old lady's going to Europe with a trained nurse for keeps. It's a good thing that we gave up this apartment. We'll need two, and they won't be in bachelor halls either."

Ned grasped his friend's hand in his own. "There's only one prettiest girl," he declared, "but yours isn't commonplace." And with that concession Maurer was content.

to the

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