

★ Staple and Fancy Groceries. RANCH Supplies. ★ The Best of ★ Everything

AND OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT....

Give Us a Trial Order. Jas. Graham.

PHONE 50.

ALLIANCE Steam Laundry.

THE LAUNDRY PROBLEM... ★

Is a perplexing one when your linen comes back yellow, streaked, buttonholes torn, sawtoothed edges, twisted bands—but

EASILY SOLVED, When you know that the work of the Alliance Steam Laundry shows none of these signs of unskilled work. Work guaranteed—finish unexcelled. Colored shirts washed without fading.

Nelson, Pierce & Co., PROPRIETORS.

B. & M. Time Table.

Burlington Route TIME TABLE Alliance, Neb.

LINCOLN, DENVER, OMAHA, HELENA, CHICAGO, BUTTE, ST. JOSEPH, SALT LAKE CITY, KANSAS CITY, PORTLAND, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO, and all points east and all points west and south.

Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.

Nature's Remedies

For Kidney and Liver diseases, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Heart disease, General Debility, and in fact every disease the human system is heir to can be cured by the Lewis Medicine Company's remedies.

The People Who Sell THE GOODS Because They Make the Prices.

Table listing various goods and their prices: Gasoline, per gallon 20c; Coal Oil, per gallon 18c; Victor Flour, per 50-pound sack \$1 15; High Patent Flour 1 00; Seven Bars Lenox Soap 25c; One Gallon Catsup 70c; One Gallon Vinegar 30c; Potatoes, per peck 10c; Newport Flakes 10c; Fresh Meats: Porter House Steak, per pound 15c; Loin Steak 15c; Round Steak 12 1/2c; Chuck 10c; Boiling Beef 6c.

Yours Respectfully, Thornton & Co.

Lumber and Building Material.

Forest Lumber Co.

DEALERS IN

All Kinds of Lumber and Building Material

Estimates Cheerfully Given.

WE MAKE ALL KINDS OF...

STEEL TANKS, AND A SPECIALTY OF... DIPPING VATS.

Dierks' Lumber and Coal Co.

FOR

Lumber and Building Materials.....

Coal and Wood.

We Can Also Make You a Loan in the

Nebraska Central Building and Loan Association

SO AS TO HELP YOU GET A HOME.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THOMAS BECK,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE,

Plumbing and Furnace Work.

Your Patronage Solicited... Opera House Block.

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA.

PHILLIPS'

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Good Teams and Careful Drivers...

Best of Care Taken of Transient Stock.

PHONE 268. JOHN PHILLIPS, Prop.

B. & M. HOTEL.

G. A. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

Good Board and Clean, Comfortable Rooms.

Lunch Counter in Connection.

WE AIM TO PLEASE. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Opp. Hill Grand, Alliance, Nebraska.

Why One Girl Had to Keep Secluded For Over a Week.

They were two pretty girls, and when they happened to meet on one of the quiet streets of the city the girl in gray turned and walked in the direction the other one had taken. 'Now, let me know all about the party,' said the one who had turned. 'I've been just dying to see you and have you tell me.' 'Oh, but I wasn't there at all,' said her companion. 'This is the first time I've been out of the house for more than a week.' 'Why, have you been ill?' her friend inquired, surprised and solicitous. 'No, I really think it was worse than that,' she replied. 'You know I'm a little proud of my hair, for it's my one redeeming point—modestly—and because it is naturally wavy it is always fullest after it has been shampooed. 'A day or two before the party I washed my hair, using what I thought was borax in the water. When I attempted to dry my erstwhile 'bonnie brown curls' they were stringy and hard and looked as if they had been frozen in wisps. Then to my horror I discovered that I had used powdered alum in the water. It took me a whole week to get it out of my hair. I missed the party I had set my heart upon attending and wouldn't let any of my friends see me, for I was a perfect fright'—Duluth News-Tribune.

Sins of the Tongue.

The sins of the tongue all point to the necessity and profit of self mastery. There is danger in the tongue that often brings the deepest sorrow to innocent ones, as well as throws a reflection on a pure character. If this confession of failure and magnifying of the office of the tongue seem exaggerated, let any one sit down quietly and think of the sins and cruelties of human speech. The careless words which no repentance can call back again, the rash promises which it has cost us so much to fulfill, the expression of the lower nature which has shamed the higher, the confessions of evil and yielding to falsehood, the hot and angry words which sober thought condemns—these are some of the perils of the tongue. On the other hand, like most of the uses of the world which turn so easily to evil, the tongue may be the instrument of great and lasting good.

A Rejected Novel.

Before he had achieved fame the French novelist Xavier de Montepin, on concluding a long and elaborate tale of adventure took it, full of hope, to a publisher, who promptly declined it on even the most advantageous terms, to the writer's poignant mortification. Twenty years afterward this identical publisher besought at his hands a sensational story, one of those serials which were the delight of grisettes, offering any price within reason. 'Well,' said De Montepin, 'I will oblige you, but my terms must be somewhat heavy. I want \$4,000.' After many protests it was paid. In telling the story De Montepin used to add, 'The best of the business was that it was the very same story which he had previously rejected and which I had in various directions endeavored in vain to dispose of.'

A Curious Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the trees varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

Wanted All Good People Nice.

Those who have complained that virtue is uninteresting have usually been branded as cynics or, worse, as people trying to be clever. To all such this true story of a little girl may come as consolation, for "out of the mouths," etc.

Little Alice had been put to bed and told to say her prayers. "O God," she prayed, "make all the bad people good and make all the good people—all the good people—all the good people—nice!"—New York Tribune.

Cruel Blow.

"Are you aware of the fact," remarked Miss Cutting, "that I am a mind reader?" "Never suspected it, weally," answered young Softleigh. "Would you—aw—object to wedding my mind, don'tcher know?" "Certainly not," she replied. "Bring it with you the next time you call."—Chicago News.

He Needed the Money.

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married, and now I have two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

His Straddle.

He—I see Oldboy is pretty gay yet, if he is aging. She—Oh, yes; he's got one foot in the grave and the other in society.—Yonkers Statesman.

Composite Success.

Sidney—Rodney, you live by your wits, don't you? Rodney—Well, partly and partly by other people's lack of wits.—Detroit Free Press.

How the True Angler Boils Trout For His Sunday Meal.

In the deep shade of the tree the baskets are laid, and now a fire is started nearby, one of Van Dyke's little "friendship fires," which shall also cook a few trout. "Get two flat stones, friend—and they'll be hard to find in this bowlder country, but they are sometimes wagn quite flat—while I gather some sufficient wood." Into the fire the stones go, and he wood is heaped about them. Soon the intense glow of live wood embers indicates that the time has come. The trout, a silver of bacon in each, are placed on one stone, first well dusted of its scales, and the other stone is laid upon them. Now the hot embers are raked about and over the stones, and the lunch is spread on the big rock near the spring.

O ye epicures, who think nothing good unless served by a Delmonico or a Sherry, go ye into the mountains, follow a brook for half a day, get wet and tired and hungry, sit down by an ice cold spring and eat brook trout cooked on the spot and delicious bread and butter liberally spread with clover honey. Not till then have ye dined.—Trout and Philosophy on a Vermont Stream in Outing.

A "Lot" of Land.

A Hartford lawyer is of the opinion that the term "lot" as applied to a parcel of land is an American product, not derived from any other uses of the word. He says: "I have been reading up some of the old histories of my state, of Long Island and other colonial sections recently, and I find that the term 'a lot of land' was originated in the colonies; that it is today considered an Americanism and stands apart from other uses of the word. It originated from the custom of dividing grants for townships, etc., into parcels of land and then numbering each parcel, putting the numbers into a hat or whatever was used and then having them drawn out by those who were to occupy the land. Each man took the parcel corresponding to his number, so his land came by lot literally, and hence the use of the term. This, I presume, is ancient history, but perhaps ancient enough to have been forgotten by most real estate dealers and other people who deal in land and not language."

Lightning and Watches.

An electrical storm seems to have a peculiar effect on some timepieces," remarked the junior partner of a big downtown jewelry firm. "Every time lightning and thunder get active in this vicinity one of the results is that our watch repairing department is overworked for several days thereafter. The damage wrought chiefly consists of broken mainsprings. "When business gets dull with us," added the jeweler jokingly, "we require all our employees to pray for a thunderstorm. Failure to comply with this order is considered sufficient cause for discharge. I am unable to make clear the why's and wherefore, but it is an established fact that after the lightning has frolicked awhile in come the watches with mainsprings wrecked."—Washington Star.

Wanted Rainwater.

"Boy, bring me a large pitcher of rainwater and a small pitcher of well water," said the woman from the country who just had been assigned to a room in one of the fashionable uptown hotels. "Yes'n," said the boy, with an air of "Now, what kind of a drink's that? It's a new one on me." At the bar they turned him down. "It's no mineral waters she wants. Just draw two pitchers of Croton from the faucets and pass 'em up to her. Rainwater! I ain't heard of it since I was a boy and lived in the country," said the bartender. "You couldn't use it if you could find it in New York."—New York Press.

Society's Right to Consent.

What shall become of a man's property after he is dead is a matter for society to determine. If it seems inexpedient to allow a rich man to leave a child reared in luxury without means of support or to leave a quarrel on the hands of his heirs, it is entirely within society's right to restrict his license in that particular. The whims of testators are a good deal of a nuisance and are too much respected by law, though not by courts.—Life.

Superstitious About Bees.

The superstitions which connect bees with the death or sickness of the members of the particular family in which they are kept are interesting. In Scotland and Ireland the entrance of a bee into a cottage, more particularly if it be a bumblebee, is looked upon as a certain sign of the death of some one then residing there. In other localities if bees in swarming settle upon dead wood it is regarded as equally ominous.

Genuine Surprise.

Tess—I told that old bean of yours that you were married. Jess—Did you? Did he seem surprised? Tess—Yes, indeed! He said, "How on earth did that happen?"—Philadelphia Press.

Accustomed to Luxuries.

Mr. Courting (exhibiting penknife)—This handle is pure silver. What do you think of that? Little Girl—Huh! That's nothing. Sister's teeth is on a plate of pure gold.

A Subtle Distinction.

When a person of wealth indulges in unusual taste or hobbies, he is described as being eccentric. If he is a poor man, he is merely called a crank.—Exchange.

One of His New York Experiences In Protecting Dumb Animals.

Like a well dressed, somber ghost he went striding down the snowy street, and at University place he found the thing he had expected—a car packed inside almost to suffocation, both platforms packed outside, with men clinging like big bears to bottom steps and dashboard rails, and before it, within a cloud of steam, two ill fed, bony horses with bloodshot eyes and wide, red nostrils flaring in their effort to fill laboring lungs with air, with heaving sides and straining backs and flanks, while their madly scrambling feet struck fire from the slippery stones as they strove in vain to start again the awful weight behind them. Curses, oft jerked bell and assisting yells of passengers failed of effect. The driver's whip was raised ready for the stinging blow, when suddenly the straining effort ceased, the horses' heads drooped low, and through the thick air there loomed up before them a tall, dark form, with hand upraised commandingly. And calm and distinct two laconic words reached all ears: "Stop! Unload!" "Who the blank are you?" furiously demanded the driver. "And where's your authority for interfering with this trip?" He knew well enough whom he was talking to, so silently Mr. Bergh turned back the lapel of his coat to show his badge, for in those days he had to do constabulary work as well as official, then repeated, "Unload!" But, being tired, hungry and mad, the floodgates gave way, and the passengers' wrath burst forth. Abuse, satirical comment, threats, filled the air. To a few who remonstrated decently with him he expressed regret, but with grave politeness insisted on lightening the load, telling them they could see for themselves the utter inability of the horses to get them to the end of the line and gently urged them hereafter to note the condition of crowding before taking a place on a car.

The conductor was especially ugly and became unpleasantly demonstrative. His example worked like a leaven on the rest, and a spirit of riot began to show distinctly in the crowd closing about the tall, calm, self possessed man. All faces scowled, and evil names were tossed upon the air. He had just said, "You are yourselves increasing this delay; you might have moved two minutes and a half ago," when a scurrilous great brute came close up to him and, with an unspeakable epithet, shook a dirty fist directly in his face. Without the flash of an eye or the quiver of a muscle in his quiet face Mr. Bergh caught the ruffian by the shoulder, whirled him around, grabbed the seat of his breeches and the nape of his neck, and, with a splendid "now all together" sort of a swing, he fired him straight across the street, head-on into the snow bank.

A silence of utter amazement was suddenly broken by one great, swelling laugh, and then followed the always thrilling sound of three gloriously hearty American cheers. Many men shook hands with Mr. Bergh before beginning their long tramp homeward. Some admitted their error in adding the overloading—Clara Morris in McClure's Magazine.

Morbid Sensitiveness.

The surest way to conquer morbid sensitiveness is to mingle with people as freely as possible, and, while appraising your own ability and intelligence at least as impartially as you would those of a friend or acquaintance, to forget yourself. Unless you can become unconscious of self you will never either appear at your best or do the best of which you are capable, says a writer in Success. It requires will power and an unbending determination to conquer this arch enemy to success, but what has been done can be done, and many who were held down by it for years have by their own efforts outgrown it and risen to commanding positions.

Mind Action Revealed by a Watch.

"If I suspend my watch directly in front of me by holding the end of the chain with both hands, I find that the watch will swing in the direction of which I am thinking," says a psychological writer. "If I think of it swinging in a circle, it swings in a circle. If I think of it swinging from right to left and from left to right, it swings in that manner. I try to make no movements with my hands, but find it impossible to keep them from it for any length of time, if I concentrate my attention on the movement."—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Where Things Are Made.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat, I go to London. They make them there." "Before leaving the shop he inquired, 'By the by, do you attend my church?'" "No," was the reply; "when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London. They make them there."—London Tit-Bits.

A Ghastly Joke.

Raynor—Yes, I believe in ghosts. I have seen at least one in my life. Shyne—Well, I have never seen any. You have a shade the best of me.—Chicago Tribune.

Mistake in the Programme.

"She married him to reform him." "And what was the result?" "She wishes she had reformed him to marry him."—Chicago Post.

When a fool gets angry, he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.—Chicago News.