

Was the President So This?
It is said in Washington that when two Bostonians who were calling upon President Roosevelt the other day expressed the hope that the Monroe doctrine might not lead the government into war with any foreign power the president replied: "War? Do you think I'm going to have a war while I'm cooped up here in the white house? Well, I guess not."

Sees a New Fashion.
Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth, wife of the London publisher, has made a sensation in Paris by appearing in a most novel automobile coat, made of the hide of a perfectly white colt, trimmed with sable tails and having a large collar, which can be turned up and buttoned so as to leave only her eyes and the tip of her nose exposed.

Signals Under the Sea.
A discovery was made in Boston harbor recently, when representatives of the Submarine Signal company found that the blows on their submarine bell, striking in the upper harbor, caused vibrations, and, furthermore, that the sound could be heard distinctly by simply placing the ear against wharf piles.

Immigration Inspector in Trouble.
Frank Saxton, a nephew of Mrs. McKinley, has been dismissed from the position of supervising immigrant inspector at Ellis island. He and two inspectors were accused of dereliction of duty regarding the admission of immigrants who were not entitled to land.

Boycott German Artists.
In consequence of the demonstrations against the engagement of German artists at the music halls in Budapest the proprietors have been obliged to sign an undertaking to employ no more performers of German nationality under pain of being boycotted.

Plot Against the English.
In consequence of the plot recently discovered in Johannesburg to murder officers, Lord Kitchener has issued a confidential order directing officers who are in town at night to walk in the middle of the road and to invariably carry a loaded revolver.

Ancient Irish Boat.
In a bog near Tuam, an ancient Irish coracle, or canoe boat, has been found several feet below the surface, well preserved. It measures fifty-two feet in length and will be placed among the Keltic remains in the Dublin museum.

To Discontinue French Custom.
The custom in France of posting on the dead walls of every commune throughout the country the speeches of ministers is to be discontinued. Every time it is done it costs the government \$60,000.

Many Postoffice Employees.
Normally the postoffice staff employed in the London postal district numbers about 21,000 of all ranks. For purposes of Christmas and New Year's work about 4,000 supernumeraries were engaged.

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DR. SEYMOUR COMING.



Mr. John Fifer, No. 1600 Washington street, a gentleman well known in this city, and whose many friends have known of his having so much trouble with his eyes, and which has greatly retarded his work, etc., expresses his gratitude for what is being done for him and the improvements that have already taken place in his general condition.
LINCOLN, Neb., Feb. 17, 1906.—Dr. W. I. Seymour, City.—Dear Sir: I am indeed grateful for the great assistance rendered me by yourself and Dr. Cox. It was impossible for me to read in the evening, and I have made several unsuccessful attempts to be fitted with proper glasses. My means being limited, I did not feel it possible to undertake such an expensive treatment and I fear that I should have lost my sight entirely had it not been for the skill and generosity of these justly noted specialists, who have made it possible for me to secure their valuable services at a very moderate price. I am very much improved and for the first time in many months have been able

to read in the evening without tiring my eyes. Yours most respectfully,
JOHN FIFER,
No. 1600 Washington Street.

The following letter, which was written in Miss Young's own handwriting, will appear in the near future in facsimile, together with the first letter written by her to Dr. Seymour, when she was able to see for the first time in her life sufficiently to use a pen. This will be done that those who are interested in this most remarkable case may see for themselves what wonderful progress has been made in the two years' use of her glasses:
LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 31, 1906.—Dr. Seymour.—Dear Sir: I am among the many who have become indebted to you since your first visit to this city, and wish to thank you for your services. My glasses, upon which you spent so much of your valuable time, have never ceased to be a benefit and a great blessing to me. Yours very gratefully,
LIZZIE YOUNG,
1610 A Street.

Don't forget Dr. Seymour's date. Consultation Free.



AND EAR

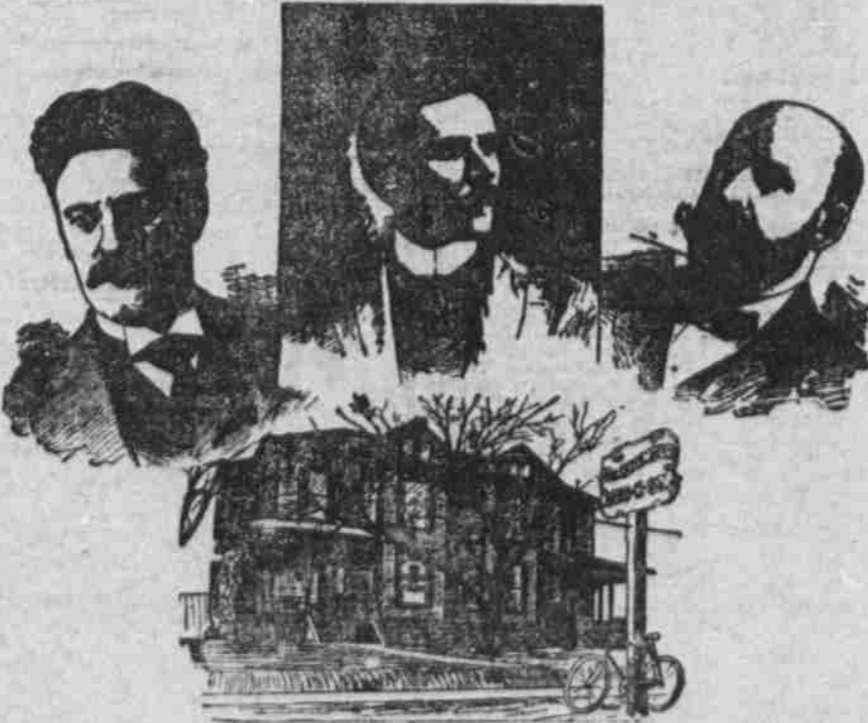
Miss Emma Peterson, another young lady, was seen in Dr. Seymour's office, and in talking of the matter of her eyes to a friend, expressed herself as follows:
"It has been very hard for me to consent to the wearing of glasses, and only after being advised by my professor, Mr. Menzendorf, to take a sensible view of it, could I bring myself to this point. My left eye was continually watering, but through the treatment of Drs. Seymour and Cox and the fitting of proper glasses, I have been very much relieved."
In justice to Miss Peterson, we would say, that this was not said for publication, but we have taken the liberty of publishing the statement, as she has many personal friends here who will be pleased to learn of her improved condition.

In talking of the work done by Dr. Seymour, Miss Josie Morrissey, No. 2119 P street, speaks in the following words:
"One year ago last April I went from Lincoln to Omaha to consult Dr. Seymour to have my eyes treated and fitted with glasses. I had consulted every eye specialist here in Lincoln, but failed to receive relief. After being treated so successfully by Dr. Seymour, it gives me pleasure to say at the present time that I consider his work simply wonderful. The glasses have practically cured my eyes. I can now read without them, if necessary, when before it was impossible for me to use my eyes any length of time without glasses, before receiving those fitted by him. I really cannot say enough in praise of his work."

The following very complimentary statement comes from Mrs. S. A. North, No. 827 H street.
"Yes, Drs. Seymour and Cox are treating me. Dr. Seymour has made new glasses for me, and Dr. Cox has been treating my ears. I have now been treated with them for two weeks, and am perfectly happy over the wonderful improvement that has been made in my hearing. Before I could not hear ordinary conversation in the room at all, although when anyone stood close to me I could hear them. After my second treatment Dr. Cox asked me if I noticed any difference, and I was perfectly amazed, as I could hear every word he said very distinctly, although he was not speaking in an unusual voice. I thought last night when I went home I would watch myself and found that I could hear the clock ticking and also the conversation of those in the room, something most remarkable to me, as my case is of twenty years' standing. I might add that I simply consulted the doctors to ease my own conscience, as I had heard so much of their skill, but at the same time I had no faith in the fact that they could help me. I am extremely grateful for this marvelous improvement, and I only hope that my friends and acquaintances who knew of my affliction will embrace this opportunity of consulting such successful specialists if troubled with either defective sight or hearing."

Dr. Seymour will be accompanied on his coming visit by a noted ear, nose and throat specialist.

DR. SEYMOUR'S SKILLED ASSISTANTS.



Dr. Seymour will be accompanied on his coming visit by one of his noted assistants, who will give special attention to the treatment of all troubles pertaining to eye, ear, nose or throat. The doctors are permanently located in Omaha, which has been Dr. Seymour's home for many years, and those wishing to consult them on their coming visit are requested to write a postal card to Dr. Seymour, giving their name and address and a special appointment will be made them without extra charge. Address 307 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.
REMEMBER THE DATE OF THEIR VISIT AT THIS POINT, AS SEEN IN LOCALS IN THE PAPERS.

W. S. ACHESON. J. E. JODER.

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DR. SEYMOUR'S WESTERN HOME



Many readers who are interested in Dr. Seymour's wonderful success as an eye specialist will be pleased to know how he successfully conducts such a large business, giving personal attention to all his patients, even though their numbers run into thousands.
Dr. Seymour lived for many years in Chicago before coming to Nebraska, and even though he has returned to Chicago to live, he has in no wise neglected his Nebraska patients, as he has a permanent office and hospital in Omaha, which is constantly in charge of his assistant, one of the best qualified eye, ear, nose and throat specialists in the west. The doctor spends much of his time in Omaha and his offices in the New York Life building present a busy scene whenever the doctor makes appointments with his patients at that address.
Dr. Seymour can in no wise be classed as a traveling specialist, as his regular trips through the state of Nebraska require only a short period fall and spring, and are over a well established route, paying regular visits to the same patients year after year. In fact, the doctor has not added a new town to his list for over five years. These regular trips enable hundreds of people to visit him who could not afford the expense of going to Omaha for that purpose.
He will be accompanied on his coming trip by an EXPERT EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST, who will have direct charge of all medical treatments which are supplied from the Omaha office.
The doctor especially requests that those wishing to visit him during his coming trip will drop him a card, room 307, N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, as his time will be very fully occupied, and by so doing patients can receive special appointments. CONSULTATION ABSOLUTELY FREE.
REMEMBER THE DATE.

THE GREAT JOKE, DEATH.

Funny Side of Dying Often Treated of in Literature.
"Death," said a publisher, "has been treated humorously in our literature often. Indeed I am quite sure that a collection of many thick volumes might be made under the title of 'Death's Funny Side.' Thomas Hood was one of our best writers of this sort of verse. Don't you remember his ballad on the young sailor who died heart-broken over his girl's unfaith? The last stanza was:
"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befall;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell."
"Hood did another ballad on the subject of a soldier who lost both legs in battle, who was in consequence jilted by his sweetheart and who then hung himself. Now, that is rather tragic, is it not? It has a bizarre but none the less poignant tragic note. Guy de Maupassant indeed once handled almost this same situation, but he handled it from the opposite viewpoint, and don't you remember how he narrated the first, the crucial, meeting of the lovers after Ben Battle's double amputation?
"But when he called on Nellie Gray
She made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs
Began to take them off."
"This treatment drove Ben to despair:
"So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And for the second time in life
Enlisted in the line."
"And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though despair had cut him up,
It could not cut him down."
"There is a tremendous literature of humorous epitaphs. There must be, I fancy, 10,000 of these, but two of them are all I can recall. The first goes:
"Here lies the body of mild Maria;
She went one day to start the fire,
But the wood was green,
So she used kerosene,
And now she's where the fuel is drier."
"The other is grimmer:
"Life is a lie, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."
"Then there are songs on the side splitting aspects of death, some of which have caused tender hearted ladies to double up with mirth. 'Johnny Jones and His Sister Sue' is one such song, and I bet that six people out of ten in America know it by heart.
"Yes," the publisher concluded, "under the title of 'Death's Funny Side' an anthology of many, many volumes could be made. The anthology should be bound in black pigskin, with grinning skulls and crossbones tooled in gold on it."—Philadelphia Record.
A Matter of Principle.
"Why is it," says the girl, "that in giving an account of an accident they always give the age of the person injured? I can see the sense of their talking about blonds and brunettes, a mustache or full beard if it is a man or a red, green or blue gown if it is a woman, for that is a means of identification for acquaintances and friends who may be interested. They don't even put the age in the death notices now, but if you meet with an accident out it comes in all the papers in town. But they will never publish mine. I have it on my mind every time I cross the street, and when there is a particularly bad crowd I say to myself, 'Now, remember, if you are run over here, no matter how badly hurt, you are to remember never to tell your age. It's a matter of principle.'—New York Times.
Rejected Fortunes.
Professor Bell had a strenuous time over his invention of the telephone. He took the first working model of his instrument to John A. Logan and offered him a half interest for \$2,500, saying that it would do away with the telegraph and that there would be millions in it. Logan replied: "I dare say, your machine works perfectly, but who would want to talk through such a thing as that, anyway? I advise you to save your money, young man." Bell then offered a tenth interest to an examiner in the patent office for \$100 in cash. It was refused. That tenth interest was worth \$1,500,000 in fifteen years.—Pearson's.
Rather Airy.
"There is an acquaintance of mine," remarked the doctor, "who gives himself airs because he was given up to die thirty years ago and has kept himself alive till now by taking oxygen."
"How old is he now?" asked the professor.
"Over eighty."
"He's what you would call an oxygenarian, is he?" said the professor, looking at him with half shut eyes.—Chicago Tribune.
An Appropriate Name.
"It is a pretty name," the impressionable traveler murmured, "but tell me why do they call you Manita?"
"There was an arch smile on the savage maiden's face.
"Evidently," she said as she signaled to her brothers, who were concealed in the brush with clubs, "you do not know our favorite food."
Suspected It.
Cashier—I can't honor that check, madam. Your husband's account is overdrawn.
Woman—Huh! Overdrawn, is it? I suspected something was wrong when he signed this check without waiting for me to get the hysteresis.
Mortgages.
Did it ever occur to you how much harder it is to lift a mortgage than it is to raise one?—Boston Transcript.
Ever notice that when you particularly try to be entertaining you gossip more?—Acheson Globe.