

Anti-Saloon League.

This column is contracted for at our regular advertising rates and edited by the Alliance Anti-Saloon League.

An Allegory.

Farmer Boggs planted some new seed-corn last spring, imported from a distant land, and as a result gathered two thousand bushels from twenty acres, and he took a wagon load to town to exchange for some necessities of life.

He had just entered the main business street, when a saloon keeper hailed him and inquired the price of his corn.

"Forty cents a bushel," said Boggs.

"But I can get plenty of corn for thirty," replied the dealer in liquid goods.

"Not such corn as this," said the farmer.

"This is a new kind, grown from imported seed. Nothing like it in the state."

"All right," said the saloon keeper, "I will take it, as I have the best family horse in the country and he shall have the very best corn in the market; so you may drive round to my barn and throw the corn in the crib, and while there, please tell John, my hired man, to give old Faithful a good feed, and have him hitched up by two o'clock, for I want to take my wife and two children out riding this afternoon."

Boggs unloaded the corn as directed—got his pay for it, made a few purchases, and left for home—while John promptly at two o'clock hitched old Faithful to the phaeton. But as the saloon keeper, his wife and two little daughters were getting into the vehicle, old Faithful's eyes flashed like fire; he reared upon his hind feet, snorted like a locomotive, and it was all John could do to hold him. At last, when all were fairly seated, John was told to let him go, and off went old Faithful down the street wholly unmanageable, until, suddenly turning a corner, over went the phaeton, smashed into splinters, and its occupants sent sprawling into the street.

While the bruised and battered family were being picked up and cared for, a crowd of men succeeded in capturing old Faithful. A veterinary surgeon was called and as he took hold of the bit, old Faithful's breath struck him fully in the face; he smiled and said: "There is nothing wrong with the horse, only he is drunk—drunk on that new kind of corn."

In a few days, ignorant of what had happened, the farmer took another load of corn to town; he stopped at the saloon, but the proprietor was not in. He then drove round to his residence, rang the bell, and the saloon keeper, with a patch over one eye, his arm in a sling, nose smashed, hobbled to the door, and was asked by Boggs, if he did not want to buy another load of corn.

Raising a crutch, he ejaculated: "Corn—corn! do I look like I need any more of that kind of corn? Look at my wife there with a broken arm, see my darling little angels bruised beyond recognition. See my three hundred dollar phaeton smashed into smithereens, and old Faithful so humiliated and ashamed that he cannot look decent people in the face, and then dare to ask me if I want any more corn; get out of here, you villainous old clodhopper, or I'll set my big dog on you!"

Boggs had two thousand bushels of that corn. He had depended on it to lift the mortgage off his farm, but now it seemed that all was lost.

He went to a lawyer and told his story. The lawyer informed him that all he had to do was to take out a license. A petition was at once prepared and the farmer started out to get signers.

He went first to the saloon keepers, supposing they would sign without a word. But he was mistaken. Instead of signing his petition, they with one accord declared that any man who would sell that kind of corn to feed a dumb brute was worse than a heathen.

Even the deacons refused to sign, declaring that they could not stand it to see a colt humiliate and disgrace its mother by reeling through the public streets; or hear a cow bawl at the sight of her besotted calf; while a minister, with a look of indignation that was indescribable, said in thunder tones, that if his party ever licensed the sale of that kind of corn, he would never vote its ticket again, and then he quoted scripture about no drunkard entering the kingdom of God; and, as a final crusher, he asked Boggs what would become of all the poor dumb brutes if we licensed the sale of that kind of corn.

Poor Boggs, discouraged, returned to the office, dropped the petition on the table, sank into a chair as he exclaimed: "Personal liberty is a myth."

The lawyer, moved by sympathy, as lawyers always are, put on his best thinking cap. In a moment his countenance beamed with joy; he slapped Boggs good-naturedly on the back and said, "brighten up old boy, I've got an idea. A capital idea, too; one that lets you out sleek and clean, saves your farm, and, above all, preserves your personal liberty. You proceed at once to draw that corn to the distillery, have it made into whiskey—and then circulate your petition for a license to sell the whiskey and they will all sign it; and thus the dumb brutes will be protected, personal liberty perpetuated, and, besides all that, such a course will not hurt the party. You see it all depends upon whether the corn is sold in solid or liquid state."

The booze business is apparently having a strenuous time of it. A great many towns in Nebraska that have heretofore been strongholds for the liquor men, are now making an effort to do away with the saloon and the general cussedness that always goes along with it. The saloon is a

luxury for any town and as good people get along without and it makes bad people worse, the best solution of the problem is to "cut it out."—Scotts Bluff Herald.

The editor of the Democrat displayed a very narrow spirit when he refused to publish the announcement of the peoples caucus. An editor should be broad enough to be willing to give both sides a chance to vote on the wet or dry proposition and because he is on the wet side is not sufficient reason to refuse a call for a public meeting especially when offered pay for printing it. Get in the right crowd and vote and work for the prosperity of our town and the protection of your boy. Fathers! have you any sons to spare.—Cherry County Searchlight.

Valentine is going dry. Then look for prosperity. The better class of people will come here in greater numbers, those who are a menace to society will either leave or be lifted up. Business men will have less on their books and more in the banks. There will be bigger bank deposits! Money will go for the necessities of life and to pay honest debts instead of liquor bills. We heard of an undertaker last week who asked a patron to bring him a cord of wood to pay for the casket and burial of his child. He brought the wood to town but took it to the saloon keeper to pay a bill there and keep his credit good for drinks.—Cherry County Searchlight.

Some of the good people of our neighboring town of Valentine are getting thoroughly disgusted with the accursed saloons in their town, and are making a strong fight to do away with them at the coming spring election. Rev. C. E. Connell of that place was up here last Tuesday getting the sentiment of our business men as to saloons and no saloons as we have tried both. Forty-three of our business men signed a statement that they were well satisfied with the existing conditions, and had no desire to take a step backward to saloon days again, while but three refused to sign the statement. Exchanges that wish to help our sister city out of a rut will please copy. Even though they get rid of the saloons now, it takes a long time to eradicate the effects. It is like handling a certain highly perfumed little animal. You may wash, you may scour, and scrub as you will, the scent of the varmint will cling to you still.—Gordon Journal.

IN THE WOODS.

"Tis sweet to worship God when Love commands
In temples unadorned by human hands—
The grand cathedrals of the solemn woods,
Where no unworthy devotee intrudes;
At money altars and in cloister-bowers,
Where prayer is blended with the balm of flowers;
In leafy corridors and woodland ways,
Where all is resonant with hymns of praise;
In shady groves festooned by drooping vines,
Where bending boughs with pendant branch entwines;
Where babbling brooks with liquid tongues proclaim
The glory and the greatness of His name."
—David Banks Skelens in New York Tribune

Fewer Cigaretts or More Asylums.

I want to tell you that one of the greatest things today is this temperance movement. If it keeps on moving, as it gives promise of doing, its going to bring about a wonderful change in this country. There's nothing that means more to the future of the country.

And the anti-cigarette law is another good thing. Tobacco is all right. It never hurt any one. But cigarettes are poison. We've either got to have anti-cigarette laws or more acreage for asylums for juvenile degenerates.—Thos A. Edison.

Take Notice.

All personal taxes for the years 1887 to 1907 are being forwarded to date and if not paid, distress warrants will be served after Feb. 1st, and collected. Save yourself extra costs by settling at once.

By order of County Board.
Fred Mollring, Treasurer.

Notice to Creditors.

The State of Nebraska, ss. In the County of Box Butte. In the matter of the estate of John W. Rodgers, deceased.
To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified, that I will sit at the County Court Room in Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska, on the 27th day of August, 1908, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 27th day of February, A. D. 1908, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 27th day of February, 1908.
Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court, this 25th day of February, 1908.
(SEAL) L. A. BERRY, County Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, ss. In the County of Box Butte. In the matter of the estate of John James Phillips, deceased.
To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified, that I will sit at the County Court Room in Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska, on the 25th day of March, 1908, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 12th day of March, A. D. 1908, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 12th day of March, 1908.
Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court, this 8th day of March 1908.
(SEAL) L. A. BERRY, County Judge.

HEMINGFORD

Postmaster W. F. Walker, Editor.

Supt. Phillips rode up from the Co. seat Monday on his bike.

D. W. Kenner sojourned in our city between trains Saturday.

Miss Anna Beaumont visited home folks the latter part of the week.

Miss Cad Bushnell was an Alliance visitor the first of the week.

Frank McCart and Roy Heindman were two Cantonites in town Tuesday.

Howard Whitaker and sisters went out to the Sioux Co. ranch Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Mewhirer spent a few hours Sunday with relatives here.

O. D. Rouse sold a span of fine young geldings Tuesday, consideration \$300.

O. F. Hedgecock and N. Frohnappel were in Alliance last week on business.

Dent Piper is making some extensive improvements on his farm east of town.

C. H. Hubbell is nursing a pretty sore arm, the result of being kicked by a horse.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal Vinsel of Alliance visited at the Rowland home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Warren went to Agate last week to remain a while with relatives.

Miss Nippe who has been at the Eggers home for some time returned to her home last Friday.

"Buck" Butler came up from Alliance Tuesday to visit his brother and other friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grommet commenced housekeeping on the Dent Piper place east of town last week.

Robt. Anderson brother of our genial John, arrived from Oakdale recently and is assisting in the latter's drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Brown went to Alliance last Thursday evening returning Saturday. They attended the Eagles ball while there.

Mrs. Alice Curtis visited in this vicinity last week. She also visited Alliance Friday. She was accompanied by her son, B. C. Curtis.

Mrs. M. Le Lacheur of Mullen and Mrs. R. Sariven of Erickson arrived last week Wednesday for a visit with Grandma Bliss and other relatives.

Mrs. Burleigh accompanied her mother to Lakeside last week Wednesday. Grandma Kendall had been visiting in this locality for several days.

C. J. Wildy was an east bound passenger Thursday night of last week. He will visit relatives in Illinois, and buy his spring stock of goods while away.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Hedgecock returned Sunday from their wedding trip. They visited Denver, Boulder, Lincoln, Omaha and several other places of interest.

Mr. Blythe who bought the Fred Huckle place north of town last fall moved his family thereon last week. We extend a hearty welcome to the newcomers.

Mrs. G. F. Hedgecock was thrown from a horse Monday and hurt quite badly though not seriously. Mrs. Hedgecock is to be congratulated on her lucky escape from very serious injuries.

M. L. Moyer and his electrician went over the high line last week doing some much needed repairing. Owing to the high winds of the past few weeks the telephone lines were in pretty bad shape.

Omer Scribner returned Tuesday from "the hunt" in the Sand Hills well laden with game. He says the boys all had a fine time. They bagged about 175 ducks and several fine geese. He has our thanks for a half dozen very fine Mallards.

E. L. Everett was able to be down town Monday the first time for nearly two weeks. Mr. Everett has been confined to his bed most of that time with gripe, which settled on his lungs, but we are glad to say he is well on the road to recovery.

LEGAL NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, Box Butte County. To all persons interested in the estate of Gustaf Jensen, deceased.
Whereas, Robert Graham, of said county, has filed in my office an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Gustaf Jensen, late of said county, deceased, and said Robert Graham has filed his petition herein praying to have the same admitted to probate, and for the issuing of letters testamentary, which will relate to personal estate.
I have therefore appointed the 25th day of March, A. D. 1908, at 2 o'clock in the forenoon, at the county court room in said county, as the time and place for hearing said will, at which time and place you and all concerned may appear and contest the allowing of the same.
It is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to all persons interested in said estate of the pendency of this petition, and the time and place set for hearing of the same, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Alliance Herald, a newspaper printed and published in said county for three weeks successively previous to the day set for the hearing.
In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and official seal this 11th day of March, A. D. 1908.
L. A. BERRY, County Judge.

J. M. GUILF, Attorney.
IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF LANCASTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

NOTICE OF SALE.
In the Matter of the Applicant on of Mary A. Freeland, Guardian, to sell Real Property.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of E. F. Holmes, Judge of the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, made on the 7th day of November, A. D. 1907, for the sale of the real property hereinafter described, there will be sold at the South door of the Court House in the city of Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska, on the 25th day of March, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m., at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit: All of Lot Twelve (12) in Block Nine (9) in 1st Addition to Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska. The above described property to be sold for cash. Sale to remain open one hour.
MARY A. FREELAND, Guardian of FERN L. FREELAND, and MARIE A. FREELAND, and JOHN T. FREELAND, Minors.

Public Sale of Fifteen Stallions AT ALLIANCE, NEB. Sat., March 21

These horses consist of two imported horses, one Shire and one Percheron. Eleven head of home-bred registered stallions, two to five years old; two good grade stallions. They are all good young stallions, and will mature into heavyweights and make the buyer money. This is my third sale at Alliance and all my horses will be just as represented and will be sold as before to the highest bidder. Attend this sale and buy a stallion at your own price.

Frank L. Stream, Creston, Ia.

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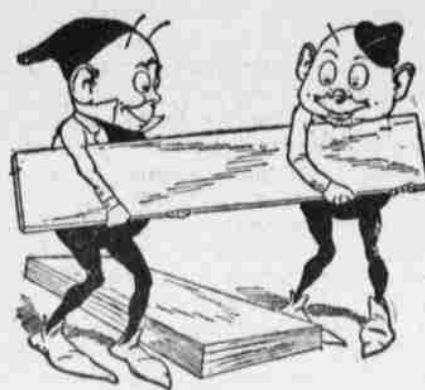
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1 lb can Cove Oysters.....	10c	3 lb can Kraut.....	10c
2 " Kidney Beans.....	10c	3 " Baked Beans.....	12½c
2 " Lima Beans.....	10c	2 " Cream Corn.....	12½c
2 " Wax Beans.....	10c	8 " Apples.....	40c
2 " String Beans.....	10c	8 " Blackberries.....	65c
2 " Tomatoes.....	10c	8 " Apricots.....	70c
2 " Early June Peas.....	10c	8 " Pie Peaches.....	50c
3 " Y. C. Peaches.....	20c	8 " Bartlett Pears.....	55c
3 " Sliced Peaches.....	25c	8 " Plums.....	45c
3 " Apricots.....	25c	8 " Grapes.....	45c
3 " Plums.....	20c	16 lbs Sugar.....	\$1.00
3 " Blackberries.....	20c	8 lbs Blend Coffee.....	\$1.00
3 " Cherries.....	25c	3 lbs Japan Tea.....	\$1.00
3 " Pears.....	25c	6 Bars White Russian Soap.....	25c
3 " Grapes.....	20c	6 Bars Lennox Soap.....	35c
3 " Tomatoes.....	11c		

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