

Burlington Route

PLAN NOW

EXCURSIONS EAST

Republican Convention excursion tickets to Chicago at low rates in June. Also excursion rates from June 1, in connection with convention and summer tourist rates to Lake and Eastern resorts.

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Very low round trip rates commencing June 1st for attractive Coast tours, only \$60.00; slighter higher via Shasta Route and Puget Sound.

TO COLORADO

Cheap excursion tickets to Denver early in July for the Democratic National Convention.

HELP US SETTLE UP YOUR COUNTRY

Excursion rates twice a month from the East to the West. Excellent chances yet to secure irrigated lands along our line near Garland, Wyoming, and Billings, Montana, and Carey Act lands near Cody, Basin, Lovell and Worland, Wyo. Write your friends back East about these chances and send their names to D. Clem Deaver, Land-seekers' Information Bureau, Omaha.

S. H. Wright, Agt.

Alliance, Neb.

W. L. WARELEY, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

Wm. James,

Exclusive
Dealer in

COAL & ... WOOD

'Phone Alliance,
No. 5. Nebraska.

When you plan your home
remember the importance of

Good Plumbing

I do sanitary work and guarantee it.
I install Standard bath room fixtures.
Steam and Hot Water Heating with modern, up-to-date Ideal Boilers and American Radiators right in my line.

FRED BRENNAN

Some High-Class Short-Horn Bulls.

I raised the bull calf that took first premium, also calf that took fifth in same class, in open competition, at our State fair in September 1907. My herd took fourteen ribbons, altogether. I now have thirty bulls, from one to three years old, which I would like to sell for fall delivery; a car load. I will sell from twelve to twenty; you take your pick for \$100 each. I will keep them for two months, feed them oats, alfalfa, etc., get them in good shape. You take them in December, winter them at home, and they will do you some good. J. G. BRENNER, 43-1 year* Broken-Bow, Neb.

County Treasurer's Notice

Owing to the time it took to forward all back taxes up to date, I have been delayed in getting out all delinquent personal tax notices but now give all due notice that I am going to give everybody not having received notice, a statement of their delinquent personal tax and if the same is not paid in ten days, I will be compelled to collect same with extra costs. Now, I mean business and am going to collect taxes due the county from everyone.
FRED MOLLRING,
County Treasurer.

MARSLAND.

Dr. Curtis, the veterinary, was in town Thursday.

True Miller and family went to Alliance Friday night.

James Gray was up from Alliance Saturday, presumably in the interest of his insurance business.

Mr. Small, of near Nye, is plastering Dr. Willis's new house, which will soon be ready for occupancy.

Luther Clark and Edd Olrog have gone into partnership in the potato business and are putting in a large acreage.

Mrs. C. A. McGogy is having a large warehouse, buggy shed and stable, all under one roof, built at the rear of her lot.

Mrs. F. R. Bellamy and three daughters returned home Saturday, after having visited the maternal home at Hastings for three weeks.

Mrs. Dr. Willis returned home from the eastern part of the state recently and was accompanied by the doctor's brother, John Willis, who will visit here for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ford, of the south table, were in town the other day to get a windmill, theirs having been blown down by the high wind. Mrs. Hughes had two demolished in the same storm.

Charley Hizer, of Sioux county, was an over-night visitor at J. Sullenberger's on Tuesday and took out a load of shrubbery, native grown, to plant on his homestead. These Missouri people like to see brush growing.

A large number of fruit trees from the Charles City, Iowa, nursery, were distributed at this place Saturday. They are fine stock and arrived in good condition. Ere long we expect to see a red apple country in northwest Nebraska.

Supt. Phillips, of Box Butte county, will deliver an address to the 8th grade graduates on the evening of May 11th. Mrs. J. M. Tollman, of the school board, will present the diplomas, and Mrs. N. G. Poole will direct the music. Altogether we expect to have a feast of good things.

One paragraph of the President's message is particularly noticeable: "The man who preaches hatred of wealth, honestly acquired; who inculcates envy and jealousy and slanderous ill-will toward those of his fellows who, by their energy and industry have become men of means, is a menace to any community." Just so.

To those living at a distance who have friends buried in the Marsland cemetery we would say: The waterworks at the cemetery are in fine condition, and now is the time to set out trees and plant flowers. People near by keep the windmill running, and the large storage tank and 200 feet of hose will give you plenty of water at any time. Plant your flowers and trees, and they will be watered for you.

Turning over the sod with steam plows has for the present been discontinued in this part of the country. Hendrie Bros. threw up the sponge, returned their engine to the company from whom it was bought, and have ordered another of much larger capacity. The expert sent here to direct the initiatory trial says that never before had he encountered sod so tough. After about three weeks spent here he departed.

Mrs. C. R. Austin, a trimmer and saleslady for Mrs. Holdridge of Alliance, was here the latter part of the week with a nice stock of millinery goods. Owing to the lateness of the season, the sales were not what they would have been if she had visited our town earlier. Everyone seemed pleased with the quality of the goods which were unlike the old, shelf-worn and picked over remnants shown here at other times.

Our schools will close Monday, the 11th, with 8th grade graduation exercises in the evening at the M. E. church. Five pupils will be graduated. Some of the 9th grade pupils will take part in the exercises. On Tuesday the annual picnic will be held at the old Box Butte mill site. As there will doubtless be a scarcity of foliage on the trees, it would be well to carry umbrellas.

Rev. J. B. Currans, of Omaha, arrived Friday and was heartily welcomed by his many friends. He has mingled with the people of this state off and on for many years, and preached his first sermon for us just nineteen years ago, before there was either church or school house in which to hold service. How well we remember the text: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son" &c.

Quite a large number of our people spent the entire week just passed, at Alliance, on a contest case. A young man named Bovine, a stranger, contested the homestead entry of John Furman, deceased. The witnesses from here for the prosecution were Ralph Hollabaugh, Ora Dickinson, Eugene Kendrick and Brush Hall. Those for the defense were Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Furman, Burt Furman, J. B. Walker, C. H. Richie and L. Nichols.

George Squibb, who has been a resident of this place and vicinity for twenty-two years, died on Friday morning at 6 o'clock. He was 40 years old on March 12 and was one of a large family of children. He had been ailing for two years and at times was very sick; however he had been better and had come into town to visit his brother, when he was again stricken, this time not to rise again. Funeral services were conducted at the M. E. church, Rev. J. B. Curran of the Presbyterian church, officiating. A large company of sympathizing friends were present and followed the remains to their last resting place in Marsland cemetery. The pall-bearers were F. R. Bellamy, G. Damon, H. P. Kendrick, N. G. Poole, L. T. Poole and Mr. Clatterback. G. M. Burns was funeral director.

HEMINGFORD

Postmaster W. F. Walker, Editor.

H. E. Jones was an Alliance visitor Monday.

Dr. Eikner had business at the county seat Wednesday.

Mrs. Barleigh came up from the hills the first of the week.

Wm. Dennis returned from his home at Mauchester, Iowa, the first of the week.

Anton Uhrig is having the up-stairs rooms over his store repapered and painted.

Mrs. Geo. Bener of Lawn, who has been under the doctor's care, is improving.

Mrs. Almada Olds returned to her home at Chadron last Friday after a two weeks' visit with friends here.

Mrs. Madames Donovan and Elder came up from Alliance Wednesday to visit for a few days with home folks.

O. T. Hedgecock, C. W. Brown, R. B. Green and L. Spitzer were over-night visitors in Alliance Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bushnell took Tuesday night's train for Morrill, Neb. They expect to be gone several days.

Mrs. H. Hall, who has been quite sick, is improving slowly and we hope to hear of her recovery soon.

Clark Olds was sent as a delegate from Rosebud camp at this place to attend the Woodmen blow-out which comes off at Lincoln this week.

Miss Etta Carter closed a very successful term of school in the Rasmussen district last Friday. The school closed with an entertainment in the evening.

A. M. Miller is building more lumber sheds. There is not another town in Nebraska that has two as fine lumber yards as Hemingford can boast. A. M. Miller and C. J. Wildy can sell you what you want in the lumber line.

This section of the northwest was treated to a snow storm which bordered on to a blizzard pretty closely Sunday night and Monday. Several inches of snow covered the ground Tuesday morning. This means lots of moisture and makes the farmers look pleasant.

At 3 o'clock Monday morning K. L. Pierce started with his auto to take Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rowland and Dr. Little to C. T. Warren's home in Sioux county in answer to a message stating the serious illness of Mrs. Warren. They made good time going and found Mrs. Warren pretty sick but the doctor thought it advisable to bring her to town. They proceeded on the homeward journey until they were near Chas. Posvar's place where the snow became so deep and the storm so bad that they had to get assistance. They finally reached Mrs. Posvar's where they remained until Tuesday. They reached home some time near noon Tuesday after quite an experience with the storm. Mrs. Warren was pretty thoroughly tired out with the trip, but at this writing is improving.

HASHMAN.

Mr. Snoddy visited at Cal Hashman's Friday.

Mr. Leo. Hashman visited with A. Ross Sunday.

Carl Hashman expects to spend his time in Alliance for once.

Miss Ada Hashman is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Vaughn.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Leishman visited with Mrs. James Skinner Sunday.

We are having fine weather out in this vicinity—a small snow and rain storm.

Rollin Ross went spooning last Sunday night, and it rained and he had to stay.

George Key has received the sad news of the death of his sister. He will attend the funeral.

Unity Sunday school attendance last Sunday was 29. The lesson for next Sabbath is Matt. 3:2.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Hashman visited the latter's brother, Chas. Lapham, at Fremont over Sunday, then went to Omaha, where Mrs. Hashman will receive surgical treatment.

John Weinel's horses became frightened at a team of mules driven by Carl Hashman and ran away. They broke down a few fences, but no damage was done the driver, wagon or horses.

Notice.

The starting of numerous fires in the alleys and neglect of same before extinguished is a very careless practice and may be the cause of a disastrous fire in the city. The public is hereby cautioned not to set out a fire while the wind is blowing, nor to leave one burning at any time without watching same. Anyone violating this order will be arrested and prosecuted.
C. C. SMITH, Mayor.
Attest: W. O. BARNES, Clerk.

Notice to Alliance Property Owners.

Notice is hereby given all Alliance owners of real estate that alleys, vacant places and streets adjoining must be cleaned without delay, of all waste papers, refuse, manure, etc. Prompt attention and compliance with this notice will save costs.
C. C. SMITH, Mayor,
W. O. BARNES, City Clerk.

For Sale.

Avery corn planter, good as new.—L. E. Bye.

Binoculars ...Of Love.

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys.
Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.

"I tell you," said Callander, "she thinks you are too formal, too cut and dried, too wrapped up in your profession. To her you're a fossil!"
"If I were you I'd kick him for saying that," said Gattley. "Go ahead, Abbe, old man; you're far enough away from the village so that your unbending from dignity will never be seen."

"Oh, I'll do worse than that to him some time!" returned young Dr. Abbe, glaring with comic malevolence at Callander. "I'll wait until he is injured in some of his schoolboy escapades, and then I'll operate on him. Don't you feel the approach of another foolish attack, George?"

The three young men sat in the shade of a huge mass of rock that marked the end of a long, irregular ridge of hills which jutted out from the main range to the west. At the mouth of a tiny canyon just visible from the rocks a cluster of summer cottages showed white against the brown and gray of their surroundings.

George Callander granted, stretched his hulking body and took out a pair of fieldglasses from a case at his side. "So, Folsom," he replied at length; "I don't feel unusually foolish at present. But this grand air and this sunshine and—well, life in general greatly appeals to me today, and so there's no telling when I shall find it necessary to break out again. By Jove," he went on, pointing the glasses at the faraway cottages, "there's our dear wife and the dear wife of our friend Hilram here, and—yes, the dear sister of my dear wife aforementioned, all laden with baskets and making for Flagstaff hill."

"Dear, dear," said Hilram Gattley; "anybody else in the party?"
"N-no, none that I can make out. Hold on, though; yes, there is. They're passing Evergreen Inn now, and that discreditable squireman Ramage has joined them. I believe, Abbe, that's what you called him, wasn't it—a discreditable squire?"

"Callander," demanded Abbe sternly, "does Miss Alice know that you two ungalantly wretches enticed me away with you this morning without letting me know that she and other ladies were bent upon a picnic today?"
"Miss Alice?" queried Callander. "Oh, you mean little Allie, my wife's sister. Now that I think of it, Folsom, I believe she did say something about asking you to have lunch with them on Flagstaff hill today. She asked if I thought you would care to leave your bug hunting and whether you would make one of our informal party. I believe I told her!"

He broke off and leveled his glass at the distant hills.
"Well, well," cried Abbe impatiently, "what reply did you make? Something absurd, I suppose. Give me those glasses."

Callander adroitly moved out of reach of Abbe's arm and continued: "I forgot just what I did say, but it must have been something worthy of so ungalantly a wretch. They're up on the hill now, Folsom, and Ramage has taken his place beside Allie and is carrying her basket."
"That's a bad sign," Gattley put in. "That's the way I began on the day I asked Ella to be my wife. You remember that picnic, George?"

"Certainly. Picnics are fatal affairs. I have no doubt that if Folsom were on Flagstaff hill today he'd be the happy man instead of Ramage. By Jove! He and Allie have strolled away from the rest and are picking wild flowers."

Abbe groaned.
"And I thought you were my friends—my boyhood friends. Here, give me those glasses, I say!"

Again Callander eluded his grasp and lightly sprang across a tree trunk which spanned the creek that rattled down from the range of hills and into the plain. Once safely across, he pulled away the log and set it floating downstream.

"We are your friends, Folsom," he declared from the opposite bank. "Haven't we patiently listened to your ravings about Allie for the past six months? Didn't we bring you out with us today on purpose to talk about her?"

"And you," cried the young doctor, turning to Gattley, "I suppose you're in this attempt to keep me away from Miss—from the picnic?"
"Don't speak so harshly, Folsom," Gattley returned. "Let's go leave George and hunt fossils or something."
"I've a notion to hunt you," Abbe answered, and he stepped toward Gattley.

"Oh, don't, doctor; don't, doctor!" Gattley screamed in a high falsetto as he sprang down the hill, with Abbe at his heels.

At the creek bank Gattley paused to look back, and, seeing the doctor still coming, he leaped into the stream and floundered across it.

Abbe stopped at the bank and began to throw stones at his tormentors. They moved out of range of the missiles and walked downstream until the settlement of cottages came into view from behind the rocks where they had been sitting on the other side of the creek.

Abbe followed them downstream on his side and bawled out half angry epithets at them. Callander, after a prolonged look through the glasses at Flagstaff hill, called out:
"Oh, horrors, Folsom, Ramage has taken Allie for a stroll to the top of

Flagstaff. They're at the top now. I did so want you for a brother-in-law, and now I'll never have a doctor in the family."

"Stop them; stop them!" cried Folsom, dancing up and down. "Do, please, Georgie, toss over those glasses!"

"Couldn't do it. This is a sight one doesn't see every day. There he goes, flopping down on his knees before her. Farewell, Brother-in-law Folsom; farewell forever!"

Desperately Abbe went to the bank, removed his coat and shoes and rolled up his trousers.

"Look out," cried Gattley; "he's going to swim for it!"
Abbe plunged in and had hardly taken two steps when he slipped and fell. Immediately he arose again, splashed across the stream and clambered up on the opposite bank.

"Now," he grated, "I'll show you what it means to torment a peaceable man."
"Wait," called Georgie from a safe distance; "he wasn't flopping on his knees, after all, so don't be angry. You wouldn't raise black and blue lumps all over our pure, white bodies, would you, Folsom?"

"You'll see," retorted the angry young man as he took up the chase.
The two led him along a devious path, through thickets and over rough prairie grass and rocky stretches of plain. But his blood was up, and he doggedly kept on. They easily continued in the lead and frequently stopped to shoot back mocking comments and to remark what could be seen by looking through the glasses.

"Say," cried Georgie after one such look at Flagstaff hill, "I wish we were nearer, so we could distract Allie's attention from what Ramage is saying to her. I know she'd be pleased to see you unbending a little."
"That's all she's afraid of," Gattley took up. "She's told my wife as much lots of times. She thinks you're a born stiff—or—were born stiff, I mean."

"No," bawled Callander; "he means she thinks you're so wrapped up in your profession that you look upon even her love as a secondary affair, and she wants you to consider it the whole thing."
"She thinks," began Gattley as he dodged a piece of granite which Abbe hurled at him. "that you can't enthuse over anything but strange bugs or fossils or a new disease. We've often told her that she's wrong"—he ducked to avoid another stone—"but we couldn't convince her, and this is our reward—to be stoned—to be chased across country like innocent rabbits."

They were obliged to take up the chase again, for Abbe was well upon them. Down the creek was another log from bank to bank, and they darted across toward the cottages, with Abbe in full cry at their heels.

There was no more opportunity for extended banter, although Gattley now and then flung back a stentorian wish that Allie might see them at the present moment.
When they drew near the cottages, the hares endeavored to shape their courses so that the bound must cross the foot of Flagstaff hill, but he gave up and ran to kennel at the Evergreen Inn.

He came out an hour later with all marks of the chase removed from his clothing. But the banter of his friends still rankled, and he determined to see Miss Alice at once, then if he had been refused to go back to the city. So he bravely charged up Flagstaff hill to meet his fate.

He found Alice, and at the first opportunity he told her of his love. When, to his unspeakable joy, he found himself accepted he demanded to know whether or not he had heard the truth from his friends in regard to her estimation of his character.
"Yes, I did think that until this morning," answered the young lady. "But I know now that I was wrong, Folsom, dear. Mr. Ramage had a pair of powerful binoculars with him this morning, and I watched you every minute from the top of Flagstaff hill."

A Congenial Occupation.
"It isn't everybody that gets a place in life that's just suited to him," said Mr. Hobart thoughtfully, "but I declare it seems as if Jed Loring had landed in the very spot he'd choose above every other."

"I didn't suppose anything would ever suit Jed," remarked Mrs. Hobart, "a man that always thought everybody was better off than he and never appeared to enjoy anything except other folks' misfortune. Where in the world is he?"

"While I was visiting Henry's folks," said Mr. Hobart, "they took me across the ferry to the island one day. I thought the face of the man that worked the gates looked kind of familiar, as Henry and I stood there."
"Aren't you Jim Hobart that used to live in Bushby?" he asked me at last.

"I am and still do," says I, "and it's just come to me who you are. You're Jed Loring."
"He nodded that I was right."
"Got a job that suits you here, I guess," I said, for he's grown stouter and looks considerable cheerfurther than he used to when he was here in Bushby.

"Yes, I have," says he, real hearty. "Why, this ferryboat runs back and forth every half hour all day long, and there's hardly a trip but what somebody misses it and gets as mad as fury!"

A Question of Temperature.
Husband—What is the difference between the love of a lover and the love of a husband?
Wife—About 300 degrees F.—Harper's Weekly.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at public auction on his premises 17 miles due west of Hemingford, on Monday, May 18, 1908, commencing at 10 o'clock sharp, the following property:

Ten head of horses, 3 wagons, 3 mowers, 3 bayracks, 1 rake, 1 sulky plow, 2 breaking plows, 2 cultivators, 1 disc with seeder attachment, 1 binder, 1 harrow, 1 potato digger, 1 lister, 1 threshing outfit, Pigs, all sizes, 1 full-blooded Chester white boar. Five dozen white Leghorn chickens, 5 dozen Plymouth Rock chickens. Two sets harness, saddles, spurs, sheds, poles, wood piles, lumber, all kinds of tools, windmill, water tanks pumping horsepower, fanning mill, corn sheller, feed grinder.
Household furniture and many other articles too numerous to mention. Come, there will be something for everybody.

Terms—All amounts under \$70, cash; above \$70, six months' time at 10 per cent interests. Free lunch at noon.

C. A. POSVAR.

W. M. Fosket, Auctioneer.

Stray Horses.

We know the whereabouts of the following horses:

One dark brown horse with star on forehead; left hind foot part white; fresh brand on the left jaw over another brand so as to blur it. Visible fresh brand B. Weighs about 800 pounds.

One bay horse, few white hairs in forehead, same brand as above; weight about 900 pounds. Both are broke saddle horses and evidently used to a rope corral.

One brown mare, weight about 1050 pounds, coming three years old, halter broke. Branded on right thigh low down.

We are very anxious to get any information as to who the owners are.

CHAS. C. JAMESON,

Ellsworth, Neb.

Estray Notice.

Strayed onto my premises about November 1907, one blue roan mare unbranded, weight about 1000 pounds, age about 7 years. Owner can have same by proving property.

WALTER R. KENT,

sec. 13, twp 26, R 46,

Sheridan county.

New Machine Shop.

R. E. Rodgers, a practical machinist, has opened up a general repair shop in Gadsby's carpenter shop, back of Bogue's store. He will give special attention to repairing automobiles, sewing machines, guns and all kinds of machinery. Reasonable charges and satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. Telephone 303. 18-1f

Well Drilling.

I am now prepared to put down tubular wells, deep or shallow. Satisfaction guaranteed. For further information inquire at The Herald office or

Robert Littick,

Long Lake, Neb.

Warning.

Any person or persons found guilty of marring or in any way destroying newly finished cement walks, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Attest: C. C. SMITH, Mayor,

W. O. BARNES, City Clerk.

Typewriters for Rent

Machines cleaned and repaired

Expert Public Stenographer

Work done neatly and quickly at reasonable prices.

Lloyd C. Thomas

Phone 281

Room 20, Rumer Block

H. NELSON,

Painting, Paper Hanging and Kalsomining

Phone 641 Alliance, Nebr.

FACTS

The news items of the home community.

The things in which you are most interested.

The births, weddings, deaths of the people you know.

The social affairs of our own and surrounding towns.

These are the kind of facts this paper gives you in every issue. They are certainly worth the subscription price.