

# JUG SALE!

Saturday, June 27

One gross of two-quart jugs or pitchers at the low price of

## 25 cts. EACH

Now on display in window of main street store. None sold until above date.

### GEO. D. DARLING

HOUSEFURNISHER

## SPECTACLES

They're Eye Helps if Right  
Eye Hurters and Headache  
Makers if Wrong

Who but yourself can prevent your having them wrong if you don't get them at the right place? Not the average spectacle seller. His mission seems to be to get your nose harassed with a pair that strikes your fancy and opens your purse.

It is by knowing the Optical business THOROUGHLY and attending to it properly that I hope to build up and to keep a reputation.

**F. P. YOUNG**  
WATCHMAKER - JEWELER - OPTICIAN  
Phone 104 204 Box Butte Ave.

## Latest Designs in Post Cards

## BRENNAN'S DRUG STORE

Our stock is unusually large and include handsome local and foreign views, also comic and artistic varieties that will interest you. Call and look them over.

J. C. McCorkle, Mgr. Lloyd C. Thomas, Secy.  
**Nebraska Land Company**  
Phone 281 Offices, Alliance Nat'l Bank Bldg.

**CITY PROPERTY FOR RENT.**  
A fine six-room house with bath, modern throughout, \$17.  
Five-room basement, electric lighted, city water, \$11.  
Seven-room residence, shade trees, bars, cellar, \$18. For sale cheap.  
Two furnished rooms in a neat little cottage, fine furniture, \$15.

**FOR SALE—Refer to Number.**  
No. 13—Seven-room residence, four lots, one lot in fruit, cheap for cash.  
No. 14—Seven-room residence, electric light, furnace, bath and toilet two stories, a fine home. Rents for \$30. Sale price, \$3600.  
No. 20—Eight-room residence, two stories, hot air furnace, fine basement, two lots, fruit, cheap for cash.  
No. 22—Five-room stone house, worth \$2000, our price \$1600.  
No. 30—Five-room house, fine condition, cellar, etc. \$1300.  
This is only a partial list.  
Ask for other bargains

**BUSINESS FOR SALE**  
A SNAP—A half interest in the best grocery in Alliance. Owner is leaving the state and we will sell this half interest for half what the stock and fixtures invoice for. This is a rare bargain. NOW.  
List your city property, your farm, land, ranch or stock with us. We are doing the largest business of any firm in Box Butte County.

## Priscilla's Philanthropy

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

(Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Reed.)

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where Murphy street is?"

It was the fifth time that Priscilla had asked the question that afternoon, but turn and twist as she would at each new jumble of directions she seemed no nearer the clearing house of domestic panics.

"Two blocks back, miss, then three blocks east and—"

Priscilla frowned. She did not wait for the policeman to finish, but, thanking him hastily, retraced her steps with the energy born of despair.

"Is there anything more inhuman on the face of the earth," she put to herself, "than a maid of all work? To think of it—running off the day before New Year's without deigning to invent an excuse even! I wouldn't have thought it of Della after being with us six whole months."

Here she stopped her mental soliloquy long enough to get her bearings and turn east, as directed.

"It wouldn't matter so much if only Gerald Hollister were not coming to dinner. Relatives don't count. Oh, why did I invite him? He's so accustomed to having everything absolutely come off fault. Catch me letting my sympathies run away with me again just because a man's family happens to be out of town! And he could have asked our whole family over there to dinner and with all his servants never bothered to lift his finger! But that wouldn't occur to him. It's the one thing I don't like about Gerald Hollister anyway. With all his wealth you never hear about his doing any big, generous thing."

Just here Priscilla's rapid little monologue stopped short.

She suddenly remembered that she had come to the end of her directions. For the sixth time she was about to frame automatically the monotonous inquiry for Murphy street when a bright blue sign of "Female Help" flaunting itself down a side street caught her eye.

Priscilla made a precipitate dash toward it, which ended in an ignominious collision with a corner newsstand. When both had regained their equilibrium, Priscilla, giving her fur boa a careless toss over her shoulder, started a second time toward the garish symbol of her hopes.

This time a plaintive little wail restrained her. Where did it come from? There was not a child in sight. She walked a step or two in the direction of the sound, and there, curled up under the shelter of a newsstand, was a mite of humanity, blue and pinched with the cold.

"Why, you poor dear!" exclaimed Priscilla. "Where is your mother? Are you lost?"

But the mite didn't move, only moaned pitifully.

Priscilla looked about perplexed. Seeing a shopkeeper watching her curiously from behind his show window, she beckoned him to come to her.

"Do you know who this child is?" she asked almost accusingly.

"Shure," replied the shopkeeper. "He finds the shtand and does a smart business too."

"But he's only a baby and sick and cold," pleaded Priscilla.

"Oh, he often crawls under there 'git war-m. The men takes their pipers just the same an' laves their pennies."

"Where does he live?" demanded Priscilla imperatively.

The man pointed to a dingy looking tenement house next door to the employment office. To his utter amazement, Priscilla stooped down, gathered the whining waf in her arms, wrapped her fur boa around him and walked toward the house with her burden.

From the curious tenants she soon found out which particular door led into the child's home. The key was hanging in a dark corner near by. Once inside, Priscilla laid the child down on a broken, disorderly bed and then shivered as she stood helpless in the gloom and chill of the place.

There was neither fire, fuel nor food. Priscilla knelt down beside the child and chafed his little cold hands till there was some degree of warmth in them. Then she summoned up her courage, knocked at the door of the adjoining flat and begged the woman who answered to take the child in beside her fire while she herself went out to get food for him.

She had just returned with her arms full of bundles when she bumped into a man in the dark hallway equally incumbered. An avalanche of paper bags followed.

"I beg your pardon," came simultaneously from both.

Then as they stooped to the task of picking up their respective belongings the man ventured an inquiry.

"Can you tell me where the Horrigans live, I wonder?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied Priscilla. "I'm a stranger here myself."

The commotion had caused the sudden apparition of several tumbled heads from behind half opened doors. In the dim light that flickered out Priscilla stole an inquisitive look at the man beside her.

"Gerald Hollister!" she exclaimed excitedly and in her amazement dropped all her paper bags again.

morning dropp'g and picking up parcels. But Priscilla, catching sight of the woman in whose care she had left her little charge, rushed past her, grabbed up the child and commanded Gerald to follow her.

Imagine Mrs. Horrigan's surprise a half hour or so later, when she came in from her day's cleaning, to find seated by a crackling hot stove, with little Jim in her arms, an "illigant gentleman wid a fur coat at the back iv 'im, and, more than that, shtandin' near 'im, shtirring gruel as if her life depended on it, a beautiful young lady with cheeks glowin' like roses."

The woman listened like one spellbound to the explanations that followed, only half comprehending how it was that a gentleman who had become interested in little Jim from buying papers of his night and morning should for that reason be now holding the child in his arms "fr all the wor-rid," as she afterward told the neighbors, "as if he was Jim's father that's dead, bless his soul!" Nor was Priscilla's part in the fairy story perfectly clear, either.

However, there was one thing Mrs. Horrigan grasped with true feminine instinct.

"You was saying you was looking fr some wan to cook yer New Year's dinner for ye tomorrow, miss, an' I was just afther thinkin' if you'd thrust me"—

"Oh, would you help me out, Mrs. Horrigan?" begged Priscilla gratefully.

Until this moment Priscilla in her excitement had forgotten the utter failure of her domestic quest.

"Shure I'll help ye out, miss," returned Mrs. Horrigan, beaming. "Before Pat died an' there was plenty to do wid I could make th' best 'tings to ate av any woman yo ivir saw."

"I'm sure of it, Mrs. Horrigan," Gerald agreed enthusiastically, "but you can't cook anybody else's New Year's dinner tomorrow. You've got to cook your own. Just look at the things piled up on the table there, and there'll be a fat turkey waddling over tomorrow. Miss Ballard doesn't need you. She and her family are coming to my house to dinner."

"Why, Gerald!" interposed Priscilla incredulously.

"Yes, you are. I shan't accept any excuses. I wanted you to all the time, only I didn't dare ask you. Now, let's get started for home and give Mrs. Horrigan a chance to hold her own child."

As they hurried along in the fast falling darkness outside both looked most remarkably happy, even taking into account that tomorrow was to be New Year's day.

"Oh, I just love that little Jim Horrigan!" Priscilla suddenly exclaimed. "Don't you, Gerald?"

"Oh, I'm not losing any sleep over him. But there's some one else that I do love, Priscilla. What do you say to our announcing our engagement at dinner tomorrow?"

Gerald beamed under the effluence of his inspiration and gave Priscilla's hand an ecstatic little squeeze.

"I didn't know we were engaged," demurely commented Priscilla.

"But don't you think we could arrange to be by tomorrow, dearest?"

"Well," answered Priscilla condescendingly, "suppose you come over this evening, and we'll see what we can do about it. It's so very sudden. If I should say 'Yes,' Gerald, would you promise to give little Jim Horrigan a turkey every New Year?"

"Every New Year and birthday and Christmas," promised Gerald indulgently.

And Jim got his turkeys.

**Brought Up to It.**  
A lady engaged a country girl as general servant. One evening the lady asked her if she thought she could manage to poach half a dozen eggs for supper. The girl quickly and laughingly replied that she could do that right enough.

"Very good," said her mistress, "I'll just see what you can do," and went away. Shortly afterward she had occasion to speak to the girl again, but to her great astonishment she was not to be found in the house. Presently she came tripping in with her hat and jacket on, smiling radiantly.

"I've got 'em all right, mum," she said, "half a dozen beauties."

"Half a dozen beauties?" repeated her mistress questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Eggs, mum," she said, smiling. "But there are plenty of eggs in the house, girl, without buying more," remarked her mistress.

"Lor, mum, I didn't buy 'em," she said. "You told me to poach 'em, and I managed it fine. You see," she added by way of information, "my father and brothers do a bit of poaching, so I knew in a minute what you meant."—London Mail.

**Laconic.**  
"Is the proprietor in?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir," replied the office boy. "Is he in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will he be back soon?"

"No, sir."

"Tonight?"

"No, sir."

"Tomorrow some time?"

"No, sir."

"Did he leave any word for Mr. Nash?"

"No, sir."

The stranger looked at the office boy sharply.

"When did he go?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Didn't he say when he'd be back?"

"No, sir."

"Well, where the dickens is he?"

"At the undertaker's."

"What's the matter?"

"He's dead."—Harper's Weekly.

## The Greatest SKIRT SALE ever known in the history of Skirt Selling

### \$20,000 Worth of Manufacturer's Stock to be Sold at Less Than 50 Cents on the Dollar

**W**E TAKE PLEASURE in announcing to the people of Alliance and the public in general that we came West direct from our New York factories with the most beautiful line of up-to-date Dress Skirts, consisting of the finest Imported Voils, Chiffon Panamas, Roger Silks, Taffeta Silks

made of the leading fabrics and weaves, cut and made in the very latest styles, trimmed in the most up-to-date fashion. We call special attention to the workmanship of our skirts. All these

Skirts are put on Sale here to be Sold REGARDLESS OF COST OR PRICE as we must turn our Merchandise into cash.

In other words, the price will be no object, as, owing to the unseasonable weather that exists all through the country combined with the stagnation of the money market last fall, we were not able to dispose of our immense stock which we made up for the trade, consequently we are overstocked with goods. And in order to turn all these beautiful and up-to-date skirts into cash we are obliged to sacrifice these goods at a price that will astonish the most economical buyer of the West or any other part of the country on the low prices we are going to sell these goods for.

We invite the public to come and just examine the styles we carry and the prices we charge. We will be highly pleased to show you around, it makes no difference whether you buy or not

**Money Refunded if Goods are not Satisfactory**

Sale begins **Wednesday, June 24, at 8 a. m. 116 West Wyoming Ave.**

## North Platte Valley Annual Chautauqua

Will Be Held at Scottsbluff August 7 to 16—An Attractive Array of Talent on the Program.

With commodious grounds, plenty of shade, good water, large dome tabernacle, and the prestige gained from the success of last year, there is every prospect of a more brilliant success this year of the North Platte Valley Chautauqua, to be held at Scottsbluff August 7th to 16th.

The management promise a varied, complete and magnificent entertainment at this year's assembly. They have spared neither energy nor expense to make it attractive.

Lay aside your business cares for ten days and attend it from beginning to end. You cannot afford to miss any part of it.

Intellectual, educational, social, political, religious and philosophical topics will be discussed by famous men of the rostrum.

There will be music—vocal and instrumental: solos, quartets, chorus and assembly singing.

The amusements will consist of merry-go-round, athletics, tennis, baseball, automobile rides—"seeing Scottsbluff" and points of interest thereabout. In addition there will be moving pictures and illustrated songs.

Contracts have been signed for the following talent:

U. S. Senator R. M. LaFollette, lecturer and reformer of renown.

Gov. B. B. Brooks of Wyoming.

Charles Fordyce, dean of Wesleyan University. He will lecture on "The American Boy" and other subjects.

A. L. Bixby, poet and humorist of the Nebraska State Journal. Everybody calls him "Bix."

Miss Pearl Wilkinson, pianist and whistler.

N. W. Gaines, popular lecturer, with a series of whirlwind lectures.

Judge Geo. W. Norris, congressman and lecturer.

U. S. Senator Norris Brown, of Nebraska.

Wm. Bone, humorist and poet. The

"fellers" call him "Bill."

Carrie Nation, saloon smasher—she of hatchet fame.

J. L. McBrien, state superintendent of public instruction, on "Our Young Folks; what shall we do with them?"

Dr. R. L. Wheeler, Sunday sermon and lectures. "The Cavalier and the Puritan," etc.

Ross Crane, cartoonist clay moulder, known the world over for his chalk talk.

C. A. Fulmer, supt. Beatrice schools, instructor and lecturer.

Miss Lula S. Wolford, lecturer on boys' agriculture and girls' domestic science.

Other celebrities expected are the following:

U. S. Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana.

Secretary of the Interior J. A. Garfield.

Gov. Geo. L. Sheldon of Nebraska. Congressman Mondell of Wyoming. Cornet band of 18 pieces each day.

Much of the pleasure of a chautauqua is found in camping out. Write for tents. Others, however, prefer rooms in private families or hotels.

Season tickets, transferable in the family, are \$2.50.

For further information address  
G. L. SHUMWAY, Sec.

## 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.

**LEGAL NOTICE.**  
State of Nebraska, Box Butte County.  
To all persons interested in the estate of Lavinia A. Herrick, late of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, deceased:

You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of June, 1908, Sarah Louise Herrick, filed her petition in the county court of said county for the appointment of Eugene Burton, as administrator of the estate of Lavinia A. Herrick, late of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, deceased, and that the same will be heard at the county court room in the city of Alliance, in said county, on the 30th day of July, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

It is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given all parties interested in said estate by the publication of this notice for three successive weeks in the Alliance Herald, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and official seal this 24th day of June, 1908.  
L. A. BERRY, County Judge.  
fp June 25-3w

## APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATRIX.

State of Nebraska, ss.  
Box Butte county, ss.  
At a county court, held at the county court room, in and for said county, June 23, 1908.  
Present, L. A. Berry, county judge.

In the matter of the estate of Ernest E. Daugherty, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Bertha Daugherty, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to her as administratrix.

Ordered, that July 11th, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in THE ALLIANCE HERALD, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.

L. A. BERRY, County Judge.  
G. T. H. BARCOCK, Atty. for Petitioner. 28-3w

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The State of Nebraska, ss. In the county of Box Butte county, ss. court

In the matter of the estate of Mary Brost, deceased.

To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in said county, in said county, on the 23rd day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., 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 23rd day of June, A. D. 1908, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 23rd day of June, 1908.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county court, this 23rd day of June, 1908.  
L. A. BERRY, County Judge.  
28-3w

## LEGAL NOTICE.

State of Nebraska, Box Butte County.  
To all persons interested in the estate of E. Walter Herrick, deceased:

Whereas, Sarah Louise Herrick, of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, has filed in my office an instrument purporting to be a certified copy of the last will and testament of E. Walter Herrick, late of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, deceased, and said Sarah Louise Herrick has filed her petition herein praying to have the same admitted to probate, and for the issuing of letters of Administration with the will annexed issued to Eugene Burton, of Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska, which will relate to both real and personal estate.

I have therefore appointed the 30th day of July, 1908, at ten 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, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE ALLIANCE HERALD, a newspaper printed and published and circulated 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 24th day of June, 1908.  
L. A. BERRY, County Judge.  
fp June 25-3w

## 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 of

Robert Littick,  
Long Lake, Neb.