

In Future the Crystal Theatre will have the Top of Page Two

WATCH IT EVERY WEEK

SPECIAL FOR FRIDAY and SATURDAY,

"The HAND of FATE"

RICKARDS and DE WINTERS will present,

"THE KISSING BUG DETECTIVE"

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

The Lockwood residence has been sold to Ed. O'Donald.

Dr. Bellwood made a professional visit to Hyannis this week.

Mr. L. W. Ringsby and wife were up from Minatare last Monday.

Mrs. A. E. Morrison is visiting her parents in Wyoming this week.

M. J. Colby of Bayard was making the rounds of Alliance Tuesday.

Mrs. C. C. Smith entertained the M. E. choir last Friday evening.

We regret to chronicle the sickness of Mrs. S. J. Holdrege this week.

R. H. McMullen, a citizen of Hyannis, paid our city a visit last Friday.

H. C. Read of Deadwood, S. Dak., was an Alliance visitor last Monday.

Chas. K. Bassett of the Hyannis Tribune was in the city last Monday.

A. H. Turvey of Merna was in the city transacting business Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. Ed. Mathews from Lead, S. D., paid Alliance a visit the latter part of last week.

Mrs. M. T. Kean is the recipient of a visit from her brother, James Hickey of Vail, Iowa.

John W. Guthrie, who has been visiting in Iowa, expects to return to Alliance this week.

C. Richie, a citizen hailing from Marsland, was an Alliance visitor the latter part of last week.

W. A. Bennett, a Burlington employe at Edgemont, was in Alliance the forepart of this week.

U. N. Hoskins is visiting at the home of his parents at Long Pine. He will return in about two weeks.

Mrs. W. J. Hamilton and daughter returned Monday from their visit with relatives and friends at Chadron.

Father McNamara made a trip to the northwest part of the county last Friday to visit a person who was sick.

Jas. Dopson and John Ryan, both from Guernsey, were seen upon the streets of Alliance the latter part of last week.

A number of new subscriptions to the Herald since our last issue are appreciated by the new management of the paper.

Mr. Jamison of Ellsworth, of the Nebraska Land Feeding Co., was in Alliance last Friday and paid this office a friendly visit.

The Herald is in receipt of a neat and convenient calendar for 1909 from the Chattanooga Medicine Co., of Chattanooga, Tenn.

J. H. Krause was in from his ranch the forepart of this week attending to business matters, putting up at the Drake while in the city.

Chevalier Crispini, violinist and trombonist, is in Alliance trying to arrange with local musicians for a musicale here in the near future.

Mrs. J. T. Carey of Hemingford was in Alliance between trains the first of the week; as were also Mr. A. M. Miller and wife of Hemingford.

D. E. Lynch, roadmaster of the Burlington west of Alliance to Edgemont, was in the city last Monday, putting up at the Drake hostelry.

H. G. Ganson, proprietor of the eating houses on the line of the Burlington railway, had business in Alliance the latter part of last week.

Frank Caha, formerly county commissioner, was at the county seat last Monday on business. This was Mr. Caha's first visit to Alliance since last fall.

The Congressional Record of the 15th inst. contains a speech delivered by Congressman Norris of the 5th Nebraska district on the Pension Appropriation bill.

Mr. "Stub" Griffith, brother of Professor Griffith, the pianist at the Jollo, has been giving great satisfaction and is drawing large crowds. You ought to hear him.

Hon. Geo. M. Adams of Crawford met with a very painful accident last week. He was in the way car of a freight train at Marsland which was

doing some switching and was thrown against the stove, resulting in a broken rib and a bad burn.

Sam Albro, traveling salesman for the Woodward Candy Co., of Council Bluffs, has been working the towns in this part of Nebraska. He returned to Alliance Monday.

We learn that the wife of C. H. Murphy, who was recently operated on in one of the Omaha hospitals, is recovering nicely. Mr. Murphy returned from Omaha last Saturday.

Ray S. Canberry and wife of Mitchell were Alliance visitors last Saturday stopping at the Drake hotel while in the city. J. H. Shields, also of Mitchell, was in Alliance last Friday.

Morning subject at the M. E. church will be, "The Proper Use of Wealth." The sermon to young people at 7:30 p.m. will have for its theme, "David, the Man After God's Own Heart."

H. G. Furman and Burt Furman of Marsland were Alliance visitors last Monday. Mr. Furman is one of the substantial pioneers of Dawes county, owning a large ranch near Marsland.

S. C. Reck leaves on Saturday of this week for an extensive trip to the northwest. He will be gone about two weeks and will visit Spokane, Butte, Boise and other principal points before returning.

Miss Blanche McDonald, daughter of Conductor McDonald, arrived Sunday morning from Lincoln, where she has been attending school. She made a short visit with her father and returned to the capital city.

"How the germs must enjoy this absence of sunshine weather," remarks the Omaha Bee. If absence of sunshine weather is necessary to their enjoyment, Alliance and Box Butte county germs must be very unhappy.

The card party and dance given by the Daughters of Isabella, at the Knights of Columbus hall, last Friday night proved a most pleasant affair and was well attended. The luncheon served consisted of hot coffee, hot rolls, cake, etc. The proceeds derived from the entertainment will be used for a charitable purpose.

R. J. Harshman of Minatare was seen about the streets of Alliance Friday and Saturday of last week. Mr. Harshman is connected with the International Harvester Company and came up for the purpose of taking the overland route, via automobile, to Guernsey, where he was to deliver the machine.

Governor Shallenberger has appointed Robert Graham of Alliance as a delegate to the Dry Farm Congress to be held at Cheyenne, Wyo., the 23rd of next month. G. L. Shumway of Scottsbluff and A. M. Morrissey of Valentine were also appointed by the Governor to help represent northwestern Nebraska.

The many friends of Professor Griffith will be pleased to note that he has returned to his work at the Jollo. Mr. Griffith states that his mother is much better and that he is glad to be back "in the old town." His brother, who is a ballad singer, is here at the Jollo and will provide the patrons of the show with good entertainment.

At the card party given by Mrs. C. D. Reed in honor of the ladies' auxiliary of the B. of R. T. last Friday evening, Mrs. Deitlein received first prize and Orville Owens the consolation prize. An elegant luncheon was served during the evening. There was a large attendance and the entertainment was much enjoyed by those present.

Little Miss Neomi Swengle entertained seven of her friends last Saturday afternoon through the kindness of her aunt, Mrs. Renswold. A luncheon was a part of the entertainment. Those present beside the hostess were Virginia Warrick, Mabel and Jannette Grassman, Izzetta Renswold, Dorothy Hampton, Corynne Mollring and Wilmina Brinkman.

The reception tendered Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Copey last Thursday night at the K. C. hall was a pleasant affair and the newly married couple realized at once that they were surely in the home of their friends. Father

McNamara acted as speaker of the evening and among those to express welcome to the young couple was Judge J. J. Harrington, who extended the congratulations of those present and well wishes for a long and happy journey through life. A handsome library table and lamp were presented to Dr. and Mrs. Copey.

Mrs. D. Fitzpatrick entertained at a children's party Saturday evening in honor of her daughter, Thelma. The evening was spent in games and other pleasant amusements, after which a delicious luncheon was served. The guests departed wishing Miss Thelma many pleasant birthdays. Those present were Misses Thresa O'Donnell, Vivian Holloway, May Newberry, Kate and Hannah Knies, Mae Barnes and Julia Collins.

The following item taken from the Harrison Sun, regarding the capture of a bald eagle, will be interesting to our readers: "Joe Konrath captured a large bald eagle a few days ago at his home near Montrose. He had set a trap for the coyotes, and upon going to the trap he found that the catch was a large bald eagle. How to secure it without killing it was what puzzled him, but by watching his chance he finally caught it by the tip of a wing, and after a great deal of strategy succeeded in getting his arms around it in such a manner that it was helpless. He then loosened the trap with his feet and took the prize home. Yesterday he brought it to town and sold it to George Thurman, who will ship it east tonight."

"DAILY DRIFT" EXTRACTS

The Nebraska State Journal is a republican party publication, but the Daily Drift department contains some items that sound refreshingly nonpartisan to us. Following are a few extracts from a recent issue: Generally the man elected to high official position is a narrow partisan. And that isn't as it should be. In Colorado where woman has equal political rights with man, the legislature is struggling along with but one female member. The husband of that woman is a minority member of the household and has to do what he's told.

The republicans of the Oregon legislature who voted for Governor Chamberlain for senator did exactly right. They had pledged themselves to support the choice of the majority in the state, and they simply did as they agreed. Let the people rule.

On top of the fine of \$1,623,900, the Waters-Pierce Oil company has been ordered to get out of Texas and take its well-boring machinery along with it. No doubt the company will be obliged to quit the state, but as to paying the fine, it has yet an opportunity to appeal to the supreme court of the United States, and that distinguished body is inclined to be lenient toward malefactors of the first magnitude.

Hundreds of people, men, women and children, went hungry to bed in New York City on New Year's eve and the revellers who made the rounds of the swell hotels and cafes consumed 39,894 quarts of champagne, say nothing of other intoxicants of which no record was made. The cost of the one item of champagne is estimated at about \$200,000, a snug sum that might better have been used to allay the misery of the pitifully poor of that pitiless city.

John Worth Kern is a man of more than average ability, a lawyer who understands the law, but he is poor in purse because he has allowed himself to be dragged into politics when he ought to have been looking after the interests of his clients. On the road to high official position, his wagon has tipped over every time. His latest defeat is perhaps the most disappointing, but if it cures him of the habit of running for office, he may yet feel cause for giving thanks for his deliverance.

"No bill so large, No bill so small, But this expert Can collect them all." Expert Bill Collector Phone 677 Commercial Club Office 501

Obeying Orders.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcella.]

There was a column of us riding along the highway in sets of fours when one of the cavalymen swayed, lurched and pitched from his saddle just as we heard the report of a rifle. At the edge of the cornfield twenty rods from the road was a puff of blue smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker. We had the fences down and were riding toward the spot two minutes later. War is cruel enough, but bushwhacking is simply murder. A farmer ambushes himself and fires into a column of marching men. Whether he wounds or whether he kills, the war goes on just the same. The government would feel the loss of a mule more than of a man.

"If your column is bushwhacked, find the man and hang him. If he has a home, burn it."

Those were the orders, and every man remembered them as we rode down on the bushwhacker. We found where he had knelt down to take aim, but he had disappeared. Fifteen rods up the hill was a wretched pole cabin, with the roof sinking in. It had no door at the opening and no sashes at the windows. There was no floor, and the cooking was done at a rude fireplace. A girl who could not have been over eighteen and who was poorly clothed and barefooted sat at the front door, smoking a pipe. She saw us swarming up the hill, but did not move. Our curses filled her ears a moment later, but she puffed at her pipe and looked at us indifferently.

"Where is the man who fired the shot? You heard it. You must know who it was."

"Didn't dun hear nor see nuthin'," she replied.

There was only one room in the cabin. Lying on the floor under the rude bedstead, with his gun beside him, was the man. We hauled him outdoors without resistance. The wife on the steps did not rise up nor cease to puff. She did not look at us nor at him. The man was a squatter, perhaps twenty-two years old. He was "white trash."

"Bring a rope!"

The man leaned up against an old cherry tree and looked at wife and baby. I was looking into his face all the time. It was emotionless and unreadable. Not one human sentiment swept over it. He simply stared and stared and stared.

The baby had been nursed and crooned to sleep. The woman still held it. Her pipe had been smoked out. She still retained it in her black teeth. As the free end of the rope was thrown over the limb of another tree not far away the woman seemed to look at her husband for the first time and said:

"Jed, didn't I tell you un so?"

"Reckon."

"He's bushwhacked one of my men and he's got to hang!" said the officer to her.

"Told him not to."

"Will you go inside?"

"Fur why?"

"You don't want to see your own husband hung, do you?"

"I'll sit yere," she answered as she settled down.

"Now, then," said the officer to the husband, "do you want to kiss your wife and child before you go?"

I looked to see soft lines come into the man's face, but I observed not one single one. It was a face of wood or stone. He looked at the woman and at the child, and it seemed as if he had not understood. She did not even look up. I doubt if they had ever exchanged kisses. Perhaps he had never taken the infant in his arms. It seems cruel now, when peace has been upon the land for a third of a century, but blood ran hot in those days of war, and men did not stop to think. The man was walked to the other tree, the noose slipped over his head, and half a dozen pairs of hands drew him clear of the ground, his arms having been first tied behind him. He said no word and made no struggle. You would have thought that something like that had been part and parcel of his daily existence for years.

"Now we must burn the house," said the officer to the wife as the groomsome thing hung there, swaying in the breeze.

"Reckon you must," she answered as she moved aside for us to pass in.

We brought out everything and made a pile in the grass. She assisted us in no way. The baby woke up again, with a wail, but before nursing and crooning again she filled and lighted her pipe. One of the troopers gave her a match. When ordered to move, she walked away about ten yards and sat down under a bush. The old cabin was fired, and in a quarter of an hour

it had disappeared. What we had carried out could have been taken away in a wheelbarrow. The provisions consisted of a small piece of bacon and about five pounds of cornmeal. The bugle blew "Attention!" and the troopers began moving down the highway. I lingered behind to say to the woman: "Your husband is dead, your house burned down, and what will you do now?" "Can't reckon to say," she replied in careless tones. "Got a father and mother to go to?" She shook her head. "Any friends to take you in?" Another shake. I took out and handed her a five dollar greenback, and she was inspecting it and giggling over it when I hastened away. M. QUAD.

AVERTED A DUEL.

The Soft Answer That Was Returned to the Challenge.

Mrs. Minnie Walter Myers, in her "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast," gives an account of one of the last challenges to a duel which occurred in Louisiana. The affair was between M. Marigny, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Louisiana, and a Mr. Humble, a sturdy ex-blacksmith of Georgia, who had become a man of political consequence.

Mr. Marigny took offense at some remarks of the Georgian and sent him a challenge. The big ex-blacksmith was displeased.

"I know nothing about this dueling business," he said. "I will not fight him."

"You must," said his friend. "No gentleman can refuse."

"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia. "I am only a blacksmith."

"But you will be ruined if you do not fight," urged his friends. "You will have the choice of weapons, and you can choose so as to give yourself an equal chance with your adversary."

The giant asked time in which to consider the question and ended by accepting. He sent the following reply to M. Marigny:

"I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain, in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used as weapons."

M. Marigny was about five feet eight inches in height, and his adversary was seven feet. The conceit of the Georgian so pleased M. Marigny, who could appreciate a joke as well as perpetrate one, that he declared himself satisfied, and the duel did not take place.

STREET LIGHTS.

How Throughfares Were Illuminated in the Seventeenth Century.

Lighting the streets of a large city in olden times was a far different thing from the illumination of our thoroughfares now. In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns by every householder fronting the main road from nightfall to 9 o'clock, the hour of going to bed.

In the last year of King Charles II's reign one Edward Hening obtained the right to light the streets with lanterns faced over every tenth door from 6 o'clock on moonless evenings until midnight between October and April.

During the reign of Queen Anne in 1780, Mr. Michael Coke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from 6 to 11 o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh light of each moon and the third after it reached its full.

In a few years a company was formed to light the street from 6 o'clock till midnight, each householder who paid poor rates being required to contribute for this purpose 6 shillings a year.

Gaslight, at its introduction in the beginning of the last century, presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of foreign ambassadors that they were vain enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival.

Harper's.

Light and Pain.

"Light is good for toothache," said the doctor. "Darkness is bad for it. You are a toothache sufferer, haven't you often noticed how the pain in your increases when late at night you turn off the lamp and try to sleep?"

"Light, you see, is good for the toothache. There are a number of diseases that is good for—asthma, cold in the head, earache. These diseases in the dark all grow worse."

"Darkness is good for a sick headache and for neuralgia and for nausea. Haven't you noticed it? Light and darkness—they are remedies recognized at last, and today we prescribe them the same as we do quinine or castor oil."—New York Press.

Hugo Parton, writing in the Outing Magazine, says that the happiest and most beautiful spot on earth today is the island of Moorea, one of the Society Islands, in the south seas. As a contrast to strenuous American methods this description sounds alluring:

"Whenever you are thirsty a word will send a little brown body scrambling up a tall palm tree trunk, and in two minutes a green coconut is ready for you to quaff—the nectar of the Polynesian gods. It is worth the trip down here to eat the native 'vitai'a' for you get at every meal things you never tasted before, and each seems better than its predecessor; to see your dinner of fresh water shrimps, sharks' fins and roasted sea urchins. The bananas you eat—there are eleven varieties—baked, raw, fried, dried—grow a few rods back in the valley; ditto the breadfruit, the pineapples and about everything else on the board. It's nice to have your morning coffee grown in the back yard. Guavas grow in such profusion they are used as pig food, grated coconut is fed to hens, while sensitive plant is considered excellent fodder for cattle."

"For perfection of the human body the Tahitian is unexcelled, if, indeed, he is anywhere equalled. They are a large race, both men and women being noticeably taller and more fully developed than Anglo-Saxons. I doubt if any Society Islander ever went through a whole day in his life without having a wreath of flowers on his head or a blossom behind his ear. The love of flowers is innate with man, woman and child. They can't pass through a patch of woods without emerging with a garland. Every gay mood calls for flowers on their hats, in their hair, behind their ears, and their life is an almost unbroken sequence of gay moods. Scarcely a native on the island of Moorea can speak a sentence of English, but every one you meet greets you with a courteous smile and the welcoming word 'la-ora-na' (Yorana)."

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Household goods stored in basement of Yonkin's restaurant. Terms reasonable. Enquire of S. W. Holt at Yonkin's restaurant for further particulars. 6-4w

Dr. Allen, dentist, Opera house blk. For sale: Two well-bred colts. One broke to drive single, the other halter broke. Full brother and sister. Inquire of Ira Reed. 5-11

Dr. Allen, dentist, Opera house blk. For Rent—A large east front room, close in. Inquire at Herald office.

Christian Science services held every Sunday at 11 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' hall. All are cordially invited to attend. 50-11

We have some special bargains in harness and saddles at McKeen's. Call and see us. 7-1

Geo. A. Hills pays 6 cents for hides. Furnished rooms for rent at 404 Wyoming avenue, or phone 205.

For Sale—Two milk cows, coming fresh.—C. E. Rosenberger, Hemingford, Nebr. 3w*

Wanted—Nursing to do. Phone 503. 6-2w*

Wanted—A good, reliable man to sell tea and coffee at once.—Grand Union Tea Co., Omaha, Nebr.

Wanted to buy small house in north or west part of Alliance. Inquire at The Herald office.

Found—Lady's brown muff. Owner can have same by calling at Brennan's drug store.

Few choice Leghorn cockerels for sale. Eggs, \$1 per setting. Call or write B. H. Perry, 924 Box Butte Ave., Alliance. 4-17

For Sale.

Some full-blooded light Brahmas cockerels at \$1.75 each. They are choice. Christian Matz, Alliance. 5-3*

Piano tuning and repairing, phone 498.

Sweet Wrinkle Telephone peas, ten cents per can.

Eight bars good laundry soap for twenty-five cents.

Eighteen pounds new prunes for \$1. Three pounds first-class raisins, 35c.

AT BENEDICT'S.

For Sale—Full blood S. C. W. Leghorn roosters, one and two years old, \$1.00 and \$2.00. Phone or address Harold Olds, Hemingford, Nebr. 7-2w

Persons who have odd jobs of work that they wish done promptly, call on S. Glidden, phone 58, and they will be served satisfactorily.