

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS

Happy New Year.
Happy New Year everybody.
We'll soon be writing it 1910.
W. C. English made a business trip to Crawford yesterday.
"Time Ripe for Silo." Read it in this issue of The Herald.
Jas. Watson, postmaster at Marple, is in Alliance today on business.
Alliance ought to adopt the referendum before the next city election.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carrell of Hemingford were shopping in the city yesterday.
Miss Lawler of Sheridan, Wyo., is visiting at the Newberry home during holidays.
J. C. McCorkle left Wednesday noon for Hemingford to make a short business call.
Wanted—Work by day, or take washing at home. Katie Gerald. Telephone 485.
"One Way of Love," a serial story by Jennette Lee, begins in this issue of The Herald.
Mrs. Fred Leavitt left Wednesday noon to make her parents at Hemingford a short visit.
Mrs. W. W. Johnson who has been suffering a severe attack of la grippe, is slowly convalescing.
F. A. Stallard expects to go to Denver the first of the year to take a course in a school of plumbing.
Miss Floy Lewis of Wymore, Neb., has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Walbridge this week.
Miss Zoa Warden of Wymore visited her friend Miss Lura Vance from Monday to Thursday of this week.
W. H. Coabin returned Monday evening on belated 43 from Pennsylvania and other eastern states.
M. R. Clark, an old time friend of G. W. Duncan, stopped off between trains Tuesday for a short visit.
Mrs. B. H. Perry left Wednesday noon for Glendive, Montana, to make her daughter, Mrs. Will McIntyre, a visit.
Miss Myrtle Brown has accepted the position of housekeeper at the hospital. She enters upon her new duties next week.
Jos. Orchowski, the tailor, took a holiday outing from Saturday to Tuesday at the Messick ranch northeast of Bridgeport.
A good home offered to school girl in family of three adults. No washing. Convent student preferred. Mrs. L. H. Highland.
Dave Miller, formerly of Alliance but more recently of Marsland, was shaking hands with old friends on our streets last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dietlein of Crawford lent the joy of their presence at the residence of the latter's parents in this city on Christmas.
Miss Grace Whaley, stenographer for A. F. Baldrige is enjoying a week's vacation with relatives at Edgemont and Hot Springs.
Eugene Sights, landlord of the Burlington hotel at Toluca, was visiting Alliance friends and attending to business here again this week.
Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Highland and Miss Highland entertained at dinner on Christmas at the Drake, Messrs. W. J. Fuller and F. A. Stallard.
Miss Mayme O'Donnell, who has been occupying a clerical position in a plumbers' supply house at St. Joe, Mo., is expected home tomorrow.
Lee Bayse, who is a student at the Nebraska Wesleyan University, returned to Alliance last Friday to spend the holiday vacation at home.
Mrs. W. C. English and children departed Friday for Warner, So. Dak., where they expect to visit relatives until about the 1st of February.
Harry Barton, who suffered a fractured limb in the railroad yards at Seneca recently, is now resting comfortably at the Alliance hospital.
Miss Mabel Carey, who is taking a business course in one of Omaha's commercial colleges arrived home Friday to stay till after New Year's.
The Alliance Creamery Co. again order a change in their reading notice, this time increasing the price of butter-fat from thirty to thirty-two cents.
We thought we had some bad weather here in northwest Nebraska, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that it has not been nearly as bad as in the east.
Miss Minnie Lewis of Lincoln returned home the last of last week, after a pleasant visit with her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lewis.
Miss Ethel Brown, who it will be remembered had a hand injured in a

mangle machine at the Laundry last July, but which had not healed properly, recently underwent an operation whereby skin was grafted upon the injured member from another portion of the body.
Mrs. R. A. Hampton goes to Denver Sunday for a short visit with her son Bern who will pass through that city on his way from California to Chicago.
Miss Nellie O'Donnell arrived home Thursday morning from St. Joe, Mo., where she is taking a business course. She expects to return to her studies next Monday.
"You can now look out for the clearance sale," remarks an exchange, to which we might add, "Read the advertising columns of The Herald for particulars."
Harvey Jackson of Twin Bridges, Montana, stopped in Alliance Monday on his way home from Kansas City, to make his brother-in-law, I. E. Tash, a short visit.
B. Mewhirter and son Clare, who have been spending holiday week at home expect to return on Monday to their work of telephone construction in the Platte valley.
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Broome give a dancing party this evening at the Phenian opera house in honor of Mrs. Broome's sister, Miss Tina Phillips, of Des Moines, Ia.
Mrs. Jos. McNamara and children departed Wednesday of last week to spend the holidays with relatives in Omaha. Joe followed on Sunday for a week's vacation.
Rev. G. W. Taylor, representing the Tinley Rescue Home of Omaha, was in the city the first of the week. He occupied the pulpit at the M. E. church Sunday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Monfort enjoyed Christmas festivities at the home of Chas. Bassett and wife, at Hyannis, Mr. Monfort returning Sunday and Mrs. Monfort on Tuesday.
Mrs. Jessie Snow, who was called from her home in Aurora to attend the funeral of her father A. M. Frew, at Denver, was in the city yesterday for a few hours on her return home.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winton of Hemingford stopped off in Alliance Wednesday on their way home from Orleans, Neb., where they have been making Mrs. Winton's sister a month's visit.
Mrs. L. Safford was the fortunate holder of the card which corresponded with the time the clock stopped last week at The Famous, thereby receiving a five dollar bill which was a pretty Christmas present.
John O'Keefe and son William left Tuesday for Clinton, Iowa, having received the sad news of the death of an aunt, Mrs. Thomas O'Keefe, at that place. They expected to remain until after the funeral and return soon thereafter.
Silas Soules of Ontario, Can., who has been visiting his daughter, Miss Emma, the past fortnight, will leave about the first of the new year for his home. His daughter, Miss Mayzo Soules, who accompanied him to Alliance, will remain indefinitely.
F. L. Potmesil returned from Idaho last Friday, after nearly a year's stay in that state. To a Herald representative he expressed himself as being well pleased with Idaho, but added that Box Butte county is all right. He will return to Idaho in January.
Mrs. Don B. Wagner and Miss Donna departed last week for Loganport, Ind., for a stay of a couple of weeks. Mr. Wagner expects to get a release from his duties in the train master's office within a few days long enough to go east and accompany them home.
Mrs. J. G. Beck and son Lawrence returned Christmas morning from a week's visit with Mrs. Beck's mother at Des Moines, Ia. They were accompanied home from Valley, Neb., by Miss Inez Beck, who returns to that place tomorrow to again take up her school work.
Ray Powell of Ironton, Colo., recently met with a serious accident which necessitated the amputation of a foot. The operation was performed at the Alliance hospital, where he is still being cared for. He is enjoying a visit from his father, J. C. Powell, and brother Charles of Hastings.
The Herald enjoys the distinction of having the largest amount of home advertising, that is advertising for business firms in the county in which it is published, and the least advertising for outside parties, of any paper in this part of the state. "There's a reason." One reason why we do not have more advertising for outside parties is because we refuse to cut rates for them.



Love who may—I still can say.
Those who win heaven, blest are they.
—Browning.

CHAPTER I.

A young man was walking slowly along the country road.
His eyes, fixed moodily before him, saw nothing. But his feet kept to the narrow path that skirted its edge, avoiding the wheel-tracks and hoof-prints of the frozen surface, and keeping well within the line of stiffened aster and golden-rod that rose on gray stalks beside the stone wall on either side.
Beyond the wall fields of stubble stretched, brown and bare, in the twilight. Everywhere hung the cold, unvarying light, except along the western horizon, where a band of orange glowed against the darkening sky. Its brightness fell upon the shoulders of the young man, emphasizing the listless stoop and the slow, dispirited walk. The air of dejection might have belonged to a man of 60.
No human being was in sight. Presently he turned his head and looked back, listening. The movement brought his face into the glow of light. It was a strange face, the dark, troubled eyes full of inquiry, the flexible lips, slightly parted, waiting upon silence. Slowly a smile of amusement crept into the eyes, spread over the face and drew from the lips a quick laugh.
"Uncle Eben and Aunt Jerusha!" The listless shoulders straightened themselves, and the young man faced about, looking back.
Far up the road, outlined against the orange sky, a high farm wagon was approaching. The old horse made his way over the hubs with spasmodic, sawaw leaps.
The two figures planted firmly on the high seat seemed in no way incommoded by the gait. Both were bundled in shawls and furs. That one was a man might be known from the grayish fringe of beard that depended from under the blue and white tippet wound tightly around head and ears. One hand reaching in front of the bundled chest, palm down and knuckles out, grasped the crossed reins and pulled gently now and then with a seesaw motion. The other figure, sitting stiffly erect, ended in a brown veil.
The young man waited till the clumsy wagon was abreast of him. He clambered over the end and, kneeling in the straw, laid an affectionate hand on each bundled figure.
The brown veil nodded graciously and stiffly. "How's the folks, Richard?" came from its folds.
"All well. Aren't you frozen?"
There was no reply from the veil. A wheezy chuckle from Uncle Eben and a gentle pull on the reins were the response.
The wagon rattled and bumped in the silence. The sky had deepened



from orange to purple and hung its light around them. In the distance a gray, weather-beaten house lifted itself, tinged with the glowing light.
"There's mother," said the young man. "She's seen you."
A tall, raw-boned woman, with a shawl pinned over her head, squaw-fasion, was coming down the path to the gate.
"Well, where did you come from?" she called out as they drew rein. "I was just thinking about you to-day."
Her mouth was stretched in a smile of conventional welcome, but the high-pitched voice was cordial, and the dark eyes, as youthful as those of her son, looked out in pleased surprise. The rest of the face framed in the shawl was seamed with care and hard work. It beamed with good-humor and concern as she watched Uncle Eben, who, having descended from the high wagon with deliberation, was helping Aunt Jerusha to alight. The old lady hitched cautiously along the

seat, put one ample foot tentatively on the step, glanced suspiciously at the motionless Jack, and was at last deposited on the ground.
With a smile on his lips the young man watched the absurd figure, supported on either side by his mother and Uncle Eben, waddle up to the front door. But as he turned towards the barn with Jack the smile disappeared and the listless look returned.
He was fighting his first real battle. Hard work, poverty, the heavy mortgage, had not served to darken his spirit. But to-night as he came by Emily Hutton's he had seen a yellow-wheeled buggy at the gate. It meant that Edwards, the storekeeper from Plainfield, was in the house, was perhaps at this minute talking to Emily. Richard's eyes smarted at the thought. He turned the hay-cutter swiftly and mixed old Jack's supper.

Perhaps Jack was surprised, a moment later, to feel an arm thrown about his neck. He turned his head inquiringly, munching. But there was no one else to see—the boy was weeping out the bitterness of his heart. She had smiled at him with her big, black eyes, and once, on a sleighing party, her head had rested for a moment on his shoulder. His heart beat faster with the thought. And now Edwards—this was the third time this week. She would marry him—A sob ended the thought.

Jack turned his head with a soft whinny. The boy raised his head, half-shamefaced. His hat had fallen to the floor and his eyes were full of tears. He looked every boyish to be crying for a lost love.
He threw his arm again across Jack's neck and stood for a moment with his face pressed in the thick fur. Then he straightened himself and clenched his hands. He would rather die than have the folks in the house know about it! His lips were firmly closed as he stepped into the fading light, a wooden pail in each hand, and crossed the barnyard to the old pump.

When he had filled the pails he dashed the water over his face and eyes. He turned back to the barn, his head erect, and whistling softly under his breath.
"There!"—he thrust the brimming pail under old Jack's nose, and patted the thick coat—"drink that. It's well salted. It ought to agree with you." With a smile of somewhat determined cheerfulness he turned away to finish the chores.

CHAPTER II.

Within doors, in the warm kitchen, Mrs. Derring was getting supper. Aunt Jerusha's chair was drawn up to the stove. With her brown merino skirt turned safely back from the heat and her large feet resting comfortably in front of the oven door, she beamed over her gold-bowed spectacles, the picture of comfort. Uncle Eben, with knees drawn up and boot-heels on the round of a straight wooden chair, rubbed his fingers and chuckled into the conversation.

"Is that Edwards man going with Emily Hutton?" demanded Aunt Jerusha over her spectacles. "I saw his team hitched there as we came along."
Mrs. Derring was stooping to put wood in the fire. She lifted a flushed face. "Well, I do know—" She hesitated. "He's been there once or twice, I believe."
"I thought she was Dick's gal," cackled Uncle Eben from his high seat.

Both women looked at him sternly—Aunt Jerusha on principle, Mrs. Derring from the mother-instinct to defend her young.
"I guess Dick didn't care much about her," she said decisively. She began to mix the light biscuit for tea.
Uncle Eben dropped his boot-heels and rose with a crestfallen air. He limped towards the sitting room and buried his ignominy behind the Ash-ton Weekly Press.

"He's a dreadful trial sometimes," murmured Aunt Jerusha, with a glance towards the sitting room door. "He's so affectionate, you know—wants to hold my hand in meeting sometimes, and such like. Of course, the neighbors think it's dreadful queer." She had closed the oven door that the oven might be hot for the biscuit. She sat drawn well back in her chair, her merino skirt stiff tucked up and her feet planted firmly on the floor, looking inquiringly at Mrs. Derring.

"Yes, I know." Mrs. Derring's nod was sympathetic. "Father was some that way, too—dreadful affectionate. Only he was more masterful than Eben. Eben seems to give up pretty easy."
"Well, he has to, because I have to have my own way," answered Aunt Jerusha, settling herself more firmly in her chair.
The other woman seemed not to have heard her. Her dark eyes were looking wistfully through the window

New Tailoring Establishment

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huskins, formerly of Cincinnati, were in Alliance a few weeks since to make preliminary arrangements for opening a tailoring establishment. They returned last Thursday, and having secured the rooms adjoining the Phillips-Thomas Land Co.'s office, in the second building south of Hotel Drake, they set to work at once to paint and otherwise prepare the same for use as office and shop. By the time this issue of The Herald reaches its readers they will be ready for business.
Besides doing ladies' and gentlemen's tailoring, they will run a dry cleaning house for men's and women's garments making a specialty of this feature of their business. Mr. Huskins is, we understand, an experienced tailor and expert dry cleaner, and we venture to predict will soon have a big business in our city.

Covert-Nichols

At the residence of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Nichols, at 10 o'clock a. m., Friday, December 24, 1909, Mr. J. M. Covert and Miss Iva B. Nichols were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, Rev. J. L. Vallow, pastor of the M. E. church, officiating. The newly married couple are making a holiday visit with friends at Mason City, Nebr., after which they will take up their residence in Alliance, where the groom will work at his trade, he being a cement contractor and builder.

It always affords us great pleasure to offer congratulations and good wishes upon the occasion of the life union of a worthy man and woman, and this is no exception. May their wedded life be a long and happy one.

Robb-Cross.

At the residence of Rev. Dr. H. F. V. Bogue, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Alliance, on Wednesday afternoon, December 29, 1909, a charming young lady was robbed of a name that was not suggestive of new year's happiness, when the reverend doctor declared the erstwhile Miss Bessie J. Cross of Mitchell, Neb., to be the wife of Mr. Harvey N. Robb of Big Trail, Wyo. We dare say the changing of the name added much to the New Year happiness of both bride and groom, and it is the sincere wish of The Herald that their wedded bliss may continue uninterrupted and augment as the years go by.
Mr. C. L. Cross and Miss Faye Cross of Mitchell, brother and sister of the bride, were present at the wedding and acted as groomsmen and bridesmaids. The groom is a prosperous ranchman of Big Trail, Wyo., where he and his estimable young wife will make their home.

Our New Serial Story

For the accommodation of Herald readers who wish to read an interesting story during the long winter evenings, we begin the publication this week of a short serial entitled, "One Way of Love." We are printing a few extra copies of the paper this week, so that persons who are not now subscribers but wish to begin with the first number of the continued story may do so.

Notice.

Sealed bids will be received for the following services for the year 1910: County physician, County printing and burial of paupers.
All bids to be filed with the county clerk by January 5th, 1910; the board reserving the right to reject any and all bids.
W. C. MOUNTS,
County Clerk.

Read the Silo Article

Every person interested in the development of western Nebraska, whether farmer or business man, should read the article in this issue of The Herald entitled, "Time Ripe for Silo." Please stick a pin here: We predict that within five years the silo will prove to be one of the greatest money-making enterprises ever introduced into this country.

Watson-Noble

It was a pleasure for us to learn from the Mitchell Index of the marriage of our friend Mr. John T. Watson, better known as "Pete" Watson, to Mrs. Ida Belle Noble, which happy event took place at Mitchell on Wednesday evening of last week, in the presence of a large number of invited friends as guests.
The Herald extends heartiest congratulations and good wishes.

Dr. J. M. Kennedy left on 44 for Omaha yesterday, to be gone a couple of days. He will order an outfit of office furniture so that the office of Kennedy Brothers, dentists, will soon be fitted up in fine style and convenient for proprietors as well as patrons.

The Bennett Piano Company sold at least four fine instruments for Christmas presents. C. E. Wykoff and C. E. Simpson each purchased a Bennett piano in mahogany case, E. L. Routh a Bennett oak, and Mrs. Mike Collins a magnificent Chicago Cottage organ.

C. T. Huss' laundry machinery arrived a few days since and the Alliance Rough Dry Laundry is now running full blast. A wagon is run to collect and deliver washings, so that customers can phone their orders and be to no further trouble in getting their washings done.

HEMINGFORD HERALD.

HEMINGFORD, BOX BUTTE COUNTY, NEB., DEC. 30, 1909.

Hemingford Happenings.

Mr. Stanley returned from Bridgeport Wednesday.
Prof. Deaver has a friend visiting with them over the holidays.
Mrs. E. Mabin and Nellie Colvin returned from Alliance Wednesday.
Peter Aunen was a passenger to Alliance Thursday, returning Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. John Warren are the proud parents of a new girl, born Sunday, Dec. 19.
Miss Jeauette McIntyre came home from Rushville to spend the holidays with her parents.
Ray Brown came home from Lead City, So. Dak. Thursday to spend the holidays with folks.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Hutton left the first of the week for a visit in Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana.
Esther Neeland came home from Chadron Friday, where she has been teaching in the Academy.
Mrs. Bertha Bowman came up from Hay Springs to help take care of her sister, Mrs. H. H. Pierce.
Miss Nora Brown came home from Denver Tuesday for an extended visit with parents and relatives.
Miss Edith Brosher came home from Grand Island Tuesday, where she has been visiting for some time.
Lewis Kuhn, wife and brother, Joe, were passengers to Alliance Thursday, returning the last of the week.
Mrs. Chas. Logan who has been visiting with Mrs. J. T. Carey has returned to her home in Hyannis.
Mr. Floyd Duff, who has been night operator at the depot, and wife, were transferred to Berea. They left Sunday.

The High school pupils gave a dinner in the High school room, after which a very nice program was delivered.
Frank Putmesil came home from the Blackfoot country Saturday. He has been a real estate man in that new country.
Nobert Frohnappel was a passenger to Alliance the first of the week looking for some hay. He returned the last of the week.
Dr. Shagle came up from Alliance Wednesday to consult with Dr. McEwen over Mr. Barge. Mr. Barge is much better at this writing.
Mrs. H. H. Pierce was taken suddenly and seriously ill Wednesday afternoon, but she is some better at this writing. Dr. Little is in attendance.
The Troxelle male quartette that was at the Opera House Saturday was certainly a great success. Everyone was well pleased and the quartette left well recommended.
Chas. Glaze's family came up from Crawford to spend the holidays with Mr. Glaze. One of their little boys suddenly took sick Sunday evening. He was attended by Dr. Little.
Miss Gertie Breesee who has been working in Barge Bros. store returned to her home in Rushville where she will stay for some time before going to Central City, where she has accepted a position in a store of Barge Brothers there.
Miss Lillian Blanchard and friend, Mr. W. Mann, came up from Crete for a short visit with friends. Miss Blanchard was assistant principal at the High school last year. They left Thursday for Chadron to attend the wedding of her sister and to spend the holidays with her people.