



Refined Snap

Alliance Cash Shoe Store

and exclusiveness in summer oxfords is to be had in our Barry and Hannan low shoes. If the air can frisk around your ankles over a pair of Barry and Homan oxfords you will enjoy real summer foot comfort and have a pair of "ties" that are of the latest best last, leather and workmanship.

RAILWAY NOTES AND PERSONALS

Brakeman Grant has resigned and gone to Lincoln.

Fireman J. Ordland has gone to Ravens for a ten days' vacation.

Conductor and Mrs. Dick Kenner of Deadwood spent Sunday in Alliance.

Operator Bennett and wife have gone to Deadwood for a stay of three weeks.

Brakeman Frank Roberts who has been acting as yard master at Seneca has been relieved.

Conductor W. W. Johnson who has been off several days has again reported for duty.

Brakeman J. W. Castle has quit braking and has accepted a position in the Johnson Pool Hall.

Owing to slack business, about ten of the young engineers were set back to firing this week.

Brakeman Fred Vaughn left on 44 Wednesday afternoon for Omaha where he will spend the 4th.

Conductor George Burright had charge of the Ardmore work train during the absence of conductor Kenner.

Fireman Branley writes from Crawford where he is firing on the hill that he expects to return to Alliance about July 6.

Mrs. George Hicks and family of Ravens came up for the show and are spending a few days with Mrs. Hicks' mother.

Operator Coleman is acting as chief dispatcher in Deadwood during Mr. Daily's absence. Operator Bennett of Alliance is filling Coleman's position.

Engineer Bennett has bought property in the east part of town and will move in a few days. Brakeman A. E. Martz has bought the Bennett property.

The marriage of Conductor J. S. Ward was not exactly a surprise. A long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. Ward is the wish of their railroad friends.

Mrs. U. N. Hoskins held the ticket that drew the five dollar gold piece at the Famous Saturday. This makes three times Mrs. Hoskins has been the lucky one.

C. H. Coffey who came here about two weeks ago and secured a room by saying he had hired out as a brakeman, has faded away. Good bye, room rent and board bill.

Word comes by card from machinist Frank Coners that he is now in Great Falls, Montana. He says it is worth a trip west to see all the beautiful scenery, but for a home and a place to work he prefers Alliance.

Thermopolis, Wyo., June 23.—General Superintendent E. E. Young and several high officials of the Burlington are in town celebrating the opening of the road on the event of the first passenger train arriving in town.—State Journal.

Brakeman Ray Meeker, who accompanied C. G. Smith and his mother, returned to Alliance Tuesday morning. He says young Smith stood the trip very well. They were met at Omaha by Smith's father. Meeker reported for work at once.

Conductor W. J. Hamilton and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl at their home. Mr. Hamilton has not yet

reported for work as Mrs. Hamilton is yet very sick. All their numerous friends unite in wishing Mrs. Hamilton a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Frank Chambers of Edgemont, S. D., with her little son and daughter, are visiting with her sister, Mrs. Eubanks. They will remain until after the Stockmen's Convention. Mr. Chambers, who is a conductor between Edgemont and Gillette, will join them here for the fourth.

If married men make the best work men there certainly has been an improvement among the conductors during the month of June. Five were married; Frank Dunning, Clyde Bullock, Gus Larson, Frank Vaughn and J. S. Ward. Here's hoping that they may all have happy lives and the best of everything, for the best is none too good for the C. B. & Q. rail road men.

J. P. Daily, chief train dispatcher at Deadwood, came to Alliance Monday morning and visited between trains with his many friends. From here he went to Lincoln where his parents reside. The last of the week he will go to Denver where he will be joined by Mrs. Daily and the children. They will spend about two weeks at different Colorado points. Mr. Daily started here years ago as a brakeman and later on was promoted to conductor. About three years ago he left the road and was given the position of night chief here, and in less than two years he was promoted to Deadwood.

County Sunday School Convention.

The annual meeting of the Box Butte County Sunday School Association will be held at Hemingford, Nebr., on the afternoon and evening of July 12th and the entire day of July 13th. The Sunday school workers of the county are cordially invited to attend this meeting. For further information as to program and other arrangements, address Mr. Alex Muirhead of Hemingford.

Get your decorations at the Fair Store.

Big Race Meet.

The race meet in connection with the stockmen's convention, July 5, 6 and 7, promises to be the biggest thing of the kind ever pulled off in Alliance. Already there are more race horses in the city than were ever here before at one time. The stalls at the fair grounds have all been taken, some stable tents have been put up, and now some are engaging stalls at barns in town. There will be at least sixty-five or seventy real race horses, representing some of the best speed of the west.

Get your decorations at the Fair Store.

To Meet Cavalry

The regiment of cavalry from Fort Robinson will camp at Hemingford, Saturday night, and proceed from there to Alliance Sunday. Arrangements are being made for a company of men on horseback to meet them between Alliance and Berea. All who will join this company on horseback are requested to report to Geo. D. Darling.

Patriotic Sentiments—BEFORE and AFTER

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BEFORE.

Johnnie—You better be keeful, Willie! Don't light that un while you got the whole bunch o' firecrackers on your arm. Might splode 'em all at once an' spoil your face. Lemme hold the bunch.

Willie—Naw, I won't! Who's 'fraid? D'you s'pose them brave forefathers of ours was 'fraid to fire off their guns till they handed their powderhorns to some other feller to hold while they pulled the trigger? They never 'd 'a' beat the British that a-way. If you're scared, Johnnie, you can run. Hoorsy for the 'Merican eagle! Here goes!

Johnnie—An' here I go too! Me for the fireworks t'night—wouldn't miss 'em for all the daytime fun. (Turning to look just before he darts around the corner of the house.) Gee! Look at 'em all splodin' at once! I reckon I'd better go call Dr. Johnson right awy an' have him fix up Willie's face for next week.



AFTER.

RESOLVED, That it is better to be keeful than brave. If I'd handed Johnnie that bunch to hold I'd 'a' had lots more fun firin' 'em off one at a time than lettin' 'em all flash in my face. Then I wouldn't have to sit here in the house with this bandage around my head an' patches on my chin an' cheek an' my arm tied up, missin' all the fireworks tonight. Nex' time I'll ferfit the valor o' my forefathers on the bloody battlefield an' pay more 'tentio' to the pers'nal safety of little Willie Jones.

MY QUIET FOURTH

By ROBERT DONNELL.

SO they're trying to produce the noiseless Fourth, are they? These Luther Burbanks of patriotism are going after the glorious old day as Luther went after the cactus—to scrape the spines off and leave it a soft, velvety affair? Make the Fourth just a dream day for sleep and somnolence, dedicated to the great white god Silence? Very well. Let them do it. After

about one or a fraction of our silent Fourth they'll be glad to get back to the pop proposition. I know, beloved, because I once experienced an absolutely silent Fourth of July. My noiseless Fourth took place somewhere near the middle of the Nevada desert. You can find places in that desert today where there isn't a sound for hundreds of miles because there's nothing to make a sound. I was herding cattle in those days—punching cows, the elegant eastern writers call it. Caliente was my headquarters. Ever see Caliente? I mean, rather, did you ever feel Caliente? There isn't much to see, but in midsummer you can feel Caliente. It feels just as its Spanish name implies—but

CELEBRATION TIME

You will want a new Suit for the Fourth, and but a few days remain in which to make your selection. Come to **our** clothing department where you will find some very attractive bargains for this special occasion in the season's newest styles.



45 Men's Suits in blue and black serges and fine cassimeres and worsteds. No element of style, no small detail which would add to their sterling worth, has been overlooked in the making of these fashionable Summer Suits. Garments that sold at \$22.50, \$25 and \$27.50, especially **\$20** priced at.....

65 Men's Suits, strictly up-to-date styles, best of linings, finely tailored, in several shades of gray, tan, brown, and fancy mixtures that sold for \$16, \$18 and \$20, are now specially priced at **\$14.50**

50 Men's Suits, good, reliable clothes in cassimeres and worsteds, the best medium-priced suits that money will buy, that have sold at \$12, 50 and \$15, specially priced at.... **\$10**

Summer Suits for Young Men

Plain and fancy blue Serges, and all the newest designs and shades in Worsteds, Cassimeres, Homespuns and Tweeds, specially priced for this sale at

\$10 \$15 \$20 \$25

NORTON'S

is surrounded by barren mountains, beyond which stretches barren desert. Nowadays there is a railroad that finds entrance and exit between the passes, but in those days the lonesome little burg was an isolated speck.

Strange to say, the town had run out of ammunition by the end of June. Though every man carried a six shooter there wasn't a cartridge left in Caliente. And as for other fireworks material there wasn't a cracker—except whip crackers.

Caliente couldn't stand for a fireworkless Fourth, so I was detailed to ride horseback eighty miles across the shimmering desert and bring back from the nearest railroad town a supply of noise producers. My horse had a lame fore, so the boss proffered his. "You'll have to tether him down pretty tight when you camp," said the boss, "for you know he's mighty skittish."

I set out on the first day of July. I calculated—being from New England I can calculate, you see—that I could get the fireworks and reach Caliente in time for the celebration to begin about noon of the Fourth. I made the railroad town all right, strapped big bundles of pyrotechnics to the horse and got back within thirty miles of Caliente by the evening of the third. I was dog tired. So was the horse probably. But I determined to rest only an hour, eat a bite and plug along a few hours before making camp, so that I could get into Caliente a little earlier than I was expected.

Dismounting, I hitched the horse to a cactus bush and sat down to unlace my shoes. I proposed easing my own feet before easing the animal by a saddling him. I went sound asleep with one shoe off and one on. An hour later I awoke. The horse was gone. He had pulled the top off the brittle cactus bush and released himself. He carried with him Caliente's entire stock of fireworks; also my six shooter slung over the saddle in its holster.

I slept soundly until daybreak on the sandy ground. Arising at dawn on the Fourth of July, I set out at a brisk pace for Caliente, as I thought. It was a sultry day, and the heat increased as the hours advanced. By noon I was wondering why I hadn't lit the pass into Caliente. I discovered that I had been walking in a big circle. Just then I was about fifty miles away from Caliente. I knew old Charlie, faithless to me, but faithful to his master, had reached town hours before with the fireworks.

There are no birds in the desert to make twittering song. There are no trees through which the breeze blows a subdued strain. I was the only living thing, so far as I knew, for fifty miles in each direction. The absolute stillness of the scene appalled me. I yearned for some sound—a thunder crash, an earthquake, anything, just so it made a noise. In my imagination, but only there, I could hear the "pop, pop, pop" of the crackers along Saloon row.

I was tired—awfully tired. I was footsore; I was hungry; I was thirsty; I was hot—ferociously hot. But I want to confess right here and now that

none of these disagreeable things caused me half such agony as that dreadful, dumb, desolate, universal Silence, with a big S. I tried to shout, but my dry tongue gave forth no sound. Clutching wildly at a greasewood bush, I fell to the baked soil and lost knowledge of life.

Early on the morning of the 5th of July the boys found me there—the rescue party that set out as soon as the boss' riderless horse got in. After a big swig at the water bottle I faintly implored one of the fellows to fire off his gun. He did so, and the sound was a sonata. "Reckon you've enjoyed a quiet Fourth?" suggested Missouri Bill.

Charlton in State of Collapse.

New York, June 28.—Italy's decision to apply for Porter Charlton's extradition is believed here to be likely to hasten a decision on the pending question of his mental condition. Counsel with the news from Rome, too comes word from Jersey City, where the confessed wife murderer is confined, pending his arraignment on the charge of being a fugitive from Italian justice, that the young prisoner's breakdown had been followed by a night of sleeplessness, with frequent spells when the youth seemed to lose control of himself and to break into sobs and moans.

THE MARKETS

Chicago, June 27.—Dollar wheat fascinated speculators today. Every future delivery of the grain closed here this afternoon above the magic mark. Before the beginning of alarm about the effect of drought on the spring crop, the price was in the 80's—well under 90c a bushel. Latest trading was at nearly the top figures of the day and showed a net gain of 1/8 to 1/4 as compared with Saturday night. It decided contrast, corn finished 1/8 to 1 1/4c down, and oats 1/8c to 1/4c. It was a ragged windup in provisions, all the way from 2 1/2c to 1c to 25c advance. Closing prices: Wheat—July, \$1.00@1.00 1/2; Sept, \$1.00 1/2; Dec., \$1.01 1/2. Corn—July, 58 1/2c; Sept., 60 1/2c. Oats—July, 39 1/2c; Sept., 38c. Pork—July, \$23.65; Sept., \$22.50. Lard—July, \$12.42 1/2; Sept., \$12.40. Chicago Cash Prices—No. 2 hard wheat, 59 1/2c@61.01 1/2; No. 2 corn, 59@59 1/2c; No. 2 white oats, 40 1/2c.

South Omaha Live Stock.—South Omaha, June 27.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,876; 10@15c lower; beef steers, \$6.10@7.20; cows and heifers \$3.00@4.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.50@5.30; bulls, \$3.55@4.25; calves, \$3.50@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 7,277; 10@15c lower; one drove of 1,200 head largely light hogs, cost \$9.22 1/2, and two other droves, aggregating 3,200 head, averaged \$9.15@9.12 1/2; good "bacon" hogs sold \$9.20@9.25, with mixed and butcher grades at or near \$9.15. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000; 15@25c lower; wethers, \$3.65@4.30; ewes \$3.50@4.00; lambs, \$4.35@7.25.

New Fall Comforts

Saved from a soaking. We had just received our fall shipment of

Maish Comforts

and had not emptied them when Wednesday's rain drove into our basement. We have Two Dozen that must be sold at once. They got damp, but not wet. Still, we do not want to risk the mildew. First come, first served.

The
Horace Bogue Store