



And they say that the Christmas rush was so strong that even the country postmasters didn't have time to read the postcards.

Luke McLuke Says

Some people would rather have a good lawyer than a clear conscience. You may have noticed that the lad who talks about the Blessedness of Poverty is always a fellow who owns half the real estate in town.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to call her husband a Home Angel and a Street Devil?

The world would make more progress if we didn't leave everything to Committees. If the building of the Ark had been turned over to a Committee the old barge wouldn't be finished yet.

The man who won't pay anything else is always waiting for a chance to pay a grudge.

A dog is mighty human. Ever notice how quick other dogs will start a fight with the dog that is wearing a ribbon around his neck?

And what has become of the old-fashioned "refined widow lady" who used to advertise: "Object, matrimony?"

It is hard for a man to pay a just debt without acting as though he was conferring a great favor.

When some married men hear another man say that his wife is an angel they imagine the other man must be a widower.

There is one mighty important distinction that must be settled some day and we might as well settle it here. The man who wears pants carries a cane and the man who wears trousers carries a walking-stick.

Blondes are not the only women who are light-headed.

Love's young dream seldom dies of old age.

The small man was feeling uncomfortably crushed in the crowded car when a brilliant inspiration flashed into his head.

He turned to the big man near him.

"I hope you don't object to riding beside a smallpox patient, do you?" he inquired as the car slowed down at the stopping place.

"No; but some of the other passengers might," replied the big man, and, taking him by the shoulders, he threw the schemer out into the road.

When he had carefully examined the shoes the physician had brought in for repairs, the German cobbler handed them back saying: "Dem shoes ain't worth mending, doctor."

"Very well, Hans," said the doctor; "then, of course, I won't have anything done to them."

"Well, but I charge you 50 cents already yet."

"Why, what for?"

"Vy, ven I came to see you de udder day, you charged me for telling me dot dere ain't noddings der matter mit me."

Never did the town hall present a more animated scene, bubble over with brighter prospicence, wear a more satisfied smile over an enviable record, and a renewed pebescite of confidence and power, nor return smile for smiles, compliments, courtesies for courtesies, mellifluous words for delectiferous agraphs than on last Monday evening on the occasion of the adjournment sine die of the old board of trustees and the induction of members-elect and the inauguration of the new board. The courtesies of gentlemen made room for the many lady friends present, whose handsome gowns, radiant smiles and healthful and cheerful aura set off the banked and floral tributes, making it a typical "garden of gull."—Cicero (O.) News.

There was once a "Southern gentleman" who, having killed a man, presented himself to the editor of a newspaper.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you about a painful occurrence at my house. My brother-in-law and I had an argument and I knifed him and then, in the excitement of the moment, I scalped him. Knowing what exaggerated stories are apt to get into the newspapers, I thought I had better step around and tell you exactly what did happen."

Opportunity

"Opportunity," says Mr. Dooley, "knocks at iv-ry man's dure want. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down the dure, an' then it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' afterwards it worrucks fr him as a night-watchman. On some men's dures it knocks an' runs away, an' on th' dures iv some men it knocks an' whin they come out it hits thim over th' head with an axe. But iv-ry wan has an opporchunity."

A stout woman was always in the habit of buying two seats when she went to the theatre, in order that she could have plenty of room. The other afternoon she, as usual, bought

two seats at the box office, and passing inside, handed the two tickets to the attendant.

"Where is the party who is going to use the other ticket?" he asked.

"I'm going to occupy both seats myself!" explained the woman.

"I'd like to see you do it," said the attendant, looking closely at the tickets. "The seats are on opposite sides of the aisle."

He came ambling up to the hotel desk, leaned his elbow upon the counter and said slowly to the clerk:

"I want a room."

"Yes, sir. What kind?" asked the clerk.

"I want Room 30."

"That's taken. I can give you another just as good."

"Don't want no other. I want Room 30."

"My dear sir," pleaded the patient clerk, "Room 30 is now occupied by Mr. Dennis McCarthy."

"That's me. I have just fallen out of the window."

It Really Does Relieve Rheumatism

Everybody who is afflicted with Rheumatism in any form should by all means keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on hand. The minute you feel pain or soreness in a joint or muscle, bathe it with Sloan's Liniment. Do not rub it. Sloan's penetrates almost immediately right to the seat of pain, relieving the hot, tender, swollen feeling and making the part easy and comfortable. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25 cents of any druggist and have it in the house—against Colds, Sore and Swollen Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief. Buy a bottle today.

Adv No 3—4799

EXPERIENCE OF HANS GARBUS

Story of Farmer Who Sent His Cash to Mail Order Houses and Cost Himself \$5,600 in 9 Years

Hans Garbus is a farmer. He is a German farmer in the state of Iowa, and being Hans Garbus, and a German, and a farmer, he has learned some interesting things. There are many Germans; there are many farmers not only in Iowa but in other states, but there are not enough like this man Hans Garbus who have learned things from their experience.

This farmer, Hans Garbus, wrote a letter to the Farm Journal published in Philadelphia in which he summarized his experience, also that of his neighbors, and in which he told some interesting things that he had learned during the last thirty years or more that he has been following the business of farming in the state of Iowa.

This letter is indeed a human document. It is so human that it should be reproduced by every local newspaper throughout the country that other farmers, who are following the practice of living in one community and lending their business support to another, might read of the fate that befell Hans Garbus and some of his neighbors who did likewise for so many years.

Mr. Garbus writes as follows: "We farmers are awakening to the fact that we have unmistakably reached the period where we must think and plan. I am one of the slow German farmers that had to be shown, and I am now giving my experience that others may profit, for knowledge is more expensive now than two years ago."

"Twenty-nine years ago I began my farm career. I had an old team and \$50. Our furniture was mostly hand-made—chairs, cupboard and lounge made from dry goods boxes, neatly covered with ten-cent cretonne by my girl wife. We rented eighty acres. Being a boy of good habits, I got all needed machinery and groceries of our home merchants on credit until fall crops were sold. The first year was a wet season and I did not make enough to pay creditors. I went to each on date of promise and explained conditions, paying as much as possible, and they all carried the balance over another year. They continued to accommodate me until I was able to buy a forty-acre piece of my own."

"As soon as I owned these few acres the mail-order houses began sending me catalogues, and gradually I began sending my loose change to them, letting my accounts stand in my home town, where I had gotten my accommodation when I needed it."

"We then had one of the thriftest little villages in the state—good line of business in all the branches, merchants who were willing to help an honest fellow over a bad year, and a town full of people who came twice a week to trade and visit. Our little country town supported a library, high school, band, ball team, and we had big celebrations every year. A farm near a live town soon doubles in value. I sold my forty acres at a big advance and bought an eighty, gradually adding to it until I had two hundred acres of the best land in Iowa. I then felt no need of asking favors, and found it easy to patronize the mail order agents that came almost weekly to our door. I regret to say that I was the first in the county to make up a neighborhood bill and send it to a mail order house. Though we got bit once in a while, we got in the habit of sending away for stuff."

"Gradually our merchants lessened their stock of goods—for lack of patronage. Finally we began to realize that when we needed a bolt quickly for machinery, or clothing for sickness or death, we had to send away for it, which wasn't pleasant. One by one our merchants moved to places where they were appreciated, and men of less energy moved in. Gradually our town has

gone down; our business houses are "tacky" in appearance, a-number are empty, our schools, churches and walks are going down, we have no band, no library, nor ball team. There is no business done in the town, and therefore no taxes to keep things up. Hotel is closed for lack of travel. Go down to the depot when the freight pulls in and you see the sequel in mail order packages.

"Nine years ago my farm was worth \$195 an acre; today I'd have a hard matter to sell it at \$167 an acre. It is 'too far from a live town'—so every farmer has said that wants to buy. He wants a place near schools and churches, where his children can have advantages. I have awakened to the fact that in helping to pull the town down, it has cost me \$5,600 in nine years. Like the majority of farmers, I didn't figure far enough ahead."

"This sort of business means the doing away with country towns. What will it mean to farmers to have only a few large cities at a distance of five hundred or one thousand miles? What are we going to do with our children, who are demanding even better advantages than we had?"

"Those cities we help to build return no favors; they take our money but offer no credit in time of need. If we want high schools, etc., we must raise the money and build near our farm homes or send our boys and girls to the cities at great expense, amidst temptations of which the farm has no equal. Neither am I the only awakening farmer. These mail order agents that come to our homes every week are becoming a nuisance and making it unsafe to leave women and children alone on the farm. With farm cordiality we take these strangers into our homes, often as one of the family, and we are sometimes paid in having them entice our girls to the city."

"These are some facts that need consideration and I have decided that the safest proposition all around is for the country people to look after their own interests, and build up their own country towns that bring value to their farms. Let those who want to patronize the city mail order house go there to live, getting their living where they give their patronage. The remainder of my life will be given to building up the home town that I helped to pull down. Brother farmers, you can take my advice or get your knowledge the way I got mine."

HANS GARBUS.

\$100 REWARD, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Pastor Invited to Alliance

Rev. G. F. McDougall, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Bridgeport, occupied the pulpit at the First Presbyterian church at Alliance last Sunday morning and evening. A communion service was held in the morning. Rev. McIntyre preached at Bridgeport on that day. The church here has invited Mr. McDougall to become pastor. He is an able preacher and a gentleman of pleasing address. The Herald believes he is the man for the place here, and that he will receive a cordial welcome if he decides to accept the invitation that has been extended to him.

Guaranteed Blacksmithing

I have opened a blacksmith shop in the brick building on the alley back of Rodgers' grocery. Blacksmithing and horse shoeing. Prompt service. Work guaranteed.
W. L. CARROLL.
adv-4877-dec31-2t

Goes to San Francisco

Go. Schulte, one of The Herald's Hemingford subscribers, left Monday noon for San Francisco, where he expects to stay until the end of the year, attending the big exposition. He will stop at Denver for a few days on his way west.

President Tri-State Land Co.

C. N. Wright of Scottsbluff was in Alliance Monday forenoon enroute home from Omaha. He is president of the Tri-State Land Company, proprietors of the Tri-State canal, the largest irrigation project in the Platte valley except that operated by the government. Irrigation compan-

ies have been annoyed and hindered a great deal by law suits, growing out of conflicting claims. The Tri-State had one case against it that was carried to the supreme court of the state, where it was decided in their favor, altho casting them many thousands of dollars and delaying them two or three years in the sale of land. Mr. Wright informed The Herald that he thinks there will be less litigation regarding irrigation claims in the future than in the past.

The Liver Regulates the Body

A Sluggish Liver Needs Care
Someone has said that people with Chronic Liver Complaint should be shut away from humanity, for they are pessimists and see through a "glass darkly." Why? Because mental states depend upon physical states. Biliousness, Headaches, Dizziness and Constipation disappear after using Dr. King's New Life Pills. 25c at your Druggist.
Adv No 3—4799

Visited in the Black Hills

Two Alliance girls had a splendid time visiting in the Black Hills. Miss Frances Lockwood left on the morning train New Year's day for a two weeks' visit in Deadwood and Rapid City, in both of which cities the Lockwoods resided before coming to Alliance. While in Rapid City she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wardman. Miss Elsie Betebenner went to Deadwood last Saturday for a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bronkhorst, returning Sunday night. Both of the girls report having a fine time.

Liked The Articles

"I liked the articles in last week's Herald about the early history of Box Butte county and the new court house," said Mr. Tash to a Herald reporter Monday morning. "I believe that they are the best I have ever seen of this kind. I am sending several copies away—one to Captain Corbin, who says that he would rather read an Alliance newspaper than receive a letter from here."

Returns to School

Henry Hier of Antioch came up Sunday with his daughter Gladys, who is staying with Mrs. W. F. Patterson while attending school in Alliance. Mr. Hier is an old friend of The Herald and often makes this office a call, but regularly the fore part of each January he calls to set his subscription a year ahead, and also that of his brother, E. A. Hier, Bishop Hill, Illinois.

NOTICE

TO PRAIRIE DOG OWNERS

Now is the time to dispose of your herds. Guaranteed poisons at the rate of three cents per acre, sold at Holsten's. You can get the poison and do the work yourself.
HOLSTEN'S, THE REXALL STORE
dec 31-2t-5204

Returned from Vacations

The members of the faculty of the Alliance School of Music who spent their holiday vacations at home or away from Alliance, have returned to their duties. Miss Burnett and Mr. Uniacke returned Sunday and Miss Hight on Monday. The large enrollment of the school keeps the efficient corps of teachers busy.

HANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

she made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to bring back color, gloss, thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is falling, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of fuss. While wispy, gray, faded hair is not unattractive, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

QUIT MEAT IF YOUR KIDNEYS ACT BADLY

Take tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder bothers—Drink lots of water.



Say Printers!

Why are you wasting good time setting type by hand, breaking your back and straining your eyes over a type case? Do you know that the time you waste in this way would pay you bet'er if spent out after business and would pay the cost of installing a nearly new

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