



THE PRUDENT MAN'S HARVEST GOES INTO THE BANK
OUR BANK IS A SAFE PLACE

When a man works hard for his money HE is the one who ought to have it—not some smooth schemer who comes along peddling some valueless GET-RICH-QUICK proposition.

The one sure way to keep money is to BANK it and let it PILE UP, and before you dig into the pile KNOW you have some safe investment right here at home which you can watch and attend to YOURSELF.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank.

First State Bank
ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA

Barbed Wire, Woven Wire

Builders' Hardware

We have a large line, and want to figure with you on your needs. The prices are right, and the materials are the best we can obtain. Come in and figure with us any time. We'll be glad to give you an estimate.



FOREST LUMBER COMPANY

GEO. A. HEILMAN, Mgr. PHONE 73

Help Me Tell Eastern People About Your Wonderful Crops

How? Give me the address of your old friends back East that you believe would profit by becoming a land owner in your neighborhood. I will do my part to locate them in the West. Farmers of the Middle States have had good crops for the past two seasons and with their surplus money are in good position to either homestead or buy outright low priced lands in Western Nebraska, Eastern Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota and Montana. The coming autumn and winter is our best chance in years to locate Eastern people on Western lands. Let us tell them of our big crops and the splendid chance the West offers them for a home and increased land value. Do you want them or shall some other locality secure them?

This is, also, an appeal to commercial clubs and county organizations along the Burlington to secure for me acceptable sample yields of your 1915 products for exhibit in our Exhibit Room in Chicago. It is a fine chance to advertise your locality. I will take care of these after they have been delivered at the Burlington Station prepared for shipment.

Burlington Route

S. B. HOWARD, IMMIGRATION AGENT,
1004 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebr.

DON'T DELAY



CONSULT AN OPTOMETRIST

on the first symptoms of trouble with the Eyes. Get a Scientific Examination of the eyes without drugs or "drops". Optometrists are Registered under the Laws of the State. Always look for their State Certificate.

BROKEN LENSES DUPLICATED

DRAKE & DRAKE
Registered Optometrists
313 Box Butte Ave.
Over Latspelt's Variety Store

and then she shrieked in wild alarm and pain, for the hands that had so mysteriously throttled her fair neck and snatched from her breast the great borrowed jewel had been no gentle ones.

In an instant the ballroom was in an uproar, and a frightened flunky had run at the first wild report there had been a jewel robbery to the front doorway and had blown three long, fright quavering blasts upon a police whistle.

Outside the Randolph mansion Luke Lovell was scuttling through the darkness with the diamond from the sky.

Idling on the outside and waiting for his mistress, Hagar, the gypsy queen, and Esther, Luke had glanced through the low window only to have his gaze fall upon the blazing jewel.

Never overscrupulous, he always remembered the whispered gypsy gossip that Matt Harding, the dead husband of Hagar, had made his fortune, now possessed by Hagar, by some bold con.

And here, thought the desperate Luke, was his chance for fortune. He was quick to follow out the evil impulse.

He gained the street with the wild idea to hide the diamond in the first safe nook or cranny, and then to return as quickly as he could to bear the brunt of suspicion and of search.

Inside the ballroom all was confusion and alarm. Women screamed and fainting, and the men, foremost among them Arthur and Blair, soon surrounded the hysterical Vivian Marston, listening to her broken story of being strangled and robbed by two strong hands belonging to an unseen thug in the twinkling of an eye.

On the doorstep the frightened flunky blew the police whistle again and again.

One policeman who had been at the portals for some time, but had sauntered away to give an eye to his beat, was heard returning with rapid footsteps in the dark. Far off in the other direction another policeman could be heard rapidly approaching and sounding his night stick on the sidewalk.

Luke saw the gleam of brass buttons under a gas lamp not a hundred yards away. He turned, his booty clasped in his strong bronzed right hand, to flee in the opposite direction. But coming in this direction was the other accused policeman, making the night hideous with the pounding of his club on the pavement. Luke realized he was trapped. To throw the diamond into the street might mean its finding and his subsequent conviction for its theft. His hand struck something cold. It was an iron mail box on a lamppost. Beneath the lamppost was a circle of shade that masked his action. Quick as thought he dropped the jewel, with its locket and chain, into the mail box and ran toward the policeman pounding the sidewalk, crying excitedly, "He crossed over here and went through that hedge and lawn!"

"Oh, no, he didn't!" said the puffing policeman, giving the sinister looking Luke a glance of quick suspicion. "He ran right into my arms. I got him, Brady!" he added to the other officer.

Together they hated the protesting Luke to the portals of the Randolph mansion on the front street, and they dragged him in.

Here Luke told his story with many vehement asseverations as to his own honesty. He said he had strolled to the corner of the house from the front doorstep and had been astounded to see a tall, dark man leap from the ground floor balcony of a side window, dart across the street and through a hedge and across the lawn on the opposite side and disappear in the dark. He was making after this feeling murderer when the policeman grabbed him, he added sullenly.

Hagar vouched for her man, and Luke insisted on being searched. This being only fair, the search was made and the missing jewel was not found. But the police insisted on holding the gypsy, and he was being led away when, as fate would have it, an even greater contretemps was to occur, an even more unenviable notoriety was to attend Richmond's most fashionable function, Mrs. Burton Randolph's annual ball.

Sheriff Sam Swain of Fairfax appeared in the doorway, accompanied by Detective Tom Blake.

"I want Arthur Stanley over there for the murder of Dr. Henry Lee of Fairfax," cried the sheriff.

The face of Blair Stanley blanched. "Remember your promise, Arthur," he whispered. "You cannot go to the gallops for me. You must tell the truth if you are tried. But you can save me if you escape."

Arthur nodded and broke loose from the grasp of Sheriff Swain. Blair fought as best he could to aid his supposed cousin, but his now hysterical relative, the chagrined Mrs. Randolph, threw her arms wildly about him and so held and hampered him as she shrieked, "They will kill you, Blair!" that he could do but little. Then, too, Vivian Marston added her efforts to restrain him. It was no time for Hagar to speak. She realized that it were better that Arthur escape if he could even under the onus of unjust suspicion.

One of the policemen released his hold on Luke Lovell and came to the aid of the sheriff. Arthur fought like a madman, and the struggle surged from the ballroom to the hall and out down the steps to the sidewalk. Arthur was slowly but surely being overpowered when Hagar, who hovered near the fighting men, plucked Detective Blake by the sleeve and gave him a significant sign. Such was the mastery of that look and sign that the detective relaxed his efforts in aiding his more official brethren of the law.

Arthur wrenched himself loose and fled the sheriff and the policeman, broke through the ring of cabmen and



He Dropped the Jewel into the Mail Box.

where Arthur might be found that night to Sheriff Sam Swain, freshly arrived from Fairfax.

Down the street, the quiet, deserted residence street of Richmond's fashionable residential neighborhood, fled Arthur. Behind him the sound of the police whistles and the pursuit grew fainter. Arthur, in splendid physical trim and spurred by excitement, ran like a deer. He slipped down an obscure alley, crossed by the backs of a half score of mansions, and found himself in a mean street that led down to the railroad tracks. The pursuit was left far behind or else it had gone off in a false scent in another direction.

Arthur slackened his pace and regained his breath. He looked down at himself and saw that he was in evening attire. True, in the struggle his clothes had received some rough handling. His dress coat was torn under the sleeve and his low cut waistcoat flapped apart, bereft of its buttons. And Arthur gave a little laugh as he saw his shadow under a dim street lamp and realized that despite the strenuous encounter through which he had just passed his silk hat, somewhat ruffled and battered, as examination proved, was still upon his head.

"How will I ever escape in these togs?" he said to himself ruefully. "They'll have my description broadcast in an hour." Yet he did not falter for all that, but hurried on in the night through the deserted streets, and in some fifteen minutes' brisk walk found himself, by rare good luck, in the railroad yards and by a long freight train, just slowly moving out.

With reckless haste he threw himself under a freight car and drew himself up under the brake beam.

His head ached from the noise and the reaction of all he had passed through in the crowded hour at Mrs. Randolph's ball. Every bone in his body ached as he held to the jolting, creaking brake beam. Cramped and bruised from the position in which he lay on his narrow, perilous perch above the grinding wheels, a dreadful impulse seized upon Arthur to let go his straining grasp and end the now fitful fever of his life beneath the clanking wheels that ground and groaned beneath him.

What was he after all but a living falsehood and a cheat? Not a Stanley of Stanley hall, spending with a free hand as became a reckless gentleman, but a gypsy impostor, a cheat, a wasteful substance that was not his! A fugitive from justice and a bankrupt believed by all who had known him to be the murderer of a kind and gentle old man who had never harmed him, but on the contrary had been his friend and had been one of the agencies by which he, a hedge born gypsy, had been reared in a mansion under a high name never his.

The glamour of his self sacrifice in shielding Blair and thus making himself a voluntary murder suspect passed from Arthur. He saw now that in saving Blair he had only done so to save himself from the open shame and humiliation that would come to him when the searching inquiries of a murder trial, with the evidence that Hagar possessed—evidence he felt sure she would produce to save the life of her son—would result in his acquittal of murder, but would leave him stripped of the peacock feathers of the Stanley heritage that he, the gypsy jackdaw, had worn so long.

He saw in the dust and darkness the baleful gleam of the diamond from the sky. He saw the accusing, fierce gaze of his gypsy mother, and then, like a benediction and a saving grace, he saw, in the dust and gloom, the sweet face and the sad, wistful eye of Esther! He grasped the cold iron rod stanchly now. Let destiny deal him what it might, he would stand the buffets and fight on for Esther's sake!

(Continued next week)

LIVE STOCK PRICES AT SOUTH OMAHA

Best Beeves Steady and Others Slow and Lower.

SLOW AND UNEVEN HOG TRADE

Largest Run of Lambs From the Range This Season—Fat Lambs 15 @25c Lower—Aged Sheep About Steady—Feeders Active and Steady.

Union Stock Yards, South Omaha, July 20.—Cattle receipts were very fair yesterday, about 4,500 head arriving. Trade in fat cattle this week is starting in much the same as it left off last week. Buyers are anxious for strictly good to choice beeves at fully steady figures, while they were in different and bearish on the medium and common cattle and bids and sales are generally all of a dime lower than the close of last week. Strictly good to choice cattle, both light and heavy, sold around \$9.50@10.00. Trade in cows and heifers was slow, with values unevenly lower. Inquiry for veal calves was rather active and prices firmly held. Bulls, stags, etc., were in very good request and quotations unchanged. Stockers and feeders were in good demand and prices were strong to a shade higher for anything good enough to attract competition.

Cattle quotations: Good to choice beeves, \$9.50@10.10; fair to good beeves, \$8.50@9.50; common to fair beeves, \$7.50@8.50; good to choice yearlings, \$9.00@9.85; fair to good yearlings, \$7.75@9.00; prime corned heifers, \$7.75@8.75; good to choice fed heifers, \$7.00@7.75; good to choice fed cows, \$6.50@7.50; good to choice grass heifers, \$6.50@7.25; good to choice grass cows, \$6.00@6.75; fair to good cows, \$5.50@6.00; canners and cutters, \$3.75@5.25; veal calves, \$8.00@9.75; bulls, stags, etc., \$5.50@7.50; good to choice—feeders, \$7.75@8.25; fair to good feeders, \$6.85@7.60; common to fair stockers, \$5.75@6.75; stock heifers, \$5.75@7.00; stock cows \$5.50@6.50; stock calves, \$6.00@7.50.

About 7,300 hogs arrived yesterday. Shippers bought their hogs at figures that were in most cases 5@10c lower although some sales looked steady. Prices paid ranged from \$7.15 to \$7.55. Packers paid prices 10c lower than the close of last week. Bulk went at \$6.85@7.15.

Sheep and lamb receipts totaled 15,500 head. Western range lambs constituted the big bulk of the run and as advices from other selling points were not encouraging the market here opened slow, with buyers bidding lower than last week's trade. In the end the lambs sold 15@25c lower than last Friday. Owing to the very light offering of aged stock, the market did not show very much change. Ewes sold largely around \$5.70. Feeders were in very good demand.

Quotations on sheep and lambs: Lambs, good to choice, \$7.00@7.75; lambs, fair to good, \$7.40@7.60; lambs, feeders, \$7.00@7.55; yearlings, fair to choice, \$5.50@6.50; wethers, fair to choice, \$5.25@6.25; ewes, good to choice, \$5.25@5.75; ewes, fair to good, \$4.25@5.25.

ACT QUICKLY
Delay Has Been Dangerous in this case.

Do the right thing at the right time.

Act quickly in time of danger. In time of kidney danger Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective. Plenty of evidence of their worth. Samuel Bixler, retired farmer, Gordon, Nebr., says: "I served for over four years in the army and the result was a chronic case of kidney complaint. I had to get up seven or eight times at night to pass the kidney secretions and I noticed that their appearance was unnatural. My whole body ached and I had pain in my joints, these parts of my body often swelled and caused me no end of annoyance. Often, everything before me got black and spots floated before my eyes. My heart palpitated violently and I had fainting spells. I know that I will never be real well again, on account of my advanced age, but I wish to express my gratitude for the benefit Doan's Kidney Pills brought me. All I have said about this remedy when I have recommended it before holds good."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Bixler had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

ANTIOCH

Antioch, Nebr., July 21.—A new telephone company was organized at Antioch yesterday which will bring nearly all the ranches north and east of Antioch into communication with Alliance and their neighbors.

A number of friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. I. Johnston spent Sunday at the Johnston ranch. A more elaborate dinner was never set before a king than was set Sunday before the guests at Johnston's. The ones present were Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Rev. and Mrs. Hivner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haring, Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston and others whose names the correspondent has forgotten. The day was enjoyed by all and will long be remembered because of the friendly spirit and the eats.

H. R. Farnsworth is at present surveying land north of Antioch. He spent Sunday night at Antioch.

SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

Drink lots of water and stop eating meat for a while if your Bladder troubles you.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular constipation. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

DIAMONDS

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OMAHA'S OLDEST ESTABLISHED JEWELER

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504 Niobrara Ave.
Office Hours, 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.

RUBBER STAMPS

Write J. E. VAUGHAN
RANGE BLDG. OMAHA

DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Brest Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teaspoon full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!