

One Snowy Night

By Genevieve Ulmar

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Hayden Lee knew that the face upon which his hand rested was that of a woman, for it was soft and delicately profiled. He knew that she must be young, for though she was utterly unassuming, her slight breathing was quick and even. There he was, in total darkness, and had nearly stumbled over the recumbent form at the bottom of the stairs.

She had fainted or fallen, and had not been long in her present position, for the snow and damp still clung to her garments.

"Heaven help her! A wild, wintry night like this!" he murmured, "and she must be poor and wretched. Indeed, to have wandered to this poor neighborhood and driven to seek shelter in this forlorn old rookery!"

For such his habitation for the past six months was, in fact and verity. The remaining wing of a dilapidated old building, it had presented the welcome feature of the merest nominal rent in the world to his sister Prue and himself. He had lost his position as draughtsman at a critical time. Illness had ensued, then spasmodic piecework done at home. They had brightened up the smoke-stained rooms as best they might and had secured some second-hand furniture at a nominal



Tore Off the Rings.

price. As for the rest, Prue's diligence had brought what comfort the poor outfit could yield.

Lee lifted the lamp from his arms and called up the dark stairway:

"Prue—a lamp, quick!"

A door opened, light flooded the scene and his sister stared in a startled way down the stairs.

"What has happened?" she voiced flutteringly. "A woman?"

"Yes, I found her here. Fainted, or overcome with the cold. She needs instant attention."

His tones were vibrant, for the flickering lamplight had revealed the fairest face he had ever seen. He was a lover of beauty and the lovely features presented to his vision stirred all of his sympathy and interest in his readily impressed nature.

He bore his burden up the stairs and into the little sitting room and laid it on the couch. His sister stood holding the lamp aloft and peering, fascinated, with parted lips and marvelling eyes. The stranger could not have been more than twenty years of age. Her garments were bedraggled, but were of the richest material. On one hand was a brilliant diamond eirelet and a wedding ring. Then she was a wife? A widow? Lee was ashamed at the subtle disappointment the discovery had caused him.

Prue roused to her normal, practical bustling self. She had their involuntary guest removed to her own room. Then Prue began expert ministrations. After the lapse of an hour she came into the room where her brother was pacing the floor, quite stirred up by the strange happening of the hour.

"Our guest has a fever, but is conscious," she spoke in her grave, thoughtful way.

"What did she say?" inquired Hayden eagerly.

"She asked where she was. I told her, even to our reduced condition. I told her, too, she must think of nothing but rest and that she would be welcome here until she was stronger. She roused a little and, as her eyes rested on her hand, she suddenly tore off the rings and violently flung them into the farthest corner of the room. 'All ended—that!' she cried out; 'and the little one safe, safe, safe! I am content!'"

For three weeks the strange guest hovered between life and death. Twice the services of a physician were necessary. One evening Lee came home to find the lady seated in one of the easy chairs of the place wearing one of Prue's dressing gowns. She was wan and weak, but her smile seemed to Lee

seraphic as she held out a thin, wasted hand to welcome him.

"What do I owe you dear people," she said, and bent her head, sobbing from emotion.

An extra mouth to feed meant a good deal to the Lees, but manfully, gladly, Hayden devoted himself to extra work. It got to be elysium complete to Hayden to sit for an hour in the company of Mrs. Lind, as she requested them to call her, and his sister.

One evening Lee was in the kitchen, as was his wont assisting Prue in disposing of the supper dishes, when there was a sharp scream. Both rushed, startled, into the sitting room. Mrs. Lind lay prone on the floor. The evening paper was crushed in her clenched hand. They carried her into Prue's room. In the meantime Lee had inspected the paper, wondering if something it contained had caused the collapse of their guest. Mrs. Lind soon revived, but made no explanation as to the cause of her recent emotion.

What was the astonishment and depression of Lee when he came home next day to find Prue half in tears and looking dreadfully woebegone.

"She has left us," she announced. "You don't mean that Mrs. Lind is gone!" gasped Hayden.

"Yes, brother. As soon as you were gone she asked me for a heavy veil, dressed herself and went out, saying she would soon return, which she did. I went to the store to get some groceries. When I came back she was gone. Her rings were missing and there lay a fifty-dollar bill and a note. She must have sold or pawned her jewelry. The note said simply that we should hear from her soon, that her whole future was changed and blessed you as the good genius of her life.

It was then that Hayden Lee knew how much this mysterious guest had been to him. He tried to hide it from his sister, but Prue grieved, for she read the truth in his troubled face.

A week went by—two, three, a month, and then there was a visitor to the cheerless little home one evening. The caller, according to his card, was James Page, lawyer.

"I come from the lady you have known as Mrs. Lind," he told Hayden Lee. "She has made me aware of what you two great-hearted people have been to her. I have instructions to reveal sufficient of my client's situation to give you an understanding of a remarkable change in her affairs."

And then the story of a broken life was told. A sordid, worthless spendthrift had won Norma Dale. His name was Walton Bruce. A little child was born, but the father went on his selfish, reckless gambling way. Norma had wedded without the consent of her father. Bruce had tried to induce her to appeal to him for money. She refused, for she knew that it would be wasted, and would only lead to renewed exactions.

Norma Bruce went through a terrible year of neglect and abuse. Finally, her cruel husband threatened to remove and hide her babe unless she assisted him in plundering her father. She fled from her home, placed her child in safe hands, and fainted away on the Lee doorstep the night Hayden discovered her.

"Her husband was shot dead in a gambling house brawl," narrated the lawyer. "Mrs. Bruce is reconciled with her father and her child is with her. She says you must come and share her bounty."

"Her gratitude is all we ask to cherish," murmured Hayden.

All the same, time and a woman's will brought matters to where she wished them. Mr. Dale's influence secured Hayden a lucrative position. Prue became a visitor, then a neighbor, then the dearest friend of Norma. As for Hayden, at the end of the year between himself and Norma, there had expanded a mutual love that insured no later parting.

Have Peculiar Accent.

In a recent interview with a French woman in Paris who has taught French to Americans and other foreigners for many years, she said in response to a question concerning the difficulty of teaching the right pronunciation of the language:

"They all have the same trouble; they make the same mistakes. One of my pupils wrote me some time ago that her daughter was coming to me in Paris, having spent a year in a French school in Switzerland. The mother called upon me and remarked that her daughter would doubtless have a better accent than most of my young American pupils. 'Oh, no,' I replied, 'she will talk easily, doubtless, but her accent will be exactly like that of every other American.' You see I know, I have been teaching Americans too long not to know. It is a problem of the ear. Americans do not hear the French sounds correctly."

The Man of Fifty-four.

There are a good many of them—men of fifty-four, hale, sturdy, never more fit in their lives, doing their two or three rounds of the 18-hole courses in a day, utterly refusing to confess themselves beyond the very opening hours of middle age, looking on life with the old boy's wise and tolerant eye. It is the best year of manhood, when man has accumulated experience enough to know really all the things he thought he knew at twenty-one, and can order his thoughts and his days in accordance with his accumulated wisdom.—New York Sun.

Diplomatic.

She—Here's some wretch says women are not inherently honest.

He—How can they be when they are always robbing men of their peace of mind and stealing their hearts!

Bingham

Harry Harp and Joe Ballard left Sunday for the beet fields, where they expect to get work at fancy figures.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Burton, Alice, George and Charley, left Saturday for University Place where they will make their home during the present school year.

John London of Ellsworth has a car of fine apples on the track this week, which are selling for 04.50 per barrel.

Mrs. T. C. Thomas of Gresham, Neb., stopped in Bingham over night last Friday with her friend, Mrs. R. R. Kincaid. These ladies were neighbors years ago in eastern Nebraska.

A number of our people attended the sale at Mr. Tuttle's place on Tuesday, where our ed Gross ladies served the lunch.

Fred Potter is the new permanent agent for Bingham. It is to be hoped that at last we will have an agent who will stay with us.

Roy Dimond was in Oshkosh last week where he had been called to make ready for the training camp at Fort Riley. Later it was learned that he was not needed to make up the full quota and he returned home the following day.

ELMER THOMAS AT ALLIANCE

Attorney Elmer E. Thomas of Omaha, the "fighting attorney" who has been engaged for many years in that city in prosecuting violators of liquor and other laws, and who represented the prosecution in the case against T. J. Mahoney, chief of detectives of Omaha, in which Mahoney was ousted, will be an interested spectator at the Chadron blackmail trials to be held in Alliance next week.

Mr. Thomas was one of the men who devoted practically all of his time last winter at Lincoln, assisting in the drafting of the present prohibition law which is making of Omaha a "dry city."

Mr. Thomas is at the present time on a business trip in Wyoming and will return to Alliance on Sunday or Monday.

Chicago.—Smiling serenely, Oscar Landmeisser, traveling evangelist and lecturer on "White Slavery," opened fire with two revolvers in a crowded Hammond, Ind., courtroom and killed Fred Bayne, restaurant proprietor of Indiana Harbor; wounded Mrs. Myrtle Pfeiffer, Hammond policeman, and then turned the guns on Judge Fred Barnett, who escaped by ducking from the bench and leaving by a rear door. Landmeisser had been on trial on

charges preferred by two young girls. Judge Barnett had just freed him on the charges of the two girls when he reached in his coat tails as though for a handkerchief and pulled out the two revolvers.

BUECHSENSTEIN BUYS STANDARD GROCERY STORE

Walter Buechsenstein has purchased the Standard Grocery from F. A. Belyon, the present owner, and will take possession the first of the month, according to an announcement made this week.

Mr. Belyon expects to move to Fresno, California, as soon as he closes up his business affairs here.

Mr. Buechsenstein for a number of years has been associated with the Mallery grocery and is a man experienced in all branches of the retail grocery business. With his pleasing personality and his thorough understanding of the business, he should make a success of his new venture from the start.

SUMMING UP THE EVIDENCE
Many Alliance People Have Been Called As Witnesses

Week after week has been published the testimony of Alliance people—kidney sufferers—backache victims—people who have endured many forms of kidney, bladder or urinary disorders. These witnesses have used Doan's Kidney Pills. All have given their enthusiastic approval. It's the same everywhere. 50,000 American men and women are publicly recommending Doan's—Always in the home papers. Isn't it a wonderful, convincing mass of proof? If you are a sufferer your verdict must be "Try Doan's first."

Here's one more Alliance case. Mrs. Lee Moore, 114 Platte Ave., says: "Because of the help Doan's Kidney Pills have given so many people I know, as well as what they have done for me, I know they are a good medicine. I had spells of kidney disorder when my back was lame and weak and ached in a steady, wearying way. Keeping around at my housework was hard and I had headaches and was nervous. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of this suffering."

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

"Don't conclude that a new author's work has made a great hit," says a critic, "just because he has had a hair cut and his friends have seen him looking in a restaurant window."—Atlanta Constitution.

FOUND—Near Antioch, Nebraska, a watch and chain. Owner may have same by describing property and paying for advertisement. Inquire at Herald office. 45-1f-8693

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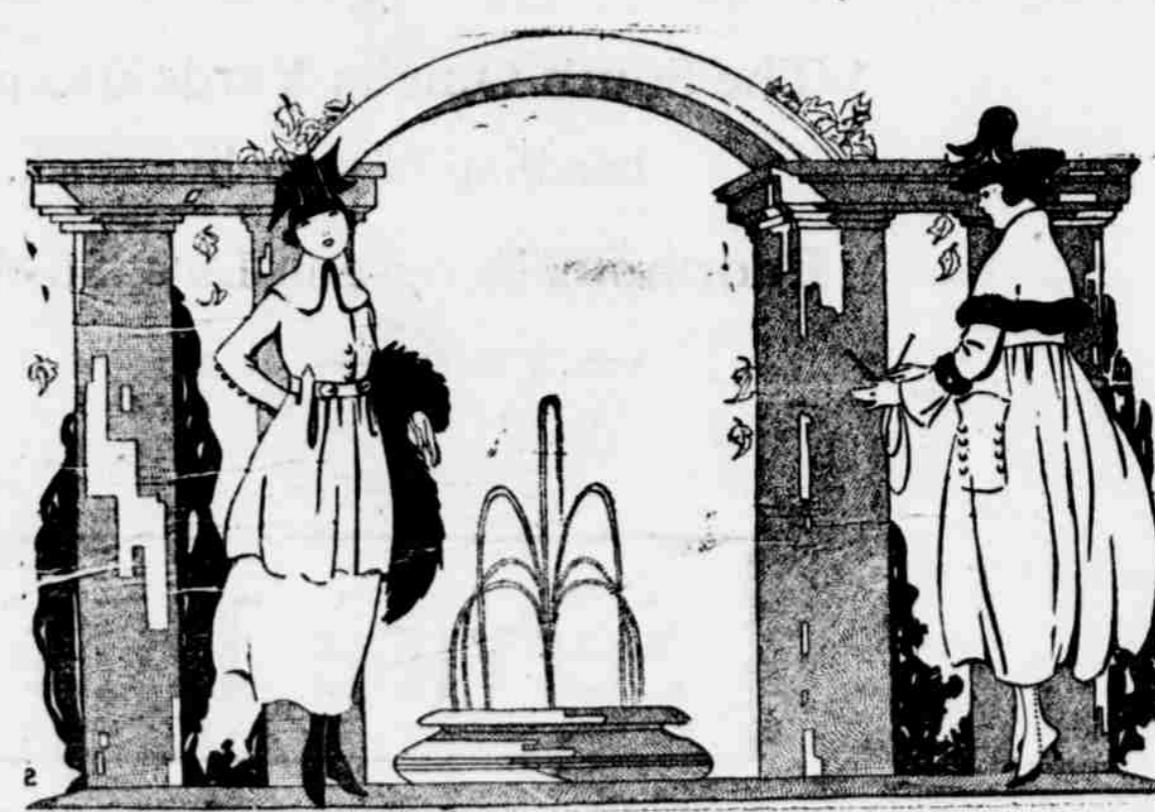
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