

THE RUBY RING

By ALICIA BOCKELMAN.

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"If I could only have a ruby ring," sighed Margaret Kendall, "but father and mother seem determined to give me something else."

She was sitting on the front porch with flushed cheeks and an angry scowl clouded her beautiful face. She pushed aside her curly, black hair, which the wind would blow in her eyes to irritate her still more.

"Margaret," a voice called from upstairs, "you had better dry your tears and look cheerful."

"Oh, mother, how can I be happy when you will not give me what I want for a graduation present," fretted Margaret.

"Child, enough of that foolishness. You have several rings already—enough for any girl of your age. A ruby ring! No, indeed, you shall not have it."

"I didn't want a gold wrist watch, mother."

"Why, Margaret, you have been asking for one all along until this new idea of a ruby ring came into your head. Whatever—"

"Why doesn't father buy me one?" interrupted Margaret.

"Father has already bought you a pearl pendant. But, Margaret, my dear, it is four o'clock and you have never once thought of Aunt Mehtabel. She will be waiting at the station for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendall.

"Dear me I wish Aunt Mehtabel would forget to come to my graduation," complained Margaret, going to the garage.

As she drove up the street Mrs. Kendall breathed a sigh of relief. "Well, she is off at last. If Margaret would only like Aunt Mehtabel!"

In a few minutes Margaret was at the station as the train was disappearing around Atlantic Hill. She was jumping out of the machine when Charlie Montgomery hurried up to the station curb.

"Why, Charlie," she asked, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I was to meet two of my college chums on leave from camp," he panted. "Are you to meet someone, too?"

"More likely someone is waiting for me," replied Margaret. "Oh, Charlie, look at Aunt Mehtabel arguing with one of the porters. Do you remember her?"

"Of course I do," laughed Charlie; "but look at my friends, the young lieutenants, witnessing the parley."

The tardy pair rushed up to the newcomers, and after salutations, introductions and apologies Aunt Mehtabel and Margaret were handed into their auto and had started homeward.

"Land's sake, child, why were you so late?" scolded the tired traveler.

"I delayed to tease mother to give me a ruby ring for graduation, but she won't," confessed her designing niece.

"Ruby ring—stuff and nonsense!" cried Aunt Mehtabel.

It was graduation night. Margaret was putting the last touches to her pretty gown, when a warning call from downstairs told her it was time she was ready.

"Just a moment," she answered, taking another survey of herself.

Being satisfied she snatched up her outer garments and sped downstairs. Aunt Mehtabel was waiting for her in the lower hall.

"Margaret, here is a useful present for you," she said solemnly, handing her youthful kinswoman a book. Margaret glanced at its title, "Household Aids."

"Thank you very much, Aunt. You are so kind," she stammered. The graduation exercises were about to begin. Margaret heard her name called softly. Turning around, she saw Charlie in a soldier's uniform.

"Come," he said quickly, "come a little way from the door. I have something to say to you."

Margaret followed him, somewhat bewildered.

"I have been ordered to Camp Oueda and wish to say good-by. I would like to have you accept this little gift from me as a keepsake." Charlie drew a small box from his pocket, pressed the spring, and Margaret saw—a ruby ring!

"Why, how—" began Margaret, astonished.

"Oh, don't hesitate to take it. Your Aunt Mehtabel told me what I might give you," he pleaded.

"It is just what I wanted, but I didn't think it would come from you. I shall wear it as a talisman. But—you will come back from camp soon," she added, anxiously.

"Not until I've been 'over there,'" Charlie answered, smilingly. There was no smile on Margaret's face and all the light went out of her eyes.

"You will write?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, putting her hand in his outstretched one. They were parting, perhaps never to meet again in this world—so he kissed her reverently.

The opening measures of the grand march were heard and Margaret went back to her place and whispered to a little group of her dearest friends, "Girls, what do you think my new gift is?"

"What?" came the questioning chorus.

"A ruby ring," she answered, with a sub in her voice.

EARN FINE ART OF RESTING

Ability to Do and Work Depends on One's Knowing Just How to Spend Leisure Time.

Rest is a blessing laid up for the tired only, not for the pleasure seeker. It is a relaxation from toil, not a new thrill for the bored. It is not a pickle following a feast of cake, nor is it within reach of the lazy. It is a gift for the sole use and behoof of him who has toiled. No one reaches the door leading to rest without first passing through the workroom.

Most tired folk have wasted much good strength, but this folly does not bar them from entering into the house of rest. If all lived wisely there would be need of few hospitals, and if only those who labored wisely rested there would be no rest for the race this side of the cemetery.

"Stonewall" Jackson, whose army corps was swift of foot, used to say: "I like to see my men lie flat on their backs. A man rests more that way." That is the primitive way of resting. Mother Earth has a broad lap and a restful way of holding her children.

A wise physician, when sending a patient on his summer vacation recently, said: "On your drive don't try to get anywhere. Any place is a good place to stop, if you stop before you are tired. Don't try to cover any prescribed distance in one day. Don't make or keep any engagements. Be criminally lazy. Avoid folks. Fish. When tired of fishing, lie down under a tree and look up. If you fall asleep, sleep. When you wake up, fish some more. Forget that you ever lived before that one day."

The ability of a man to fill his mind full of one day depends on his having trained himself to see things out of doors, to fill himself with the immediate pleasant present without having to draw on the unpleasant past. Happy is that man who can get 14 days of rest out of a two weeks' vacation.

The ability to live well the remainder of the year may lie wholly in knowing how to occupy those two weeks, for if one learns on this summer outing that the art of resting includes the fine art of forgetting, he may practice the same art throughout the year at home in his little rest spells. What a man brings out of the rest room depends largely on whether or not, when going in, he remembered to shut the door behind him.

Why America Succeeds in China.

"Chinese-Japanese friendship has long been on the lips of both Japanese and Chinese, but with little result," says the Tokyo Nichi-nichi. "Equally true it is that a feeling of reliance on America is growing apace in China." The editor then explains the situation by mentioning the consideration shown to China by the government of the United States in renouncing the Boxer indemnity. In generous treatment given to Chinese students, and in American educational work carried on in China. The chief reason which is delaying the realization of Chinese-Japanese cordiality, the editor thinks, is that the Chinese do not accurately understand how necessary is political and economic friendship for the good of the two countries. Japan needs raw materials and has money enough to pay for them, while China's resources are inexhaustible, but she has no money to develop them. Then, too, the Russian menace is at China's front door. In conclusion, the editor of the Nichi-nichi urges a Chinese-Japanese chamber of commerce.

Getting Ready to Work

My son tells a story of when he was at Camp Logan. He is a stenographer, and part of his duties were to carry daily reports from camp to brigade headquarters, and from his letters at the time, was kept pretty busy. Along his route were civilian mechanics and laborers working, one of whom always seemed to be getting ready to work, usually measuring a piece of pipe or looking at it. One day the soldier stopped and looked on. The workman noticed him, and after laying the piece of pipe carefully on the edge of the ditch said, "Well, young feller, they keep you humpin', don't they? How do you like the army so far? You don't get much time to loaf, do you?"

The soldier answered, "I like this army all right, but the next army I join I'll tell them I'm a plumber."

Chicago Tribune.

Minor Consideration.

"You are mispronouncing the names of places where these battles occurred."

"That's all right. If our boys had stopped to argue about the pronunciation they might not have won the battles so quickly."

Country Board.

"I'm tired of canned beef," complained the summer boarder. "Some fish wouldn't go bad."

"That's easily fixed," responded the genial farmer. "Easy, open a can of sardines."

The Difference.

"That man is telling of the most wonderful exploits he accomplished when he was on the firing line."

"Was he ever overseas?"

"Well, he might have been half seas over."

Page Mr. Hoover.

First Suburbanite—I understand he was arrested by the government.

Second Suburbanite—What for?

First Suburbanite—He cast his bread upon the waters and later found out it was a wheatless day.

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CHANGED HIS MIND

By FLORENCE ARMSTRONG.

It was precisely 8:35 on Friday morning when Hollis Winslow made his resolution. The local from Turtle River Junction, five miles north, was wheezing its unsteady way down the track, leaving Winslow on the platform at Cherrydale, glowering helplessly after its steadily retreating, wavering outline.

"That settles it!" he exclaimed as he turned with savage stride toward the only garage in the village. "I'll advertise in tomorrow morning's paper. Whoever heard of a backwoods place where the trains run ahead of time?"

Winslow's business was in the city, 15 miles away, where he had lived until the last two years. Then, by the death of an aged aunt, whose especial favor he had always enjoyed, he had inherited a huge old mansion in Cherrydale, where the old lady had lived and died, and whither, in her will, she bade the young man come and live.

It was under protest that Winslow had complied with this provision of the bequest. This morning, however, his dislike of the arrangement had blossomed into the full flower of rebellion, and the threats, so often made and retracted, to forego the possession of the property which had become a white elephant on his hands, were fulfilled. His first act, when the Cherrydale automobile had deposited him at the door of his office building, was to telephone the Sentinel and enter an advertisement for the sale of the estate.

As he stepped from the accommodation early Saturday afternoon, Winslow regarded the wintry landscape with profound satisfaction. He had an appointment with a prospective buyer who was coming on the next train, and the countryside always showed to better advantage under this clear, bright sunshine. However, it was very hard going, he reflected, on these icy roads, and the wind blew across the open spaces with a violence calculated to sweep a lighter person off his precarious foothold. Winslow turned up his collar to meet the arctic blasts, shoved his hands deep down into his huge pockets, and strode on toward the huge-pillared house at the joining of the crossroads.

He looked up suddenly as an icy wind whistled through the rattling tree-tops, making a shower of crystals that danced around his feet. Approaching him from the angle was the small, trim figure of a girl. He wondered what mad errand could have sent her out to tread those glassy roads this afternoon, when the same blast caught her hat, irrespective of restraining hatpins. She clutched wildly to regain it, struggled frantically to maintain an upright position, and collapsed in a little heap, from which she endeavored in vain to arise.

"Hurt?" Winslow demanded anxiously as he bent over her. He had reached her side in two reckless jumps.

"I guess not," she replied, making another effort, and crumpled up again. "We'll have the doctor here in a jiffy," Winslow said, as he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and carried her into the library of the big house. For once he was grateful that he was not living in town in bachelor apartments.

Half an hour later, when the doctor had departed, Elizabeth Langdon drew a sigh of sheer happiness as she leaned back in the big grandfather chair before the crackling wood fire. "What a wonderful home!" she breathed. At her side stood a tea table on which Winslow's housekeeper had set forth the golden beverage, with English muffins and currant jelly, ascertaining as she did so that this sparkling transparency was made from fruit raised on the premises, which was the finest anywhere around the countryside.

Winslow turned abruptly from the fire, where he was stooping to encourage the flames to leap still higher. His eye took in the pleasant domestic scene. An attractive girl, who was also a plucky one, before his fireside made things look different. "What a fool I've been!" he ejaculated. "I advertised it for sale today and someone's due here now to look it over," he muttered, somewhat inaudibly.

"Perhaps he won't take it," she offered, "but it's perfect! All the simple dignity of it!"—she indicated it with a sweeping glance. "Oh! If you had to live in an apartment in the city as I do, and never see the country dressed in its ice-clothing on a Saturday afternoon, you'd be willing to pay for it with a broken ankle, too," she ended laughingly.

A harsh, jangling sound interrupted. Winslow stepped impatiently to the telephone. "Who?—McQuag?—at Jenkins' drugstore?—Well, don't come!—Can't help it; that's an owner's privilege!—Sorry. Better take the next train back. I hear it whistling now. No. Positively!—You'll have to hurry, Mr. McQuag, it's ahead of time."

Winslow hung up the receiver with a chuckle. "Blessings on that Turtle River station master. He cut that short for me. The old codger wanted to buy without even looking at the place!" Elizabeth's face wore a charming expression of suspended questioning. "Perhaps I'd better not say yet why I changed my mind—" he hesitated. Elizabeth's eyes dropped to her tea cup. He stumbled and grew red. "Perhaps," she said softly, "you'd be a little ahead of time."

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Wanted

WANT TO BUY something? Hundreds of people weekly scan these want ad columns looking for what you or others have to offer. Get quick results by advertising in The Herald Want Ad department.

WANTED—5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. GOODRICH DRUG CO., Dept. 786, Omaha, Nebr. 26-5t-8016

OLD CLOTHES WANTED The City Mission is in need of second-hand clothing, especially men's and shoes. Call phone 696 and we will call for them.—The City Mission

WANTED TO BREAK SOD—We have several clients who wish to break sod this spring. They are experienced and have good tractors or horses. Prices reasonable. If you have land in Box Butte county which you wish broken out get in touch with us at once. THOMAS-BALD INVESTMENT COMPANY, Alliance. 17t-7871

PIANO FOR SALE A beautiful high grade upright piano at a bargain, on easy terms to a responsible party. Answer at once. P. O. Box 401, Alliance, Neb.

WANTED—Clean cotton rags, at The Herald office. Must be of fair size and clean. Are used in wiping machinery. 23-tf

STRAYED—Brown saddle horse branded on the left shoulder with M or a W. Mealy nose and wire scar on right hock joint. Shod all around. Suitable reward will be paid for information leading to his recovery. PETER THOMPSON, Minatare, Neb.

\$1,000 maximum reward for evidence convicting anyone stealing C.J. JIC or other of my stock. C. MACH, Whitman. 29-8t-8067

LOST—Ladies' Rain Coat, near Broncho Lake. Finder please leave at Herald office and receive reward. 30-tf-8079

FOR SALE TWENTY ACRE BUILDING SITE for Summer Home—in the beautiful Spearfish Canyon. Best of water, good trout fishing. Close to railroad depot. Be quick if you want it. Address me at Barret Hotel, Spearfish, So. Dak. W. A. BARRETT.

MISCELLANEOUS

First-Class laundry work. Denver agency. Call 133 for service car. Keep-U-Neat.

Cleaning, repairing, dyeing. Keep-U-Neat. Just phone 133 and the

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LOST—Late Friday afternoon, lady's small wrist watch, in or near post office; valued as keepsake. Liberal reward if returned to office of Boyd & Metz. 20-tf-7911

Automobile and tractor repair work wanted by experienced mechanic. Work done at your home city or country if desired. Phone 656, ask for Boyd. All work guaranteed. 28-tf-8057

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Piano For Sale

We have stored in Alliance a high grade piano which, if taken at once, will be sold at a very substantial discount. Terms to a responsible party. If interested write at once for particulars to THE DENVER MUSIC COMPANY, Denver, Colo. 28-2t-8051

Regular teacher's examinations will be held at the Court House, June 27th and 28th. This is the last Reading Circle Examination. Opal Russell, Co. Supt. 28-2t-8061

Give Him a Goatkin. The professor is the goat. "If it were not for one trivial thing," mused Professor Cranium, the famous memory expert, as he stroked his chin in par, "I could give young Stewpidd his diploma. His record as a student of my course is almost perfect."

"What is his little trouble?" asked Dr. Hackem-Uppe.

"He forgets to pay for his lessons."

No. 1665
NOTICE OF CHANGE OF BOUNDARIES BETWEEN THE ALLIANCE AND BROKEN BOW LAND DISTRICTS IN THE STATE OF NEBRASKA. Notice is hereby given that the President of the United States, by Executive Order of April 8, 1919, in accordance with the provisions of Section 2253 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and by virtue of the authority therein given, directed that:

Township twenty-six north, of ranges 17 to 24 west, inclusive, and townships twenty-seven to thirty-five north, of ranges seventeen to forty west, inclusive be detached from the Broken Bow land district and attached to and made a part of the Alliance land district in the State of Nebraska and the business and archives pertaining to said lands transferred to the land office at Alliance.

The change of boundaries above indicated will take effect on July 1, 1919, and the Register and Receiver of the land office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, will transact no business pertaining to the lands referred to after June 30, 1919.

Given under my hand at the District of Columbia this fifth day of May, A. D., 1919.

CLAY TALLMAN, Commissioner of the General Land Office.

LEGAL NOTICE

In the County Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of Nellie E. Taylor, Deceased.

Notice to all persons interested in said estate is hereby given, to present their claims for adjustment and allowance against said estate, to the County Court of said County, on or before the 28th day of July, 1919, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. At which time I will hear and adjust all such claims.

All persons having claims against said estate must file the same in said Court, on or before the 28th day of July, 1919, or said claims will be forever barred.

Dated this 21st day of June, 1919.

IRA E. TASH, County Judge

(SEAL) L. A. Berry, Atty. June 26-4t-8072

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Maybe You Know Him. Said Senator Squash of Squeezee: "The senator who never knows the motion before the house is the kind of fellow who always has to ask 'What's trumps?'"

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