

LOVE'S MESSENGER

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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When Allen Duryea left the train at Rossville his first move was toward a little one-story building bearing the sign "Peter Warne Real Estate."

"I've come here on a flying trip," he announced, "and if you are able to sell some property for me I'm ready."

"That is my line of business," answered Warne, shrewdly studying this straightforward client. If the latter had been more experienced in the ways of the world he would have construed that false, sinister face.

"Here is the layout," proceeded Duryea briskly. "My uncle died a few months ago and I was one of the beneficiaries under his will. He left me the Addison tract. Do you know it?"

"Like a book," declared Warne. "It lies along the river where they have the water rights, and a good many plants are likely to go up in time."

"That is my name," apprized the other, tendering a card. "I understand the executors that the property perhaps thirty thousand dollars willing to take something for cash, for I am offered an opportunity to get into a promising business partnership if I can invest twenty thousand dollars."

A crafty expression crossed Warne's face as he rapidly analyzed the situation: A young and impulsive client, a stranger, and likely to be easily imposed upon.

"See here," he suggested, "suppose you let me drive you over and take a look at the property. I'm afraid you will be disappointed."

Duryea was indeed disappointed when the rattling old buggy driven by Warne reached a broad, deep river.

"There's your land," spoke the latter, pointing out a desolate stretch, low and swampy. Beyond in both directions were high lands, but this special expanse made a deplorable slump in the landscape.

"You talk of thirty thousand dollars," spoke Warne. "Well, in twenty years and after a fortune spent in drainage you might get ten—never more."

All the spice and ambition suddenly deserted Allen Duryea. His high hopes were crushed. He stood ruefully viewing the uninviting spot.

"It looks just as you say," he admitted gloomily. "I reckon I will have to begin business life on a more modest scale than I had blocked out. You've got my address. See what you can get for the property. By the way, there is no train cityward for several hours. I understand?"

"That's correct," nodded Warne. "You could make it by walking two miles east and striking a trolley," and he drove off, while Duryea thoughtfully proceeded on foot. He had gone about a mile when, passing a small cabin, he paused to view an old man in tears, directing a pitiful appeal to another, who was reading to him an official-looking document.

"I'm sorry to distract, Mr. Marsh," spoke the latter, "but law is law. You owe fifty dollars and there's a judgment against you. If you can't pay it I shall have to levy on your rig."

"You take the bread out of our mouths if you do!" sobbed Gabriel Marsh, and just there Duryea stepped up to the official.

"I've a little surplus cash," he said, "and this old man's honest face is good enough for me. Write out a release. I will pay the bill."

"Oh, wait till my daughter comes," pleaded Marsh, when he had recovered from the first access of gratitude and joy. "She is Mabel, and I want to have her see and thank the stranger who has rescued us from ruin. Oh, sir! you have an old man's fervent blessing. There is Mabel now!" and the speaker ran down the road to meet a young girl. Duryea sought vainly to escape the overwhelming gratefulness of father and daughter. For the latter, modest, refined, sincere, he formed an immediate admiration, drawn closer as he heard the story of their struggles to keep the roof from the door.

He did not readily forget Mabel when he returned to the city. More than once he felt drawn to go again to Rossville, and was glad of an excuse when one day he received a letter from Warne, stating that he had found a purchaser of the river tract for four thousand dollars. Duryea was getting ready to go to Rossville when Mabel Marsh entered his office.

"I have come on a strange mission, Mr. Duryea," spoke the young girl. "We learned of your errand to Rossville after you had gone, and father overheard a conversation between Warne and his clerk which showed that they had a plan on foot to swindle you. Warne never showed you the land you really own, which father says is worth a great deal of money. Instead, he had a plot to get your property from you for a song and sell it for an immense sum."

"I have come to close our deal for the forty thousand dollars," announced Duryea to Warne the following day.

"Forty thousand—why, it was four that I offered," corrected Warne.

"Well, even so, I would give only a quitclaim deed, for I understand the land you showed me does not belong to me at all. Mr. Marsh has kindly volunteered to show me my rightful holdings, and I fancy you will be no further interested in its sale."

And then Allen Duryea, with a glad smile on his face, started on his way to the Marsh home—and Mabel!

A VOCATION

By ELIZABETH R. GREENE.

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Cyrella stood at the window listlessly watching the whirling snowflakes. In the room below her three aunts were gathered in solemn council and the girl frowned to herself at the knowledge.

"Why don't they let me alone?" she thought, wistfully. "If everyone has a special work, as Aunt Phyllis says why don't they let me find mine for myself?"

As there seemed no answer to these troublesome questions Cyrella turned.

While she still stood irresolute Aunt Deborah's voice called to her, and with smoldering rebellion in her dark eyes Cyrella went obediently down.

As she entered the somber library two pairs of spectacled eyes regarded her fresh young beauty accusingly.

"Cyrella," said Aunt Deborah, who was the oldest of the aunts, and the indomitable leader, "have you decided yet what vocation you will pursue?"

"No, Aunt Deborah."

"Well, Cyrella, as you seem so unable to decide for yourself, and it's time you were accomplishing something, your aunts and I have concluded to make a choice for you." She paused expectantly, but the girl listening respectfully made no effort to speak.

"We think it best for you to take up dressmaking—you seem such a home body"—she added in a tone that settled the matter.

"What right have you folks got to plan out my life?" she demanded passionately. "Because I've always obeyed you, you think you can drive me now into a work I detest. You won't give me time to decide for myself, you won't trust me. It's—it's not playing fair!"

Cyrella's voice broke in a defiant sob.

The council of three was properly shocked, but it was gentle Aunt Phyllis who spoke.

"The child is right," she said softly. "We ought to trust her and let her find her own path."

Deborah Meade shot her youngest sister a withering glance.

In the refuge of her room Cyrella sobbed despairingly.

"But I won't be a dressmaker. I won't—I won't!" sobbed Cyrella rebelliously.

Slipping softly downstairs for her wraps Cyrella, passing the library door, caught the sound of a forbidden name—her mother's name—on Aunt Phyllis' lips. She paused eagerly; she knew so little of the mother of whom she had been bereft when a child.

"It doesn't pay to be too hard, Deborah," Aunt Phyllis was saying. "You know how it worked with—Cecily," she added bravely.

So once, long ago, her mother had rebelled at Aunt Deborah's rigid reign! That was why, then, they never spoke of her.

Absorbed in her thoughts, she had reached the crowded thoroughfares of the city before she realized how far she had gone.

She would get an office job. Anything was better than being Aunt Deborah's dressmaking pupil.

Then it happened.

When she opened her eyes Cyrella found herself in a little white hospital bed, with a nurse smiling down at her.

"Where am I?" asked Cyrella, bewildered.

"You fell, dear, crossing the street—don't you remember?"

"You've sprained your arm, but tomorrow we're going to send you home," smiled the nurse. "We found your name and address in your handbag and have notified your folks. Now go to sleep, dearie."

When she awoke, a huge bunch of dewy-petalled violets was on the stand by her bedside. Cyrella's eyes filled with quick tears. So the aunts did care for her a little, after all!

"Awake, dear?"

Cyrella, admiring the violets, had not heard the nurse enter.

"Aren't they lovely?" she cried, indicating the flowers. "I didn't know my aunts cared for me like that," she added, tremulously.

Nurse Gray smiled enigmatically. "Wouldn't you like to thank the giver of them?" she asked. "I came to tell you, you have a caller."

Cyrella, watching the nurse depart, wondered if Aunt Phyllis had really come to see her. Then the door opened and Nurse Gray re-entered, followed by a tall young man with a pair of anxious brown eyes.

"Mat, this is the victim of your careless driving, Miss Dale," reproached Nurse Gray gently. "My brother, Mr. Gray, Miss Dale."

"Can you forgive me?"

Cyrella looked up into a pair of pleading brown eyes.

"It was my fault," she said quickly. "Please don't blame yourself for my stupid blunder. I shall be all right soon—nurse says I'm to go home tomorrow." Then, shyly, "Thank you so much for the violets. I—I never had anything so beautiful."

Gray, looking down into her lovely, wistful face, vowed many things to himself. Aloud he said:

"I'm glad you like them, because there's a lot more coming." Then, "You must let me atone some way," he begged.

This he did so effectually that six months later Cyrella, as Mrs. Mat Gray, found her long-dreamed-of vocation for life—making home beautiful and happy for the prince.

RAILROAD NOTES

L. J. Bromley made a business trip to Newcastle, Monday.

Miss Lillie Towley spent Christmas with her sister at Casper.

J. H. Boxley has been laid off and left for old Mexico Monday.

Earl Donahue, who has been laid off, returned Friday to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Munger left Monday for Beaty, Neb., to visit relatives.

Joe Conannon, who has been in Denver for the past week, returned Friday.

Harry Brew left Friday for Iowa City to spend the holidays with friends.

John Breckner returned from Lingle, Wyo., Monday, after spending the holidays there.

Royal Irwin is working at the engine dispatcher's office during the Christmas vacation.

Five boiler-makers were set back to helpers and five helpers laid off the boiler gang Monday.

Beryl Brown of the superintendent's office left Friday to spend Christmas with his family in Denver.

Engineer McWade, who has been working on the Broken Bow local, has been changed to the Alliance division.

The following engines have been laid off because of slack business: Engines No. 3290, 5272, 5266, 5257, 1647, 1750 and 5262.

W. A. McCune returned Friday from Kansas City where the family spent Christmas. Mrs. McCune and Jimmie are staying until the first of the year.

NOTICE

The annual stockholders' meeting of the Herald Publishing Company will be held at the office of the company in the Reddish block, in the city of Alliance, Nebraska, on January 3, 1921, at 7:30 o'clock, p. m.

LOYD C. THOMAS, President.

Attest: 10

JOHN W. THOMAS, Secretary.

The temperatures since Christmas have been considerably better than last week, when during several mornings the mercury dropped to 20 degrees below zero. Some of the sand-hill roads are none too good, but they are navigable by horse power, if not by automobile. The first touch of real winter worked very little hardship on either ranchers or townspeople, although the visible supply of coal was diminished considerably.

Miss Frances Brennan is home from Denver where she has been attending the Barnes Business college, and is visiting with her parents during the holidays.

DON'T RISK IT

NO USE taking the risk of carrying money or of having it around the house. You may have it stolen and you may lose your life at the hands of some bandit. Deposit your earnings in our bank and pay your bills by check. We do the bookkeeping.

Be Practical

The young man in love often goes into raptures about "the blue of the sea in her eyes and the golden haze of autumn in her hair," but remember this, young man—she'll eat just the same as any other healthy girl. Therefore get down to practical affairs. Save your money, deposit it in a good reliable bank like ours and get ready to own a home for you and the girl and to provide the three square meals a day that you will both need as long as you live. You know, when poverty comes in at the door, love sometimes flies out of the window.

WE PAY FIVE PER CENT ON DEPOSITS

The First National Bank

A Big Three Days Inventory Sale Of Meats and Groceries

SALE STARTS WEDNESDAY MORNING AND ENDS FRIDAY EVENING

Remember---Only Three Days Before Our Inventory.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE PRICES AS YOU WILL NOT SEE THEM AS LOW AGAIN FOR A LONG WHILE.

WE DELIVER ALL YOUR ORDERS TO YOUR DOOR. LOOK THESE FEW OVER AND CALL US OR COME TO THE STORE.—FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

Shredded Wheat, Post Toasties or Puffed Wheat—per package.....	14c	Heinz Pork and Beans—small size—15 cent value—2 cans.....	24c
Soda Crackers—20 cent value—per pound.....	17c	Fancy Pink Salmon—half pound cans—20 cent value—2 cans.....	29c
Oyster Crackers—20 cent value—per pound.....	17c	Small Cans of Milk—any kind—4 cans.....	25c
Calumet Baking Powder—35 cent seller—per pound.....	29c	20c Bottle of Extra Ketchup—3 bottles.....	30c
Package Corn or Gloss Starch, 1 pound packages—15 cent seller—per package.....	10c	Fancy can Apricots or Peaches, Red Pitted Cherries—worth 60 cents.....	45c
All WHITE LAUNDRY SOAPS (this sale only)—6 bars.....	29c	Fancy Preserves—all kinds—50 cent seller—this sale.....	39c
Lenox Laundry Soap, 6 bars.....	25c		

WE HAVE ALL THE STOCK MARKED AT BIG REDUCTIONS FOR THIS THREE DAYS' SALE—CALL 81—AND HAVE THEM DELIVERED.

BUY YOUR NEEDS NOW SAVE MONEY DON'T PAY MORE LATER

ALLIANCE GROCERY CO.

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