

CELESTE

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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ANGORA

W. E. McCroskey made a business trip to Bridgeport, Thursday.

Miss Eunice Boddy has returned to her school at Yockey after spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leaky Boddy.

Mrs. Lela Funk and Miss Ethel Hagan, teachers in the Angora schools, made a business trip to Douglas, Wyo., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Glau and children and Arthur Johns, returned from Denver Thursday where they had been visiting friends.

Mrs. Lela Funk went to Bayard Thursday to spend New Year's with her uncle, Fred Durrell and family. She returned Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Anderson and son William and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wood were entertained at the Rufus Thomas home New Year's day.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wines and daughter Helen, of Lingie, Wyo., are here visiting with Mrs. Wines' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rank.

Claude Murphy who has been spending the Christmas vacation with his mother, Mrs. G. T. Temple, returned to Lincoln Thursday where he is attending school.

Among others who have noticed home for their vacation are Miss Lucile Hull from Hemingford, Robert Hill from Bridgeport and the B. T. By children from Guide Rock.

Mrs. H. A. Glau and daughter Cynthia have returned to Los Angeles, California. They were accompanied by Frank and Jesse Glau and Mrs. James Perkins and daughter Margery.

George Venell spent Christmas with his parents at Ong, Nebraska, where Mrs. Venell and children have been for the past month. They returned home this week. Mrs. Venell's health is greatly improved.

Miss Margaret Kelly came from Omaha where she is attending Brownell Hall, to spend the Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kelly. Their son Robert and daughter Curved were also home from Sidney during vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Case gave a watch party at their home New Year's eve. The guests were entertained with progressive high-five until midnight, when a delicious lunch was served.

Clay Cunningham and Miss Virginia Rust of this city, were married Saturday, January 1, at the Episcopal church by Leon J. Dixon. They were attended by Miss Ruth Donovan and Ward Joder. The bride wore a navy blue traveling suit and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. After the ceremony the guests went to the bride's home where an elaborate dinner was served at which only the most intimate relatives were present. The bride and groom left Saturday night for Great Falls, Mont., where they will spend about a week.

"I'm real glad you're folks," said Mrs. Lawson. "It'll be so nice to have a good visit once more. You don't get to our corner of the world too often, do you? I want to know what happened to your old friends and relations we've not seen for a long time. We've our houses look about the same as they used to before you went away. Ain't much progress in Landsend. You asked about Celeste—those are the same words I say to her last time I got up as far as her place. You know it's awful inconvenient to get there, but Sam said he'd take me when he drove with supplies so I'll see Celeste's gran'ma had died then, and Celeste was alone in the little house her gran'ma left her under conditions that Celeste could go on living in it, and keep the place like it was used to. I reckon it wasn't so much because she cared about losing her legacy that Celeste kept on living there alone, but the girl has that kind of a conscience. A dyin' wish to her is an oath—it has to be kept.

"Course there was another condition to the will, which was that Celeste should go on living there only until she married and had a home of her own; there wasn't nothing binding against that. But land! the old lady felt pretty sure about having her place kept up. If ever sweetness was wasted on desert air it was Celeste's. There she sat in her gran'ma's faded parlor, glowin' like a rose, cheeks all pink, her eyes bright as her hair soft and curly. "Celeste Robins," I says, "how do you manage to keep cheerful in all this lonesome waste?"

"I'm not exactly lonesome," she says. "I read an' sew an' play, an' drive my old horse Mollie. But I will admit, I often do wish for companionship."

"Well," says I. "Mrs. Right will come along some day." As I said it I knew there was as much chance of anyone who would be Mrs. Right to Celeste—findin' her up that buried corner—as there would of the president to drop in for afternoon tea.

"Oh, I didn't mean that particular kind of companionship," Celeste says, laughin'. "I just meant that it would be nice to have some pleasant person about to enjoy things with. There's so many things to enjoy." Says Celeste: "The flowers in summer, and right now, even with all the snow about, there's the birds, who come to be fed and sit in rows on the red berry tree, and there are cookies to be baked for the schoolchildren."

"How they love to find me in my cutter at the end of the road when I come home from school. Sometimes I drive the smallest ones home."

"I hope," I said, as a parting joke, "that Mr. Right will drop in soon an' surprise you."

"A'trypines don't fly this weather," Celeste said and laughed back. An' I looked up to see a blizzard gathering around me. All night that blizzard raged, while the thermometer went down below zero. No mail came in to Landsend that night, or word out either for the trains had been blocked in big drifts miles out, where even snowplows couldn't reach 'em."

But as the train didn't draw in, no whistle sounded. So, quieter than us, Celeste was at the telephone asking the station agent why an' when she learned of the plight of those stranded people the girl pulls on her fur coat, ties her red hood and goes out in the darkness to harness Mollie to her cutter. An' when Mollie was ready for her flight against the night and the roads Celeste runs back to the house to fill up a hamper with everything eatable she could find. She did keep cooked up, I can't say, but she looked like an angel to those hungry folks in the car when she went snuggly down the aisle, her red hood over her pretty hair, an' her basket on her arm. She'd fell into several snow mounds as she came, but she didn't mention that.

"An' when you little frightened girl learned that Celeste had driven there she held on to her and begged to be taken home."

"Marion's not very well," a man told Celeste. "I'm afraid a night in the car will be hard on her."

\$60,000 Worth of New Clean Merchandise to be Sacrificed At THE HORACE BOGUE STORE

A Clean-Cut Sale of Merchandise to meet the present conditions. We are taking our losses now in a great many instances making prices lower than are able to buy at to-day but we must turn this stock to enable us to buy new spring merchandise. Our loss is your gain.

THE TIME TO BUY IS RIGHT NOW



You Actually Get the Benefit in this SACRIFICE SALE

Honest Merchandise Honest Reductions --Buy NOW

WOOL NAP BLANKETS .65 Wool Nap Plaid Blankets, 66x80 and a good weight, at \$4.95

COTTON BLANKETS \$5.00 Cotton Blankets in Tan and Gray, Pink and Blue Borders, 64x80, at \$3.45

GINGHAMS Fine Sheer Zephyr Gingham in plaids and and checks, also stripes, 75c values, at 33c

Apron Check Gingham, "Amoskeg" fast colors, 27-inch width, 40c values, at 19c

OUTING FLANNEL Outing Flannel—27-in, 60c values—in white, light fancies—also dark patterns, at 25c

PERCALES Percales in light and dark patterns, all 36-in., 75c values, at 33c

PERCALES Percales in light and dark patterns, 50c values, at 25c

Coats, Skirts, 1/2 DEPARTMENT STORE GARMENT has been put into this sale. 1/2 Price

Suits, Blouses, Petticoats EVERY GARMENT in our READY-TO-WEAR has been put into this sale. 1/2 Price

MILLINERY Our entire stock of Pattern Hats put into two lots—\$15.00 and up to \$35.00 values going at \$5.00

All \$5.00 and up to \$10.00 values going at \$3.00

TURKISH TOWELS 95c Value, extra heavy, 20x36; at .63c 65c Value, extra heavy, 18x36; at .39c 50c Value, extra heavy, 14x36; at .19c

HUCK TOWELS Linen finish Huck, hemmed ends, 18x36, 95c values73c 75c Values, plain hemmed, 18x3649c 50c Values, plain hemmed, fancy borders, 18x3633c

SHEETING 9/4 Pepperell Sheeting fully bleached, yd. 59c yard

LADIES' SILK AND WOOL UNION SUITS—Low neck, no sleeve; also low neck, elbow length. \$5.50 and \$6.00 values, at \$3.89

LADIES' COTTON UNION SUITS in high neck, long sleeve; low neck, elbow sleeve; low neck, no sleeve, ankle length. \$3.00 and \$3.25 values, at \$2.19

CHILDREN'S ALL WOOL UNION SUITS in all sizes, age 1 to 16. Values \$3.50 and \$4.00 \$2.69

Children's WOOL & COTTON MIX Union Suits Ages 1 to 16. \$2.75 and \$3.00 values \$2.19

Children's COTTON FLEECE Union Suits Ages 1 to 16. \$2.50 and \$2.75 values \$1.59

Children's VELASTIC Cotton Fleece Union Suits \$2.25 and \$2.50 values at \$1.29

LADIES' OUTING FLANNEL GOWNS made of a good, heavy quality flannel in white, pink and blue fancies. Values to \$4.50 \$2.19

MUNSING UNDERWEAR Ladies' Silk and Wool Union Suits—Low neck, no sleeve; also low neck, elbow length. \$5.50 and \$6.00 values, at \$3.89

LADIES' COTTON UNION SUITS in high neck, long sleeve; low neck, elbow sleeve; low neck, no sleeve, ankle length. \$3.00 and \$3.25 values, at \$2.19

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PERSONALS J. B. Irwin left for Omaha Monday on a business trip. A. L. Long of Lincoln is in Alliance this week on business. Special Hour Sales. 11-11 Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Shepard spent New Year's in Denver, returning Sunday. Art Wiker of Douglas, Wyo., is visiting at the home of his father, A. L. Wiker. Your dollar will do double duty at the Highland-Holloway Co. Jesse Watson returned Monday 1205 Morecroft, Wyo., where he spent the holidays. Miss Frances Bronnman returned to Denver Saturday, where she is attending school. Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Baskin returned Monday from Denver where they spent New Year's. The bargains at the Highland-Holloway Co. 11-11 Mrs. E. J. Dailey of Tucson, Ariz., arrived last week to spend the winter at the home of J. P. Dailey. Alfred Petting of Central City, was a guest at the A. S. Mote home for New Year's returning Sunday. Mrs. J. P. Dailey and daughter, Dolly, left for Lincoln Monday, where Miss Dailey is attending school. Come every day, Highland-Holloway Co. 11-11 Julia Alice Anderson arrived Monday from Lakosha for a visit with her grandmother, Mrs. Higgins. E. J. Mackey, traveling storehouse inspector for the Burlington, was in Alliance Sunday on company business. Mrs. Clara Williams and daughter, Alice, of Hot Springs, S. D., spent the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Bert Duncan. Be on time every day for Special Hour Sales. Highland-Holloway Co. 11-11 Doris Tyler returned to her home at Leavittton after spending the holidays with her brother, Dr. D. E. Tyler of this city. Mrs. J. Irwin, Gladys Colling and Alta Dye are leaving Thursday for Grand Island to spend a few days with relatives. Store opens up every day with a Special Hour Sale. Highland-Holloway Co. 11-11 Mr. and Mrs. R. McCaffery and Mrs. Green, returned to Cheyenne, Wyo., after spending the holidays at the home of J. J. Hodgkinson. Dale and Mrs. T. J. Nelson and daughter, Alene, stopped over between trains Saturday, en route for their home at Grey Bluff, Wyo., from California. Store not open until 10 o'clock each day in order to mark down new goods. Highland-Holloway Co. 11-11 Misses Wilma and Marion Mote returned to Lincoln Sunday after spending the holidays at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Mote of this city. Misses Mildred Griggs, Margaret Harris, Theresa Morrow and Matilda Franklin returned to Lincoln Sunday after spending the holidays with relatives here. Special Hour Sales are the talk of the town. Highland-Holloway Co. 11-11 Judge Westover and Jerry Scott, court reporter, of Ru-hville, arrived in Alliance Monday to attend the special county term of court, which begins this morning. Miss Katherine Harris and Miss Helen Whitehead left for Mitchell, Sunday, where Miss Harris will spend the remainder of the holidays at the home of the latter. Miss Katherine Harris and Miss Helen Whitehead left for Mitchell, Sunday, where Miss Harris will spend the remainder of the holidays at the home of the latter. Hank Reno and Lou Bally returned to Fort Robinson Monday after spending the holidays with relatives here. Mr. Reno's enlistment expired in December and he has re-enlisted for four years. "I've reformed him" boasted Jessie the day of her departure. "Now father Dexter," lifting a warning finger, "I'm coming here again in July and if I find you've got back again into the dismal swamp of slovenliness, I shall bring you up with a sharp turn."

"I'm missing some things," spoke Mr. Dexter to his wife the next morning, coming down stairs in his bath robe. "Where's those new togs Jessie made me wear?" "They are packed away, dear," explained Mrs. Dexter. "You dear old soul! I haven't the heart to spoil your comfort by doing anything that don't suit you. As long as you are comfortable and happy, and I can make you so, what does the rest matter?" "And you don't care if I get back to the old duds?" "I won't say that, John, for it has given me a real thrill of pleasure and pride to see you look so well as you do, carefully groomed, but—"

"Say," burst forth her husband, "you care for me so much as all that—to make any sacrifice so I'm contented? Well, I shall just carry out our Jessie's program to the letter. Why, the fellows at the office complimented me as if I had grown young again. Get out the instruments of torture, and order ANY CASE gas on stomach or sore stomach. Because Adler-ick acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel it often cures constipation and prevents appendicitis. One lady reports herself CURED of a bad case of bowel trouble and constipation. Harry Thiele, druggist.

Rome Beauty and Winesaps \$2.25 bu., in 5 bushel lots, this week. W. E. Cutler. 11-12

SWIFT REFORM By OTILLIA F. PEIFFER Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union

Jessie was coming to the old home— Jessie the sparkle, Jessie the flash. She had been out West with her husband and would visit for only a week, but even that was a treasured anticipated boon to John Dexter and his wife.

"Just think of it, father, to see the dear girl again!" spoke Mrs. Dexter with motherly tenderness. "Of course she has written every week and I haven't kept up her letters, but that isn't liking her but all to ourselves under the old home roof."

"She'll be welcome as the flowers in spring, mother," rejoined John Dexter. "I suppose she's still the same old Jessie, running the house, bustling us to her heart's content. I hope she won't get it into her head, as she used to, scolding if I don't shave just so often and combing my hair so!" "That's because she is like me— thinks you're a very good looking man and ought to keep so," remarked Mrs. Dexter with an indulgent smile.

"I can't get out of lounging about my slippers evenings," asserted her husband. "It's pretty comfortable, too, when its warm, to sit in my shirt-sleeves."

"Oh! let the child have her will, if she insists on some brushing up," laughed Mrs. Dexter. "She enjoys having her own way, you know." "It was the same brisk, animated Jessie of old who smothered her dear ones with kisses and crosses the following day, upon her arrival. She had so much to tell of her new life that she bubbled incessantly. Her father was glad to realize that she took things as they were, and enjoyed his company, somewhat slowly comforted with a happy soul. The second evening of her visit, however, while her mother was over at a neighbor's, Jessie sat down beside him, a card in her hand, a probing gleam in her observant eyes.

"I'm going to give you a lecture, father," she announced, "so get ready to pay attention. You need perk-ing up, and I'm going to help you. I've made a list of some things you need and have got to do."

"What's the lecture?" questioned her father apprehensively. "Just this, you're getting into bad habits. Anyone would think you was twenty, or sixty at the least, the way you go around when you are really a young man and ought to keep looking like one. I see one of your stockings slipped down. Well, we won't mind that, for I'm going to buy you a pair of garters tomorrow. And some gloves and eyeglasses."

"Don't scold, Jessie," pleaded her father. "Mother makes me comfortable, and I like it, and I reckon she does too, and outside of yourself and her what do I care what people expect or think?" "Yes, mother has spoiled you," persisted Jessie. "And I'm going to change all that. We both want to be proud of you, as well as love you. Don't spoil your life by getting into a careless rut. Spruce up, and make the world respect you."

Submitter John Dexter allowed himself to be led as a lamb to the sacrifice. Two morning later she sent him to business, clean shaven, with a new hair cut, garters, provided with snowy white linen and a pair of gold eyeglasses. Mr. Dexter grumbled a trifle to himself as he got out of sight. A little later, however, when he noticed that his business associates bestowed approving glances upon him, he assumed a new born dignity that fitted him very well. "I've reformed him" boasted Jessie the day of her departure. "Now father Dexter," lifting a warning finger, "I'm coming here again in July and if I find you've got back again into the dismal swamp of slovenliness, I shall bring you up with a sharp turn."