

**ELLSWORTH.**

George Cooper underwent quite a serious operation at St. Joseph's hospital in Alliance last Saturday, appendicitis and an operation for removing gall stones. At last reports Mr. Cooper was doing fine and expects to be back on his ranch northwest of Ellsworth within a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Law, Mr. and Mrs. A. Moore, Miss Sarah Craig, and S. E. Stewart, were entertained at the J. B. Kennedy home Sunday afternoon and evening.

F. M. Hoenshell looked after company interests in Ellsworth Monday.

F. J. Ellsbury visited here Saturday and Sunday looking after interests at his ranch, which has been leased to Mr. Dillon Donohoe since the Ellsbury's have taken up their residence in Alliance some six weeks previous.

Louis Larsen of near Bingham visited in this vicinity Saturday.

J. G. Thompson and Bob Griffith marketed furs to local buyers here Saturday. The fur market has suffered a slight decline owing to overstocking of some markets.

Ben Dexter of near Spade marketed two loads of good shelled corn here recently. Such corn is selling for around 50 cents per bushel.

John Schonard and family visited at

Mrs. Schonard's home, the Martin Rochford home, south of Ellsworth Sunday.

School will adjourn for one week's holiday vacation soon. Owing to other business matters which have turned up the faculty is too pressed for time to hold a Christmas program this year.

H. Lancaster who has been visiting friends and relatives in his former home at Beardstown, Ill., for the past two months will return soon to take up his duties as foreman of the local section. Harry Sturgeon of Hyannis has been relieving Mr. Lancaster and will return to his section at Hyannis.

The north mail Star route, Ellsworth to Spade, which contract has been filled by George Beckler for the past four years, is open for bids until the latter part of January. The contract expires June 30 and award of the contract depends upon the amount of the bid and character of the applicant. It is reported that many are figuring on placing bids upon this route.

Miss Ruth Croft will spend a few days during the holidays at her home near Spade.

**We will buy your furs and hides. O'Bannon & Neuswanger. 4-7**

**The Banker of Scottboro**

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE

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When John White, the banker of Scottboro, announced that he had dispensed with the services of Ned Walters, people were a good deal surprised. The young man was a general favorite in the town. Suddenly, at a day's notice, he had been asked to turn over his books to a new cashier. "Relative of mine, this new official," the bank president rather lamely explained.

"Rubbish!" commented Mrs. Bunsby, head gossip of the place. "Mr. Walters presumed to lift his eyes to Eloise White. That was enough for the old man, who wouldn't look at a son-in-law with less than a million."

Mrs. Bunsby had read the situation aright, and no one knew it better than the sadly disconsolate Ned. But he looked around for a new position, awaiting a decision on some of his applications. Mr. White had put his foot down firmly, forbade him the house, and Eloise was a dutiful daughter. She had met her lover just once since her father had dismissed him from his service.

"It is the last time, Ned," she said, like the brave, sensible little woman she was. "Until I am of age I shall feel that I belong to papa." The bank in another city where he first had been employed offered him a subordinate position.

It was his last night in Scottboro. With the morning he planned to go his new place of employment. As a magnet, the home which held his one cherished treasure attracted him. He passed its palatial front. All was dark, and the household apparently wrapt in slumber.

Mournfully Ned passed the house. Then he started down a narrow lane. As he reached the point where it merged into an alley that ran directly behind the bank, Ned was surprised to notice, standing in the vacant space at the rear of the institution, a wagon.

Two stealthy figures were just entering the rear door of the bank. A metallic glint inside of the vehicle caused Ned to gaze more closely. Deeply stirred at an extraordinary discovery, he gasped out:

"The small safe from the bank vault!"

Then robbery, burglary, was afoot! A sound at the rear of the bank attracted Ned's attention. Two men were coming.

Acting on a quick impulse, Ned gave a spring and landed in the wagon. "Let's hurry," he heard a gruff voice speak. "We've got about all there is worth taking—whoo!"

Something had startled the horse. So suddenly did the animal start up that Ned was flung flat, striking the edge of the steel safe. The wagon swung about like the tail of a kite. It struck one of the bridge pillars, the horse tore loose, and the wagon crashed through the railing and went over into the river.

Ned reached the shore—how, he never knew.

Ned must have been in a kind of delirium after that. When he was again restored to reason it was two days later. He lay on a couch in a strange room. A man, a farmer, sat by his side.

"Keep still, stranger," he urged. "You are all right, but the doctor says you must rest. You kept calling for some one so much," added the man, "that when my wife found a photograph in your pocket with a name under it, Miss Nellie White, she went to town and saw the young lady. She's here now, in the next room. She's a grand girl, let me tell you. When she learned you was hurt, she gave up home, father, everything to come and nurse you. I know the old miser—man of means, and mean, too. He's down grade now, though—bank robbed, everything gone. Now, then, say, I'm curious to know how you ever got into this fix."

Ned told. The farmer evinced the greatest excitement as his patient spoke of the wagon box that went into the river.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I noticed the battered wreck of just such a contraption floated into the cut-off on my land."

"If it is the one I was in," declared Ned excitedly, "it holds the safe stolen from the bank."

It did, as they soon ascertained. Old John White had felt badly at losing his daughter; he had felt worse at losing his fortune. Now, with a chance to get both back, he graciously accepted Ned as a son-in-law.

**The Pacific.**

To many of us the Pacific conjures up visions of sun-flecked coral islands set in an azure sea, of cloudless skies and scented, off-shore breezes; or perhaps of warm, tropic nights with some shadowy palm-tree ("that graffe of vegetables" as Stevenson called it) fantastically bowing to the great silver moon, while the distant drum-taps of some village dance, now quick, now slow, come rhythmically floating across the lagoon. To all who have once been swayed by the intoxicating charm of the Pacific there is a memory never to be forgotten, a voice whose seductive call appeals to all alike. To some the magic of it rises even in the years long after, and draws them irresistibly back. I have known the rough trader, who has made enough to live on, at last board with relief a steamer for "home." . . . But he has been back again within twelve months—T. R. St. Johnston.

**THE LIVESTOCK MARKET**

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 12.—CATTLE—Receipts were rather more liberal than the trade expected under strike conditions, and the market was very slow, with primes ranging from steady to 25c lower than the close of last week. Desirable beef did not constitute a very large percentage of the offerings and choice yearlings as well as the best heifers ruled about steady. Packer demand was very restricted, however, and in the general run of both beef steers and butcher stock it was a 15@25c lower sale. Stockers and feeders were in liberal supply and steady to a shade lower than last week.

Quotations on cattle: Good to choice beefs, \$7.25@8.25; fair to good beefs, \$6.25@7.10; common to fair beefs, \$5.50@6.10; good to choice grass beefs, \$5.75@6.50; fair to good grass beefs, \$5.00@5.60; common to fair grass beefs, \$4.50@5.00; good to choice yearlings, \$8.00@9.50; fair to good yearlings, \$6.50@7.75; common to fair yearlings, \$5.50@6.50; good to choice heifers, \$4.75@5.75; good to choice cows, \$4.25@5.00; fair to good cows, \$3.50@4.35; common to fair cows, \$2@3.25; good to choice feeders, \$5.90@6.50; fair to good feeders, \$5.40@5.85; common to fair feeders, \$4.75@5.35; good to choice stockers, \$6.25@6.75; fair to good stockers, \$5.75@6.25; common to fair stockers, \$5.00@5.60; stock heifers, \$4.00@5.25; stock cows, \$3.25@4.00; stock calves, \$4.50@7.25; veal calves, \$3.50@8.00; bulls, stags, etc., \$2.75@4.75.

HOGS—Receipts of hogs were 4,000 head. The market today was steady to 10c lower. Choice lightweight hogs sold for \$6.60@6.75 with a top of \$6.80. Mixed loads sold from \$6.00@6.35. Packing grades from \$5.50@6.00 with the heavier hogs quoted down to \$5.00. Quality of receipts today was very good and with good shipper demand the market was active. Bulk f sales was \$6.25@6.75.

SHEEP—Receipts 13,000 head. Fat lambs, good to choice, \$10.00@10.50; fat lambs, fair to good, \$9.50@10.00; feeder lambs, good to choice, \$8.50@9.50; feeder lambs, fair to good, \$7.50@8.50; cull lambs, \$5.25@6.25; fat yearlings, \$6.00@7.50; fat wethers, \$4.50@5.25; fat ewes, \$3.00@5.00; feeder ewes, \$2.75@3.50; cull ewes, \$1.00@2.50.

**OMAHA GRAIN MARKET**

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 12.—Corn arrivals today were liberal and continued to show an increase. Arrivals were 193 cars; wheat, 43 cars; and oats, 20 cars. Wheat prices were unchanged. Corn was 1/2 @ 1/4c lower. Oats were 1/4c off. Rye declined 1/2 @ 1c. Barley was nominal.

The following cash sales were reported:

WHEAT—No. 1 hard, \$1.03@1.13; No. 2 hard, \$1.02@1.08; No. 3 hard, \$1.00@1.08; No. 5 hard, \$1.01; No. 1 mixed, 86c; No. 2 mixed, 84@92c; No.

3 mixed, \$1.00; No. 4 mixed, 83c; No. 5 mixed, 90c.

CORN—No. 1 white, 39 1/2c; No. 2 white, 39 1/2c; No. 1 yellow, 40c; No. 2 yellow, 40@40 1/2c; No. 3 yellow, 39 1/2c@40c; No. 1 mixed, 39 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, 39 1/2@39 3/4c; No. 3 mixed, 39 1/2c. Sample mixed, 35c.

OATS—No. 2 white, 31c; No. 3 white, 29 1/2@30 1/4c; No. 4 white, 29 1/2c.

RYE—No. 2, 75 1/2@76c; No. 3, 74 1/4@75c; No. 4, 74c; sample, 73c.

BARLEY—No. 3, 45 1/2c.

If there is any corrective value in suggestion, it might be well to place perpendicular steel bars on the wind-funnels.—Chicago Journal.

What salary reductions have the union brotherhood leaders received?—Wall Street Journal.

**A SCARCE ARTICLE**

The two ladies were very hot and tired as they seated themselves at the restaurant table, and to the waiter who bustled up and asked for their order one said, as she fanned herself, "Oh, just give us a little respite, please." The waiter looked puzzled. "Ah ain't shuah we got any today, lady," he said after a moment, "but Ah'll ask de cook. Ah'll will you have tea w th it or coffee?"

The only collar that galls the free American is the one the laundry has tried to convert into a saw.—Springfield State-Register.

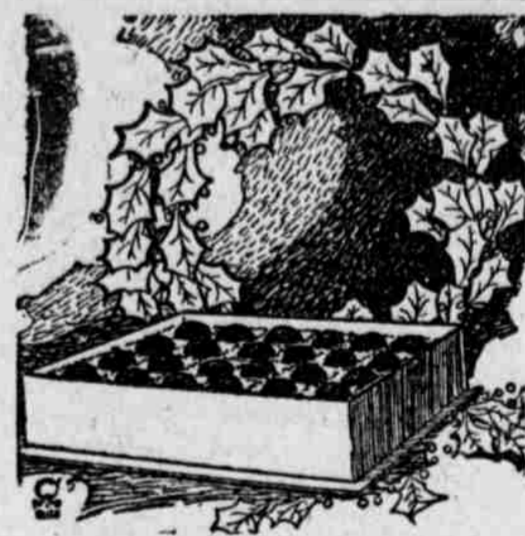
Prosperity seems to be skidding a bit coming around that corner.—Columbia Record.

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Make sure you get the purest candies obtainable. They are better for children.

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A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

Wise manufacturers seek the good publications to tell the story of their wares. The publishers seek the reputable advertising for the readers' guidance. The well-informed buyer seeks news of good merchandise through the columns of the best publications.

This proves the value of advertising. Neither advertiser nor publisher can prosper without your patronage. Therefore, it is to their advantage to cater to you. They do it, too.

And it is distinctly to your advantage to be guided by the message they lay before you—the advertisements.

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Don't allow the children to grow wasteful and extravagant. Teach them the many advantages of thrift in their young and tender years. It will grow to be the best habit they have when life's responsibilities come.

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