THE ALLIANCE.

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BY THE

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All communications for the paper should be addressed to THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO., and all matters pertaining to the Farmers' Alliance, including subscriptions to the paper, to the Secretary.

H. G. ARMITAGE, Editor.

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DECLARATION OF PURPOSES.

Profoundly impressed that we, the Farmers' Alliance, united by the strong and faithful ties of financial and home interests, should set forth our declarations, we therefore resolve:

To strive to secure the establishment of right and justice to ourselves and our posterity.

To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government in a strictly non-partisan spirit.

To endorse the motto, "In things essential, unity; in all things charity."

To secure purity of the elective franchise, and to induce all voters to intelligently exercise it for the enactment and execution of laws which will express the most advanced public sentiment upon all questions involving the interests of laborers and farmers.

To develop a better state mentally, morally, socially and financially.

To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good-will among all mankind, and brotherly love among ourselves.

To suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices; all unhealthful rivalry, and all selfish ambition.

To assuage the sufferings of a brother and sister, bury the dead, care for the widows and educate the orphans; to exercise charity toward offenders; to construe words and purpurposes in their most favorable light, granting honesty of purpose and good intentions to others, and to protect the principles of the Alliance unto death.

POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN, NEB., June 18, 1889.

I hereby certify that THE ALLIANCE, a weekly newspaper published at this place, has been determined by the Third Assistant Post Master General to be a publication entitled to admission in the mails at the pound rate of postage, and entry of it as such is accordingly made upon the books of this office. Valid while the character of the publication remains unchanged. ALBERT WATKINS, Postmaster.

ALONG THE LINE.

[This department is conducted by the Secretary of the State Alliance to whom all communications in relation to Alliance work, short articles upon various subjects of interest to the Alliance etc., should be addressed. Write plain and only on one side of the paper. Sign what you choose to your articles but send us your name always.]

Organization.

During the year 1886 over 200 local Alliances have been chartered in Nebraska, scattered over thirty-seven counties. Of these Custer county leads the list with fifty-seven subordinate Alliances. Frontier county comes next on the list with eighteen locals. Hamilton and York sixteen each. Then follows Antelope, Holt, Sherman, Hall, Hitchcock, Buffalo, Saunders, and many of the best counties in the state. The farmers are all waking up and we predict an era of organization for this fall and winter greater than ever known in Nebraska. Our members must take an active interest in every measure before the people of the state and nation. Always resenting the title of anarchistic cranks may we prove to the world our loyalty to government by ever upholding any and all measures which tend to improve the condition of America's toiling masses. Every member should subscribe for our paper, THE ALLIANCE, read and study its columns, send us any news of importance to the Alliances, and, in short, do everything possible for the success of the paper and the cause by increasing its power, influence and worth. Information will be given to the Alliances through its columns, and every Alliance should furnish its secretary with a copy at once in addition to individual subscriptions. The great cause of industrial reform moves irresistably onward, and Nebraska must take her place in the line, keeping step with her sister states in the forward movement, and the paper will be the great medium of communication between the workers in all parts of the field.

SECRETARY.

E. A. Draper also sends a list of subscribers and promises another list soon. Thanks brother.

Bro. J. W. Zink, of Loup City, sends us three subscribers from his place again this week.

Bro. S. E. Spaulding, secretary of No. 449, Neligh, writes a good report of the feelings of his Alliance in the work.

J. F. Miller sends for charter for Mount Hood Alliance, of Custer county, with eight charter members. Mr. Miller has been elected president of this Alliance.

Wm. McLean, of No. 645, writes for supplies which were sent last week. Should any not receive them report promptly to the secretary.

Bro. E. G. Cooley, of Weeping Water, is in the field and doing good work even though the present is a very busy time with the farmers.

Mrs. J. W. Bowen, of Bromfield, sends us a list of 7 subscribers from that place. Our thanks to Mrs. Bowen and the good friends of her Alliance.

Bro. McGaw still keeps adding the names of subscribers, at Hastings, to our list. Mac is among the Ancients in Alliance work and his zeal increases as the years roll on.

Charter No. 656 is issued for Valley Alliance, Hamilton county. J. D. Smiler is secretary of this Alliance which was organized by Wm. Fall, of Aurora, July, 29th.

Frank Ashworth, secretary of No. 535, sends in report this week reporting three new members at last meeting, and the interest in the Alliance work steadily increasing.

J. F. Black sends 3 subscribers with application for charter from Red Willow county. J. W. Spaulding is secretary of the new Alliance which starts in with 19 charter members.

Report of No. 544 shows a gain for the quarter of twenty-six members, their total membership July 1st being thirty-seven. Chas. S. Martin is secretary and his report is a good one.

Bro. L. Stebbins, of North Platte, writes for six application blanks at once. He has three Alliances on the road and several more liable to break out at any time. Bro. Stebbins is a hard and conscientious worker.

J. M. Hober, of Central City, writes for two blank applications for charters, and says the farmers of his county are just beginning to realize their condition, and they are going to organize and try and do something for themselves.

Clear Creek Alliance, with Frank Anderson, secretary, sends report this week which shows a gain of five in membership and a total working force of twenty-two. Marching orders have been given and everywhere the farmers are falling into line.

Bro. D. L. Hackett, of course is always stirring. If he is not pushing on the wheel of the organization he is pushing the paper to the front. He writes a good tetter to the state secretary this week and casually drops in two more subscribers with it.

Bro. P. M. Dady, of Mason City, says: I received the package sent me and distributed the same to [illegible] today. Would say that the work is going on in this part of Custer county. Our Alliance is increasing in membership, twenty-four being initiated since we were organized.

Bro. J. V. Dawson, of Farnam, says they are well pleased with the paper, and sends us three more subscribers from his place this week. He further says their Alliance has eighteen members and prospects good for doubling inside of the next month. Thus these good reports come from all along the line.

The quarterly report of Algernon Alliance No. 485 shows a gain of 23 members for last quarter and a total membership of 40 on July 1st. This certainly shows active organization and a strong healthy sentiment in favor of co-operation among Custer county farmers. Theodore Schumacher is secretary of the above Alliance.

J. W. Heapy sends in names of three farmers who will read THE ALLIANCE, promises more subscribers soon, and says: "At our last Alliance meeting we had a rousing time; initiated seven new members and got three applications for membership." Bro. Heapy is secretary of Grachus Alliance, Sherman county, and is certainly a rustler.

The assistant secretary of Spring Green Alliance No. 617 writes for fuller instructions and says, can you not send us some one to complete our organization? We can double our membership in a short time and have a real live Alliance hese if we get started right. We refer these members to Bro. Holley who is organizer for that county.

J. F. Finch, secretary of Union Alliance No. 610, writes: Received the supplies sent me for our Alliance. I enclose the money for five subscriptions with the names of subscribers. Our Alliance held an interesting meeting yesterday. Five new members were initiated, making our total membership 19. Harvesting is about over in this county and we will now have more time to devote to Alliance work. All are well pleased with the paper.

S. B. Howard, of O'Neill, sends application for charter for an Alliance to be called South Fork Valley Alliance, with fourteen charter members. The officers are: President, Thomas Willett; Vice-President, Elias Dorothy; Secretary, E. E. Bonnell; Chaplain, J. S. Hoffman; Treasurer, Fred Keltz; Sergeant-at-arms, John Dorothy; Doorkeeper, Frank Jutte. Bro. Howard reports the members of this Alliance all enthusiastic workers and will increase their membership rapidly.

Bro. S. H. Johnson, of Smith's Alliance, Custer county, writing to the editor says: "I attended our Alliance last evening and we had a good meeting. The president read your circular letter to the members, and in less than ten minutes twelve out of fourteen present subscribed for the paper. I think it is just what the oppressed farmer needs." Many thanks Bro. Johnson to yourself and the worthy brothers of your Alliance. The more encouragement we can get in this way the harder we can pound.

EMMET, NEB., July 28, 1889.—Our president, Mr. Leis, and myself, were out to organize Eagle Alliance, 642, last night. The following is the list of officers: President, Wm. Bowen; Vice President, Peter Winn; Secretary, Jas. P. Mullen; Treasurer, Christian Earnst; Lecturer, Chas. Baurch; Chaplain, David Riser; Door keeper, Adolph Baurch; Sargeant-at-arms, Joseph Yontzi. The occupation of all the members is farming. THE ALLIANCE subscription list is being increased considerably in this part of the country and it is becoming quite popular.

Yours Fraternally,

GEO. L. SIPES.

CAT CREEK ALLIANCE.—Our Alliance had a splendid meeting Monday night the 15th. Bro's J. G. Pointer and G. M. Tappan, of Broken Bow, were our speakers. Also Tuesday night following at Flat Bottom Alliance with Bro. Tappan as speaker. We had a splendid attendance considering the inclemency of the weather. Being somewhat busy, cannot send in any subscribers this week, but hope to get around with a healthy list next week. Yours fraternally,

JOHN H. BROWN, Cumro, Neb.

Extracts From an Essay Read Before Taylor Alliance, by Wm. Evans, on June 22, 1889.

Dr. Franklin calculated that if every person would labor at some useful employment four hours out of the twenty-four, it would afford them all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life.

If that is a fact, why is it that so many people labor from ten to sixteen hours and have barely the necessaries and none of the comforts of life?

And, on the other hand, why is it that a few who never perform any labor, have not only the necessaries and comforts, but many of the luxuries of life?

The answer is truthfully expressed in the following lines:

"There are ninety and nine who live and die
In want, and hunger, and cold,
That one may live in luxury,
And be wrapped in its silken fold;
The ninety and nine in hovels bare,
The one in a palace with riches rare.

They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine,
For the fruits of our mother earth;
They dig and delve in the dusky mine,
And bring her hidden treasures forth;
And the wealth released by their sturdy blows
To the hands of the one forever flows.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And before them the forest falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And cities with lofty halls;
And the one owns cities, and houses and lands
And the ninety and nine have empty hands."

The answer then, is plain, that while the many produce the wealth of the world, the few manage somehow to possess and enloy it.

It has been said there are only three ways to obtain wealth. 1st. To earn it. 2nd. To inherit it. 3rd. To steal it.

Now, we have many millionaires in the world, and some men who have many millions. Now these men did not earn that amount of wealth, for no man can earn a million dollars. If a man would begin at twenty and labor until he was eighty years old, working three hundred days in each year, and would earn and save $2 every day he would have only $36,000. Nor did they inherit it, for if Adam had commenced to work when he was a year old and had lived and labored three hundred days in each year until the present time, and had saved $2 each day, he would have accumulated only about $4,000,000.

Then did they steal it?

I leave that for them to answer. But I say:

It is not right for some to live
Upon the toil of others;
And ever get far more than give,
When all mankind are brothers.

It is not right for sordid rogues,
To bloat with unearned riches,
While honest toilers freeze and starve,
And dig in mines and ditches.

It is not right for those who toil,
To build the wealth of nations;
To be such drudges all their lives,
And get such scanty rations.

It is not right for toiling souls,
To shove Jack-planes and shovels;
To build palatial homes for drones,
To live themselves in hovels.

It is not right, it is not just,
But 'tis the thing that's surest;
For those who do the hardest work,
To always live the poorest.

It is not right for wealth to go,
From toiling hands that make it;
To feed and fatten rogues and drones,
Who legislate to take it.

It is not right for government,
Ween all mankind are brothers;
To lend the peoples' cash to some
So cheap, but not to others.

These things are wrong, I say,
And if not shortly mended;
Farewell to thee, Dear Liberty,
Thy days will soon be ended.

But the Alliance was organized to right these wrongs, and correct these abuses, and, so far as the farmer is concerned, at least, to enable him who produces wealth to retain a fair share of what he produces.

And now, brother farmers, if we will only be earnest and steadfast, be true to ourselves and each other, true to our calling and the obligation we have taken, these wrongs will be righted,

"And the night so dreary, and dark, and long
At last the morning shall bring,
And over the land the victor's song,
Of the ninety and nine shall ring;
And echo afar from zone to zone,
'Rejoice for labor shall have its own.'"

Official Notice to Alliances.

All Subordinate or County Alliances wanting coal the coming season from the state agency should send in the number of cars wanted, the grade of coal used, and be sure to state what railroad they are tributary to. This matter must be attended to at once and reports sent in promptly to the secretary of the State Alliance.

Price List of Oils to Alliances.

150	test, medium white	coal oil,	11½	cents.
150	" prime	" "	10½	"
175	" Y. L.	" "	15	"
74	" stove gasoline	"	11½	"

These oils in barrel lots. The best harness oil in either one or five gallon cans, 70 cents per gallon. Pure Neat's foot oil in one to five gallon cans, 60 cents per gallon. In barrel lots, 50 cents per gallon. Axle grease, thirty-six boxes in case, $1.85.

ALLEN ROOT, State Agent.

State Agent's Notice.

It is very desirable and will save some expense, and be better in every way, if the Alliances will bulk their orders so one shipment will do for many parties. It is found that little or nothing can be saved on groceries at retail. If orders are in unbroken packages can be had at jobbers' rates. Price lists are of little account only in a general way. The price on sugar changed three cents in one week not long since. Many other things the same.

ALLEN ROOT,
State Agent.

Mrs. W. W. Kittredge of Vinalhaven, Me., claims the distinction of being the first person born in United States lighthouse. That event took place forty-four years ago in the tower of Saddle Rock Light (the dwelling-house had not then been added), situated in Penobscot Bay, between Fox Islands and Isle au Haut, upon a ledge barely large enough to hold the necessary buildings.

The Astor Library, New York, founded by John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed $400,000 for that purpose, was opened Jan. 9, 1854. In January, 1856, William B. Astor, son of the founder, gave the land to double the size of the building, and in 1879 John Jacob Astor, the second of the name, gave the land and directed the erection of a second new building. The cost of the additional building and improvements was about $250,000

The phonograph is serving a number of uses. One instrument concealed under the coat was discovered to be employed surreptitiously in stealing the score of a new opera; it was ejected. Many phonographs, it is said, are being employed by a number of actors and actresses as automatic teachers of elocution. Through the instrument they obtain an exact idea of their vocal expressions, and learn by means of mimicry the precise qualities of their tones.

St. Cloud, a palace near Paris, is named from Prince Clodoald, or Cloud, who became a monk there in 533, after the murder of his brothers, and died in 530. The palace was built in the sixteenth century, and in it Henry II. was assassinated by Clement, Aug. 2, 1589. This palace, long the property of the Dukes of Orleans, was purchased by Marie Antoinette in 1785. It was a favorite residence of the Empress Josephine, of Charles X. and his family, and of the Emperor Napoleon III. It was burned during the siege of Paris, Oct. 13, 1870.

A new kind of glass has been invented in Sweden. It contains no fewer than fourteen substances whereas the common kind of glass contains only six. Phosphorous and borax are included, and they are not to be found in any other glass. The result is, according to those who believe in the new invention, that whereas the highest power of an old-fashioned microscopic lens reveals only the 1,400,000th part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish 1-204,700,000th part of an inch. Stupendous, but then who on earth wants to have a look at the 1-204,7000,000 part of an inch?

I heard an old story the other day about Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountain,'" said a well-known Cincinnatian. "What is it?" "It relates to the music of the hymn. You remember that Bishop Heber wrote it while in Ceylon in 1824. About a year later it reached America, and a lady in Charleston, S. C., was struck with its beauty. She could find, however, no tune that seemed to suit it. She remembered a young bank clerk, Lowell Mason, afterward so celebrated, who was just a few steps down the street, and who had a reputation as a musical genius. So she sent her son to ask him to write a tune that would go with the hymn. In just half an hour back came the boy with the music, and that melody, dashed off in such haste, is to this day sung with that song.

FOR INSURANCE.—See or address Swigart & Bush, Mead, Neb., Special Agents Farmers Union (Mutual) Ins. Co., Grand Island, Nebraska.

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REFERENCE:—Metropolitan Nation Bank, Chicago. Mention The Alliance.

Beats Pigs in Clover.

From the Boston Globe.

"It beats any of the games or puzzles of the day, said the hotel man who was explaining his diversion to an interested crowd. "I call it Tom and Jerry, and there isn't one man in fifty can do it. You take any long-necked bottle and lay it on its side—so," and he suited the action to the word. "Now take a little bit of paper and roll it into a ball, dry, and thoroughly—so," and again he illustrated by making the little roll himself. "Now place the roll in the neck of the bottle near the external opening and try with all the lung power you have to blow the paper ball into the body of the bottle. If you do it in twenty-five minutes I'll give you $10," and the hotel man drew the bills from his pocket.

Of course every man in the party tried it, and although the dawn had begun to break before the last aspirant had tried to put the ball in the interest in the puzzle had not diminished. The first who attempted to get in "Jerry," as the landlord called the recalcitrant bit of paper, blew so violently that "Jerry" leaped to the floor.

"Bravo, Jerry!" said the landlord.

Then "Jerry" was coaxed and caressed by a gentle breath that played about him so delicately that he seemed destined to glide into the body of the bottle.

"Look out, 'Jerry!'" yelled the landlord.

"Jerry" seemed to understand, for he came flying back, no nearer in than when he was started. This raised a general laugh, the landlord laughing most loudly because his call to "Jerry" had so disconcerted the blower that the latter failed to gauge his wind.

The first trial began shortly after midnight and the last was concluded at about four A. M. Only the landlord had succeeded in getting "Jerry" and his master, "Tom" and "Jerry" are a razzle-dazzle pair.

Queer Things About the 'Cello.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Queen Margherite of Italy is one of the best violincello players of the day. This noble instrument has an increasing fascination for the fair lady musicians, and the reason is not far off. The 'cello is the most nearly human instrument, because its range of tones coincides with the human voice. Its tones stir the bosom more easily to sympathetic romances. Its size and tention are nearly the same as the size and tension of the human bosom, and the vibration of one body is most apt to thrill the other just as that harpstring which is most nearly in accord with another will vibrate most easily with the air waves. It is a curious fact that 'cello players more frequently observe than any others that the strings of the instrument will speak out quite loudly when the voice strikes the tone of one of its strings. Sitting alone in its corner, or hanging in its closet, the instrument often startles its master's guests by suddenly adding a loud note to a hearty laugh of some one of them. And more laughable still, if one gives his nose a resonant blow (and the humor of the actual fact will excuse the mention of a disagreeable operation) the 'cello will often take a spasmodic snort itself, as if in sarcastic instruction to its masters to learn to perform that nasal cavatina in pianissimo tones.

Her Heavy Footfalls.

A clever actor was playing the role of the heavy villain in an unsuccessful melodrama, and although the house was half empty, he was working as hard as he could at the only good scene in the play. He had just finished the consultation with the low comedy villain, which occurs in all properly conducted melodramas and had spoken the cue for the heroine's entrance: "Away! She comes! I hear her footsteps." As he made this speech the property man accidentally dropped a sixteen pound shot down the staircase which led to the dressing rooms. There was a succession of deliberate crashes, which somewhat resembled the footsteps of a giant, and the audience saw the ludicrous side of the situation at once.

The actor stood rooted to the spot, bursting with suppressed laughter and not knowing what to do. The leading lady was unfortunately somewhat stout, and, on hearing the noise, refused to make her entrance, vowing that the whole thing had been arranged for the purpose of insulting her. Entreaties and threats had no effect; she remained obdurate, and the curtain had to be rung down and the audience dismissed. The "leading lady" left the company the next morning.—Theatre.

A Snake Race.

Lower Lake (Cal) Press.

An exciting adventure in which a big rattlesnake and Jesse Grigsby, of Grizzly canyon, occupied the chief roles, occurred a few days ago near the home of the latter. Jesse was strolling around the hills, when he stumbled upon a huge rattler that at once assumed hostilities, and striking at the intruder his fangs became entangled in a leg of his trousers, and there he hung. About that time Jesse thought of some business he had at the house, and being in something of a hurry, he started home on the double quick without taking time to release his snakeship. It was a close race between Jesse and the rattler. For one-half the distance the snake was in the lead, and the other half Jesse would pull ahead, and, thus they had it until the house and assistance were reached, and there the serpent was killed. It is quite safe to say that neither Jesse nor the snake ever made any better time over the same distance.

A Timid Man's Adventure.

I am naturally a most timid man in ladies society, so much so that I have never been able to thoroughly understand how I mustered up sufficient courage to ask my wife to change her state of single blessedness for one of double rapture. If I am in the street car and ladies get in, I never look at them, and when they look at me I feel cold shivers run down my back, and the cold blood rushes madly down to the very ends of my toes.

Yesterday I was riding in a Whitehall street car, when from my peculiar sensations, I became aware that there were ladies sitting opposite to me, looking at me. In such a situation I have never yet been able to raise my eyes. I always lower them. I followed my invariable rule, and looked at the ladies feet. I saw the end of a blue dress with some delicate lace fixing just showing underneath, and I saw the end of a black dress heavily embroidered, and that was all, with the exception of two small pair of feet. At last, to my intense relief, I saw the two small pair of feet move, and then the end of the black dress floated out of the car, and I was able to look up. On the seat just opposite to me reposed a purse. There was only one other passenger in the car, and he was too much interested in his newspaper to see anything. I reached over, grabbed that purse and looked inside; nestling in the silken lining was a fat roll of bills, the one outside bore a large C. Once, years ago, I owned a bill with a C on it, and ever since that time I have had an ambition to own another, but that ambition was never gratified. Here at last was a chance; but no! perish the thought. I am poor, but almost perfectly honest. I sprang from the car and went in search of the blue dress with the lace fixing and the black dress with the embroidery. Just opposite to where the car had stopped to let the blue and black dress out, was a dry goods store. Five years experience as a married man showed me that two ladies thinking they had that well filled purse, must have entered the store. Feeling that this was no time to hesitate on account of natural timidity, I took my courage in both hands and plunged into the seething mass of womanhood after them. The only things I had to guide me were the white frill under the blue dress, and the embroidery on the black one. From constantly looking at the ground people thought I had lost something. In two minutes I felt hundreds of female eyes turned upon me. My sensations were awful! Finally, at the silk counter I saw the bottoms of the two dresses I was looking for. Without giving myself time to think I approached. I bared my bald head; but to address the strange ladies was too much for me, and I began to stammer.

"Ladies," I said; "I think—that is, I saw you"—

Here a starry glare from the black dress took my breath away. I recovered from the shock, and went on:

"Excuse me, but I sat opposite to you in the car."

The blue dress turned to the black dress and said clearly and distinctly:

"Impertinent brute."

I was fast becoming desperate. "Really, Really," I said, "you are mistaken; you sat opposite me in the cars, and I thought—"

"Sir," interrupted the black dress, "if you don't stop your impertinence I will call a policeman and have you arrested."

At the word arrested the courage which had enabled me to charge single handed into the midst of a federal company and regain my regimental colors returned to me. I drew myself up and actually hurled my words at them.

"Ladies, in the car, after you left, I found a purse. I thought it was yours; I was trying to return it. Never mind, I'll keep it." With this I turned to walk away. Then I heard a gasp and a flutter behind me. In a moment a pair of soft hands seized me on each side and a supplicating voice wailed in my ears:

"Come back. Oh, do come back; it was my purse. I did not know I had lost it. It is my shopping money for the summer. Oh, dear sir, forgive me."

But my heart was hardened. I turned round, determined to have that purse fully identified before I returned it. But horrors! at least twenty ladies were standing about looking at us. My courage began to ooze out at my finger tips. Then I heard a lovely creature say:

"Ain't he a sweet, bald-headed old man?"

This was too much for me. I threw the purse at the blue dress and fled.

No Heir to Crown Prince Rudolph.

From the London News.

Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, has been released from the quasi-imprisonment in which she has lived since she became a widow. The family statutes of the House of Hapsburg require that the widow of any Prince who is in the line of succession shall be attended day and night by a couple of sworn duennas (who take the duty turn about) for at least four months after her husband's death, and during that period she is not allowed to leave the country. The Emperor Francis Joseph received a formal notification, backed by the certificates of the court accoucheurs and midwives, that "no posthumous child of the Crown Prince Rudolph will be born."

His Mind Was Gone.

Mrs. A.—So you say your landlord has been put in the lunatic asylum?

Mrs. B.—Yes, poor man. As I told you, for some time past we have had our suspicions that he was a little out of his head. Last month he had some repairs done to one of the flats, and he actually reduced the rent of the tenants to $5 a year. Next day the doctors came and took him away to the asylum.—Texas Siftings

The Cost of Governing Canada.

Boston Journal.

Some person with a taste for statistics has been examining the salary-list of the dominion, and finds that the small population of Canada pays enormously to support a cumbersome official machine, of which its more liberal people are gradually becoming very weary. It is often laughingly remarked in England that Canada must have a vast deal of litigation to attend to, since she finds it necessary to have fifty-six legislators more than the mother country, and so many departmental heads that no Canadian outside of politics can tell their number. The Canadian Commons consists of 215 members, who draw $1,000 each per session, and the Senate, which has little to do except to look wise, has eighty members, who receive $10,000 each annually. The speakers of each house of this immensely overpaid national Legislature receive $8,000 annually; the Ontario members and speaker, $56,000; the Quebec Legislative Council, Legislature and the two speakers, $75,000. Then the country is saddled with a governor-general, who receives nearly $85,000 annually, and spends as little as possible in the country, sending to England for even the smallest articles of daily wear and consumption. His chief business seems to be not to comply with the wishes of the people whenever he has a chance to show his authority. There are also lieutenant-governors of Quebec and Ontario and Manitoba. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the Northwest Territory and Prince Edward Island, each of whom receives a larger salary than is given to the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. And as a fringe around the circle of costly officials, many of whom are utterly useless, there is a small army of paid aides-de-camp, secretaries, etc., who have abundant perquisites. The idea of a country like the Dominion having forty-seven political "ministers" is certainly somewhat absurd.

Exercise for Girls.

The best walking exercises for young women to practice daily, asserts the New York Sun, are bending the body forward and back, to the right and left, without bending the knees, to give suppleness and strength to the muscles of the trunk. A certain amount of practice will enable you to touch your hand to the floor without bending the knees, from which position you should rise very slowly. Place one foot as far in front of the other as you can without too great an effort, and at right angles to it bend the right knee all you can, throwing the weight on the other foot and bending the knee; repeat a number of times, always with the chest held high and thrown out. Another good exercise for the knees is to hold one foot up at right angles with the knee, standing on the other one, and kick vigorously and quickly in such a way that the toe points downward, not outward. For the ankles, assume the position for walking, but with the heels touching, the toes turned outward. Hold the body firm and motionless and the feet flat on the floor, poise slowly forward and back as far as the ankles will allow, which is very little, owing to their slenderness. Repeat the exercise on one foot, holding the other up by bending the knee.

Water as a Substitute for Grace.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Sister Weymouth was one of the most notable women that ever lived in the good old Maine town of Blankmouth. She was notable for her powers as an exhorter, which shone in the village prayer-meeting as brilliantly as those of any licensed preacher whom the villagers heard, and for her quick wit, that found expression in many quaint and pithy speeches, some of which are treasured to this day, although she has long been gathered to her fathers and mothers. A worthless young man named Frost fell in love with Sister Weymouth's daughter. Failing to melt the stern objections of the young woman's mother in any other way, he pretended to be converted under her exhortations, joined the church and was married to his heart's desire. Very soon the bad blood in Frost's veins asserted itself and the rascal deserted his wife after he had lived with her five or six months. Not long afterward his child was born. While the officiating person was giving the infant a bath Sister Weymouth came in.

"Look here!" said she. "Be sure to hold that baby under the water long enough to get all the Frost out of it!"

Execution by Carbonic Acid.

New York Letter in Boston Transcript.

In one of the daily papers I read that in the neighboring town application has been vainly made to Mr. Edison and various electric light companies to provide for the killing of stray dogs by electricity. In Europe, it is well known that for this purpose carbonic acid gas is often used. That reminds one that a clever chemist the other day ridiculed execution by electricity as a crude and bungling method of quickly and humanely depriving a human being of life.

The really scientific way to cause death is by carbonic acid gas. All the apparatus needed would be to have built one air-tight cell above another, with a connecting tube and a stopcock between them. The gas, which is very cheap, should be put in the upper chamber, and the prisoner, with a good cigar, if you like, or a lounge in the lower. On turning the cock, the gas would descend, and first slumber and then death would ensue very quickly and absolutely painlessly. Compared with this the electric appliances, with helmet and foot pieces, and damp sponges, and chair especially constructed, are absurdly elaborate and curiously barbarous.