

### ALLIANCE DIRECTORY.

**NATIONAL ALLIANCE.**  
President, J. Burrows Filley, Nebr.  
Vice President, J. L. Louder, Clear Creek, Dak.  
Secretary, August Post, Moulton, Iowa.  
Treasurer, Hon. J. J. Purdon, Astin Minn.  
Lecturer, A. D. Chase, Watertown, Dak.

**NEBRASKA STATE ALLIANCE.**  
President, John H. Powers, Council Bluffs.  
Vice President, James Clark, Wabasha.  
Secretary-Treasurer, J. M. Thompson, Lincoln.  
Lecturer, M. M. Case, Creighton.

Executive Committee: J. Burrows Filley; S. F. Allen, Wabasha; Allen Root, Omaha; L. Henry, Hamilton; W. M. Gray, North Loup.

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 post 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.

### Meeting of State Executive Committee.

LINCOLN SEPT. 10, 1889.

Pursuant to call the executive committee of Nebraska Farmers Alliance met at Lincoln, Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 2 o'clock p. m.

All members present. State organizer Powers' report since May 4th received and on motion accepted, subject to the approval of the annual meeting. Accounts audited and allowed if approved as above. Mr. Henry moved that Mr. Powers be kept in the field as organizer. Motion carried.

After considerable discussion in regard to delegates to the National meeting at St. Louis in December, the motion prevailed to name the delegates at this meeting of the State Alliance. The following were named as delegates to that meeting:

Allen Root, John A. Hogg.  
Jno. H. Powers, B. F. Allen.  
James Clark, H. B. McGraw.  
Samuel Moss, Wm. M. Gray.  
J. W. Hartley, Jos. A. Kirk.  
Geo. A. Felton, Frank H. Young.  
S. E. Spaulding, Edward A. Draper.  
S. B. Howard, J. A. Porter.  
J. Burrows.

Question as to political action and the legality of action taken by Custer county received and a decision rendered in accordance with the constitution. See decision published last week.

Moved by Mr. Root, and carried, that the Secretary be authorized to purchase the material used in the ALLIANCE office at its actual value on appraisal by disinterested parties.  
Moved that Burrows, Powers and Thompson be empowered to perfect a contract with Mr. J. W. Hartley for the establishment of an Alliance business house at Lincoln. Motion prevailed.

Requests having been received for names and addresses of secretaries, for business and other purposes, it was decided that under no circumstances whatever does the secretary have a right to furnish such lists.

Moved that the secretary of State Alliance submit to the subordinate Alliances of Nebraska the terms and plan of union proposed by the Southern Alliance and Agricultural Wheel for their consideration, their action thereon to largely govern the action of delegates at the St. Louis meeting.

Moved and supported that one hundred and fifty dollars be appropriated out of the state funds to apply pro rata on the expenses of delegates to the annual meeting of the National Alliance.

J. BURROWS, Pres.  
J. M. THOMPSON, Secy.

**SECRETARY OF STATE ALLIANCE.**  
DEAR SIR:—Please send more blank applications, we initiate from three to eight every night, and our membership is near fifty; no trouble to bring in new members. The Alliance "takes like wild fire," as well as the paper.

In debating the great questions such as National banks, Tariff, etc., it seems to be nearly impossible to keep old wheel horses of the old parties inside of the tugs, but we younger men will see the day when this will make no difference, for a brand new party will be built of what will be left of them. Our meetings often continue until one or two o'clock in the morning, so absorbed in the work do the members become. We expect to have Logan county thoroughly organized by cold weather, and when the farmers, mechanics and laborers begin to pull together by the county something will "break." The ALLIANCE seems to have found its field and the membership will back it. "Good, Splendid" are the expressions we hear for Editor Armitage.

Fraternalty yours,  
S. E. KEEN, Secy. No. 468.

Another encouraging letter received this week from D. L. Hackett of Hamilton county. The Bro. is a thorough Alliance man and rarely writes us without some new name as a subscriber. The new arrangements with commissions to agents will allow our friends something at least for the trouble involved. Who will send the largest list of subscribers in the next two weeks?

N. Dutcher, Secy. No. 608, writes encouraging words promising their assistance in making the paper a success, and makes that promise more valuable by enclosing \$3.00 with list of subscribers. Many thanks.

Wm. H. Fall of Hamilton county, reports the organization of Mason Alliance No. 702, organized Sept. 8th with eight charter members.

Orders for coal must be sent in during September to insure the price and certainty of having orders filled. Van Dyke, Wyoming, coal, \$1.75 per ton. Nut or egg coal \$1. Freight on any line of U. P. in Nebraska \$4.25 per ton; on B. & M. \$4.65 per ton. Chamberlain plows, good as made, shipped from Omaha, 14 and 16 inch, \$14. By one-half car lots, \$12.25. Champion self-dump steel wheel horse rake \$21.00. Centerville, Iowa, coal at the mine, \$1.25 per ton. Can be shipped direct to all points on the Rock Island R. R. at regular tariff rates. Points on U. P. add \$1.60 to Omaha rates; by St. Joe \$1 to regular rate. This is one of the best Iowa mines.

A. B. Bender, secretary of Madison county Alliance writes thus: Walnut Grove Alliance is looming up, no doubt we will add 20 new members in the next month. Our brothers at Warnersville are now working under the ritual and report a bright prospect before them. Our organizer Bro. W. Forst is just getting warmed up in the Alliance work, and when he gets up to fever heat then look out for him for he is Alliance all over. I enclose \$1.25 on subscription. If the Alliance members in Nebraska all warm up as Bro. Bender says, something will have to give way.

**SECRETARY STATE ALLIANCE.**  
DEAR SIR:—A meeting of Furnas County Alliance was held in the room of Four Points of Industry No. 515 on Sept. 14th, at one o'clock p. m. Officers present, J. W. Eby, Pres., Wm. Wait Jr., Treas., C. B. Bachelder, Sec. Opened in regular form with delegates from Sunny Hillsdale, Four Points of Industry and Lindon Alliance present. We had a very enthusiastic meeting and quite a discussion about organizing every township in the county which we intend to do as soon as practicable.

C. B. B.  
Cambridge, Neb., Sept. 16, 1889.

Good.—Mr. Osler, of Furnas county, writes: "The republicans of this county have nominated E. M. Harrison, Alliance organizer, for county treasurer, to take the place of an ardent admirer of Jay Gould, elected by them two years ago."

This is all right, and every Alliance man in Furnas county should make it his special business to see that Mr. Harrison is elected. As the Alliance advances, the political parties will undoubtedly find it to their advantage to nominate its members for most of the leading offices.

**AURORA, Sept. 12.—MR. EDITOR:—**  
Please find enclosed \$2.50 on subscription to your valuable paper. Those who subscribed for THE ALLIANCE some time ago are well pleased with it. Our Alliance is steadily gaining in number. We have thirty-six members. Farmers begin to realize the importance of organizing as the only remedy against the extortion of trusts and monopolies. "United we stand; divided we fall."  
Respectfully,  
C. F. HUENEFFELD,  
Secy Harmony Alliance.

D. C. Wood writing from Buffalo county says: We have just started here, but we shall let the people know that we are alive before spring. The farmers here are thoroughly in earnest and mean business.

Geo. A. Felton reports the organization of three new Alliances recently, the last being Blaine Center with 20 charter members, making six organizations in Nuckolls county at this date.

Geo. Foster sends a good list from Alliance No. 549, and says, concerning the Alliance, fourteen new members were received since the last report was made a few weeks ago.

Stock shipped to Allen Root, care of Bell, Collins & McCoy, Omaha, by members of the Alliance, will realize from \$4 to \$5 more per car for their stock. Give the agent notice when shipped. Mr. Root is state agent for the Alliance. W. R. Bennett & Co. will sell groceries, etc., to the Alliances at jobbers' rates. Send all orders to Allen Root. Shipments of vegetables, fruits or poultry, should be billed to Mr. Root, care of Bowman, Williams & Howe's, Omaha.

### CORN STATISTICS.

A Chicago paper gives the following corn statistics:  
Where the farmer gets 40 cts., The government gets \$1.50,  
The manufacturer gets \$4.00,  
The saloon man gets \$7.50,  
And the drinker gets the delirium tremens.

The Southern Churchman adds: "And the share divided between the drunkard's family and the community is poverty, misery, shame and crime."  
And we might add: The devil gets the drunkard.

### 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.

### Official Notice to Alliances.

All Subordinate or County Alliances wanting coal the coming season from this 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.

**EDITOR ALLIANCE:—**Not seeing anything in your paper from here I venture to send a few lines. About a fortnight ago the farmers around here organized a Farmers Alliance. The county around here is not very thickly settled, the land being mostly owned by speculators who hold their land at an advanced price while the farmers improve the country, thus advancing the value of their land while they receive the profits of our labor. We are taxed according to the improvements on our farms while they pay but a slight tax on their land. I believe that the farmers around here, without an exception, will join the Alliance.

Yours respectfully,  
Foster, Sept. 16. C. E. STALEY.

### Insurance in Dakota.

We have before us a full statement of the insurance business of the territory of Dakota for 1888, by all companies doing business therein, compiled by the Auditor. By this it appears that the Fidelity Fire Ins. Co., of which Mr. Wardell is President, wrote risks in that year to the amount of \$2,567,519.33; and paid losses to the amount of \$17,159.86; and that the Alliance Hall Association wrote risks to the amount of \$32,429.12. The next largest business done by any Dakota Co. amounted to \$1,542,884 of risks written. With this one exception the Fidelity did twice as much business as any other Dakota company. This is farmers' insurance. What is the reason that farmers of Nebraska cannot do their own insurance? Answer: The insurance laws of the state, passed at the dictation of the eastern insurance ring, has up to this time prevented.

### POVERTY AND AFFLUENCE.

In the current number of a leading literary monthly publication no less than five of the general articles treat upon some phase of the unequal distribution of wealth. Each writer apparently agrees that the rich are growing richer and the poor still poorer. To him that hath, more is being given, while to him that hath not there comes additional destitution and want. There is no difference of opinion among the political economists regarding the fact that the present state of affairs does not conduce to the greatest happiness of mankind. They are agreed that there is plenty to eat, drink and wear in the world. It can be more generally, and, as some assert, more equally distributed. —Hutchinson News.

The steam syrup works at Fairfield are turning out 100 gallons of syrup per hour, twenty-five men being employed in the mill and ten men and teams being kept busy hauling cane.

This is one of the solutions of the sugar trust.

A Butler county farmer named Confall, living east of David City, committed suicide by cutting open the arteries of both arms with a razor. His body was found by the roadside twenty-four hours after the deed was done.

Too much mortgage, perhaps.

**Price List of Oils to Alliances.**  
120 test, medium white coal oil, 11 1/2 cts.  
120 " " " " " 10 1/2 " "  
175 " V. L. " " " 13 " "  
74 " stove gasoline " " 11 1/2 "

These oils in barrel lots. The best harness oil in either one or five gallon cans, 70 cents per gallon. Pure Nant'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.

### ALLEEN ROOT, State Agent.

### CONSISTENCY.

There is nothing more noble in a man than to see him practice what he preaches in his daily walks of life. In this it appears to us from a little transaction that has lately taken place in this section that a certain leading jurist is not all that he claims to be. This gentleman is continually crying "down with monopolies," and professes to be a fast friend of the poor man and poor classes; still when a neighbor asks the privilege of a road across his land, this high-minded gentleman modestly asks the sum of \$1,000 as damages for about 5 1/2 acres of land that is assessed at \$3.00 per acre. It is not our fight; but it looks so contemptibly small that we cannot help noticing it.—Polk Co. Observer.

**EDITOR ALLIANCE:—**The above puts me in mind of some of the farmers in this neighborhood. We have a few farmers here who have raised some winter wheat. Now, the market price for winter wheat here is 52 cents for the best. Now two of these farmers here that belong to the church, but do not belong to the Alliance, won't sell their wheat to their neighbors for seed for less than 75 cents. There is another farmer here who has some new kind of potatoes, and right at a time when potatoes were not worth anything—not over 25 cents—this farmer would not sell his potatoes for less than one dollar. But he did not get his dollar, so he threw his potatoes to the hogs. This man don't belong to the church nor to the Alliance. There is another

farmer in this neighborhood who does belong to the Catholic church, who sold his wheat last spring to some of his neighbors, for seed, charging them 90 cents, when wheat was only 80 cents on the market. But he did not sell all his wheat at that. After spring seeding was done wheat went down on the market and he sold the balance for 65 cents. This man is not an Alliance man. There are two other farmers in this neighborhood who have winter wheat to sell. One belongs to the Alliance and the other does not. These two men sell their wheat to their neighbors, for seed, at the market price. These two men are doing as they wish to be done by. This shows that the farmers will stick together and set their own price on their produce, when it comes to selling to one another. Lord! ar'n't the farmers united? The farmers are ripe to set their price on their produce, but it must be in a systematic form, and the Alliance must push this thing to the front. It is being done in Texas, and it must be done here. The State Alliance must elect a state farmers board of commerce, and every county Alliance must elect a county farmers board of commerce. We must carry into effect the principles in the constitution of the Alliance. Organizing is not the only thing to be done. When the Alliance sets the price on all farm produce in comparison with the price that the farmer must pay for that which he consumes, it will draw the money out of the iron boxes and put it into circulation in spite of the Old Nick.

### S. M. DAVIS.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

Milk may be canned just as you would can fruit. Bring the milk to the boiling point and fill your jars to the brim with it; then shut air-tight. This will keep any length of time, and be just as good when opened as when it was put up.

Stains of vegetable colors, fruit, red wine and red ink may be removed from white goods by sulphur fumes or chlorine water. On colored cottons and woollens, wash with lukewarm borax ammonia. Silk the same, but more cautiously.

John Robe, of Maryland, says that an old cider barrel, cut in half will make a good cradle for twins. "It will be economy," he writes, "and may help to solve the problem. 'What is the matter with us?'" Thank you, John!—Farm Journal.

J. C. McBRIDE, H. S. BELL,  
**McBRIDE & BELL**  
DEALERS IN  
**REAL ESTATE,**  
Loan and Insurance  
AGENTS.  
Office, 107 S. 11th St.,  
BASEMENT,  
LINCOLN, - NEBRASKA.

Agents for M. K. & Trust Co., Houses Built on ten years' time. Debt cancelled in case of Death. Anything to trade let us know of it.

**NOTICE TO MILLERS**  
For Sale or Rent,  
A Roller Flouring mill with water power, one mile from Lincoln.  
A. J. SAWYER.

**An Imported Shire Stallion for SALE.**  
Six years old, perfect temper, first class pedigree registered in the English Shire Herd Book. Can show as good colts as in the State. Owner having to leave the farm, will sell or exchange for desirable property. Carriage and new harness wanted. In the first place, you only pay one per cent for your insurance.  
WHITE & RODGERS.

**FARMERS' UNION INS. Co.,** of Grand Island and Neb. I. N. White and A. Rodgers are Special Agents for Greeley and Wabasha counties. We invite you to investigate the merits of this company and see where the difference comes in. In the first place, you only pay one per cent for your insurance.

**J. M. ROBINSON,**  
KENESAW, ADAMS COUNTY, NEBR.

Breeder and Shipper of Recorded Poland China Hogs. Choice Breeding Stock for sale. Write for wants. (Mention The Alliance)

### OBTAIN CHICAGO PRICES FOR YOUR PRODUCE

The way to do this is to ship your Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Veal, Hay, Grain, Wool, Hides, Beans, Broom Corn, Green and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, or anything you have to sell. The best way to do it is to ship to Chicago. You should continue to do so if you can find a better market. We make a specialty of receiving shipments direct from FARMERS AND PRODUCERS, and probably have the largest trade in this way of any house in this market. Write us and we will send you the list of prices in which to buy your goods and thus economize in that way. It will certainly pay you to give some attention to the best and most profitable way of disposing of your produce. We charge our daily market report, shipping instructions and such information as will be of service to you if you contemplate shipping. Let us hear from you.

### SUMMERS, MORRISON & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 474 S. WATER ST., CHICAGO.

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

**Activity of the Ancients.**  
Modern man thinks himself a fine fellow, and habitually contrasts his virtues, wisdom, intellectuality, and inventiveness with the corresponding qualities possessed by his predecessors of every age, much to the disadvantage of the latter. This conceit, says the Boston Globe, is amiable enough. It has been held by every generation of the past. It will govern the men of the future, who will regard the people of our era with pity as inferior to their remarkable selses.

Many able writers have bent their energies to the puncturing of this balloon of vanity. Wendell Phillips' famous lecture on "The Lost Arts" was given to thousands of audiences, which marveled at the wonderful accomplishments of men of ancient times, and departed thanking Providence that they were reserved to live and act in later and better times.

Prof. Max Muller's last contribution to the Forthnightly Review goes over the same ground and will probably have a similar vanishing effect upon the minds of all except a few of its most thoughtful readers. It is, however, worth while to study some of its arguments. One can hardly realize that men made up of flesh and blood are the same kind of creatures whenever and wherever they live, that they went through the same struggles for existence, had the same love of thought and inventive capacities, and were actuated by the same passions in the days of the Pharaohs as in these last years of the dying nineteenth century.

Consider with Prof. Muller that the philosophy and poetry of Greece and Rome still live in Milton, Racine, and Goethe. You can see that Frederick Harrison is as truly the intellectual child of Aristotle as he admitted himself to be of Augustus Comte. Remember that the invention of the alphabet was a greater triumph of mind than the discovery of the spinning-jenny, and that it is owed to the Egyptians, who first produced hieroglyphics. "Your L," says Max Muller, "is the crouching lion, your F the cerat, a serpent with two horns; your H the Egyptian picture of a sieve."

The Arabic figures from one to nine reached Spain through India. To invent these was to discover "that without which the mechanical and electrical sciences could never have become what they are; that without which we should never have had steam engines and electric telegraphs." Surely, the ancient Hindoo was not less brilliant than modern man. The Babylonians were not fools when they invented the sexagesimal or 60 system, by which we still divide the hours and minutes of time. The Greeks conceived the idea of coined money in the seventh century, B. C. They could not have been less practical or less thoughtful than the men of to-day. The forms in which we express our thoughts, the very phrases we use, are as old as the art of expressions itself.

These things ought to be borne in mind whenever the men of old are evoked in our new interests in activity. Above all, they should teach us that we must not underrate those who have long since returned to dust, while we are enjoying the fruits of their industry. Living man is better than his prototype, because he has learned to be a little less sensual, a little more self-controlled, and a great deal less cruel; but he has the same head on his shoulders, filled with about the same kind of gray matter.

### The Ghost of Cameron Pass.

In the summer of 1882 W. C. Hart, the geologist, and two other enthusiastic collectors of specimens were encamped near the lava beds between the head waters of the Cache la Poudre river and North Park. It was a rough, broken region, and the desolation was heightened by the proximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere. The hope of securing rare formations for their cabinets attracted the gentlemen to the uncanny spot, for everyone averred that Cameron Pass was haunted by the spirit of an emigrant's daughter, Joe Shepler, a well known mountaineer, who was piloting the party through the hills, had often seen the ghost, and promised his companions that they should see the strange apparition before returning to their homes. He said the spirit was a thief, and frequently stole food and furniture from the camps of hunters who ventured within her uninviting domain.

At dinner August 12, 1882, Shepler suddenly announced that the spirit of Cameron Pass was approaching, and pointed to a strange being which was swiftly moving toward the camp. The marauder came to within 500 yards of the men, and seizing a bunch of venison which had been placed on a stone ran off with it. Hart picked up his rifle, and calling on his comrades to follow, started in pursuit of the thief. She—they were sure it was a woman—led them a lively race directly toward the lava beds. Being close pressed the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to the opening of the cave. The pursuers entered the cavern on the heels of the strange robber and found the warm body of a dead woman. The corpse was that of a woman about 25 years old. Her only clothing was a rude gown, fashioned of skins. Her hair was very long and she was sunburned and barefooted. The remains were buried decently.

An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit. The ground was covered with bones, and, although there were cooking utensils about, it was evident that he had never been used. The unfortunate girl had subsisted on stolen meats, roots and leaves. She had tried meat for winter use. For several years she was thought to be a spirit.

### Arrest of a Desperado

A few years ago I had a great desire to enter the United States service. I didn't care in what capacity just so long as I got my living from Uncle Sam. Mentioning my desire to the United States marshal for the northern district of Florida, it was, gratified. I was at once ushered into the presence of the United States judge, held up my right hand and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, swore to support the Constitution of the United States, though at the time I was hardly able to support my own commission. Taking my formal commission and a supply of stationery, I went back to the village of Dead Pine to await orders.

Dead Pine is a small town so named because there is a large live oak in front of the principal saloon. Dead Pine is not an imposing place. At that time it had a little depot, some stores, some mortgaged farmers and three saloons. It also had a malarial back country, with plenty of "bad men" living in it, a couple of half starved churches, and some Christians loaning money at from 2 to any per cent. monthly to their struggling neighbors. It was also the center of a lumber and turpentine district, where prominent citizens staid state and government timber and call it business.

In a few days my trouble began. I received a portentous document from headquarters at Jacksonville. It had four impressive and sinister looking official stamps on the envelope, and ordered me to at once seize the body of Thomas Perkins, suppose to be lurking somewhere in the country, and bring said body before the United States court, then in session at Jacksonville. By a careful reading of the somewhat diffuse warrant, I discovered that Thomas had been guilty of perjury in violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided for.

An hour later the following dispatch was handed to me:  
**OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, JACKSONVILLE, Fla.**  
To United States Deputy Marshal, Dead Pine, Fla.  
Understand Perkins desperate character; get help necessary; take him dead or alive.

That dispatch made me very indignant. Get help indeed! Not if I was 6 feet 1 inch in height, weighed 185 pounds. If I couldn't alone arrest one man I was unworthy to wear the bright red ribbon on the lapel of my vest labeled "United States marshal."

Besides, I got help, there would not be enough glory to go around. I wanted it all for myself, and determined to bring in the prisoner-elect by my own unaided efforts, or occupy one of the missis coffins at the village undertaker's.

The first thing was to locate the gentleman, who, suffering from some affection of the intellectual liver, had resorted to perjury. I located him. Six miles from town, in a veritable wilderness, two miles from any other house, lived, moved and had his being, Mr. Thomas Perkins, in whom this great government of our was so intensely interested.

The next thing was to make necessary preparations. I made them. In the morning by the bright light of a beautiful winter's day, a stout wagon, drawn by two sturdy and reflective mules, was drawn up in front of the village hotel, which was very inappropiately named "The Delmonico." On the front seat was my negro driver and pilot, Bill. On the rear seat sat the writer. Under a blanket at my feet was a Winchester rifle and a double barrel shot gun well loaded with buckshot, although I harbored doubts as to whether I hadn't put the buckshot in first. In the pocket of my overcoat was a Smith & Wesson double action sixty-eight, and in the breast pocket of my inner coat a bowie knife that had once belonged to a Texas evangelist.

A curious crowd had gathered to see me off. They knew my mission, though none of them knew who I was after. They cheered me with novel suggestions and well meant advice. "Take care, Cap," said one, "it's better take a bottle of whisky erlong w' you. There ain't no barroom whar you're goin'."

My driver looked approvingly at this speaker.  
"He won't look very pretty comin' back here with a fine driv' er'ar through his chist, will he?" said another.

"'Twouldn't do fer him to go out bar huntin' at night with that red nose shinin', would it?"  
The last remark hurt my vanity. My nose was rather red, but it came from an undue partiality for stewed tomatoes, not from any other cause.

"When you fire at him, Cap, watch that off mule's hind leg, fer he's goin' to kick," said a long lean fellow on the outskirts of the crowd.

Even the negroes had something to say. Approaching me with deference, one of them whispered to me confidentially:

"Boss, y'd best tie dat fool nigger who's drivin' ter the seat, fer soon's he hears a cap pop he's gwine ter jump out an run like de debil."

Bill gave the mules a stimulating touch of the whip and away we went. For two miles out that we had good roads. After that, the roughest and worst that I had ever seen. Stumps, tangled roots, hills, gullies, swamp, codoury, and the county commissioners know what else, made a regular penance for the twin evils of dyspepsia and love, according to the jolting up theorists. Now we were in the wilderness, a solemn, awful silence, broken only by the tramping of the mules, the creaking of the wagon and the hiccoughing of the driver, who was about half drunk when he started. It is a pine wilderness, and the underbrush all gone, no song of bird, no scent of flower, no flutter of insect life, a strange, dreary desert of forest.

I was absorbed in these meditations when the wagon ran into a hedgestump and away I went sailing into space. The shot gun about this time decided that it was tired of riding and came along also. Neither of us were hurt.

and we resumed our seats in the wagon, the gun rather unwillingly I thought.  
We were now getting near the camp of the enemy and a rather curious sensation took possession of me. Of course it was not fear, but my heart evinced a curious disposition to desert its pericardium and homestead the lesser portion of my throat. I looked about me, and the shot gun, placing them sideways in the wagon to satisfy the manifest uneasiness of the driver. The revolver I took out and placed on the seat by me, covering it with a superabundance of coat tails. The knife I loosened in its sheath. About half a quarter of a ther on I saw approaching one of the most villainous looking men I had ever seen. He was of negro blood, nearly white, of herculean frame, and if not a born criminal and assassin, should have had his face indited for mischief. He carried a glittering ax on his shoulder and eyed me insolently.

The driver turned around with a whisper, "Dat's him, boss."  
My knees now partook of the general excitement, my hand trembled as if my feet were about to refuse me, and my head seemed determined to go into the cold storage business. At the same time an overwhelming conviction reached me that this was not the man I was looking for, and that it would be impolite to risk a suit for the imprisonment.

As he came up to the wagon, my driver drew up and assumed the initiative.  
"Is your name Perkins?"  
"Now," was the early reply.

My thermometer immediately resumed its normal condition of 72 in the shade.  
"My good man," said I, carefully concealing all weapons, "I am looking for one Perkins; can you inform me where that most esteemed gentleman lives?"

"If that house over yonder," he said, pointing to a squat, shabby, one mile distant, where a thin spire of smoke emphasized a tumble down log house.

When about 100 yards from the house I halted the team and gave a few brief directions to the driver.  
With the rifle at full cock I cautiously approached the house. It was of rough logs very rickety, with the usual stick and mud chimney. Outside of the smoke from that there was no sign of life about the place. Slowly I came up to the back door, with a vigorous kick sent it off the hinges, and covered with the riddle a figure dimly seen in the semi-darkness of the room.

"Throw up your hands!" I commanded. "If you stir I'll shoot."  
From the figure, in shrill, frightened accents, came:  
"For de Lawd's sake, watcher mean white man. I ain't dun nuffin."

The gun dropped from my nervous hands.  
"Thomas Perkins, alleged desperado, was an old crippled negro, about 175 years old, half paralyzed and wholly stupid.  
Three hours afterward I drove into Dead Pine with my prisoner, and greeted with ironical comment and uproarious laughter.

"Did he kick much, Cap?" said one big fellow, while another, after saying Perkins a moment in silence, said, as he moved off:  
"Yes the thing is alive, I saw its tongue wiggle."

Four hours later I was in Jacksonville, and delivered my prisoner to the United States marshal. As the major added my accounts and drew a check for my expenses he was shaking with ill suppressed laughter.

"What do you see so funny about this?" I inquired in his comradely sneer.  
"I was wondering what the judge will say when he sees him," was the reply.

Just then the judge strolled in. He gave a look at the prisoner, then at me, and inquired mildly, but with a merry twinkle in his handsome eyes:  
"Did you have much trouble in securing this desperado, Mr. Officer?"

The major fairly roared.  
I took my check and left the room. I have not seen prisoner, United States marshal, or Jacksonville since that eventful day, and Dead Pine shall know me no more forever.—Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Press.

### Poor Security.

A certain gentleman, who keeps a boarding house for the accommodation of actors not far from Union square, has resolved that he will never again accept the manuscript of a play as security of an unpaid board bill. An author manager, whose name is quite well known in theatrical circles, lived at this boarding house something over a year ago, and when he was ready to depart he was financially embarrassed.

So he stated his case to the landlord, and left with him as collateral a sealed package, which he said contained two manuscripts of a well known play. Boniface was good natured and lenient. He thought the play was valuable and that the author would in time pay the bill. The package remained for a year. Then the landlord called a theatrical business agent into council and they broke the seals. The contents were 250 "property plots" of the play, but there was no manuscript in the package. The "property plots"—list of the properties required