SHOWING WHAT CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE CAN DO.

The Old Lawyer Tells a True Story of How a Man Was Convicted of a Crime That He Never Committed-A Narrow

[Copyright, 1800, by Charles B. Lewis.] Granted, said the old lawyer, that not one man out of a thousand who has been convicted by a jury was innocent, and granted again that circumstantial evidence is stronger than direct proof, and yet I can tell you of a case which will shake your confidence in both juries and the sort of years ago, but no old lawyer has forgotten the particulars.

The town of Cane Hill, say, had about der was not a rare crime, and robbery and stranger arrived who gave out that he intended to establish a private bank having a cash capital of about \$13,000. The name he gave was Charles Williams, and it was understood that he was from Chicago. He was a middle aged, genteel man, and was All this was nonsense, as you will discover. man. Then he shot out into view from the well received in the town. He stopped at | but it told with the jury. the hotel while making alterations to the building be had secured, and after a week or so was known by sight or name to

One morning the dead body of a man was found in the water wheel of the grist mill, which drew its supply from a race, and it was soon identified as that of Charles Williams. The skull had been fractured by a blow, and money and jewelry were gone. At the inquest as many as twenty different citizens who had met Williams testified that it was his body. Not one of them identified it by any particular scar or mark, but only in a general way. The idea that they could be mistaken never occurred to any of them. It had the general appearance of Williams, and there brothers.

A murder having been committed, some one must be arrested for the crime. Williams could be traced back to the evening before, but to no certain hour. The landlord was sure he saw him at supper time, but not after. The clerk was sure he saw him talking to the landlord an hour later. One chambermaid saw him up stairs at 6 o'clock and another at 8.30. saw him at the depot at 9, and at the same hour some one else saw him a mile away. You who inveigh against the delays and technicalities of the law and the cunning of lawyers, are asked to note these side issues of my story. Right in that small a rod without being recognized and remarked, he couldn't be traced after 6 o'clock in the evening. Men who had talked with him at 3, 4 and 5 o'clock couldn't be sure, when called upon, whether it was that afternoon or the previous one. An arrest was speedily made. A sus

picious character named John Carnes got drunk and displayed a roll of money, and when charged with the murder he exhibited what is termed "every sign of guilt. The sheriff was congratulated, Carnes was locked up and everybody was satisfied. On the preliminary examination it turned out that Carnes had only forty-five dollars. Being a murderer he ought to have fled but so far from taking any step in that direction he had hired out to work for a livery stable keeper for three months. case against him was thin. The only bad thing against him was the fact that he could not account for whereabouts between 7 and 10 o'clock of the evening of the murder. In fact, he didn't try to, and I may as well tell you the reason right here. He was engaged in robbing a house in the town, a house where the family was temporarily acknowledge this was to go to state prison; murier. He pursued the latter course, however, knowing his innocence and doubting if he could be convicted.

While Carnes was held to the higher court and many believed him guilty, the sheriff stumbled upon another good thing. suddenly became flush. He also talked a victed. When he was gathered in the sum Asked to explain where he got it he became confused and embarrassed and told evening of the murder he mixed himself were partners in the crime, and again the enterprising sheriff was duly complimented. The name of the last man

When the second prisoner was examined Carnes he failed to account for his time after 6 o'clock. He tried to, and when it was seen that he was lying the public mind settled upon him as the chief murderer. 1 wili also tell you why he couldn't tell a was engaged in robbing a freight car in the depot yard. He had two accomplices, and the goods were taken away in a wagon. Being innocent of the murder he didn't propose to give bimself away on the lesser was also held to the higher court, and the man who doubted his guilt would have been thought an ass or a

I told you in the beginning that it was a queer case, and you will not be surprised to learn that a third arrest was soon made. This turned out to be the most important of all. Two farmers living in the edge of town had quarreled over a line fence, and one of them called on the sheriff at midnight and gave him a tip. This was followed by an arrest and a search of the lying across his saddle, and was evidently prisoner's premises. He was a single man and kept house for himself. They found a front, like one listening intently, and as I false face and false whiskers hidden away. They also found a pair of overalls with blood stains on them; also a hickory club. the end of which had evidently been freshly scraped. While no money was found, it was argued that he had buried the sum se cured from Williams, and for three days more than 100 people were ransacking his house and barn and every foot of his land

in hopes to unearth the treasure. name of the third party arrested was Black. He employed me to defend taken place. him. My first idea naturally was to prove not left his house during the evening. Living alone we had only his unsupported word for this, and by accident I ascer quietly observed as he dismounted. "Will tained that he was lying to me. Three you lead me to the rock? Ah, I'm all different persons had called at his house | right now! Never mind the mule-he between 7 and 10 o'clock and found him absent. Then Black made a confession to side is a dead cottonwood, with one side of The farmer with whom he had quar- it blackened by fire.' reled had a large barn on a farm three miles away, and Black had gone there to burn it. He had gone in disguise, and he told me the names of people he had seen while dodging about. His intentions were bad enough, but the fire he kindled went

out and the barn did not burn. To clear himself of the one he must own up to As if the case was not complicated enough, the sheriff took another step. He worked at the two men first arrested until they "confessed" that Black planned the whole affair, did the killing, and that they "confessed" that Black planned the

only watched to see that he was not interrupted. The prosecution now felt assured that it had a straight case, while I realized that Black must run the gantlet for his life. Nothing is abused more than the law, but I reiterate that the general public is more to blame than the lawyer, who is seeking to secure a favorable verdict for his client. I here wish to say a word about think he heard the footsteps of the coming

A VERY QUEER CASE, such "confessions" as were made in this horse while yet a mile away. The river ase. Once in a great while there may be one with some little truth in it, but the majority are "cooked" for the occasion. A bank east and west. Only the one may man arrested on a charge serious enough to send him to state prison for ten years will, if guilty, make any sort of confession demanded, except to confess his own guilt. If he is to be tried for his life he will swear the murder against any party the sheriff or chief of police desire him to. It is any thing to pull his own neck out of the noose The sheriff naturally wanted to convict Black, and when Carnes and Fisher were "pressed" they cooked up a very plausible

I had verified Black's story. I had got barn and found a candle in a box just where he had told me to look for it. 1 had timed the journey to and fro, and found it occupied the interval stated. I evidence named. It occurred a good many had found mud on his boots which had come from a spot near the barn, I had found people who met him that night and hid us from sight of the flying horseman took him for a stranger. However, when as he drew nearer; but he did not appear 4,000 inhabitants, and being in a western the case was called in the higher court I to be looking around him. He was less tate had an element of toughness. Mur was appalled at the strength of the eviwas appalled at the strength of the evi- forward in his saddle and gazing straight dence against my client. As is invariably ahead. I did not realize the situation unassault very common ones. One day a the case in a small town, everybody want- til too late to interfere. Had I been told ed to appear to know something. Men in plain words what the blind man was were put on the stand who swore they saw there for I should not have put forth a Black in town at 7 o'clock; others saw him hand. He would have turned on me and an hour later; others still "believed" they saw him have the club found at his house

> I could only prove two things in defenseprevious good character and how the over- He could not see the sights, but it was the alls came to be stained with blood. Black natural way. His hearing served him as boldly confessed that he had intended to well as my vision. On the instant that the burn the barn and thus accounted for his time, but it only hurt his case. Every man threw up his arms, lurched right and body jumped to the conclusion that a man who would commit arson would not scru-ple at murder. True, he had been known "W for years as a peaceable farmer, but his opportunity for making a strike had not ered his rifle. come until the stranger appeared. It was shown that he was hard up financially; him; that he had been heard to make dire threats, and they could not have painted

On top of all this came the "confession." Carnes and Fisher had occupied the same dead. cell for days, and therefore agreed in all the details. They swore to meeting Black town to look for Williams and found him on the street. Fisher swore that he accosted him and directed him to the millrace, telling him that the owner of the mill wanted to see him. After the murder all and Fisher fifty dollars apiece and put off saw the blow struck nor the body flung and wondering if I had dreamed it all into the water, both agreed as to town, where Williams couldn't have moved Black said on the way home. He had told them that Williams seemed suspicious and was about to run away when struck down.

acquaintances. turned to town as quietly as any other Morny and M. de Maupas and Louis Natraveler! You can imagine the public poleon were the prin al actors in the amazement! He left town on the night of famous coup d'etat Dec. , 1851. the murder at 9 o'clock, going to Milwankee to see about a bank safe and other absent. He got about fifty dollars in cash, with two citizens and the ticket agent and but only after a two hours' search. To all saw him board the train. Not one of Marie, Countess of Montijo, and the cities lorgotten all about it!" such cases the average man is either over can mistake caused Napoleon's power to anxious to go on the stand, or he obstinately refuses to remember anything in favor

of the prisoner. My case was won by the reappearance of Williams. It was for his murder that A man who was suspected of being an ex- Black had been tried. Who was the vicconvict, and who was known to be hard up, tim? That was never found out, though it was generally believed that he was one of good deal about the murder, and seemed a pair of bad men who had come to Cane very anxious that Carnes should be con-Hill with some evil intent, and had quarreled with and been done up by his of thirty dollars was found in his wallet. Carney and Fisher at once went back on their "confession" and accounted for their time on that evening. This gave them lies. Asked to account for his time on the away on the robberies, and they were duly tried and landed behind the bars. Black all up, and finally relapsed into a dogged had confessed to an attempt at arson, but silence. It was believed that he and while the case was dragging along he committed suicide in jail, and thus disposed

I have given you the case just as record point a moral or adorn a tale. There was he vigorously denied the murder, but like no need of that. There is scarcely a day in the week that your daily paper does not complain of the law's delay and give instances of how it is juggled with. Law-yers and courts are referred to as almost devoid of honor and integrity, and here straight story. From 6 to 10 o'clock he and there it is demanded that Judge Lynch open court. Take any case you will, follow it closely and the explanation will be ample. The ignorance, stupidity and malice of the public called to take the witness box on either side of any or all cases is the real foundation of nine-tenths of the complaints

A BLIND MAN'S SHOT.

Wonderful Story of Revenge That Seems Almost Incredible. I had come down to the ford over the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas river to the west of McPherson, when I observed a white man mounted on a mule before me. He was facing me, with his Winchester

"Hello, soldier!" "Hello to you!" 'This is White Horse ford.'

"There is a lone cottonwood to the left and a large rock to the right? "Can't you see that there is?" "No. I have been blind for the last year

These landmarks used to be here, but I didn't know what changes might have "I rode closer to look into his eyes. The He claimed to me that he had lids were closed as if in sleep and had a bluish appearance.

"The flame of a coward's gun did it!" he quietly observed as he dismounted. "Will

Yes. "Now, look to the east, over the trail running along the opposite bank, and tell me if you see anybody.

"Yes, I do. About three miles up is a man coming on horseback.' "Thank you. I am in time. Sorry bother you, but if you were blind I'd do as much for you. As soon as you can make out the color of the horse tell me what it

"It is a bay," I answered him as the "Is he riding fast?"

"Yes. "Does he wear a black felt sombrero!" "No: a white one."

"Ah, that's good. Now, then, please keep quiet!"

He stood behind the rock with his rifle

with a wagon road running along the other was in sight.

"He's coming fast," observed the blind "Yes, at a gallop. "Now he's passing the twin cotton-

woods! "Yes. "Now he's at the curve where the waters

of the spring run down?" "Yes. "Now he's on the straight stretch to the

"Yes." "Bay horse, white felt sombrero, long. black hair and bushy, black whiskers?"

Yes. "Good! I can't miss him!" dead cottonwood opposite. The big rock or three seconds the rock hid the horse western face. The blind man had been holding his rifle to his face for ten seconds. left, and finally pitched headlong to the

"Will you kindly cross over and see if he is dead?" asked the blind man as he low

I mounted and forded the stream. The you, sir. man lay on his back, arms outstretched that certain men were rather afraid of and his hat thirty feet away. His eyes were shut and his jaw failing. From his right side the blood was pouring out on the sunbaked crust, while clinched the barrel of his rifle with a death grip. I rode back and said that he was

"Thanks-many thanks!" replied the blind man. "The boys routed him out just outside the village. They entered the above this morning, and I was sure he would pass this way.

"Who was he?" "The coward who blinded me! Will you please lead up my mule? Ah, here he is! I can get along nicely now. Good day to went to Black's house, where the money was to be divided. He had given Carnes obliged—very much obliged, sir." And he rode off to the east and left me

Louis Napoleon really had some grounds I lost my case, of course. The jury went out simply for appearance sake, and in cot and a hoodoo. He was born on the seven minutes returned with a verdict of last day of Machreal (April 20), just at the "guilty." You may ask what had been opening of Fioreal, or the "Flowery done to trace Williams? Very little. He Month," and received his early military had said he was from Chicago. No one instructions from Moreith. The first of knew his full address. The affair had been published in the Chicago papers, but no was a "Manuel d'Artillerie." When Louis the small hours he studied Mr. Webone had identified Williams as Williams. Philippe began to suspect Louis, it was He seemed to have neither relatives nor none other than M. Mole who sent the Swiss government papers requesting their Black was to be sentenced to death, and expulsion of the obnoxious prince. On Carnes an Fisher were to get off with a May 25, 1846, after he had been in prison term in state prison. They had not yet for five years for making an attempt on been sentenced, when Williams, the man the throne of France, at Bologne, he made who had been murdered and buried, re his escape and went to England. M. de

The most glorious its of the French arms during his reign were the capture of things. He was taken ill en route and left Malakoff and the green of Mamelech durthe train at a small village where he had ing the Crimean war. His famous field relatives. He had been sick with fever for marshals were McMahon, Duke of Magenta weeks, and nothing whatever was known and Marakoff. The victory of Solferino them came forward to testify to these facts. of Mantua and Milan play important parts during his campaigns. wane. The banks of the Meuse (Sedan) and Metz lowered his star forever, and Moltke was the main cause of its lowering A remarkable "M" record, to say the least -St. Louis Republic.

On One of the Great Lakes.

Close to a watering resort on Lake Michigan, which is crowded in summer by per sons from all over the west, some men were cutting timber in the winter. Two broth ers were among them. One hit himself with an ax, cutting open an artery in his leg. The other hurried away for surgical When the messenger returned noth ing but the bones of his brother were left Wolves, attracted by the scent of his blood, had eaten him up.

It is thus that there is forced upon the comprehension the practical newness of this giant fresh water sea, which geolo ed. I haven't complicated it in order to gists would have us believe is millions of for the other students to emulate. years old, and which even history mentions in the Seventeenth century. But with the pared with care, and his deportment youth of this new civilization have come the vigor and enterprise needed to develop industries and to rear cities of which all the people of all the states, new and old may well feel proud.-Julian Ratph in

A Good Cat to Have.

Biddeford papers bring interesting accounts of a cat that drinks coffee at break fast, and of a child six years old who writes poetry. The cat is worth bringing up.—Bangor Commercial.

Couldn't Place Rim.

Remarkable stories are told of the gift which many public characters have for remembering the names and faces of comparatively unimportant persons. It may be consoling to persons who lack this pleasant faculty to know that they have distinguished company. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has difficulty in remembering names. He told this story to a friend: waiting. His head was inclined to the

"I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock exchange building, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a number of years since we had met, and was very gracious and friendly.

"But I couldn't place him for the life of me. I asked him as a sort of a feeler how he happened to be in New York, and he answered with a touch of surprise that he had lived there for several years. Finally I told him in an apologetical way that I couldn't recall his name.

he said very quietly that his name was U. "What did you do, Joe?" his friend asked. "Do?" he replied, with a characteristic "Why, I got out at the next floor smile.

"He looked at me for a moment, and then

for fear I should be fool enough to ask him if he had ever been in the war!"-Youth's Companion A Narrow Escape. "Don't be afraid to eat some of this an

gel food, Mr. Smith. I made it with my own hands." "Miss Daisy, I don't think there is a man

living worthy to eat angel food, especially

when it is made by one so angelic as your-

self. Please pass the bread," and the per

fidious wretch got away and lived to eat

another day .- Detroit Free Press. Much Involved. "This sentence is rather involved," said the convicted copy reader, with a sickly smile, as he stood before the judge after hearing it pronounced.
"Yes," said the judge, "it involves ten years."—Boston Post.

Her Dramatic Mission. She-Don't you think woman can do a great deal toward elevating the stage! He-Yes. She can lower her hat.-Life.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S CORNER

INTERESTING TOPICS FOR BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE.

Webster's Messenger Boy--The Clock and the Story--The Story of Billiards--A True Dog Story -- A Gold Pocket Knife.

Webster's Messenger Boy. While Daniel Webster was secretary

of state under President Fillmore, a young boy named Stephen Wise was employed by him as messenger. Mr. Up went his rifle, pointed straight at the Webster grew very fond of the thin, delicate, dark-eyed lad, and finding him honest and reliable intrusted him with papers 'and personal effects in a most careless and wholesome manner. But Stephen's sharp eyes saw everything, and his attentive ears heard all that was passing and killed me off hand had I meddled. For two he gathered up information about everything that came into his hands, and could have supplied any facts Mr. Webster had forgotten.

Mr. Webster said one day: "You readatoo much. My law books are too dry and old for chaps of 14. While you wait for me run up and down under the trees.'

Stephen shook his head. He said eagerly: "No, Mr. Webster, I can't lose such opportunities as I have with "Ambitious, Stephen?" dryly asked

Mr. Webster. "Going to be a lawyer or a president?" "A lawyer, sir, I will study 20 years

to-be"-

Stephen's head drooped under the deepset eyes looking him through. great lawyer, of course, Mr. Webster said, with a

"Yes, sir! not great like Mr. Daniel Webster-but as great as I can become.

In all Mr. Webster's public life he rarely asked favors for himself or friends, but that night he spoke about his messenger boy to his friend Judge Marshall, of Virginia. "If I die the division for a week. While neither sitting on my horse and staring after him first I want'you to look after Stephen. When a boy of his age starts up the ladder with the persistence and pluck of a middle-aged man of ability he must be helped along. Stephen's in a fair way to get to the top.

For four years Stephen had the ad-

vantage of working for Mr. Websteran advantage he knew how to use. He copied speeches, read criticisms, examined and arranged papers-each ster's law books.

When Stephen Wise was 25 he was practicing law in Virginia, his native state. Then did the residents of Washington remember his magnetic arguments in the law courts of those early days; remember well the dark, wiry, thin Virginian, who, with his court papers under his arm, was always dropping into the senate chamber at the hour of a great debate, or into the libraries for fresh knowledge to bear on his arguments and opinions.

He argued with the first jurists of the time, and was retained in the same causes with the eminent men of of the case. At the depot be conversed took place on the banks and in the waters his profession. Fathers were wont to point out Stephen Wise, the celebrated lawyer, and tell their sons the story of the little fellow, hungry for knowledge, who was picked up by Daniel Webster and got the larger part of his learning while acting as the great man's office boy.

Elements of Success. Mark Holmes was a young man of

brilliant parts. He was an indefatigable worker, and his ideas as to quality of work in what he did were of the highest. He wrote a perfectly legible, clear and rapid hand. His shorthand writing was like engraving, his type-writing was faultless. The drawings he made the first year of his scientific course he presented by request of the Professor, to the college in which he was a student, as models His recitations were invariably prewas beyond criticism.

Yet when he saw young men in his classes with talents so much more shows and brilliant than his, he was inclined to despond as to his success in life. He was rather slow of speech, and found his pleasure in literary companionship with authors in their books rather than with the young men about hin. He did not smoke cigars, or carry a cane, or take a drink, or sing a comic song. There was no

fun in these things to him. Fortunately he had a friend some years older than himself with whom he discussed his future with pertect frankness. At the conclusion of one of their talks this friend said to him:

"You need have no misgivings as to your future. With you character will be as large a factor in your success as education, family or general ability. What the world needs is men who can be trusted, who can be depended on, whose integrity is firm, whose honesty is incorruptible, whose escutcheon is spotless. I am glad you are not brilliant. Many a young man has been wrecked by the possession of shining abilities, unbalanced by sterling virtue and established principle. You have only to go on as you are now doing, and the way will open before you; positions will seek you, and you will perhaps slowly but surely rise to the level you are capable of reaching by the simple force of your character and your manhood."-Ex.

A True Dog Story.

Gyp was a handsome brown spaniel, of the kind known as "bird dogs." When only a little puppy her instinct as a bird setter showed itself in a passion for chasing and killing young chickens, and as she grew older, not even the larger fowls were safe from hersharp teeth. At last, however, by much patience and punishing on the part of her master, Gyp was taught not to chase the fowls, on her master's

premises at least. One of the children of the family had a pet hen, which, being always near the house annoyed Gyp very much by stealing the food from the plate of scraps set out for the dog upon the back porch. In vain Gyp did chase her away. As long as she forbore giv-ing her a shaking, old Biddy would re-

turn on the instant that Gyp went back to her plate and snatch another

hoice bit under her very nose. At last the poor dog's patience was worn out, and one morning Gyp re-solved to put old Biddy out of the way, and yet not risk the punishment by killing her in the way common to ard dogs. She seized the hen in her teeth, and ran with it to the garden, where, still holding it in her mouth, she scratched a deep hole in the earth and laid the squawking hen in it, holding her down with one paw, while with the other she proceeded to bury her tormentor alive. So well did she accomplish this

task that it is doubtful if the hen could have gotten out without help. When the hen was buried, Gyp trotted back to finish her breakfast in

The hen was released uninjured, and ran cackling to the barn-yard. The lesson proved a good one, however, and if the hen ever came near the plate of food again, a spring at her from Gyp would send her away in great ir ght .- Harper's Young Peo-

The Clock and the Story.

This was a queer clock. It looked like a small bird-house, and hung quite high on the wall, out of reach of the

It was a rainy day, and Mabel Dora, and Fred were tired of their toys, for they had had a long play What should they do them. next? Just then Aunt Kate came into the room, and the three little folks cried out with one voice: "Aunt Kate, tell us a story! Please do!"

Aunt Kate looked up at the clock. and said: "Well, it must be a short one, for I can only stay with you a few moments. I know you are fond of birds, so I will tell you of one that is too lazy to build a nest for itself. It lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. and leaves them there to be kept warm and hatched out. Is she not a strange kind of a mother, to take no thought or care of her little ones, and sec that tnev are well brought up?" What is the bird's name?" asked

Fred, "I should think all the other birds would hate her." "Maybe they do," said Aunt Kate

going toward the door. "Tell us its name," cried the chil

"The clock will do that," said Aunt

And then there was a great whir and whiz inside the clock, and out popped a wee mite of a bird, who said, "Cuckoo! cuck-oo! cuck-oo!" at the

top of its lungs. And the clock told the truth, for that was the bird's name.

A Rich Musician.

Generally professional men, and especially musicians, are very poor business men. Rossini was, however, an exception, though he did not prove himself to be an exception until quite late in life. He wrote William Tell, which is one of the greatest of operas The work insured him fame for all time, and caused him to be buried in Pere la Chaise, a Paris cemetery wherein many great Frenchmen of times have been interred. But while Rossini was at work upon his famous opera he lived in a garret. His room was reached by not even a stairway, but by a ladder which led up to a trap-door in the floor. For his opera the French government paid him \$3000. With it he speculated on the Bourse, and, unlike most men, suc ceeded there. Every venture was fortunate in its results, and a handsome fortune was soon accumulated. Dying, he left this fortune to his successors in music. Part of it went to found at Pesaro, where he was born, a fine school of music. The remainder went to establish in Paris, where he died, a pleasant home for old must

A Gold Pocket Knife,

The costliest pocket-knives manufactured for sale are retailed at a store in New York city, which sells nothing but knives. There are 1500 different kinds on exhibition in the window, ranging in price from 5 cents to \$25. The \$25 knife is the costliest known. The outside plates of its handle are solid gold, and it contains two small blades only, a nail file and a miniature pair of scissors. There is a little hook in the handle by which it may be attached to the watch chain. The sales of the \$25 knife are very

The largest knife in America is supposed to be in Cincinnati. It has fiftysix blades and is a chest of tools in itself, containing almost anything from a tooth-pick to a cigar punch, from a pair of scissors to a handsaw. It is for sale at \$500 and weighs thirteen pounds.

The largest knife ever known was made by Jonathan Crookes, a workman for Joseph Rodgers in Sheffield. It had 1821 blades.

The Story of Billiards.

The first billiard player is declared by those who have investigated the subject to have been a London pawnbrokernamed William Kew. It is his name spelled differently which is applied to the stick universally used in the game of billards and known as

a "cue. A letter in the British Museum says that Kew not only loaned the money but sold cloth, and that the three round balls, which he had hung in front of his shop as a sign, were taken down one day to be cleaned and polished and were laid on the cloth, counter by the yardstick. Picking up the yard-stick carelessly Kew be gan to punch these balls about on the smooth surface of the cloth spread out before him, and soon acquired a certain sort of skill at making one glance from the other. He got to be quite fond of this amusement, which his friends called "Bill's yard." This was afterwards, the letter says, shortened into "billiards."

Punishment of Wife-Beaters in Germany.

Mr. Labouchere writes:-My attention has been called to a system said to be in force in Germany, by which a man may be imprisoned for an assault on his wife or children without causing the punishment to react to the further disadvantage of his victims. The plan consists in imprisoning him only on his holidays. He is taken every Saturday when he leaves work and locked up till Monday morning, and this process is repeated until the term may be. The idea is ingen-ious, but I do not see how it could be worked effectually except in a country where the whole population are under close police supervision.

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OUR BOOK LIST

Our list of choice literature is made up of the best and most reliable reform books, by the most noted writers. If you want to keep posted on the great questions before the American people you should consult the authorities. We name below a number of the best books published.

The Railway Problem, by Stickney. The greatest sensation of the year is this great book on the railway problem by a railway president. Cloth edition has 14 illustrative diagrams...... 8 .50 82 00 Jason Edwards, by Hamlin Garland, a new book that should be read by every Alliance member in Nebraska. Dedicated to the Farmers' Alliance it gives a graphic description of life in a pioneer settlement, and the glimpses of city life are not in the Whither are We Drifting, Willey..... The Farmers' Side. Senator Peffer of Kausas has in a very careful and plain manner stated the injustice of the present methods in this new book, and outlined plans for relief.... Emmet Bonlore, Reed. A new book of engrossing interest by a popular author..... Driven from Sea to Sea, Post. A book that should be read by all... .50

An Indiana Man, Armstrong. A well told story of a young man who A Kentucky Colonel, Reed. The deepest thinker and the most progressive of all the writers of humor in this country is Opic P. Reed, and this is his best work..... The Coming Climax in the Destinies of America, by Lester C. Hubbard. 480 pages of new facts and generalizations in American politics. Radical yet constructive. An abundant supply of new

Ten men of Money Island, Norton. Col. Norton has told his story Geld, Shilling. This book should be in the hands of every German

Smith's Diagram and Parliamentary Rules..... Roberts' Rules of Order..... Seven Financial Conspiracies... Labor and Alliance Songster, words only 10c each. Per dozen.... 1.10 Music ed. 20c " " " board 25c " "

Songs of Industry, Howe. In this book the author has given us a

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