

A SEA ADVENTURE.

CAPTAIN JACK'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE IN THE CHINA SEA.

Witnessing a Submarine Earthquake That Made an Island and Recreated a Vessel, and Attacked by Bloodthirsty Malays—How They Met Their Fate.

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Among the relics I have gathered together during the last quarter of a century is the log of the brig Hopewell while making a voyage in the China sea. She was owned and commanded by my grandfather, who was familiarly known as Captain Jack, and the log in which the daily events of the voyage were written out in his cramped and old-fashioned chirography was left behind him as an heirloom. The two particular adventures I am to give you are pretty fully recorded, but so far as I know have never been published. I shall take the liberty of changing the language here and there, for Captain Jack was no scholar, but shall stick to the facts as he wrote them down in ink which has scarcely yet begun to fade.

The Hopewell was an English brig, which had been chartered on this occasion for a voyage up the Gulf of Siam with two objects in view. One was to secure the cargo of a vessel partly destroyed by fire at Bangkok, at the head of the gulf, and the other was to try to learn the fate of the ship Viking, which belonged to a trading company at Singapore and had been mysteriously missing for many months. English men-of-war had closed out many piratical haunts along the Malay coast, and so many piratical crafts had been destroyed that merchant vessels no longer had any fear of being overhauled. The Hopewell carried a crew of ten men, all of whom were provided with small arms, but she had no cannon.

The log says she had a fair run up the east coast for five days, though the winds were light, but on the sixth day, being then about six miles off the island of Alango, as it was then called on the charts, it fell a dead calm. This was early in the morning. Before noon there was a peculiar hazy atmosphere about the coast, and so many piratical crafts had been destroyed that merchant vessels no longer had any fear of being overhauled. The Hopewell carried a crew of ten men, all of whom were provided with small arms, but she had no cannon.

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When morning came Captain Jack looked for the island of Alango in vain. It had sunk out of sight with all its thousands of trees, and in place of it was a rocky reef or key, black and barren, about three miles long by a mile broad. At no point was it more than five feet above the surface of the sea. The island of Alango was seven miles long by four wide, and was supposed to have about 500 inhabitants. It had been the scene of a massacre of the forest trees were carried 300 miles down the gulf. But this was not the only strange sight which greeted the eyes of the crew when daylight came. On an even keel in the middle of the newly created reef was a shaly mound, and in those waters, and by pirates from the island. They had taken out her cargo, stripped her of sails and running rigging and then scuttled her. She had gone down in water perhaps half a mile deep, and her decks and sides and masts were incrustated with shells and fungus. She lay about half a mile from the water's edge, and of course there was no hope of floating her. Captain Jack left her resting in her rocky cradle, and during the next two years she was often sighted by European ships. For some reason she was set on fire, presumably by natives, and thus ended her strange career.

It was on this same voyage, and four days later, when the brig had worked up against head winds to the group of islands called the Sang-Wau group, that the second strange adventure occurred. One afternoon as the brig was steering to the east of the islands, with the nearest one about three miles away, the wind fell and she was left rolling on a glassy sea. There was no fear of an earthquake on this occasion, but Captain Jack was worried about something else. The island he had been a piratical stronghold, and he did not feel sure that all the rascals had been driven out. He went aloft himself to inspect the island with his glass and he presently discovered something to bring him down in a hurry. He reported that he could make out several butts on the shore and that a native craft was evidently making ready to pull out and pay the brig a visit. He must have had a chicken hearted crew with him, for the log reports that he had to threaten some of them with shooting to prevent them from taking the yawl and leaving the vessel to her fate. The rascals were brought up and distributed, each man served with a dram to raise his spirits, and when the prahu was finally seen coming out it was agreed to defend the brig to the last.

The sun was still two hours high when the native craft was within a quarter of a mile of the brig, which was being slowly set in shore by a current, but which was in too deep water to anchor. Captain Jack had made good use of his time. There being only one prahu, and the brig being high out of water, the rascals would doubtless seek to board at the bows. All the grease and slush which could be found aboard was used there to make the boarding more difficult, while the cook got hot water ready and trains of powder were laid on deck. It was meant to fire these in case the pirates got a foothold and drove the crew aft.

Just out of musket shot the pirate craft rested on her oars, and Captain Jack counted thirty of the rascals, each one well armed and ready for desperate work. He hailed them, and they asked what was wanted; but no reply was made. He then warned them to keep off or take the consequences; but his loud talk did not bluff them. They were simply looking the brig over to note her strength and what preparations she had made for resistance. After a delay of ten minutes the onset of the pirates fell into the water, her entire crew uttered a cheer, and she had just got under

way when a mysterious thing happened. No one aboard the brig had an eye upon her just then, as they were making their final preparations, and so what actually occurred was never known. What Captain Jack saw as he looked up was the prahu sinking below the surface, which was very much agitated. She went down very slowly, and seemed to fall apart as she went, for the surface was soon covered with wreckage.

You will perhaps not agree with me when I say that Captain Jack now did a good thing for mankind. All the pirates were adrift, supporting themselves on the wreckage, and they were making ready to swim for the brig and attack her, when the crew were ordered to open fire. If the Malay of today is an object of suspicion and detestation to every European sailor, the bloodthirsty pirates of those days could expect no mercy. The log of the Hopewell says that the firing continued until the last pirate had been picked off, and that she was gathered in such numbers as to fill everybody with astonishment. There was much speculation as to what caused the loss of the prahu. As she was clear of rocks and reefs it was the opinion of Captain Jack that some great fish, perhaps a shark, struck the craft as she was breaching. Nothing else could have wrecked her so quickly or shattered her so completely.

The brig continued to drift in toward the island with the current, and at length the anchor was let go in five fathoms of water half a mile from the beach. With his hands the captain could now make out five or six small huts and a large storehouse on shore, and only a single native appeared in sight. He made signals with a flag, but as night was coming on further investigation was postponed till the morning. Not knowing that that another force of darkness, Captain Jack kept the crew under arms all night and was prepared to give them a hot reception. The night passed quietly however, and next morning the lone man renewed his signals so vigorously that a boat was sent off to investigate. She had no sooner come within hailing distance than the man cried out in good English that he was a captive and the only living man on the island. The boat landed, and he proved to be one William Tripp, an English sailor, who had been captured three years before on a small trading schooner. While the rest of the crew had been murdered after capture, he had been spared for some reason unknown, and had been on the island ever since. He was treated like a slave, and on one occasion, when he had planned to escape, they had sliced off one of his ears with a cut-throat razor. Every man of the piratical gang had embarked to attack the brig, and Tripp was overjoyed at their fate.

It would have been a feather in Captain Jack's cap had nothing further been accomplished, but he was not a man to be content. That storehouse was full of plunder, and they worked the brig into a cove, where she was fairly safe, and set about discharging her ballast and loading her with a cargo. During Tripp's stay with the pirates they had captured two trading schooners, and the cargo of these, together with a miscellaneous assortment of stuff picked up at other times. There was flour, sugar, coffee, tea, clothing hardware, drugs, shoes, cutlery, wines and almost everything else ever carried in a cargo. Some of the articles were badly damaged by rot and mildew, but they had plenty to pick from, and in a couple of weeks had loaded the Hopewell with the richest cargo she ever carried. It seemed odd enough to find in that out of the way place two grand pianos, which had not been unboxed, several telegraphs, and a camera. There was also a gold frame, mirror six feet long, grindstones from the United States, most queerly of all, a box holding fifty kitchen clocks, every one of which began striking as they moved the box. As they went out one side of the storehouse the better to get at the goods, what was left after the pirates had taken their share was converted into a bonfire and all traces of the pirates thus wiped out.

The brig then sailed for Singapore and reached that port in safety. A claim was set up by the German consul and the court decided against them. What the court decided against was the log does not state but it must have amounted to a large sum, for after receiving his share of the sale Captain Jack decided to give up the sea and its perils and become a ship chandler. When the particulars of his adventures with the pirates reached England some of the humane societies made a great ado over his heartlessness in picking off the Malays as they floated about, but every sailor would have voted him a gold to bacco box for doing that very thing as thoroughly as he did.

Docking Horses. "The arguments against the cruel practice of docking horses' tails," says a correspondent, "might meet with more consideration in this Christian land if the gentle dames who countenance the practice were instructed as to the origin of the custom. During the time Warren Hastings was governor of India, over a century ago, the English were first shocked by encountering this cruel fashion, originated by the savage Tartars in the Thibetan mountains. So repulsive did it seem to our good Anglo-Saxons that they not only refused to buy horses thus deformed, but actually paid the mountaineers a bounty to induce them to forego the practice. "And now, O world of inconsistency, it is England which has persuaded the gentle American to take up, as the height of fashion, this rude and barbarous mode, long used by the natives of the mountains. Shall we be obliged to import a mission from the savages to buy us off?"—New York Tribune.

The March of the Black Death. The destructive march of the pestilence, the black death, cannot now be accurately traced, but it swept along from east to west, slowly enough, but with inexorable wing. Rumors of trouble and disaster heralded its approach. A thick, stinking mist was reported to herald or accompany the march of the fell destroyer. Nor were there wanting signs and wonders in the sky, and a grand conjunction of the three superior planets—Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars—in the sign of Aquarius, 24th March, 1345, might have been read for those acquainted with the secrets of the stars as portentous of unheard of disasters.

That the infection was conveyed in the air and spread itself with the varied tides and currents of the aerial ocean seems evident, for it fell upon ships at sea and ravaged the most secluded places; but it was also conveyed by trade routes, and seized upon every point of traffic.—All the Year Round.

The First Man to Carry an Umbrella. Jonas Hanway was said to be the first man who carried an umbrella in the streets of London. Umbrellas were long before that carried by women, but they were considered a feminine luxury, and a man would no more be seen with one than nowadays he would walk the streets with a parasol in summer or carry a muff in winter. But Jonas Hanway, thinking like a sensible man, that all the good things should not be appropriated by women, boldly walked the streets one day with an umbrella (probably it belonged to his wife) over his head. He not only kept himself dry among the moist fellow creatures, but he set a shining example to us who have not always the "courage of convicts." But it was long before the whole country got used to umbrellas. rper's Young People.

THE WOMAN ON THE BACK SEAT.

Vengeance Came to Him, but Not in Her Way.

I boarded the train at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and had scarcely got seated when I noticed a little woman on the last seat of the right hand side. I could not see her face on account of the heavy veil she wore, and I leaned over against the window so heavily that I thought her asleep. There were only a few passengers of us in the car, and everybody seemed to shrink into himself as if weary and disgusted.

"Who's the woman back there?" I asked of the conductor as he sat down beside me for a few minutes. "Don't know; going to St. Louis," he replied. "Sick?" "Maybe, and maybe it's something on her mind. I've got an idea that she's watching for somebody." It was winter day, and raining at that. It was dusk, but the lamps had not been lighted, when six or eight people got on at a station. Among them was a couple whom I believed to be newly wedded, although they were middle aged. The man was blue looking, and the woman really handsome, and they took a seat about the middle of the car, with their backs to the veiled woman. When I happened to look back I found her sitting bolt upright and acting as if very much excited. Fifteen minutes after the train had pulled out of the station the little woman passed me as she went down the aisle. The lamps were alight now, and I saw a pistol clutched in her right hand. The couple referred to were acting very lovingly toward each other, but I had not connected the little woman with them at all. She passed them by two or three feet and then wheeled, raised her veil, and stood with the pistol pointed full in the man's face.

No one can be prepared for action under such circumstances. Every one in the car was looking at the woman, and everybody realized that a tragedy was at hand, but nobody moved. The newly wedded couple stood like a statue, the pistol within two feet of the man's face. Those in front of him said that he flushed up at the sight of her, and then grew pale as death. He tried to speak, but his lips uttered no sound. The woman beside him looked raised her hands and sank back in a dead faint.

"George, I have come to say good-by!" said the little woman at last, and her words were followed by the dull click of the hammer falling on a cartridge. There was no explosion. Her arm slowly fell and she sank back in her seat, but with a gasp she saw that she had pierced his brain. A doctor who came in from the car ahead said it was a case of heart failure. He was the husband of the little woman who had been riding so long on the back seat. They had quarreled, and he had become infatuated with the woman beside him, who had been passing to encounter them and kill him. He had looked into the face of death for thirty seconds, and the strain on his nerves had stopped the flow of life as suddenly as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt.

A corpse—an adventure—a widow! It ended there for us, but not for them. We do not know what happened to her, but it is any wonder that she rushed through the darkness each one of us seemed to hear a voice saying: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap! The deeds of the wicked shall recoil upon their own heads!" M. QUAD.

Diving for Pearls. Around the northern and western coasts of Australia the mother-of-pearl has been found in great quantities, and it was on these coasts, which are still unexplored and inhabited only by natives, that the writer first saw the natives who possess the art of pearl diving as it followed today. Formerly it was carried on in two ways, by native divers and by dress divers. A few years ago the aborigines were easily induced to sign a contract binding them to their employer for the diving season, and in remuneration for their labor received the usual pay—food, tobacco, clothing from the neck to the knees and a blanket. They lived aboard a schooner on the fishing grounds during the five summer months, diving from small boats without the aid of sinker or other appendage, and in water from twenty to sixty feet deep. Each boat was in charge of a white man, who sculled the boat along and kept his "boys" up to the mark. Excepting an hour for dinner, they remained away from the schooner from sunrise to sunset. A good native diver, if shells were moderately plentiful, would get from 80 to 100 pairs per day.—H. P. Whitmarsh in Century.

Everything Was All Right. The major had invited me to go out with him to his plantation, and we were skirting a field where a number of old stamps had been set on fire, when he suddenly stopped. During the time Warren Hastings was governor of India, over a century ago, the English were first shocked by encountering this cruel fashion, originated by the savage Tartars in the Thibetan mountains. So repulsive did it seem to our good Anglo-Saxons that they not only refused to buy horses thus deformed, but actually paid the mountaineers a bounty to induce them to forego the practice. "And now, O world of inconsistency, it is England which has persuaded the gentle American to take up, as the height of fashion, this rude and barbarous mode, long used by the natives of the mountains. Shall we be obliged to import a mission from the savages to buy us off?"—New York Tribune.

"DEM AR FEET MUST A-GO AFIAIR AIRLY DIS MAWIN." We walked over to the place designated, and there on the ground, lying on the broad of his back, with his hands locked under his nose, was a negro fast asleep. Instead of boots he had rags on his feet, and the rags on both feet were on fire and evidently had been for a long time. "Boyl! Boyl! Oh, boyl!" called the major as he touched him with his boot. "Wha—what's the rumpus, Mars Thompson?" stammered the negro as he sat up and looked around. "Yo'r feet are on fire!" "Shoo! Yo' doan tell me!" "Come—stir around or yo'll be laid up." "Yes, sah—yes, sah—Ize gwine ter be movin' right away, but det's no cause fur to get excited, Mars Thompson. Dem ar feet must a-got afiah airly dis mawin, but de fiah hain't dun worked down frew de first layer o' chilblains yit! Plenty o' time, Mars Thompson—plenty o' time if I doan do nuffin befo' evenin'!" M. QUAD.

Exercise Galore. "Does your wife take much exercise?" asked Fenderson of Fogg. "Exercise!" exclaimed Fogg. "I should say so. She changes her dress six times every day."—Exchange.

ABOUT THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE RISING GENERATION.

A Surprise in the Garden—How all Boys Should Know—What to Get the Most Good Out of Books.

A Surprise in the Garden. One day last spring little boy Donald came over to "the grandpa-house" from his home across the street. Thus being his daily custom, it was strange that a surprise of several days' preparing should have escaped his bright eyes until the right time came.

A packet of pepperglass seed, the warm sunshine, soft spring rains, and auntie were all in the secret, but never a word said until this day I am telling about, when Donald came over just as auntie was showering the seedlings in her garden. Donald likes this work very much, and running for his own little watering-pot, was soon ready to help.

"Shower that corner well, please, Donald," said auntie, and the earth soon darkened as it drank in the water, making a background which showed plainly the tender green of young plants lined upon it.

Suddenly Donald paused in his work; then bent closely over the corner of the border; and a laugh of delight rang out as he spelled the capital letters D O N A L D—real live letters growing in auntie's garden.

As wonderful as it seems, all dressed in living green seemed those tiny plants to Donald, who liked to pretend that some little magicians under the ground had planned this great surprise. All the friends were brought to see this "other Donald," and the little watering-pot did daily work to keep him fresh and green.

As the days went on, however, the garden Donald began to grow in a struggling way which blurred the outlines of the letters. But out of this bing wall she sank down in the aisle and was helpless. One morning early the fresh young leaves were carefully picked, heaped in a pretty basket, and carried home to mamma for breakfast.

Mamma had a funny idea about eating Donald, but she tried it, and then exclaimed, in mock-surprise, "Why, I had supposed my Donald was sweet and mild, but he tastes peppery and tries to bite my tongue!" Nobody enjoyed the pepperglass more than did Donald himself, as he sat up in his high chair at table eating it with his bread and butter, and shaking with laughter at mamma's little jokes.

This year he may have the pleasure of getting up a surprise in the garden for mamma, and this is the way auntie will tell him how to do it. Dig up your bit of earth and make it smooth and even. Trace with your finger the letters of the name in the fresh earth, and drop the pepperglass seed carefully along the tracing. Cover the seeds lightly with fine earth, and press it all down firmly afterward. A board is good for this purpose, but if it is not to be had, your hand will do quite well. Unless you can tell by the clouds that rain is coming soon, it would be wise to help the seeds begin their work by giving them a shower from the watering-pot, and at no time let a serious drought come to your garden, for all the little seeds need moisture to work out the wonder of their growing."

Those among the older "young people" who are so fortunate as to possess a dear little sister or brother, and a garden, will find it worth while working out this surprise.—Harper's Young People.

Some Curious Things. An absent-minded Frenchman went to the police in Paris a few days ago, and told them that he had been missing from home for three days, and requested that in case they saw anything of him to let him know at once. Another absent-minded man went to his room to dress for a dinner party, but after removing his day clothes, instead of putting on his evening clothes he donned his night apparel, and getting into bed slept soundly until the next morning, when extreme hunger reminded him of the lost dinner.

Small boys who think ten cents a glass an enormous sum to pay for soda-water ought to be very glad that they have a taste for anything so cheap, and not for Ceylon tea, some of which was sold in London not long ago for 235 or 275 a pound. It was composed of what are called "golden tips," which are the extreme ends of the shoots of the tea plant, and certainly the term golden, in view of the prices brought when the tips were put on sale, was most appropriate.

A writer who has observed the elephant in its native clime, states that in times of danger the parents of the elephant place the young ones together in the centre of the herd, and the mothers guard immediately about them so as to hide them entirely from view. Sometimes, the water adds, an old mother is seen hurrying along, her baby following with its little trunk twisted around the end of its mother's tail to enable it to keep up.

A scientist who agrees with those who say that man is only a monkey of larger growth went to a circus the other day with a friend, and claimed to be stronger than ever in his opinions as to man's ancestry, after seeing the intensely human way in which the monkeys reached out for, grabbed, and ate the peanuts offered them. He had very little to say, however, when few minutes later while standing before the elephants, one of the huge creatures put the end of his trunk in his pocket and stole a whole bagful of peanuts.

Appropos of elephants, African travelers are frequently exposed to great danger, not so much because of their being likely to encounter these great beasts under adverse circumstances, but because of the traps laid by the natives for catching them. The ill-fated naturalist Jameson, in his story of the rear column, gives a vivid description of the trials and tribulations brought upon him in this manner. It is positively dangerous work, he says, walking fast in the forest, for the natives have had poisoned spears tied to immense logs

of timber suspended between trees over the elephant path, and across which they place a light rope attached to a trigger, so that the moment the rope is touched by an elephant, down comes the spear on his back. This is certainly an ingenious method of hunting the elephant, quite worthy of an ingenious Yankee in fact, but Americans have cause to rejoice that it is too barbaric for this country. Walking and hunting in the woods here would lose half their charms if poisoned arrows were suspended over our heads, put there for the purpose of killing deer or other game.

What All Boys Should Know. Don't be satisfied with your boy's education, says the "School Supplement," or allow him to handle a Latin or Greek book until you are sure that he can:

Write a good legible hand. Spell all the words he knows how to use. Speak and write good English. Write a good social letter. Write a good business letter. Add a column of figures rapidly. Make out an ordinary account. Deduct 16 2/3 percent from the face of it.

Receipt it when paid. Write an ordinary receipt. Write an advertisement for the local paper. Write a notice or report of a public meeting. Write an ordinary promissory note. Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months or years. Draw an ordinary bank cheque. Take it to the proper place in a bank to get the cash. Make neat and correct entries in day-book and ledger. Tell the number of yards of carpet required for your parlor. Measure the pile of lumber in your shed. Tell the number of bushels of wheat in your largest bin, and the value at current rates. Tell something about the great authors and statesmen of the present day. Tell what railways he would take in making a trip from Boston to Sar Francisco.

If he can do all this and more, it is likely he has sufficient education to enable him to make his own way in the world. If you have more time and money to spend on him, all well and good—give him higher English, give him literature, give him mathematics, give him science, and if he is very, very anxious about it, give him Latin or Greek, or whatever the course he intends pursuing in life demands.

How to Get the Most Good Out of Books. You should treat a book as you would a person with whom you are talking for information; that is, question it, read it over and turn back and try to get at the meaning; if the book itself does not answer the questions you raise, go to some other book, ask a dictionary or encyclopedia for an explanation. And if the book treated in this way does not teach you anything or does not inspire you, it is of no more service to you than the conversation of a dull, ignorant person. I just used the word "inspire." You do not read all books for facts or for information merely, but to be inspired, to have your thoughts lifted up to noble ideas, to have your sympathies touched, to have your ambition awakened to do some worthy or great thing, to become a man or a woman of character and consideration in the world. You read the story of a fine action or a heroic character—the death of Socrates, or the voyage of Columbus, or such a poem as "The Lady of the Lake"—not for information only, but to create in you a higher ideal of life, and to give you sympathy with your fellows and with noble purposes. You cannot begin too young to have these ideals and these purposes, and therefore the best literature in all the world is the best for you to begin with. And you will find it the most interesting.—St. Nicholas.

What Industry Will do. The life of Charles O'Connor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish. When about eight years old he was an office boy and a newspaper carrier. When seventeen years of age he entered a lawyer's office as an errand boy. He borrowed law books, took them home, and read them by the light of a tallow candle far into the night. Several lawyers, noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies. When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Connor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers. He worked hard at the smallest case, never slighting any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him.—Donahoe's Magazine.

The Biggest Kite Ever Made. The biggest kite in the world was made in Durham, Greene county, New York, about a year ago. It may be taken as the biggest kite ever made. The frame consisted of two main sticks 28 feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks 21 feet long and weighing 75 pounds each; all of these sticks were 5x8 inches in dimensions. Over this frame work was stretched a great sheet of white duck 25x28 feet, and weighing 55 pounds. The tail of the kite alone weighed 50 pounds and contained 55 yards of muslin. Twenty-five hundred feet of half-inch rope served as "kite strings."

This playing cost \$75, and when it mounted into the air it exerted a lifting power of 50 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1,000 feet.

Wanted to Do Penance. Sorrowful looking man—And it doesn't hurt at all to have your teeth pulled? Dentist—Not a bit. Climb right into this chair. "No; I guess I'll buy a new pair of shoes. I played the races yesterday and feel that I ought to be punished."—Boston Post.

1886. 1892.

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