

"Who's that going into Scrimmage's?" said the senior partner of Hardserabble & Co. to-one of his general salesmen. "Isn't that Brown of Nevada?"

The general calesman jumped and opened wide his eyes, as he always did when Mr. Hardscrabble called his attention to anything, and concentrated all his energies on a pair of tweed coat-tails vanishing into the portals of the rival jobbing house opposite. "By gracious!" he said, "I'm afraid

It is Brown of Nevada." "That's the second time to-day he's gone into Scrimmage's," said Mr. Hardscrabble. "Just dook up Pillikin, will you, and send him into the office."

The general salesman went in search Pillikin, with a peculiar "miseryhim looking piteously into the face of ninety days, 12 per cent lower than the cost of importation, and the privilege of sending back, at the firm's expense, some goods that he wanted to take on trial. The Texas man baited poor Pillikin to the verge of desperation, and walked out of the store with the passdng remark that he'd look in again. .

Even the soul of the general salesman-and as a general thing this kind of a soul is not made of wax-melted at the haggard vision of Pillikin when he told him that Mr. Hardscrabble wanted to see him in the office. Yet to save his life he couldn't help adding, as Pillikin went dejectedly to obey the sum-mons, that Hardscrabble had just Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. The general salesman had so often felt this sort of an tron enter into his own soul that he couldn't help assisting to probe others. Pillikin grew deadly pale. "Brown

of Nevada," he said, in a hoarse whisper-"into Scrimmage's!" "It may be only to look around," said the general salesman, a little shocked that Pillikin took it quite so

hard. "My gracious, man, you've got

to be prepared for these things."

"Tye had too many of them lately,"
said Pillikin, "I never had such luck in my life as I've had this season. Brown of Nevada is one of the men I thought I could rely upon. I've been looking for him all day."

"So you've slipped up with Brown. have you?"'snarled the senior member as poor Pillikin walked ito the office. "It appears to me, Pillikin, you're dosing the little vim that you had last eason. How long do you suppose we can stand this sort of thing? If you can't do better than this you better not come to the store at all-just draw your salary and stay at home. Are you aware that this is the busy season, the short period when we are supposed to sell goods? If you'll take a memorandum of this fact, it may help you a little when you see such men as Brown of Nevada going indo Scrimmage's. But the fact is we can't blame Brown. He wants a live man to deal with, not a wooden one."

A hot flame leaped into the baggard face of Pillikin. 'See here, Mr. Hardscrabble," he said, "if you're not satisfied, tell me so, but keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't allow any man to speak in that way to me."

"You don't eh?" roared Mr. Hardscrabble. But Pillikin had turned upon his heel and walked out of the office more dead than alive. The flame had died out of his cheeks and left them paler than before. His legs trembled beneath him as he walked on out of the store. The general salesman who had delivered the message from Hardscrabble remarked to another general salesman that "poor Pillikin must have caught it pretty hard; he seemed all

broke up."
Poor Pillikin walk on to the ferry with his head in a whirl of disappointment, chagrin, fear and doubt. His reply to the senior member would undoubtedly lose him his situation, as they would be glad to get rid of him now that his valuable trade was falling off. If he could have held on to Brown of Nevada all would have been well; and without Brown of Nevada what would be be worth elsewhere? How could hesupport his wife and children, and his wife's widowed sister and her little boy, making nine of them in all, upon any salary that he could get without the trade of Brown of Nevada? He was already in debt, and some of the bills must be settled at once; his account was overdrawn at the store. It made him shudder to think of it. The cabin of the ferry boat was stiffing. In spite of the lowering clouds and piercing wind, he made his way out on the forward deck, and as civer surging against the slimy sides Brown." of the boat, he was strongly tempted to do away with all further trouble for a party called Pillikin.

While the temptation assailed him. the chains rattled, the newsboys' cries were heard on the Brooklyn side, the best bumped against the dock, the Be couldn't bear the depressing influence of the horse-cars, so he trudged along on foot, a fierce March sleet beginning to beat upon the only high hat he owned in the world. It was utterly impossible to buy another, but Pillikin didn't care. He probably wouldn't dren. meed a high hat in the mental employment he would be compelled to accept when he was kicked out of Hardscrab-

cane and kissed him; a half- have to see him, I suppose. dozen rosy children put up their mouths to be kissed. The diringnoom was warm and cosey; there were his chair and slippers waiting for him by the open fire; an inviting meal was wasting its unctuous odors in the halls

"My love," said his wife, "how late

"My dear," said his wife's sister, "we vere so afraid you'd gone off with some of those horrid customers. You know you expected Brown of Nevada-"Jo. dear Jo-my husband, my love,

my darling-what is the matter?" For poor Jo Pillikin had sunk into a chair, but his head upon the table and

It was weak and unmanly, perhaps; but he had eaten nothing since breakfast, had been badgered and worried, and on his feet all day; the March wind had pierced to the marrow of his bones To find all this love, and cheer, and comfort awaiting him, to remember how he had perilled them all in his talk with Hardscrabble, how he had been tempted to drown them all in his cowardice while upon the ferry; boat, and, above all, for his sweet sister-inlaw to pelt him with the crushing name of Brown of Nevada, the author of all Jo Pillikin. He wept. not as a woman whose tears console and comfort as then flow, but as a strong man weeps when the first keenness is added to the agony of despair.

Pretty Mrs. Pillikin got down on her knees, and wept on his shoulder, her sister cried upon his other shoulder, and all the little Pillikins set up a howl, none of them knowing in the least what they were crying about save poor Jo, whose tears ceased to flow when he found how contagions they

In the midst of all this uproar a man mounted the stoop and rung the bell; but it was Bridget's day 'out, and in all this noisy distress none of the Pillikins heard the bell. Pillikin had in his agitation left the door ajar, and nobody had thought to shut it. So the stranger walked into the little reception room, hoping that he would soon have an opportunity making himself known. When all this sobbing fall upon his ear, he was annoyed and shocked, and scarcely knew what to do. Through a crevice in the door that separated the reception from the dining room, he saw Jo Pillikin sitting by the table, his head bowed upon his hands, one pretty young woman dressed in some soft, warm.gay, material sobbing on one of his shoulders, and a still younger and prettier woman dressed in black sobbing on the other shoulder, and around the room. all about the floor and the chairs, were innumerable children, all howling at



the top of their lungs. Pillikin hastily dried his fears and composed his features, and began to soothe his family. He took one of the pretty women on one knee, the other on the other knee, and gave each of his ten fingers to the young brood, hushing and coaxing them into calm. .

"There, there," said Jo, "don't cry any more. I'm a heartless brute to have worried you so. But I couldn't help it. I feel better now; but I never was so completely broken up in my life. I don't mind telling you that I've done a very imprudent thing. It has weighed like a mountain of lead upon my heart and conscience; but I feel more courageous now that I know you love me well enough to share the burden. But I ought to have kept, my temper. A man ought to think of his family when his situation is at stake, and it was enough to make Hardscrabble lose whatever decency he ever had to see Brown of Nevada go into Scrim-

Both the women started and turned

"Oh, Sue!" faltered the wife to her sister—"Brown of Nevada!" "Oh, Kate!" gasped the young widow

to the wife-"into Scrimmage & Co s." "Brown of Nevada!" they repeated together, shaking their heads mourn-

Jo, also shaking his head mournfully, but feeling consoled, in spite of himself, with his family's full appreciation of the disaster that had befallen him. "This was the drop that overflowed the bitterness of my cup. Brown has always been my best card. It was a pleasure to sell to Brown. Most of these men would skin a flea for its he saw the black waves of the East hide. But there's nothing mean about

"There's something very mean in his going to Scrimmage's," said Mrs. Pilli-

"I call it a very dishonorable action,"

said the widow. "No," said Pillikin, "not dishonor able, exactly; but I must say, if he crowd pushed him along, and he found wasn't satisfied with me, he might himself plodding his homeward way. have bought his goods of some other concern, and not gone over to Scrimmage's right before Hardscrabble's

eyes. Here something like a distant cough was heard. They all looked around, but thought it must be one of the chil-

"It was like flinging a red rag in the face of a mad bull," continued Jo. "Hardscrabble was white with rage, ble & Co.'s, and had lost the trade of and didn't know what he said. I'm Brown of Nevada. When he at last sorry now I allowed myself to reply as hed home his fingers were so numb I did. But it was a bitter blow to me with cold he could hardly get the key to know that Brown of Nevada, of all in the door, but this didn't matter in men in the trade, should- But I tell the least. Several young and energetic you there's somebody in the other

"No," said his sister-in-law, apring-ing to her feet; "I'll see him. I'll tell him you're not well, that you can't see

"That's a good girl," said Pillikin, with a sigh of relief. "Say that I'll I'll call around.'

The young widow went around through the hall into the reception room, and found there a young man of countenance, who immediately began must stay all night. to apologize.

"I rang the bell," he said, "but nobody heard me, and finding the door I'm exceedingly sorry to be the cause guess the nature of my errand.

siderable."

widow earnestly.

"And I'm going to make the plane and stool and music and embroidered eggs, and the multitude of good things cover go as far as they will with my brother-in-law's bills. Now, I'll give you the first chance. Where is your bill? What is the amount?"

The young man reddened, bit his lips, smiled. "There is some mistake," he Raid.

"Isn't your name Brown, and haven't you come to collect a bill?" "I have not come to collect a bill.

My name is Brown, but I don't think it's the same Brown. There are a great many Browns. If you will tell your brother-in-law that I am Brown of Nevada--" "Oh!" gasped the widow; and for a

moment Brown of Nevada thought she was going to faint. He sprang to her side to save her from falling, but she recovered herself, and her breath and color came again. She clasped her hands and looked at the young man with her whole soul in her eyes. Brown of Nevedar' she repeated-Brown of Nevada! Oh, my gracious!" "Yes, I hurried over here to correct

an error that had reached your brothto meet a friend."

her large, soft, pathetic eyes; "and kin and Brown of Nevada, he rushed you did not buy your goods at Scrim-

"Certainly not. I shall buy my goods of your brother-in-law, as I al- gether, the three walked down the ways do.

"As you always do!" repeated the ture that really embarrassed Brown. "Of course! As you always do! And here she began to walk the floor, keeping her eyes still fastened upon the oung merchant.

"I am really Brown of Nevada." "Dear me! Isn't it wonderfulstrange-perfectly splendid? You'll stay just a minute, won't you? while I go and tell Jo."

"I'll stay here any quantity of minutes;" and out glided the young widow, leaving Brown in as delicious a daze as she was herself. "Jo, Jo," said the widow to her

brother-in-law. raising his dejected head and shaking him energetically by the shoulder; "Kate, my sister, my dear ones, prepare yourselves. Don't let it come upon you too suddenly."

eaping to his feet; "what has hap-What is it now?" "It's-it's not the Mr. Brown with the bill, Jo.

"Who is it? What is it? Misfortunes never come alone. I'm prepared for "It's-it's-oh, Jo, it's Brown of

Nevada!" "Good heavens!" said Jo, springing

to the door. "And he didn't buy his goods of Scrimmage; he went there to meet a friend, and he will buy his goods of you, as he always does," said the young widow, in a crescendo that at last reached a shrill treble; but Jo was al-

ready wringing the hand of Brown. "Apart from the fact that you have gone back on me, Brown," said poor Pillikin, "I don't mind telling you that your presence is a reprieve from all sorts of miseries; but how the deuce did you find me out?"

"Why, one of our general salesmen over there-I forget his name-told me you and Hardscrabble had some words about my going into Scrimmage's. He said you were so put out about it, and didn't appear to be well when you left the store, so I thought I'd take a cab and came over. It was a pleasant night-that is, not a very pleasant night; but I hadn't anything to dothat is, I had lots of things to do, but, hang it, I wanted to come, and I am glad I did!"

"So am I. Brown-God bless you, se am I!" Then poor Pillikin, relieved of the burden of doubt and wretchedness that had oppressed him, and having there before him as his voluntary guest the representative of a worshipful amount of trade-poor Pillikin gathered together his scattered dignity and self-esteem, and began to discuss matters of business with a serene and serions enthusiasm that bespoke the happiness of the occasion.

As for Brown of Nevada, he couldn't keep his mind upon what Pillikin was saying, he was so taken up with the

rustling of drapery outside. The two little women were flying around downstairs in the kitchen, and upstairs in the dining-room. The children had their bread and milk, and were washed and put to bed; the widow flew down to the kitchen and made some little dishes, all in the twinkling of an eye, their culinary perfection consisting in the rapidity with which they were got together, and clapped upon the dumb-waiter, and hoisted to her parties can to let him in; his plump, room." Poor Jo turned pale again. pretty little wife took his coat and told him to call around. I can't pay tier sister in-law took his hat and told him to call around. I can't pay tier sister in-law took his hat and told him to call around. I can't pay the bell and invited the gentlesister in the dining-room above, who rang the bell and invited the gentle-

pren out to supper, there couldn't possibly be two prettier or more engaging women in the universe; and a more appetizing meal Brown of Nevada never My nor tasted.

From pitying Jo Pillikin, he began te enwy him. How hollow and cold call around next week. Heaven knows and altogether unsatisfactory was the when I can pay him now; but say that life of a bachelor-particularly out in Nevada.

The March wind still roared and howled, and the March sleet yet beat upon the Pillikin window panes, and fine proportions and frank, pleasant nothing would do but Brown of Nevada

He knew it must be the widow's room that he slept in (as indeed it was, that little woman and her orphan boy ajar I took the liberty of walking in. crowding in with the Pillikins), and Brown of Nevada went all around, adof any trouble. If you'll first tell Mr. miring the pretty knick-knacks, and Pillikin that my name is Brown, he'll worsted-work and embroidery, that was of course the work of the fair "We all know your errand," said the widow's hands. He went to sleep and widow. "My poor dear brother-in-law dreamed that Pillikin was so steeped in guessed it right away. About the first pecuniary difficulties that the widow of the month there are so many people found that the piano and stool and coming here on the same errand! And music, and even the embroidered cover, I've got a splendid idea what to do with were only a drop in the bucket; so in them. My brother-in-law is such a her warm generosity she threw herdear good fellow, he's always robbing self in, and stood upon the plane to be himself to help others; he's given me a raffled off by the creditors and friends of home and my little orphan boy a home, Pillikin. Brown threw double sixes his misery-it was too much for poor and no wonder he can't pay his bills every time, and had just made arrange-But I've got a piano and stool, and lots ments to have the widow and piano and of music, and a cover that I've em- stool and music and cover shipped out broidered with my own hands, and to Nevada with the rest of his goods these must be worth something con- when the breakfast bell rang. He awoke, and blushed to find what ab-"Something very considerable," said surdities a man will dream, and blushed the stranger, looking at the young still more when the soft innocent eyes of the widow met his own over the potatoes, and the muffins, and scrambled



Her orphan boy was a nice little fellow, and would make a splendid man

there was room to grow.

some day if he could be taken where

But who can picture the pride of Pillikin when he walked into the store the er-in-law's ears. I didn't go into next morning arm in arm with Brown Scrimmage's to buy goods; it was only of Nevada? Mr. Hardscrabble was just bullying one of the heads of stock, "Only to meet a friend," repeated and catching a glimpse of this touchthe widow, still devouring him with ing spectacle of amity between Pilliforward, with tender hospitality placed an affectionate hand upon the shoulder of each, and thus lovingly linked to-

store. And the saying is that whatever you widow, tears springing to her eyes, her dream in a strange bed is sure to come lovely face suffused with a sort of rap- true: and I shouldn't wonder if, when Brown went back to Nevada, he'd take generation. all those things he won at that imagyou are really Brown of Nevada?" And mary raffle—all except the piano and These the dear little widow declares she will leave to the young Pillikins.

THE END. Is It True!

The subsidized press and single standard advocates are just now in- only hope of the farmer to escape the dustriously circulating the statement that a "change of sentiment" has recently taken place on the silver question. This is the excuse congressmen of four acres cultivated by himself give for the failure to pass the silver and wife with hand tools? And this bill in the house. If there is a change, what has caused it? A few months. or even a few weeks, ago you could this or the renter under a landlord searcely find a man in all the great who owns hundreds of farms, as in West, Northwest and South who was Ireland and England. not a persistent and determined advo-"Good heavens," cried poor Pillikin, cate of the free coinage of silver, not on account of any special love of silver, or any personal interest in silver | makes this statement: 'The average mines or silver builion, but because they knew that the gold was owned property has fallen fully 7 per cent and cornered by the plutocratic during the past year." This declaration millionaires, and that holding to a should fill ever thinking person with single gold standard made these alarm since it points to either univermen 'princes and rulers over us.' The people felt the need of a broader ruptcy. In assuming that all the base for our money, felt the need of a products of labor are 7 per cent money freer from plutocratic control. | cheaper it can not be denied that They naturally turned to silver as the money in such a case would be 7 per money of the constitution of the earliest days of the republic, and of the in debt \$100 one year ago his debt fathers. It involved no experiment; has increased 7 per cent, and his it was simply getting back into the channel worn by eighty years of successful use. It complied with the wild clamor of a few years ago for proportion be true the natural in-hard money." It afforded the least crease of wealth in the country has objectionable plan for an increased monetary base and broadened financial system.

Now, if there is a change of sentiment on this subject, what has made | be no prosperity for the common peoit? Not a single condition has changed. In fact, there has been no change of sentiment among the people in regard to the justice of free coinage. The indignation of the people, however, has increased rapidly since the treachery of the Democratic majority in its defeat of the Bland bill, and is crystalizing toward independent action to secure their rights and enforce their wishes.

The Sub-Tressury. It is not the intention of the sub-

treasury plan as advocated by the Alliance that the meney issued upon the non-perishable products of agriculture should be any peculiar money or in any way differ from other transity notes which are a full legal tender. The reason for destroying the ackiliary volume or its equivalent is to prevent a relative increase in the volume of money as it is liberated from the products of agriculture by their consumption. If the money so liberated was left in circulation, the same discrimination against agriculture which now exists would be continued. The sub-treasury does not propose a new financial system; it simply proposes a modification of the present system, so as to be fair to all, and stop the discriminations against agriculture which lawake nights and thinking of his new result from violent fluctuations in the relative volume of money. To increase the volume of money some other plan will be necessary. Of course the only money that would be destroyed under the old bill would be treasury notes as national bank notes and coin certificates are a pecul ar money and call for a specific redempwhat with the haste and happiness and tion independent of the government a queer world—as Carlisle said, 'prin-

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING.

The Situation as Viewed by the Rising Sun of Maryland.

The day of individual effort is past. The times and changed conditions are demanding co-operative effort. When farm wages were 40 cents a day, wheat 90 a bushel, cora 40 cents, a good cow \$16, calico. 10 to 15 cents a yard and other goods at corresponding prices, times were better for all, because all found employment, and production and distribution went hand in hand. But new all these conditions have changed and producers and employers must change to conform to present conditions. . The best labor leserts the country for the city, hoping to find a more prosperous field, but in this they fail. Bright young fellows can get but \$3 and \$4 a week in the city, and it costs all of that to support them. The railroads and other corporations pick out the very best, and send ten adrift where one is employed. When the country is abandoned for the city the door is abandoned for the city the door is closed behind them and few are able to return, and step by step they sink lower into the depths of want. The great changes which artificial

power and invention have worked in the last fifty years have destroyed the individual's ability to compete in price, and in so doing have multiplied production tenfold, which has thrown labor out of employment Labor used to own its tools and create the products of the land and shops. Artificial power and invention have taken the tools from labor, and owning the tools a few own the products which machinery and artificial power create, and vast numbers of laborers have no employment. Everything therefore tends to force labor toward co-operation in order that it too may produce cheap and enjoy a large portion of its products. The farmer has clung to his old methods longer than any other producer, but the time has come when combinations of speculators have taken charge of his products set the price of them and supplied him with tools and merchandise at their own price. In trying to stand alone against such formidable forces, he is being overwhelmed. He must reform his expensive methods and save much which now goes to waste. The expense and unavoidable waste to conduct one farm by the present individual method employed, under a proper co-operative system would the work of two or three.

Farmers like every other class of business men must study along the lines of co-operative labor and establish their business on that system or sink to a lower plane of society and dependence. They cannot stand alone and resist the fearful odds that are against them. They may hug their foolish conceit and sav. . Oh. 1 am independent. I am capable of attending to my own business." may, if entirely clear of debt keep his head above water while he lives, if he does not live too long, but where will his children be? The inevitable future his present condition leads to ought to be considered and measures taken to prevent the tenant and wage slavery, degradation and want present conditions point to for the next

The idea of the forty acre farm and the independent farmer, the little arm well tilled is a bit of pastoral poetry, an idle dream, that may be realized by one in a hundred, and for a limited time, but must soon be swallowed up by the great octupus of capital. The large tract conducted on true co-operative principles is the condition of the European peasant. What American farmer would live as the French peasant farmer on a patch is what the small farm and so-called independent farmer leads to. Either

Can't Ignore It. One of the leading financial papers price of products and agricultural sal or repudiation or general bankcent dearer. That is, if a man was means of payment decreased 7 per cent, making a difference against him of 7 per cent in one year. If this been fully mortgaged for two years to come by the decrease in the value of labor products. Where labor and its products decrease in price there can

Murmurings in the Air.

In North Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, Alliancemen by the thousands are speaking out boldly that they will vote the People's party ticket if the Democratic party don't embody their demands in the national platform. They say that the day and hour has come when principle and not blind partisan prejudice shall control their votes. The same kind of rumbling muffled thunder tones are heard all over Tennessee. When it is too late the machine bosses in Tennessee will see that they can't whip us into line with the party lash. power will be gone forever. Abuse and slander never wins, and independent American citizens will not submit to it. - Weekly Toiler.

The cocoanut trees of Klorida are due to nuts washed ashore from a the state furnishes nearly all the cosoanuts used in the United States.

The Chicago Sentinel: Does Ben Harrison, even in the slightest degree, reali e the fact that there is not one farmer in five to-day who is not lying debts and the taxes which are hanging over his head? Does Ben comprehend the fact that there are a million idle men in the United States to-day whose families are suffering for the want of bread, fuel and clothes? And the very men who are lying awake nights, and whose families are suffering for bread, may re-elect him! It is

HERMAN-:-BROS..

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.

BRANCH HOUSES:

BEATRICE, GRAND ISLAND, FALLS CITY, WEEPING WATER AND

Special Attention to Mail Orders.

PRICES LOW.

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...... 3 .50 son 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

ain Traveled Roads, by Hamlin Garland. Don't fail to read it... .50 Member of the Third House, by Hamlin Garland. The corrupting influence of the modern lobbyest is clearly portrayed is an original manner. A book of absorbing interest. Price Whither are We Drifting, Willey.....

1 25

1 00

1 50 1 00

The Farmers' Side. Senator Peffer of Kansas 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 Congressman Swanson, by C. C. Post. This new book is destined to be even more popular than "From Sea to Sea" and should have a place in every reform library in the nation. Price..... An Indiana Man, Armstrong. A well told story of a young man who 'entered politics" and what came of it..... Kentacky Colonel, Reed. The deepest thinker and the most pro-

gressive of all the writers of humor in this country is Opie 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 amunition for the great reform movement..... Financial Catechism, Brice....

A Tramp in Society, Cowdrey.

A Call to Action by Gen. J. B. Weaver. A valuable book that should be read by every one, send for a copy. Cloth and gold Richard's Crown, Weaver.
The Great Red Dragon, Woolfolk.
Pizarro and John Sherman, Mrs. Todd. Money Monopoly, Baker..... Our Republican Monarchy..... Labor and Capital.... Ten men of Money Island, Norton. Col. Norton has told his story in a way that cannot fail to interest you, send for a copy...
Bond Holders and Bread Winners, by S. S. King.... 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.... " Music ed. 20c " " by ex 2.00 " board 25c " " 2.50 Songs of Industry, Howe. In this book the author has given us a num er of entirely new songs, words and music complete, and Alliances will find it a splendid collection.....

Any book on the list sent post paid on receipt of price. Liberal discounts to Alliances wishing to purchase a library. We are offering THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE one year, and any 50c book on the

list for only \$1.35.

ALLIANCE PUB, CO., Lincoln, Neb.

Nebraska Binder Twine Company,



MANUFTURERS OF Pure Hemp Binder Twine

FROM HOME GROWN FIBER.

We can offer to farmers a better article for less money than they have ever before known.

Will ship sample bag and take lodge note payable Oct. 1,'92.

Patronize Home Industry.

For turther information address Nebraska Binder Twine Co., Fremont, Neb., or J. W. Hartley, Alliance Purchasing Agent, Lincoln, Neb.

CHICAGO PRICES FOR ALL YOUR PRODUCE.

The way to do this is to ship your Butter. Poultry, Eggs, Veal. Hay, Crain, Wool, Hides, Beans, Broom Corn, Creen and Dried Fruits, Vegetables, or anything you have to us. The fact that you may have been selling these articles at home for years is no reason that 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. Whilst you are looking around for the cheapest market in which to buy your goods, and thus economizing in that way, it will certainly pay you to give some attention to the best and most profitable way of dispesing of your preduce. We invite correspor dence from INDIVIDUALS, ALLIANCES, CLUBS and all organizations who desire to ship their produce direct to this market. If requested, we will send you free of charge our daily market report, shipping directions and such information as will be of service to you, if you contemplate shipwrecked vessel sixteen years ago. Now ping. When so requested proceeds for shipments will be deposited to the credit of the shipper with any wholesale house in Chicago. Let us hear from you,

SUMMERS, MORRISON & Co.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 175 South Water St., Chicago. Reference: Metropolitan National Brnk, Chicago.

WESTFALL COMMISSION CO., General Produce Merchants (Legal Representative for Kan. Alliance.) Special department for hides and game. Free cole atorage and special salesman for butter, eggs, cheese and poultry. Receivers and shippers of car lots of potatoes, apples, onions, hav and cabbage. Give us a share of your consignments. We get the highest market price and make prompt returns. Direct a l communications and orders to tatoes, apples, onions, hav and cabbage. Give us a spare of your consignments.

Attended a price and make prompt returns. Direct a 1 communications and orders to bighest market price and make prompt returns. Direct a 1 communications and orders to bighest market price and make prompt returns. Direct a 1 communications and orders to bighest market price and make prompt returns.

ALLIANCE--INDEPENDENT