



Elizabeth.

I know a little lady—such a very stately dame!
She's queen of all the lassies, and Elizabeth's her name.
I also know a damsel made to romp with and caress;
So I keep a welcome ready for my darling little Bess.
And mother shows me working, just as quiet as a mouse,
A pleasant little girl named Beth, the helper of the house.
And sister shows me Lizzie, who goes with her to school,
Who sometimes gets a lesson, and sometimes breaks a rule.
I'm acquainted with another child I'd rather never see:
For this young girl, named Betsey, is as cross as she can be.
Now would you ever guess it? These five are but the same
Kaleidoscopic lassie! And Elizabeth's her name.

—Amos R. Wells. In May St. Nicholas.

Allies of Crime.

In the month of June some thousands of young lawyers were graduated in the various law schools of the country. Nearly all of them began to practice, in some shape, at once.

Just before the time for the graduation proceedings at the schools, the court of appeal of New York State was pronouncing a decision which should have been read carefully by all these young lawyers, and by their older brethren as well.

The decision was in the case of a murderer who had been convicted two years before and condemned to death. The case has been twice brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, and three times before the court of appeal of the State of New York.

The court of appeal, as the result of this third resort to it in the case of a man long before condemned to death, denied the motion for a rehearing and rebuked the means which had been used to prevent the original sentence from being carried out.

The court declared that when every opportunity had been given to an accused person to make his defense, and his conviction had been confirmed by the highest court, the contest should be at an end. The forms of law should not be used to subvert the law.

"It ought to be a subject of inquiry," the court said, "whether attorneys and counsellors by vexatious proceedings can become the allies of the criminal classes and the foes of organized society without exposing themselves to the disciplinary powers of the Supreme court."

It is to be hoped that this warning will not be lost upon lawyers to whom the chief use of the law is to defeat the law.

Tige.

Like the Western ranchmen, Florida planters "round up" their cattle at stated intervals to take account of them, says a correspondent of the Commonwealth. On the eve of one such round-up every one took sides in a controversy as to the ability of Tige, a famous old yellow dog, hero of much difficult cattle-driving, "scarred, reckless, resourceful," to bring up to the

ened to demoralize the whole herd.

The scene opened with what looked like a hopeless confusion and rout; the steer allowed nether man nor dog to come within whip-touch. Tige, to his supporters' amazement and disgust, kept well on the outskirts of the scrimmage, all the time with his eye on the black monster, whose bellowing shook the air.

At last the dog made one faltering run in the steer's direction. The creature rushed upon him, and there-with, without more ado, Tige started in mad, ignominious flight, tail between his legs, the picture of cowardly terror, while the bull thundered after him with lowered head and wicked horns.

"Tige turn tail! Tige run!" gasped the amazed and infuriated boys, who had maintained sturdily that the dog was bold enough and able to perform the feat.

"Yes!" shouted the tall old planter, their father and Tige's owner, as, with herd well in hand, they galloped after the vanishing dog and steer. "But before you shoot Tige, notice where he's running to."

By all that was wonderful, straight to the cattle pen! And up to the gate the steer rushed after him, and through the gate—and then, where was that cowardly dog? Like a flash of light over the wall and facing the pen gate, every muscle tense and ready for battle, his voice at the same time calling the men to come and do the one thing he could not do—close the gate and hold the prisoner which his magnificent strategy had brought there!

The boys were filled with admiration for Tige's brilliant strategy. The hat went round, and money enough was collected to buy Tige the finest of collars, the silver plate on which bore the date of an exploit that Homer need not have scorned to sing.

"I believe Tige planned it all out," said one of the boys, "while we were sneaking round the edge of the crowd watching things."

"Not he," said Tige's owner. "That old dog settled it in his mind last night while he was listening to our talk 'bout what a circus we were going to have a-getting that steer in."

Wise Precautions.

Among the frequent visitors of the shop of Mr. Vickery, a well-known taxidermist, was an old colored man who was quite a character in his way, and with whom Mr. Vickery used to enjoy talking. One day he happened in just as Mr. Vickery had finished skinning a bald eagle. "Would you like a goose to take home with you?" asked the taxidermist, pointing to the body of the bird, which lay wrapped in a paper on a shelf.

"Yes, sah," replied the unsuspecting negro. "I'd be mightily 'bliged to you, sah."

The package was handed over to him, and he departed rejoicing. Not long afterward the taxidermist met him on the street, and inquired how he had enjoyed his goose dinner.

"Dat goose war de toughest dat ever I see," replied the darky, looking his questioner full in the eye without the shadow of a smile. "I biled him, an' par-biled him, an' biled him again, but he was suttin'ly de chewin'est bird dat ever me or my ole woman seed."

With that the old man walked calmly away.

A few days later the darky called on the taxidermist again. As he was leaving the shop, Mr. Vickery said, pointing to a paper in which a snowy owl was carefully wrapped up, "Don't you want another goose to-day?"

"If you'll 'xcuse my plain speakin', sah," said the old man with dignity, "I'd like to see de feet on dat goose b'fore I carries him home to de ole woman!"

Apparent Failure.

tall, bright-faced young woman busy with her pile of mail. She is interrupted from time to time by the approach of the overseer, to whom she gives orders, or of whom she asks advice.

"Do you remember," she inquired of an old school friend who called one day to congratulate her on her success in business, "how I wished to be a professor of biology, and how I mourned over the failure of my plans? I have come to believe in failure, or rather to think that what we call failure is often only a step to success."

Her story is an interesting one. Her father died suddenly, overcome by financial difficulties, and the girl of seventeen was compelled to leave college and do something to support her family. She attempted writing for magazines, but her articles were invariably returned.

The yard behind her mother's house was filled with fruit-trees bearing

abundantly. Her last hope seemed to hang there. She began canning and preserving, and found ready sale for her careful work. The next year she invented and began to manufacture an improved can, and by the time she was 25 years of age she competed successfully with the great canning companies of the country.

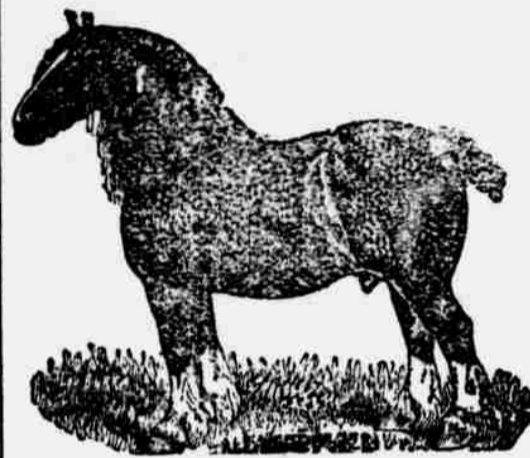
A true Celt does not need to kiss the "blarney stone" in order to gain a flattering tongue. It is his as part of his birthright.

A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief, says an exchange. He was about to deny his fault, when she said:

"I saw you, Jerry."

"Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash.

"I tells them there an't much yous don't see wid them purty black eyes of yours."

**WM. BURGESS.****Blue Valley Stock**

FARM

CRETE, NEB.

IMPORTER**English Shire Stallions and Mares.**

To intending purchasers of this breed I can show them as good a lot of young stock from yearlings up, as there is in the west.

THOROUGHLY ACCLIMATED. LAST SHIPMENT 1890.

Their breeding is from the best strains of prize winning blood in England coupled with superior individual merit. My imported mares are superior to any in the west; they are all safely in foal.

All My Stock Guaranteed, and all Recorded and Imported by Myself.

If you want a Hackney Stallion, I have as good as was ever imported. Come and see what I have got, and if I cannot show you as good stock as any man will pay your expenses. Prices as low as the lowest. 44-6m

OBTAIN CHICAGO PRICES FOR ALL YOUR PRODUCE.

WOOL SHIP YOUR WOOL direct to us and receive all the value there is in it. **Hundreds of Wool Growers** have shipped us their wool in the past and will do so again this season. **Why can't you?** And they are entirely satisfied with the results. We are almost daily in receipt of letters from some of them ordering sacks for this seasons shipment, and thanking us for the way we have handled their shipments. Write us for our **Wool Circular**. It gives the range of the market. Our terms for handling and other valuable information.

SUMMERS, MORRISON & Co.,**COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 175 South Water St., Chicago.**

Reference: Metropolitan National Brnk, Chicago.

ALLEN ROOT, Stock Agt. Neb. State
Farmers' Alliance. Office and Financial M'gr.

GEO. S. BROWN,
Salesman.

SHIP YOUR OWN STOCK.**Allen Root & Company,**
Live Stock Commission Merchants,Room 34 Exchange Building, **SOUTH OMAHA, NEB.**

Before you ship send for the market.

REFERENCES.

First National Bank of Omaha. 14-17
Commercial National Bank, Omaha.
Packers National Bank, Omaha.
Nebraska Savings and Exchange B'k, Omaha.
Central City Bank, Central City, Neb.

Shippers can draw sight draft on us for 90 per cent of cost, bill of lading attached.

WESTFALL COMMISSION CO., General Produce Merchants (Legal Representative for Kan. Alliance.) Special department for hides and game. Free cold storage and special salesman for butter, eggs, cheese and poultry. Receivers and shippers of car lots of potatoes, apples, onions, hay and cabbage. Give us a share of your consignments. We get the