

ROSES.

The South wind is softly singing
To the roses here by the rill,
Violets and blue-bells are blooming
By the path to the old stone mill.

The South wind is softly singing
To the roses of evening still;
The whippoorwill's notes are falling
In the shadows there on the hill.

Roses, queen roses, tender and sweet,
Shatter them, dear, if you will;
When other fair flowers are blooming,
You will sigh for the roses still.

A BRILLIANT STAR.

"Der ye want a boy?"

Boyd, gazing at the floor, saw the most villainous pair of reddish-brown checked trousers upon which he had ever fastened his eyes. They were topped by a waistcoat of rich figured goods, a navy-blue frock coat, by far too large for the small boy who wore it, and a red satin puff tie that successfully concealed the shirt bosom.

"No," began Boyd, curtly. "we don't—" He stopped; in the small boy's button-hole was a bunch of fresh violets that gave him a most incongruous aspect.

"Have you any references?"

"Naw. Never worked before," reluctantly admitted the applicant.

Boyd looked around warily. No one was observing him. He passed t boy pen and paper, saying, "Er—Write your name."

"Well, Murphy," scanning the writing that was not the unformed hand he had expected, "if you wish to try it for a week, you may."

Murphy, with an alacrity pleasant to see, expressed his desire to do so, and was straightway installed in the office. This was the only kind of a boy they had not previously tried. The boys who had been recommended as having every known virtue had miraculously lost them on entering their employ, so Boyd reasoned he was justified in thus engaging Murphy, though he felt a certain amount of responsibility.

Mr. Jewett, coming out of his private office, met Murphy, who had taken out the delayed mail.

"What are you doing in here?" he impatiently demanded, laying his hand on Murphy's collar, gently lifting him over the gate.

Murphy adroitly alighted on his feet, saying, "W'y, I'm de noo boy."

"You a e, are you?" laughed Jewett. "Excuse me, but you see I had not yet been introduced to you."

"Me name's Murphy," announced the new boy, affably extending his hand. "P'raps yill remember it in de wages," pointing to the gate.

"Perhaps I will" responded Mr. Jewett. As he passed Boyd's window he said, "Just keep an eye on your protege, will you? He seems bright and may do, but his clothes and speech are against him."

Boyd kept not only one but two vigilant eyes on Murphy, but relaxed a little when he saw how he executed his duties. Murphy washed and filled ink bottles without direct orders, without thought to his gay attire. He was at all times willing to do more than was demanded, and the clerks, marking it, shrugged their shoulders cynically—it was too good to last.

On Friday evening as Boyd was passing Murphy's desk he saw him insert some words in a letter, then smilingly put it in its envelope. Boyd dropped a heavy hand on the boy's shoulder, asking sternly, "Why have you been tampering with the letter, Murphy?"

"Hain't been doing nothin'," averred Murphy, with a calm mendacity.

"Give me the letter," Boyd commanded so sharply that Murphy passed over the missive.

The words in Murphy's hand were two French words of the twenty that comprised Mr. Tyndall's vocabulary, without one of which at least he did not consider his letters complete, and which the stenographer misspelled with invariable precision, Murphy

had corrected them! Boyd was considerably taken back.

"I read de letters ter get an inklin' ter de business, and w'en I got dere I wanted to see what dey meant and hunted dem up in de dictionary," explained Murphy.

"Just wait to take such an interest until you are given an interest," suggested Boyd, checking an incipient smile. He walked a few steps and then came back. "Murphy if you come up to my rooms I could give you some clothes. Of course I don't mean to insinuate anything against those you are now wearing, but you might like a change."

"Ye mean it all right, but no one's of close fer me. Wait until termor-rer, den yill see a change."

Boyd, feeling he had something for which to live, impatiently waited for morning. With a smile of conscious pride Murphy came down in apparel that at once won him the title of Count d'Oisay. The clerks in the neighboring offices dubbed him the dood of California street. Murphy bore his honors with modest equanimity.

He was soon a recognized authority on all sporting matters, for he had the records of pugilists, baseball players and horses at his fingers' ends. Every night he went to a different show of some kind—if not to Morocco's or the Wigwam to a fight or something equally exciting. To hear Murphy, with his splendid powers of mimicry, recall his escapades, was a dream of delight, and it became the habit of several of the employes to stay after office hours to watch Murphy dance and sing, for he could not be prevailed upon to exhibit during working hours.

He developed the finesse of a diplomatist in his dealings with canvassers, seekers after advertisements and beggars, impressing them with the uselessness of invading the private offices. It was through this skill the office nearly lost him. Murphy espied a burly man, with a newspaper package under his shabby sleeve, making toward Mr. Tyndall's office, and headed him off.

"It's orders, sir, ter firs' sen' in ye name. Will ye please ter give me ye car?"

"Me good boy," in a rich brogue, "Why, shura, your name's—"

"Murphy," prompted the boy.

"Of course I knew you. Your father works in the park?"

"Yep."

"And your mother lived and died down on Clementina street?"

"Yep."

"Your sister still works in the fringe factory?"

"Yep."

"I'm not above recognizing old friends though I am a millionaire. How de do, Murphy? There is no telling what you would amount to if you didn't have such a foine taste in dress. Now, I'll go in for I am Mither Mertin."

The clerks who had gathered around allowed their suppressed snickers to grow into laughs as Mertin disappeared. In order to sh w he had no false pride, it was his p asant custom to make believe he kne e ery clerk he address-ed (outside of Lis own store) but this time evidently knew about what he was talking. He asked Tyndall how much he was paying Murphy, and on being informed said he would be worth \$5 a month more to him. Such was the history of Murphy's raise. Murphy said he would not have worked for Mertin for double his present salary.

"Dey recognizes as I'm a gen'leman here and treats me like it; and I don't lower mesel' by working for anythin' but a gen'leman."

Murphy paid dearly for the extra money, however, for in the bits of family history revealed by Mertin the clerks found rare material. Each morning some half-dozen men would anxiously inquire after Miss Murphy, hoping her health was not being injured in the close atmosphere of the

fringe factory, wh'ch in time became a tom-to-can fa tory. Through all the chaff Murphy retained his good-nature.

But one morning the office opened and Murphy failed to appear. Ten o'clock came; still no sign from Murphy.

"He didn't spot the winner and has gone off with the stamp-box," observed the under bookkeeper.

Boyd turned upon him quickly, indignantly.

"You can't expect much, considering his family," somewhat shamefacedly.

The routine work went on, but there was a gloom hanging over the office. At 2 o'clock in came a messenger in whom they recognized one of their quondam office boys.

"Have you been on the way here since early morning?" asked Boyd, opening the note.

It was from Murphy. He had been struck by a dummy on his way home from a fight, but ye don't haf ter sen no flowers, fer I ain't knocked out on dis trow," he ended.

They rushed for the newspapers and eager eyes found the short account of this new victim of the 'deadly dummy.' It gave his name as Murtry, but such mistakes are common. The boy had been removed to his home; there was but small chance of his recovery.

"He always fixed the letters when I wrote Ogden, California," faltered the stenographer, with a suspicious mistiness about her eyes, as she turned away.

All had a good word to say for Murphy and went about their work in a half-hearted way. They read Murphy's note twice over, hoping to gain some comfort, but felt that he had made too light of the accident.

Shortly before 5 the office began to look deserted. Most of the men wished to get shaved before going to dinner parties or theater; some went to pick out suits while it was still light. A quarter past 5 found Boyd alone. He closed up, then went to his florist's. "Violets" were scarce that day, he had to go into two stores before he could get any. He took the California street cars and, looking for Murphy's number, rode so far he thought his young friend already lodged within the cemetery gates. He stopped before a neat cottage, pulled out Murphy's note, then rang the bell; it was answered by a young lady.

"Excuse me," murmured Boyd, hat in hand. "I see I have made a mistake. Can you tell me where a family named Murphy lives? The father works in the park."

"And the sister in a fringe factory? If you walk in, I think my brother can tell you."

So Boyd followed her into a room in which lay Murphy surrounded by an admiring group composed of men from the office. The table was laden with violets—"enough for a funeral," said Murphy.

"I am glad to see you so well, Murphy," stammered Boyd.

"Murtry," laughed the bookkeeper.

"You see Mr. Boyd, if I had corrected you that day you would have thought my hand too illegible and would not have engaged me. Besides Murphy harmonized with my choice language, and I had to talk that way to live up to my clothes. I couldn't afford new suits, and a cousin with a remarkably foine taste in dress," mimicking Mertin, "kept me supplied."

"How about the fights and Morocco's?" inquired somebody.

"He read of them in the papers and planned what he would tell you when he came home from night school," put in the pretty sister. "I did not like him to wear those clothes, but we have to be economical for we two are alone and he did not wish me to work—in the fringe factory," she added cruelly.

"Naw," said Murphy, weakly, "not

while I kin take care of ye."

The cable company came down handsomely for the injury done Murphy, and he has discarded the cousin's clothes. Confusion reigns at Tyndall & Lewett's—there is a new office boy pending Murphy's recovery. — San Francisco Examiner.

FOR SALE.

I offer my farm of 200 acres, two and a quarter miles north of Wahoo, for sale. A good two story house, four rooms down stairs, three up, pantry and three clothes presses, a good cellar 18x28; six acres of bearing orchard and plenty of small fruit; two wells, one wind mill, horse barn 36x36, room for fifteen or twenty tons of hay; cattle shed 82 ft. room for 44 tons of hay, with stone foundation. Many other improvements. Terms, one half cash down or all, or to suit purchaser. \$40 per acre. H. H. VERRELL, Wahoo, Neb.

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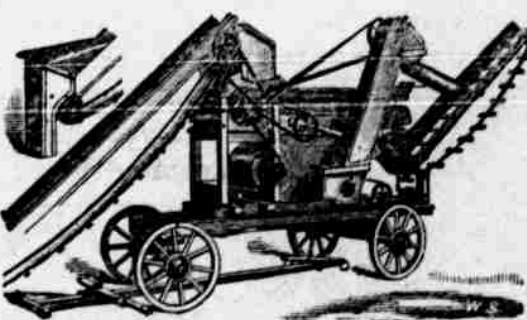
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