should order

MILK IN THE COCOANUT

Why Don't Workmen Vote as They Talk?

SWARP SHOTS OF A SHARP SHOOTER

A Deserved Roasting for Working People Who Organize and Don't Know Enough to Act Right at Election Time.

Rothchilds and the bank of England have a corner on gold,

"There's the milk in the cocoanut. There's the true inwardness to the

whole question. That's the spur to Carnegie, Murat Haistead, Cleveland, the whole horde of

gold bugs. They have-they hold-the control of

So, of course, everything must be brought to a gold basis. Friends,

> Americans, Countrymen,

Can you not see this? Can you see the "point?" You have been feeling it for a good while; it is time that you should see it. Don't run recklessly, blindly against it any longer. Open your eyes. "What do I mean?"

Why look here. I mean all you fellows,-70u men of muscle:

American Federation of Labor. Farmers' Alliance. Knights of Labor. Barbers' International Union. Boo'tbinders' Protective Union. Brewers' Union.

Brotherhood of Painters and Decora

Brickisborers' Protective Union. Brickmoulders' and Setters' Union. Bricklayers' International Union. Broommakers' Union, Cigarmakers' Union. Carpenters' and Joiners, Union, Carpenters' Union.

Single Tax Association. Street Car Employes' Union. International Association of Machinists. Expressmens' Union. Granite Cutters' National Union.

Hoddarriers' Union. International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths. Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners'

Union. Journeymen Horseshoers' Union. Machine Woodworkers' Union. Clockmakers' Union. National Association of Machinists. Order of Railway Telegraphers.

Plumbers', Gas and Steamfitters' Union.

Retall Clerks' Union. Stonecutters' Union. Stone Masons' International Union. Tinners' Union. Saddlers' Union. Typographical Union. Journeymen Cooks' Union.

Plasterers' Union.

All the above will please take notice. I mean them—those men of muscle.

You band together 364 days in the year and spout and resolve, and resolute and protest, and kick and strike, and then on the 365th day you | go to the polls and kick over your bucket of milk. Aye-you do worse than that.

You feed your cow all the year through and then drive her majestically up to the polls and let your enemies milk her. Worse still.

You milk her yourself and give them the cream-and the milk. Still worse:

You kill your cow, make a barbecue for your oppressers and give them hair,

horns, hide, hoofs and all. Next day, after election, you go out on a strike to buy another cow.

But meanwhile your bables go without milk.

Now isn't that; foolishness with a

big F?-Pittsburg Kansan.

summer in the Far North. Astonishing to the stranger is the sudden development of the far northern summer. Snow covers the ground in the Aleutian islands until well into June, but by that time the day lasts nearly all night, and in a few place of snow. The hills become carpeted with brilliant flowers and the grass is waist high. This vegetation, dying winter after winter. covers the ground to a great depth and makes it difficult to walk, and adds especially to the task of mountain climbing. It simplifies the destout trousers may slide for a quarter of a mile down the mountain on this loose deposit.

The ticave of Hiswaths. People who have taken the Lake Superior steamers at Port Arthur bare noticed the high long dike of scalt that pushes into the water from the northern limit of Thunder The Iudians believe that this ridge is the grave of Hiawatha or, as he is called there, Manibosho, and low red men pass the spot without cropping a few beads or a papeful of see in the water as an oblation

Take the ALLIANCE-I NDEPENDENT

ERRANT THOUGHTS.

This is the gentle, star-light night: And dreaming oft before, on nights as fair,
My hopes and thoughts have taken flight
And gone I know not where.

The hopes and thoughts were youthful dream Of high ideas—of better thins to be— Their wings were like the sunset beams When they took flight from me.

I would not call them back a ain—
I do not know the haven where they rest—
They may have soothed some bitter pain
Or brightened some sad breast

For much there is not understood.
Our life is moulded by the little things.
Love gives to us a thought that's good
And God may give it wings
—N. Y. Journal.

REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely Southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silence of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor wreathed phantoms from the river course, and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low. like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure one moment only. winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to a 'common mechanic,' yet the wound rankles sharply still."

"Captain"-"Is that you Spicer? What now?" Captain Keene turned its face toward the opening of the tent, where Private spicer's head was just visi-

"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot o' men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly. Spicer." There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.

He stopped short as his eye fell on a new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders-a pale, blood streaked face with a gapng cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?"

"No, sir," explained Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer.

"I beg your pardon, eaptain-to your tent?"

"Didn't you hear what I said?" sharply interrogated the superior officer. "Bruce. make the others comfortable in Lieutenant Ordway's quarters. There will be plenty of room for them there."

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shock of coarse red

swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds-the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head-and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders. "He is not dead, doctor?"

"No; but he would have been in another half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene.

"Thank God! oh, thank God!" The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.

"He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"

"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as weeks rank vegetation has taken the I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first only at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man;

now it is washed out in his blood." It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from ecent, however, for a person wearing a fevered doze into the faint dawn of

consciouspeas. "Where am I?" he faltered looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you? Why is the captain's tent. to be sure, and that's

"The captain's tent? How came

"That's just what I can't tell youyou'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain "Keene - Keene!" repeated

man. "Because," pursued Spicer, "If you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't have taken better care of you. His cousin, maybe!"

"No! God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a low, bitter

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain-as clear headed as a bell!

"Very well, Spicer: you can go." The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.

"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.

"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your hands.'

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he fain would Wallace Keene would have given well drive back - tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face lest the man he had once so for the pine clad heights and sait grossly insulted should see them fall. The next day he again alluded to the same subject.

"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me?" "Yes.

"I want you to ask leave for May to come and nurse me when I am transferred to the hospital.

Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble and said in a strangely altered

"Do you mean your sister?" "My sister-yes."

"Of course, if you wish it I can obtain permission, Harney. But"-

Keene's cheek colored, and he bit "I should not suppose she would

be willing to leave her husband for a the very uncertain comforts of hospital life. Harney smiled, looking into his

companion's face with keen, searching eyes. "May is not married, Captain Keene. She has no such appendage

as a husband!" "Not married!" "I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become

Lisle Spencer's wife, but she refused

on the very eve of her wedding day." Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste. "Because," went on Harney, "she

loved a certain young volunteer who "Harney-you do not mean to Makes holes, drops and covers at one say

"I do, though, old fellow, and,

what is more, I mean to sa

since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly. opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence." Captain Keene wrung his companions hand and hurried away. to mis-

take the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less mexcusable absurdities. "I see you'll get nothing written

to-day," sighed Harney as he lay watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of note paper. "I shall, though," smiled Wallace.

"Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at.

Captain Keene did write-and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, she went home again, it was only to lose herself in bowers of Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly. shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turn and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over sands of gold. -New York News.

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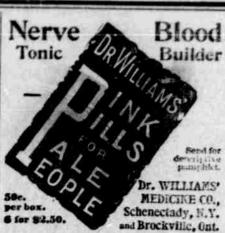
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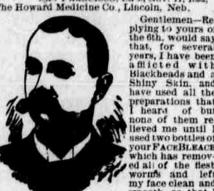


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PRAISE FROM THE PACIFIC COAST. SAN FRANCISCO, CA'., Nov. 11, 1892, The Howard Medicine Co., Lincoln, Neb.



plying to yours of the 6th, would say that, for several years, I have been a filicted with Blackheads and a Shiny Skin, and have used all the preparations that I heard of but none of them re-lieved me until I used two bottles of your FaceBleach which has remov-ed all of the flesh worms and left my face clean and

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mechanical.

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Notice to Centractors.

Scaled bids will be received at the office of the County Clerk of Sherman County, at Loup City. Neb, until noon of the 12th day of June, 1865 for the construction of the approaches at the McAlpine bridge and the protection to said approaches. The approaches will probably by 400 or more feet in length and must be sufficiently wide for safe public travel. Bidders to furnish plans and specifications and gurantee their work to stand a reasonable length of time. The County reserves the right to reject any sr all bids.

Dated this 2 day of April 1992. Dated this M day of April 1993. (SEAL) E. H. KIPTE L. County Clerk JAPANESE

Notice to Centractors.

A. C. ZIEMER,

City Passenger Agent,

Lincoln.

