

ALLIANCE DIRECTORY

Nebraska Farmers' Alliance. J. H. POWERS, President, Cornell. W. A. FOYSTER, Vice-Pres., Albion.

President Powers' Appointments.

- President Powers will fill appointments in the state as follows: August 11, Friday, Wood River, Hall county.

In the Counties.

- Wheeler—The county central committee meets at Bartlett August 19, at 2 p. m.

THE STRIKE IS STILL ON.

A Card from the Officers of Lincoln Typographical Union. To the Friends of the Workingmen: For some time past the Nebraska State Journal has industriously circulated the report, by mail, by its agents, and even by telegraph, that the strike of the printers against that paper had been settled.

The people turned the republicans out because they wanted "a change." But they didn't get it. It's the same old brand of Wall street rule with a different label.

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat seems to be competing strongly with the Republic of that city for the orphanship of the present administration, and is outwitting the latter paper in its laudations of Mr. Cleveland's policy.

"A Tobacco Stinking Breath"

Is not a nice thing to be carrying around with you; if you are tired of it and want the means of an easy release, get a box of NO-TO-BAC, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure; our little book, called "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away" tells all about it; you can get a copy of it, or buy NO-TO-BAC or both will be mailed free direct from the manufacturers' office, "THE STRONGHOLD REMEDY CO., No. 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

I am going east. I have a \$60.00 life scholarship for the Omaha College of shorthand and typewriting for sale for \$19.00 cash.

STATE NEWS.

Interesting Items Regarding Nebraska and Nebraska People.

Gering people are still unable to find a purchaser for their school bonds.

F. G. Hooker of Bladin has an educated hog. It grunts in four languages.

Cuming county sports are doing up the prairie chickens in plain defiance of the statutes.

A fire fighting brigade of twenty-five members was recently organized at Hartington.

The year's crop of beets, both in quantity and quality, promises to be the best ever grown in the state.

There is said to be an organization of men in Greeley county who are sworn to sell their vote to the highest bidder.

W. S. Brown of Fillmore county threshed his crop of wheat and it measured up twenty-six bushels to the acre.

The members of the Campbell cornet band presented their leader with a fine silver-plated "bugle" in testimony of his valued services.

Lightning struck the barn of W. F. Deas, living three miles west of Yorkland, and tore out one gable end. It did no other damage.

Nebraska has some of the best schools and universities in the United States, and no one need go out of the state to get a good education.

Eustis has a new brass band which will grind out music after a while, but at present the citizens look upon it as an almost insufferable nuisance.

In round numbers, the value of Nebraska's sugar crop last year was \$900,000. If given proper encouragement, the industry would be worth many millions to the farmers.

It seems there is plenty of money in the country to loan at low rates of interest on real estate security. It is only the city borrower who is discriminated against in these troublesome times.

Lightning rod swindlers are playing their nefarious profession near Bloomfield, and one of the papers of that town suggests a "swift kick" as the proper medicine for all men who peddle lightning rods.

M. W. Bruce sent a telegram to friends at Orelington from Port Townsend, Wash., saying he was on his way east with a party of Equimaux.

Several York citizens whom it is thought have been selling a little bear and boot-leg alcohol for medicinal purposes only, had urgent business in the country when the deputy United States marshal called this week with a pocketful of warrants.

Near Eustis a farmer's team ran away with a self-binder and after circulating freely through a field of corn ended the matter by dropping the cargo into a canyon where the machine was mashed beyond recognition.

Mrs. Samuel Sapp of Smyrna was killed by lightning while lying in bed. The infant at her side was uninjured.

A Cedar county farmer signed a contract for a lightning rod in which he supposed he was getting the best of the peddler on guessing at the number of feet. And in the settlement it so figured that the rod was free, but the braces and joints cost him \$150.

Charles Martin of Plattsmouth, for a short time mourned the loss of a shotgun, suit of clothes, watch and other furniture and fixtures, but the thief who was sighted on a sand bar in the Platte dropped the articles one after another as he legged it for Orepapolis and liberty.

The Bayard Transcript says: "The humane society, if doing business in Nebraska, should get a hump on itself and look after some of the poor horses used in pulling Uncle Sam's mail through this section."

The Plattsmouth News tells of a young lady who was "poisoned with poison." To be poisoned with poison is nothing so queer but it might be worth talking about if some one would cite a condition, my dear, where some one was poisoned without. Or, to make the case as plain as the sun, it must be transcendently clear, to frighten a man you have scarcely begun until you have caused him to fear.

Struggling Pastor—The collections have fallen off terribly. Practical Wife—It's that new vestryman who passes the plate. He never watches to see what people put on.

"How often," he said with intense sarcasm, "do you expect to be engaged this summer?" "Oh, dear," she answered, "don't talk that way; you know I despise arithmetic."

"I think you must have misunderstood," said a hungry man in a Harlem restaurant to a waiter. "How so, sir?" "I ordered fried liver, and you have brought me fried leather."

"This verse," said the jocose editor, "looks as if it went by the yard."

"Why," expostulated the poet. "It is perfect trimeter." "Well," rejoined the editor, "isn't trimeter three feet? And don't three feet make one yard?"

"You have tears in your eyes, what have you been reading?" "All about Columbus discovering America."

"What is there to weep over?" "Think, dear, if he hadn't found this country the world's fair might have been a failure."

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THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket. That's the thing! To scurry in the grass And to have one's fling! And it's O, to be a cricket In the warm thistle-thicket. Where the sun-winds pass. Winds a wing. And the bumble bees hang humming Hum and swine, And the honey drops are coming.

HIS WEDDING PRESENT.

Barker came down to breakfast to find the usual number of letters lying beside his plate. Long letters from friends, short notes from slight acquaintances, tradesmen's bills and invitations mixed together indiscriminately. He did not mind the bills, though they reached him with remarkable frequency. He had plenty of money with which to pay them at any time, but somehow he hated to do it, though the payment would not have deprived him of a single luxury for even a day.

Barker picked up the last letter. He knew, from the shape and from the quality of the paper, that it was an invitation. "Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith request the pleasure, etc., etc." Barker seldom wasted time on the clerks at Hammett's; he usually walked through the store to the little office at the back, from which Hammett seldom issued except to attend to some specially honored customer.

"Good morning, Mr. Barker; we haven't seen you for some time," said the dealer as he closed the book. "It's partly your own fault, Hammett," said Barker. "You have fitted me out so completely that there is hardly anything left to buy for myself, and it has been rather an off season for weddings."

"So it has, so it has," smiled Hammett. "I've noticed that myself, even more than you have, probably. But I suppose something has turned up at last, since I see you here?"

"Yes, here it is," tossing him the Smith invitation. "I want something for that; particularly fine and original, for I'm an old friend of the family. Something in silver, of course; something that won't be duplicated by all the idiots in town. I leave the rest to you, as usual."

"Oh, just a moment, Mr. Barker," exclaimed the silversmith, "hastily. 'I am rather cramped just at present; could you make it convenient to send me a check on account of your bill some time soon? I hate to have to ask you," he went on apologetically, "but during the last few months I have had an unusually large number of bills out, and they have left me very short."

"That's all right, Hammett, of course," returned Barker, pleasantly. "How much do I owe you?" Hammett named the amount. "So much?" queried Barker. "I had fancied it was less, but I suppose a man always underestimates such things. Well, I'll send you a check in a few days; if I forget it just remind me again."

"Thank you, Mr. Barker; it will be a very great convenience to me. You would be surprised to learn how much I have cut in that way, and what straits I have been put to sometimes of late even for the means to pay my workmen."

"It's too bad; people ought to pay up more promptly. You should come down on them if they don't."

"Do you think so?" smiled the silversmith. "But, you see, they would be very likely to be angry and withdraw their custom."

"No man of sense would do that," asserted Barker. "You have a right to the money, and no honest man should feel insulted at being asked civilly to pay his just debts."

"Well, some day I'll come down on you," laughed Hammett, "and we will see how you relish your own prescription."

"I'm not afraid of that," smiled Barker, in return. "But if you do, I'll promise to take the medicine like a man."

Hammett was as good as his word. The silver piece that he produced was a masterpiece in both design and execution; his taste was always exquisite, and as he looked at the completed work his heart swelled with pride. Only one thing alloyed his pleasure. Barker had forgotten to send the promised check, though the silversmith had reminded him of the matter. And the more Hammett thought over the trouble he had taken for Barker, the more hurt he felt, until finally the hurt changed to resentment to anger and then to desperation. He had spoken the truth when he told Barker he was hard pressed, otherwise he would not have mentioned the matter at all. And he knew exactly why Barker had not sent the check; he had not dealt with him all these years without learning Barker's little business peculiarities.

dose of his own medicine. By jove, I'll do it, and do it in a way he will remember, too."

Various matters prevented Parker from calling at the Smith house until the very day before the wedding. People ought to have more consideration than to call at such a time; but Barker was sufficiently intimate at the Smiths' to know that he would not be in the way, or, if he should be that he would be dismissed politely.

Miss Mamie, though in the midst of entrancing preparations, was delighted to see him. "Come upstairs," she said, "and see all my presents. I haven't pretended to count them, but there are an astonishing number, and they are just lovely. My feelings run away with me when I think of all those beautiful things."

Barker went and duly admired the display, keeping an eye open for his own, which he not unreasonably expected to see in the place of honor. It was nowhere to be found. "Hasn't Hammett sent mine yet?" he asked, at length. "He promised faithfully to have it done in plenty of time, and he has never disappointed me yet."

"Oh, yes," answered the girl. "It came several days ago, and was just magnificent. I don't know how to thank you enough for it. It was the very prettiest thing of the whole lot. But," with a merry laugh, "a very funny thing happened in connection with it. Yesterday the man who brought it called again and asked to be allowed to take it back to the store. He said that it wasn't paid for yet, and that Mr. Hammett hadn't intended to let it go out of his hands until it was paid for. It had been sent up by mistake, the man said. Of course we knew there had been some mistake, but we gave it to the man, and no doubt it is still there at Hammett's, waiting until your bill is settled," with another laugh of enjoyment at the joke. "We knew it wouldn't make any difference, and we were sure it would turn up again before to-morrow."

The more Barker thought about it the more his anger increased; and by the time he reached Hammett's place he was fairly boiling over with rage. "Look here, Hammett," he cried, as he strode into the little office, "what the devil do you mean by sending up to Smith's for my present—and with such a message, too?"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Barker," returned the dealer calmly. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Wrong!" Barker was ready to explode. "Didn't you send for that present of mine and say it wasn't paid for yet?"

"I believe I did, Mr. Barker. Wasn't the fact correctly stated?"

"Confound you, yes; but did you think I was going to cheat you out of your money?"

"Oh, not at all," answered the jeweler. "Nothing of the sort. I knew perfectly well that you were perfectly good for a hundred times the amount of your bill any time that you chose to draw a check for it. He opened a fat ledger. "But do you happen to remember our last conversation at the time your order was given?"

"Perfectly. What about it?"

"Well, sir, you may remember giving me some advice about how to treat some of my patrons who were perfectly able to pay their bills."

"Yes, that is true," murmured Barker, who was cooling rapidly. "But I didn't expect you to try it on me, and you needn't have taken that way of doing it, either, Hammett. Think what a position it puts me in."

"Don't let that trouble you for a moment," said the jeweler quickly. "I can put that right in ten minutes. I hated to have to do such a thing, but it really seemed the only way to make you realize the state of affairs."

"If you can make it right, Hammett, I'll draw you a check on the spot," rejoined Barker.

"Thank you, sir; you shall see," said the jeweler. He called a messenger, and gave him some directions. "You see, sir, I tell them it was all a mistake of my own men, apologize humbly, and take all the blame upon my own shoulders. No one could imagine there was anything behind all that."

"No," said Barker as he wrote out the check. "I suppose not. But I have half a notion to deal with some other man in future; some one who isn't loaded as dangerously as you seem to be."

"I hope not, sir," returned Hammett, as he put the check away carefully. "And I think you would not find anyone who would arrange such a matter more delicately or more satisfactorily than I have done this one. For your own satisfaction, Mr. Barker, and in my own justification," he went on seriously, "I will tell you something. This sort of proceeding is a very common one among jewelers in just such cases. I have done it dozens of times, and so has every other dealer in town." He laughed again. "And I have never known it to fail in bringing the victims up to the mark." —Philadelphia Times.

Omaha Commercial College. Rohrbach Bros., Props., Douglas & 16th Sts. Do you intend going to school this fall and winter? If so investigate the above institution. It is thorough, practical and finely equipped.

J. W. HARTLEY, State Agent. Will supply you with the best barb wire made at \$2.75 per 100 lbs. The Ell weighs less than one pound to the rod. These soaps are less than ever sold in this state. We sell Kendall & Smith's "Zsr" flour at \$1.25 per 100 lbs. Our Gem at \$1.25 per 100 lbs. Silver Leaf at \$1.50 per 100 lbs.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT. Now is the time that every lover of reform should realize the fact that his best efforts should be put forth to overcome the enemy. Purely mutual insurance is an important branch of reform in our state. We have had some excellent work done, yet the "harrest is great and the laborers are few."

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS. They Raise the Standard of All Workingmen and Lower None. O wad some power the giffle gie us To see ourselves as others see us! It wad frae monie a blunder free us.

When Does the Year Begin? The countries and nations of the world with a few exceptions, begin the year with January 1, but that this system is arbitrary and based upon nothing in particular does not even need to be proven. The ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phoenicians and Carthaginians each began their year with the autumnal equinox, or about September 23.

The World's Fair. Fifty cents the admittance fee to the World's Fair, covers entrance to every building containing exhibits on the grounds and the idea quite generally held that a charge in addition to that amount is asked for admission to each building, is entirely incorrect. Ask Bonnell at B. & M. depot, or Ziemer on 10th & O Sts., about the best and cheapest way of reaching Chicago. Excursion rates every day.

Take THE ALLIANCE-DEPENDENT. I am going east. I have a \$60.00 life scholarship for the Omaha College of shorthand and typewriting for sale for \$19.00 cash. Purchasers can call or write to Professor Ong of college and upon receiving \$19.00 he will issue in your name the life scholarship I possess.