

The Alliance.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

GEN. SHEPHERD'S mail is large enough each day to fill a bushel basket.

LIETU SCHWATKA, of Arctic fame, has returned to this country after a long tour in Mexico.

THE Empress of Germany has received a necklace valued at \$150,000, the gift of the Sultan of Turkey.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOOT has made a good impression in Washington. He is always good natured and is inclined to admire America and Americans.

KATE CHASE SPRAGUE is writing a biography of her father, the late Chief Justice Chase. She also contemplates publishing a volume of personal memoirs.

THE Lord Mayor of London's dress suit for ordinary evenings is of black velvet, with a point lace frill, tights, silk stockings, diamond buckles in the shoes and a diamond-bitted sword.

ENGLAND has received by the will of the late Mrs. Beckett, of Torquay, six valuable paintings by Murillo, Hogarth, Rubens, Greuze, Cyp and Reynolds. They are worth \$300,000.

ONE of the handsomest women in Washington is the wife of ex-Senator and ex-Register Bruce. Her face is fine and oval, her features regular and her complexion not near so dark as that of the conventional Cuban or Spanish beauty. Mr. Bruce himself is light colored.

UNITED STATES CONSUL MASON, of Marseilles, writes to the State Department that the effects of general and unrestrained abstinence-drinking in France are now recognized as forming a basis of one of the gravest dangers which threaten the physical and moral welfare of the French people.

It is said that M. Guionod, the composer, who is a man of intense religious convictions, once spent an hour upon his knees praying for the conversion of Sarah Bernhardt, in that lady's presence. Sarah's response was short, but not very sweet, and at last she had to turn him out of her house.

THE Emperor of China is seldom disturbed in his sleep. A Pekin paper announces that "strict surveillance is kept by the gendarmes around the palace to prevent the imperial repose being broken by firing of crackers, street cries or wrangling voices, the blowing of horns or noisy marriage or funeral processions."

THE Sultan of Morocco is gradually beginning to understand that the world is not afraid of him. A diplomat who was received by him the other day kept his hat on during the reception, which took place in the open air, and the Sultan did not resent it. Heretofore he had compelled diplomats to stand bareheaded before him while he sat on horseback.

BRINGAM YOUNG, JR., has been flying quite high in Washington society, having a pleasant home and an agreeable wife and entertaining liberally. Some middle-class people, however, have investigated Mr. Young's matrimonial record, and society is shocked to learn that he has three wives and families in Salt Lake City, while it is darkly hinted that some of the back counties are still to be heard from on the subject.

THE many admirers of "Bill Arr," whose delightful contributions to the press have won for him well-deserved fame, will be pleased to learn that that genial gentleman has had a stroke of rare good fortune. Some years ago a Georgia bank in which his means were deposited failed. He took a piece of land in Alabama belonging to the bank, but supposed to be almost worthless at the time. Iron ore was discovered upon it and the development of the same has made him fairly wealthy.

WRITING of the late Professor Chevreul, when he was a century old, a correspondent said: "There is a strange, almost weird, look about his personal appearance. His head is large and powerful, forehead broad, eyes bright and clear, but somewhat given to blinking; nose aquiline and rather prominent; and the lower lip droops just enough to show a perfectly preserved set of teeth. With the exception of a little round spot at the top, his head is covered with a thick mass of perfectly white hair, which stands up as stiff and prim as a Massachusetts militiaman."

COUNT Tolstoy, the Russian author, like our own Mark Twain, can't write in a "fixed-up" room. His study is devoid of carpets, paintings or statuary. An old lounge, two unpretentious tables littered with manuscripts of all kinds, and two stiff-backed chairs constitute the only furniture in the room. The room is divided into two compartments by an unpainted wooden partition, which runs half way up to the ceiling, and from which depend two wooden racks—used by Tolstoy in his garden. In one corner stands a wooden spade—above it, hanging from a wooden peg, Tolstoy's great evercoat.

The fallacy of the old saying "that lightning never strikes twice in the same place" is shown by the following: Geneva, Special: Samuel Blair, a farmer living four miles west of town, had his windmill struck by lightning one evening during the recent heavy storms, and torn all to pieces, and the following evening his wife, while standing in the yard, was knocked down by lightning and seriously hurt. Three head of cattle and one valuable horse were killed at the same time.

GEMS.

Selected From Our Best Authors.—Lefty Labor Sentiment.

There is nothing stronger than human prejudice.

The honors we grant mark how high we stand, and they educate the future.

No matter how the lips that would speak, they must be free and unengaged.

"Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the gallows."

Let us believe that the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue.

The man we honor and the maxims we lay down in measuring our favorites show the level and morals of the time.

The last lesson a man ever learns is, that liberty, thought and speech is the origin of all mankind; that the man who denies every article of our creed is to be allowed to preach just as often and just as loud as we ourselves. We have learned this,—been taught it by prosecution on the question of labor.

If we lived in England, if we lived in France or Germany, the philosophy of our labor movement might be different. For there stand accumulated wealth, hungry churches and old nobles class which popular agitation, but also affects the whole of the public opinion is obliged to bow. But not so—thank God—in these United States, we, the laboring masses—farmers and mechanics are the public opinion, if errors are made, we ourselves are to blame.

This is what the labor cause asks of you, my friends, and the moment you shall be willing to do this, to rely upon yourselves, that moment the truths that you have often read from the pen of Powdery, whom the country regards as one of its greatest benefactors, will shine over your path, assuring you that out of this agitation as sure as the sun shines at noonday the future character of the American government will be formed in keeping with the wants of the many, not of the few.

Worshipping the tongue, let us be willing to let the tongue be known throughout the community as the All-talk party. The age of bullets is over. The age of men armed in mail is over. The age of thrones has gone by. The age of statesmen—God be praised!—such statesmen as were in the last Nebraska legislative assembly. The age of workmen has come. With the help of God, then, every man we can reach we will set thinking on the subject of laborer's rights.

They have put wickedness into the statute books, and its destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the capitol. That is our faith. That it is which turns our eyes from the ten thousand newspapers, from the 60,000 pulpits, from the millions of republicans, from the millions of democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government, from the iron army, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent,—turns it back to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest that is heard against the law.

We recognize in the great future the first rumblings of that volcano destined to overthrow these mighty preparations, and bury in the hot lava of its full excitement all this laughing prosperity which now rests so secure on its side.

Where'er you meet a dozen earnest men pledged to a new idea—wherever you have met them, you have met the beginning of a revolution. Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. The child feels; he grows into a man, and thinks; another, perhaps, speaks and the world acts out the thought. And this is the history of modern society. Men undervalue the labor movement because they imagine you can always put your finger on some illustrious monarch in history and say, Here commenced the great change which has come over the nation. Not so. The beginning of great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. A child must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells broader and broader, bears on its ample bosom the navies of the world, and fills the gulf and divides a continent.

We want the laborman and farmer to turn their eyes from institutions to men. The difficulty of the present day and with us, are not the institutions, but the men. A man gets up in the pulpit, or sits on the bench, and we allow ourselves to be bullied by the judge or clergyman, when, if he stood side by side with us on the brick pavement, as a simple individual, his ideas would not have disturbed our clear thoughts in the least. Now, if he is a man, he is a man in this—stand upon the pedestal of your own individual independence, summon these institutions about you, and judge them. The question is deep enough to require this judgment of you.

It seems to us the sea of our civilization underlying all American life is that men do not need any guardian. We need no safeguard. Not only the inevitable but the best power this side of the ocean is the unfettered average common sense of the masses. Institutions, as we are accustomed to call them, are but paste board, and intended to be, against the thought of the street. Statutes (law) are mere mile stones, telling how far yesterday's thought had travelled, and the talk of the side walk today is the law of the land. You may regret this, but the fact stands, and our fathers foresaw the full effect of their principles; they must have planned and expected it. With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and (law) statutes are waste paper, lack all executive force. You may name them as strong as language can make, but once change public feeling, and through them or over them rides the real wise of the people.

We are blamed for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it through the hides of their idols. When we have launched our spear into the rhinoceros' hide of a Burr, an Imhoff, a Sawyer, (ex-mayor) a Brock, or a Sheldon—and show how false and dishonest are their assessments; and with what brazen impudence they avoid

paying their just portion of the community's taxes—every one of this ignorant, but lately grown rich cod-fish aristocracy feel it—Well, can they afford to be leaders of society, give grand entertainments, etc., etc.—God gives us great scoundrels for texts to labor sermons. Let us see to it, when nature and rotten laws have provided us with assessment list monsters, that we exhibit them—themselves—a whole menagerie—to the tax payers throughout Lancaster county.

PRINCE ALOIS SCHWARZENBERG, the victim of the latest fatal duel in Vienna, owned 23 breweries, four sugar refineries, one oil manufactory 23 saw mills, one bakery, four water mills, 46 brick kilns and a host of farms, cottages and manufactories.

THE bulk of the water of the ocean has a low temperature. It is ice-cold at the bottom, even under the equator, but on the surface within the tropics there is relatively a thin film of warm water, with a temperature of from 70 deg. to 84 deg. F.

FORT KEOGH, Mont., has the widest range of temperature of any place on earth. Last summer the thermometer ranged from 120 to 130 degrees above, while last winter it marked 65 degrees below zero—a total range of 195 degrees.

CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY has invitations to deliver Fourth of July orations in nearly all the states. It has been suggested that he fire a soaring speech into a phonograph and have it ground out simultaneously in every patriotic center.

A LITTLE messenger boy brought a note to the office of Mayor Fittler, of Philadelphia, and was waiting for a reply. Mr. Fittler was taking his time about the answer, when the boy exclaimed: "Hurry up, mayor; I can't wait here all day."

THE Joneses are at the head of the English clergy list with 450 representatives, while the Smiths follow with 318. After them come the Williamses with 295 and the Evanses with 164. The Smiths make such an unexpected showing, because of there being almost none in Wales.

In Holland an unmarried woman always takes the right arm of her escort, and the married woman the left. At a church wedding the bride enters the edifice at the right arm of the groom, and goes out on the left side of her husband.

MR. AND MRS. LAIR of Kentucky have seven sons. Mr. Lair is 6 feet 2 inches tall and Mrs. Lair is 6 feet 3 inches. The largest son is 6 feet 8 inches; the smallest is 6 feet 5 inches. Of the other two are 6 feet 6 inches, two are 6 1/2 inches, and one 6 feet 7 inches.

It is strange, but true, that the laws of Connecticut favor the dishonest. If a man is hungry and begs a slice of bread the law will send him to state prison for one year; if he steals a whole loaf he will only get thirty days in jail. It is safer to steal than to beg in Connecticut.

DENVERVILLE, Me., a town of 522 people, has no debt and has \$1,000 to her credit. There has not been a fire for 80 years. One Peter E. Vose has been first selectman 29 years, treasurer 23 years, assessor 31 years, overseer 24 years, and town agent 20 years.

A limp rubber hose with a trickling stream of pure water running from it is a temptation to the thirsty passer-by if it lies upon the walk, and it is very different from the writhing, spurring pipe with a pressure upon it of 160 pounds to the square inch. A rubber hose in repose, delusive and tempting, laid upon a Main street walk Friday when a thirsty stranger picked it up and let the cooling water slowly run from it into his mouth. The boy who had charge of the hose recognized and appreciated his opportunity, and let on the water at full head. The man's mouth took the first spurt at a twenty-gallon-a-minute speed and volume. He was heard to utter a mild, deluged cry before the pipe lapped itself and threw him across the street and gave him more water than he could take care of. He scrambled to his feet and looked around to see who had assaulted him, but he could see only the pipe, full of glee and full of business. He was mad but did not know who to tackle. He jumped on the pipe, informed it he had a poor opinion of its proprietor, and walked away wetter and wiser than he was when he began to quench his thirst.—Northwest Bulletin.

Sand Showers and Drifts. Dry, loose sand, wherever it occurs, is constantly being shifted by the wind, and often buries cultivated lands, buildings and forests. On the shores of Lake Michigan are drifts 100 feet deep, and those of Cornwall reach 300 feet in depth, while the drifts of the Gobi desert are 40 miles long and 900 feet high in places. On the shores of the Bay of Biscay the drifting sand travels inland 16 feet in parts of Denmark 24 feet, and in southern India 17 yards. In some places walls and barriers of vegetation have been erected to stop the destroying drifts. Fine sand is taken up to great heights in the air, and deposited many miles away. In 1882 Iceland was visited by a remarkable sand storm, lasting two weeks, which hid the sun and objects a few yards off like a dense fog, and caused the death of thousands of sheep and horses.—New York Telegram.

CURRENT EVENTS

AN Intelligent Shark, Several Well-spun sea yarns have been told by old shellbacks regarding what they had seen at sea," said Chief Officer James Brown of the Pacific Mail Company's steamer Acapulco to a San Francisco Chronicle man, "but there is one thing certain, and that is I have reason to believe that fish not only have instinct but also reasoning power."

"How do you come to these conclusions?" was asked. "Well, let me tell you. Now, every sailing man who has frequented the port of San Jose, near Guatemala, knows that old San Jose Joe has been in and about that port for the last thirty years. Joe is without exception one of the largest sharks ever seen in the waters of the ocean. He is over 30 feet in length. This was ascertained beyond a doubt by the officers of the Acapulco on the trip there. The last, when a spar measuring 30 feet had fallen over the ship's side, and old Joe came along, and after smelling of it floated alongside, measuring exactly its length. As to his age that is not positively known, but the barnacles on his back indicate that he has been a resident of San Jose waters for a number of years. The barnacles are so old and crusty as to repel a rifle ball with the same respective force as a sheet of steel on the side of a man-of-war. Capt. Plets of the Acapulco has time and again, shot at this monster and without effect, so far as his back is concerned. The balls glance off the old fellow's back without doing him any damage. Yet Old Joe carries enough lead in his carcass to sink an ordinary whale, as almost every officer whose vessel anchors in the waters takes a whack at him when he runs his sides and belly upward, but the bullets don't seem to do him any harm."

"Well, about his reasoning capacity?" "Oh, yes. Some years ago an English man-of-war, while lying at anchor, undertook to destroy the old brute by firing a charge of dynamite into him. Joe was hit on the side, and about fifty pounds of shark's flesh torn away, but the shot failed to kill him. But now, mark you, since that time he will not make his appearance in the anchor near where a man-of-war is anchored. But just as soon as these vessels leave Joe comes to the surface again. He regularly meets the Acapulco about fifteen miles outside and pilots her in. Once anchored he is satisfied and seems to delight in feeding from the offal. But no matter how well you bait a hook Joe's reasoning qualities tell him to avoid it, and he invariably follows that line of reasoning. As to his capacity to stow away grub, that was proved on one occasion when the vessel was taking aboard some hogs. One of ten hogs, weighing probably about eighty pounds, fell overboard, and old Joe, who is ever on the watch, saw the prize and with one plunge and a pair of extended jaws, the porker disappeared as though he had gone into a hole. On another occasion we had a lot of mules on board for the government and one of the number died and was thrown overboard. Joe made the acquaintance of the defunct mule, and after the lapse of six hours the mule was safely stowed 'thwart ships in Joe's locker. Yes, Joe is the largest shark known to us sailing men. We have tried to kill the monster by all possible means, but so far have miserably failed."

How Hot Water Saves China. The entire absence of sanitary arrangements in Chinese towns and villages being well known, it goes without saying that the laws of hygiene are utterly and entirely neglected. There is no isolation of infectious diseases, and no attention is paid to causes of death unless there is supposition of violence. According to our ideas, therefore, Chinese cities ought to be hotbeds of disease, subjected regularly to terrible epidemics which, with us, are invariably associated with the neglect of sanitary laws. Strange to say such is not the case. Epidemics come and go without any apparent reason, appearing, perhaps, suddenly, causing a heavy mortality for a short time, and then as suddenly disappearing again, thus affording an endless field of speculation to the foreign savant. But, speaking generally, Chinese towns enjoy an immunity from these dangerous outbreaks almost as complete as that of well-advanced European communities, and the cause of this puzzling and curious phenomenon has been variously explained. The fact is all the more striking when taken in connection with the contaminated water supplies of Chinese towns, the effect of which on Europeans has been manifested over and over again in the heavy mortality which overtook them previous to the adoption of precautions enjoined by modern sanitary science. The healthiness of Chinese cities has been ingeniously attributed by some people to the universal habit of fanning, a practice which is said to keep the atmosphere in constant circulation. How far this explanation can be deemed to suffice we must leave to experts to decide, but so far as contaminated water supply is concerned, we believe the real secret of immunity from its evil effects to lie in the universal custom of boiling all water intended for drinking. As a matter of fact, the Chinese never drink cold water. The national beverage, which, in a true sense, may be said to cheer but not inebriate, is tea, and this is always "on tap," even in the houses of the very poor. The native aversion to cold water is undoubtedly carried to extremes, and certainly induces diseases which might easily be avoided by a judicious system of outward application. In the matter of ablutions it must, however, be admitted that the Chinese enjoy facilities which, however little they are taken advantage of, are far in advance of anything within the reach of the poorer classes of our own favored land. Every little hamlet in China has a shop where hot water can be bought for a trifling sum at any hour of the day or night. Even in a small fishing village on a remote

island in the Gulf of Pechili, where the writer spent six weeks under very unpleasant circumstances during a severe winter, this was the case, and a great convenience it proved.—The National Review.

A Surprised Burglar. You can't tell what a woman will do in the case of a burglar. The speaker was an ex-police captain, and his eyes twinkled as he thought of the many stories told him by the victims of burglars and by the burglars themselves, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. "A burglar," he continued, "is lost when he gets rattled, and a woman in the case of a burglar raid is apt to do the unexpected thing, and in this way disconcert even the coolest professional. To the unprofessional who desires above all things to conceal his identity the impulsive woman is a holy terror."

"Not long ago it happened that the wife of one of our prominent physicians was alone on the parlor floor of her residence. The house had never been burglarized, and no one thought that it would be or could be. On the night in question the lady was awakened by sounds in the parlor, and calling out to ask who was there she heard retreating footsteps. She was so startled by the influence of the thought that one of her servants or some member of the family was in the parlor, she jumped out of bed, and without a moment's hesitation, started in pursuit, intent only in learning what was the matter. In the hall she came face to face with a strange man, and even then she was not wide awake enough to be afraid. The thought that the stranger was a burglar did not come to her until she had asked, in an anxious way, what was the matter."

"The burglar, who it was afterward discovered had made preparations to carry off the silver and certain articles which he had collected, was so confused that he made a single exclamation, stepped to the front door, opened it and walked quickly away. He said afterward that the idea of a small, delicate-faced woman following him up closely, made him shiver, and when she spoke to him with the commonplace manner of one asking his wife, his senses deserted him, and there was nothing for him to do but to get out."

The Ghost of Guiteau. Guiteau still lingers at the District Jail, says a Washington letter. That is what the superstitious prisoners say, for they claim that they see him every night, and if you were to bring any amount of testimony to contradict them they would still adhere to their theory that the assassin stalks around the corner every night. The cell in which he was looted when Sergt. Mason shot at him has been unoccupied ever since. The bunk has been removed and the apartment is as bare as it was left by the builders. The marks of the soldier's bullet are still plainly to be seen. The missile entered the window of the cell at a slight angle and struck the wall opposite to that upon which the murderer's bunk was located, from which point it glanced and flattened against the wall in the rear. Had Guiteau been standing at the window the bullet could hardly have missed him. Gen. Crocker, the warden of the jail, says he has great trouble in getting prisoners to remain content in any of the cells in which Guiteau was confined. The assassin, after being shot at by Sergt. Mason, was confined in a cell in the opposite corridor, the same being separated by a brick partition, and, notwithstanding the fact that so many years have elapsed since it was graced by the wretched occupant, every prisoner who knows which was Guiteau's cell and begs not to be confined therein. The ghost of the assassin, so the prisoners say, roams about at all hours of the night, and the guards are frequently called by prisoners who fancy they see the apparition.

A Long Hunt for Happiness. Amsterdam, N. Y., is somewhat noted for matrimonial eccentricities, the latest being the record of one lady, given in the Recorder, as follows: She eloped with her first husband when she was 18 and he 16. His father followed the pair and waltzed the young man home on his ear. Then he secured a divorce for his son on the ground of undue influence. His wife never saw him again. Her second husband was a widower 60 years old, wealthy and consumptive. He died in a year. She loved her third husband, but he married her for her money. It did not take long to discover this, and then she paid him for letting her get a divorce. Her fourth husband married her for love, but she merely wanted a companionship. They lived happily together until he was killed on the railroad near Albany a few years ago. She married again about a year ago, and only recently became a mother. It was her first child, too. Her present husband seems to love her and she him, and maybe she has found her affinity at last.

A Charitable Lady. A very charitable lady in town, wishing to help the Johnstown sufferers, picked out from the wardrobes of herself and husband all the suits that could be spared. Into the pockets of each suit for men she put in a jackknife, a hair brush, and a comb. Into the women's gowns she put a pair of stockings, a comb and brush, a tooth-brush, and a cake of soap. She sent several gowns that she had been saving to wear this summer herself. "I did not hesitate many minutes," she said, heroically. "I decided to let the sufferers have them, and let my husband get some new ones." That was combining charity and self-interest.—New York Sun.

A Gentlemanly Robber. Now that the days of your roman-tic stage robber and Western hold-up are gone and almost forgotten, except in the romance which some interesting but fanciful writer has seen fit to cast around the hardest and most exciting of occupations, it may be interesting to recall the advent of one of the most highly educated and gentlemanly robbers who ever got the drop on the unsuspecting driver of a Western four-in-hand.

In 1876 Charles E. Bolles deserted his wife and children in a little town in Southwestern Missouri and went over the Rocky Mountains with the eager flood of farmers and mechanics who had left the plough and work-bench to engage in the fascinating but elusive game of hide and seek with the gold diggings.

Bolles was after gold, too, but he did not believe in digging for it. He was a clever, well educated fellow, but the fact that the money in his belt belonged originally to his deserted wife would hardly serve to raise him in the estimation of any one who admired his talents as well as his coolness and nerve.

After Bolles crossed the divide he was, for the time being, lost to sight. But he did not permit his candle to flicker under a bushel very long. For on August 3, 1887, as Big Jack Holmes, the driver of the regular mail coach from Fort Ross to the Russian River, California, swung his reins around the sharp curve of a bluff in the Sierras, the figure of a man, grotesquely attired in jute bags and linen duster, with a white linen flour sack over the head, arranged so that sight was possible out of two holes cut at a convenient distance apart, stepped from behind a convenient boulder and presented a double-barrelled shot-gun with the danger end pointing at Jack said, in the most pleasant and polite manner possible: "Will you be kind enough to throw out the box and mail bags."

The "box" referred to was Wells, Fargo & Co.'s shipment of treasure. Jack was kind enough to do as requested without further parley and finally when asked in the same polite and urbane manner if he would please drive on, obeyed with alacrity, as any far-sighted and experienced Western man would.

The sheriff of the county was notified, and with a posse went back to where the box lay. It had been broken and rifled, and all that the strange robber had left was a bit of doggerel which read:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
To wait the coming morn;
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,
Overstuffed socks, perhaps wet.
Let come what will, I'll try it on,
My condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in the box,
'Tis money in my purse.

The lines were written on the back of a way-bill belonging to the express company, and at the bottom was the signature: "Black Bart, the Po 8."

"Black Bart" was the E. Bolles of Missouri, and while the other fellows were breaking their backs at the washings and diggings, he was making a barrel of money by cracking the treasure boxes of Wells, Fargo & Co. After he had succeeded twenty-three times he was arrested in San Francisco, where he had been living as a gentleman should, by means of a laundry mark on a cuff which he had left near the scene of one of his robberies. Among his effects was found his family Bible with numerous marginal notes which he had made from time to time.

On the 17th of November, 1888, Bolles was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and was immediately taken to the famous old jail at San Quentin to serve out his time, his captors repeating an accumulated reward of \$18,400.

He was discharged from San Quentin on New Year's Day, 1888, and promised to reform. He had been a model prisoner and spent six years of confinement with profit to himself, for he became an expert chemist.

Some months after his release I met him in Denver, Colorado, and while still a powerful man physically, he was aging fast, and his hair, mustache and imperial were plentifully frosted with the white of advancing age.

How the Jailer Kept Informed. Texas Sitings. A gentleman who has recently returned from quite a long trip through the "Land of the Aztecs" has been giving some interesting details of his experiences to his friends. Among other things, he said that when he was in the City of Mexico he was shown through some ancient buildings, convents and jails that were erected by the Spaniards several centuries ago. In the wall of those ancient edifices he saw a small opening, so he naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what purpose it served. He was told that it was one of those buildings in which criminals were walled up alive. "But what was the use of the hole in the wall?" he asked. "Well, senior," replied the guide, "as long as the prisoner lived his food was handed to him on a plate, and he handed back the empty plate through the hole, but when the prisoner handed back the plate with the food on it untouched, then the jailer knew that he was dead already, and didn't give him any more."

Wilkie Collins' Dire Enemy. It is said to think that many of the novels which have won the admiration of the world have been produced by Wilkie Collins while he was enduring agonies which would drive a weaker man to the hospital. That goes, as exquisite a pain as tooth ache, but more continuous, attacks him, not only in the hands and feet, where it is bad enough—but in the eyes. It is impossible to imagine such tortures. But in spite of them, and sometimes during them, Wilkie Collins goes on with his work, and finds relief in forgetting himself in the scenes of fiction. Never once has he failed to keep his contracts with the publishers. Never once has his copy been delayed.—Philadelphia Times.

SABBATH READING.

TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Be Acquainted With your Power, Control Your Influence, and Exert Both for the Good of Your Race.

What domestic or social bliss can you anticipate with the intertemperate? A tender companion he cannot be. The master passion that consumes him has burned up all that softness, all that makes man an affectionate friend. Experience, universal as suffering from this cause answers, that intemperance and domestic peace and good dwell not under the same roof. You will be held in the most servile bondage. In your weakest and feeblest moments, when you need all the sympathy that the warmest and truest love can impart, the intemperate husband will leave you for the haunts of noisy revelry, and drown all thought of you in the maddening bowl. He will lavish on the dissolute the love he has pledged to you alone; and from the scenes of noisy mirth and boisterous glee, he will return to inflict upon you curses and blows. Better, young woman, will it be for you to have a millstone about your neck than to be united to an intemperate man.

But you can reform such a man, you say. If the man of your choice now indulges in the cup which huris reason from its throne and drives affection from the breast, he is not fit to be for your sake to dash the poison from his lips. So thousands have thought, and on this hope, this Cape Expectation, have wrecked their happiness forever. Will it not be wise to try your power before you put yourself wholly in the hands of the intemperate? If a young man will not reform to gain your love, he will not be assured, when you have less influence over him. If he changes not at your entreaty this side the altar, he will not on the other.

I have known the young wife and mother endure almost everything from the husband and drunkard. I have known the bride of yesterday, on whom the sun shone brightly, cheered from the shore as she began the voyage of life, by the warm wishes and kindly congratulations of many friends; and I have seen her return suddenly to the home she left when she became a bride to hide herself from the cold scandal of the world in the bosom of her mother; but never have I known an intemperate man in reform in after life through the influence of a wife. If you are confident that power of persuasion is great, and that you can succeed, try that power before the bridal tour is taken.

LAST year 140,000 sheep were fed for market at Fremont and 160,000 head have already been contracted for this year.

THE MARKETS. LINCOLN, NEB.

CATTLE—Butchers' steers, \$2 50 @ 25
Cows, 2 00 @ 25
HOGS—Fat, 3 25 @ 37
Stockers, 2 40 @ 25
SHEEP—Fair to heavy, 1 50 @ 20
WHEAT—No. 2 spring, 65 @ 80
OATS—No. 2, 18 @ 20
RYE—No. 2, 30 @ 35
CORN—No. 2, 1 35 @ 40
FLAXSEED, 1 35 @ 40
POTATOES, 25 @ 30
APPLES—Genoa, 4 25 @ 50
HAY—Prairie, bulk, 4 20 @ 50

OMAHA, NEB.

CATTLE—Prime steers, \$2 75 @ 35
Cows, 1 75 @ 25
HOGS—Fair to heavy, 4 10 @ 15
Mixed, 4 00 @ 10

KANSAS CITY, MO.

CATTLE—Corn fed, \$2 00 @ 35
Feeders, 2 10 @ 30
HOGS—Good to choice, 4 05 @ 40
Mixed, 4 00 @ 40

CHICAGO, ILL.

CATTLE—Prime steers, \$3 25 @ 25
Stockers and feeders, 2 25 @ 30
HOGS—Packing, 4 25 @ 45
SHEEP—Native, 3 50 @ 19
WHEAT, 85 1/2 @ 85 1/2
CORN, 5 1/4