AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember, three things come not back;
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not;
In other heart's is living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee,
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will never more return.

—Century Bric a Brac.

A MISER THE CAUSE.

Mr. C. B. Barrett, formerly Chief Inspector of the United States Secret Service, had a queer experience some time ago in a beautiful little town way down in Maryland. Mr. Barrett's long experience with this sort of work has taught him just how to dig a pit for his game, as the train neared the village he walked through the smoker to the mail car, asked for the mail clerk, showed his commission and said he had some thing which he wanted done.

"What is it?" asked the clerk nervously, eying the Chief Inspector.

"Where is the mail pouch you throw off at the next stop?"

It was produced.

"Open it."

It was opened, for an inspector has absolute authority, not only over mail clerks, but over the postmasters of the larger cities.

Here is a letter," said Mr. Barrett, "addressed to James Lancaster, a fictitious name. The letter contains a $10 bill. I want you to examine it, take the address, put it in that pouch and lock it with your own hands."

All this was done, and Mr. Barrett went back to his seat in one of the day coaches, confident that the next move in the game would answer his expectations.

The Secret Service agent stood upon the platform of the mail car when the train stopped and the pouch was thrown off, when he at once stepped to the platform. A boy, whose business it was to carry the mail, took the pouch over his shoulder and started up the village street, never dreaming that a Chief Inspector of the Postal Service was following him on the other side of the street and was watching him like a hawk, while seeming to watch nothing. It was a beautiful June day, the birds were singing, and although it was high noon the leafy, lotty trees lining the quiet street cast such deep, cool shadows that Mr. Barrett did not find walking unpleasant. For about a quarter of a mile the boy kept on, followed by the Inspector, and then turned into a small frame building, with a white and black sign over the door labelled "Postoffice."

"Now," said Mr. Barrett, inwardly, "my letter has reached its destination."

There was a crowd of visitors inside of the little Post-office and outside who swarmed towards the desk "to get their mail," and Mr. Barrett waited some fifteen minutes until they had all gone before he entered the place, and saw a handsome girl, about seventeen years old, dressed in an old-fashioned bodice and light colored skirt, sitting behind the wire grating in a rocking chair sewing.

"Is there a letter here for James Lancaster?" said the Inspector, and every one who knows his face and figure will not wonder that the girl took him for a well to do country man.

"No," she said, after sorting some letters in a case marked "L."

"Won't you look again?" and she did look, but with no better result.

"I am sure the letter must have come," said Mr. Barrett, and I, who know him well, can imagine how gently he said it.

"It's not here."

"Are you the Postmaster?"

"No. I am the assistant. My father is the Postmaster."

"Who opened the pouch that came bo the last train?"

"I did."

"No one to help you?"

"No, sir."

The girl's bright eyes looked as innocently at Mr. Barrett as any girl's bright eyes ever looked at any man.

"Maybe it stuck in the pouch. I've heard of such things," he said. "Won't you look?"

She took the pouch, turned it upside down, shook it and looked inside. No letter.

"Won't you let me come in and help you look for it?" said Mr. Barrett.

"No. No one is allowed in here."

The Chief Inspector drew from his pocket his commission from the United States Government, with its official signatures and seals, and showed it to the girl, asking as she read it, "Can I come in now?"

"Yes," blushing, "I beg your pardon."

"You did perfectly right, my child," said the venerable agent of the Secret Service.

There was a board partition six feet high beyond the wired window, and a gate in the end of this partition, toward which the Postmaster's daughter went, but Mr. Barrett thought she moved very slowly. At last she turned the key in the lock, opened the solid gate and admitted the Inspector. He walked forward a few feet and looked around.

There was nothing in sight but bare deal shelves and the letter boxes, and he knew his mission was not there.

"I mailed a letter myself to James Lancaster," he said at last. "That is a fictitious name, 'Lancaster' being my mother's maiden name. That letter was put in that pouch in my presence. When that pouch was put off at the station I followed it and kept it in sight until it was taken into the Postoffice. Now you say you opened it alone, that no one else touched it. Where is my letter?"

"I never saw it, sir. If you doubt me you can search me."

Mr. Barrett said that he would not do that, and that he had never done such a thing to a woman, and he began to pace the floor in deep thought. The girl, more beautiful than ever in her excitement, sat down in the rocking chair, crossed her limbs and began to rock.

"Call your mother, and she can search you in my presence," said he at length.

"My mother is dead."

Again the Secret Service agent paced the floor. He looked into an adjoining room, brightly and neatly furnished, and wondered whether the girl could have secreted the letter there while she pretended to be going to the gate to let him in. As he paced back and forth he noticed the swinging feet of the Postmaster's daughter, that one of her stockings had sagged down, and that under that stocking was the shape of an envelope.

"Your stocking has dropped," he said.

The girl turned scarlet and white, and stopped rocking. She caught her breath, as if to faint.

"Now, give me my letter," said the Inspector.

She took it from its hiding place, handed it to him and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

The decoy letter, as is usual in cases of this sort, had been fixed so that it would be apparent to anyone that money was enclosed. It had done its work.

"Where is your father?" asked Mr. Barrett.

"In the garden," sobbed the girl.

Mr. Barrett went out into the garden, found the old man hoeing and brought him in, and when he was told all he bowed his white head and sobbed with his child. The inspector learned that the girl had admirers, as was natural; that her father was very miserly, not giving her even the money needed for a bright bit of ribbon, a new hat or a new dress; that she had been tempted to take money from the mails for bits of finery, and had done so. Mr. Barrett bitterly accused the old man of being the one to blame, and he acknowledged it.

"I suppose you will arrest her?" said the girl's father.

"Will you make restitution of the sum (it was about $10), she has taken on account of your miserliness?"

"Yes; here it is," and it was handed over. "Will you arrest her?"

"If I did what would be her future? No. Unless you or she tells this it will never be known in the village."

Inspector Barrett left after forcing the old man to promise his daughter should never be compelled or allowed to handle the mails again, and when he submitted his full report to the head of the department at Washington his course was fully approved.

Patti and the Burglar.

It is said that shortly before Mme. Patti left Wales for her South American tour had a thrilling experience with a burglar. The songstress was alone in her chamber preparing to retire for the night, when she heard a sound in an adjoining room, as if someone were moving about. Patti hastily donned a wrapper, and walked boldly into the room from which the sounds came, and stood face to face with a gigantic burglar. He wore a mask to conceal his features, and in his hand he carried a heavy club. The plucky woman asked him what he was doing there.

"Don't you see," he replied in a broad Welsh dialect, "I am stealing your diamonds?"

And he held up to her astonished eyes the most beautiful bracelet which she possessed. Patti did not scream.

She simply walked across the room, pressed an electric button to summon the servant. Instead of the servant, however, Signor Nicolini appeared on the scene. The burglar attempted to strike him with his club, but his game was frustrated by Patti. She grasped the club as it was raised in the air. Nicolini and the burglar then clinched, and in the struggle that ensued the enterprising but altogether too candid thief was pitched out of a second story window. He descended gracefully and broke a leg. He was found to be a peasant whom Patti had frequently befriended.—London Cor. New York Press.

A Fight With a Bull.

A. L. Smith, who lives about three miles from town on the Athens road, had a serious encounter with a Jersey bull a short time ago. Mr. Smith was walking through his pasture when the bull made a dash at him, knocking him down, and when he arose the bull downed him again. This time, however, Mr. Smith succeeded in getting up, when he jumped a fence that was close by and thus escaped from the enraged animal. Mr. Smith examined himself and found that he had received a broken finger and several bruises in the encounter. He then seized a fence rail and jumped the fence, when the bull made another wild rush at him, but with a well aimed blow he felled the animal to the ground and belabored him to such an extent that when he arose, Mr. Smith says, he was completely conquered. The bruises which Mr. Smith received in the encounter are fast healing, and he is receiving the congratulations of his many friends as the champion "bull-fighter" of this section.

Extortion Punished.

The commander-in-chief of the Austrian army is the wealthiest man in Austria-Hungary. The other day, while on a tour of inspection in Hungary, he spent 48 hours in a small provincial town. The bill presented to him amounted to $767. It was paid without a murmur, but the next day the officers of the garrison received strict orders not to set foot in the hotel in question and for the next 12 month no military band will be allowed to play in town. —Montreal Star.

Amusing Effects of Premeditated Pauses.

A familiar form of premeditated pause is often used by badgering counsel who are wont to pause after each word of a question, to give the witness an idea that it is of great importance; but this rule is not always effective, as the following anecdote will show. Counsel: "Now—what—did—you—do—when—as—you—say—the—prisoner—threw—a—beer—glass—at—you?" Witness (promptly): "I dodged."

Some time ago a joke turning upon a premeditated pause appeared in one of the comic papers. The scene is a court-room, and the judge, addressing the prisoner, says: "I fear you are a great rogue." With amazing coolness the prisoner says: "Not such a fool, my lord, as you"—here followed a lengthy and evidently premeditated pause—"take me to be." This manufactured anecdote was doubtless suggested by the speech made by Lord George Sackville during his trial. The words used by his lordship were: "I stand here as a prisoner unfortunately that gentleman"—indicating the judge—"sits there as my judge." The result of the non-observance of the pause after "unfortunately" was that Lord George was accused of contempt of court.

Lord Erskine was in the habit of making a very effective pause in all letters applying to solicitations for subscriptions. He wrote: "Sir: I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to "subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant," etc.

One of the best instances of this form of pause occurred in a letter received by a popular physician. This gentleman was pleased with a certain ærated water, and by his recommendations he managed to procure for it some celebrity. For this he expected neither reward nor thanks. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when he received one day from the makers of the ærated water an effusive letter, stating that his kind recommendations had done so much good that they ventured to send him 100—Here the page turned over. "This will never do," said the doctor; "it is very kind, but I will never think of accepting anything." Here he turned the page and found the sentence ran: "Of our circulars for distribution."

It is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary for instance, once said to one of his lady friends: "Will you accept my hand—" Gushing maiden—"Why, er—so sudden—so unexpected." Literary man (proceeding unmoved)—"book on political economy?"

Somewhat similar is a story told of another couple. He: "How bright the stars are to-night! They are almost as bright as—." She (expecting "your eyes"): "Oh, you flatter me!" He (proceeding): "They were last night."

Lord Palmerston once made use of some very effective pauses which he could not have prepared beforehand, and these are worth quoting in conclusion. While electioneering at Taunton he was greatly troubled by a butcher who wanted him to support a certain radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship's speeches the butcher called out: "Lord Palmerston, will yo give me a plain answer to a plain question?"

After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied: "I will." The butcher then asked: "Will you or will you not support this measure—a radical bill?" Lord Palmerston hesitated and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "I will—." Then he stopped. Immediately the radicals cheered tremendously. "Not," continued his lordship. Loud conservative cheers. When these ceased Lord Palmerston finished his sentence—"tell you." He then immediately retired.

Superstition 100 Years Ago.

There is a vague notion abroad in the minds of our people and in our literature that witchcraft follies in New England came to an abrupt close in the Seventeenth century. "Such, however, is not the case. The successor of the two Mathers in the Eighteenth century did not hesitate to preach from the pulpit their unwavering belief in "the work of the devil." Thus the Rev. Ebenezer Turell, a graduate of Harvard, left at his death, in 1778, a manuscript of a case of witchcraft. Speaking of divination, he says: "Turn not the sieve, etc., to know futurities. You only gratify Satan and invite him into your company to deceive you." Specially intersting is his notice of superstitious practices current in New England. He says:

"The horseshoe is a vain thing and has no natural tendency to keep off witches or evil spirits from the house or the vessels they are nailed to. If Satan should by such means defend you from lesser dangers, 'tis to make way for greater ones and get fuller possession of your heart! 'Tis an evil thing to hang witch papers on the neck for the cure of agues, to bind up the weapon instead of the wound, and many things of the like nature which some in the world are fond of."

What a clear insight into superstitious usages which some of our forefathers were fond of. How natural the minister's advice sounds.—The Open Court.

Steering by Echo.

In getting about in the harbor during thick weather the island steamer gets material assistance from the echo returned to the whistle by the walls of buildings at a little distance. The new structure adjoining the breakwater light is relied upon largely to thus indicate locality, as are also the buildings on House island. The response from the waiting-house on Great Diamond can be depended upon, but this is not the case at Little Diamond, where the building is little more than a canopy. In the case of the last mentioned it is said the house will be boarded like the others to insure an answer to the toots of the befogged boat.—Portland Argus.

Six bushels of Christmas and New Year articles that failed of being forwarded on account of lack of address and care in direction, are piled up in the New York post-office.

NOTED ENGLISH MISERS.

The Privations They Endured Rather Than Spend Money.

When Sir Hervey Elwes died his enormous fortune went to his nephew, John. The young man was a miser of the very worst kind, and was even threatened with arrest for allowing his aged mother to die in his house of starvation. It is said that John inherited the fortune on account of his ultra economy. He stayed with Sir Hervey during that miser's lifetime, and the way the young man economized in fuel won the old man's regard. A few sticks sufficed to boil the kettle and prepare the miserable meal, and when it was very cold the couple would visit friends and get warm at other people's expense. In winter they went to bed at 5, in summer at 8. They never spent any money on illumination, crawling hungry and cold to bed directly it got dark. After John succeeded to the estates he took to gambling, and occasionally lost a fair-sized fortune, but he stinted himself all the time, and when on a journey rode on horseback and slept under hedges and haystacks. He owned over twenty houses in London, and when in the city slept on the floor of any of them that happened to be vacant.

Elwes was nominated for Parliament and succeeded in being elected at the expense of the government. To the disgust of the aristocratic legislators with whom he associated, he ignored the custom of the times and was too mean even to buy and wear a wig. Once he was run over and had both legs injured. A local apothecary was called on to dress one leg, but the millionaire dressed the other himself and refused to pay the doctor because the latter leg healed first. Finding his annual expenses over $500 a year, including pay to his servants and horse feed, he resolved on further measures of economy—sold his sheets and slept between the blankets. In 1789 the life of privation and hardship began to tell on the miserable man and his memory began to fail him. He refused to hire any help, assuring his friends that he was a penniless old man, and even went so far as to extract a promise from them that he should be buried as a parish pauper. The promise gave him much ease and he died in apparent comfort. Despite his gambling losses, his executors had nearly $1,000,000 to distribute.

To one John Ward, of Hackney, belongs the credit, if such it be, of having enough of the Spartan in him to suffer imprisonment for paltry debts while in possession of thousands. He would allow himself to be arrested and would then gradually wear out the patience and pockets of the creditors. Sometimes he would be released on the petition of the creditor, who would be convinced against his better reason of the inability of Ward to pay; at others the deadbeat would succeed in getting a small compromise accepted. He was twice elected to Parliament, but seldom attended at Westminster, his chief recreation being dog poisoning and praying. He delighted in giving slow poison to dogs and watching their life ebb out. For hours every day he would pray out loud and was often overheard to petition the Ruler of all things to save certain counties from earthquake and drouth because he had mortgages on estates in them. He also reminded the Almighty that he had purchased the reversion to an estate and that the only life that intervened was a young and profane spendthrift. Ward died worth about $1,500,000.

Light in Colonial Times.

By a law of William and Mary, passed in 1690, every householder who resided in certain parishes, or in the city of Westminster, whose house adjoined or was near the street, "from Machaelmas unto Our Lady's Day yearly, shall every night set or hang out candles or lights in lanthorns on the outside of the house next the street, to enlighten the same for the convenience of passengers, from time to time, as it shall grow dark, until 12 of the clock in the night, upon the pain to forfeit the sum of two shillings for every default." Arrangements might, however, be made with two or more justices of the peace for the establishment of lamps in the streets at certain intervals.

Preamble and Resolutions of Saunders County Alliance.

WHEREAS, The people of the state of Nebraska have been unbearably burdened with extortionate rates exacted by the various railroad companies doing business in the state, and

WHEREAS, The people have made numerous appeals to the Legislature assembled for relief, and

WHEREAS, A law creating a board of commissioners to regulate and prevent the unjust and burdensome taxation was after a tedious struggle placed upon our statute book, and

WHEREAS, The courts, by their decisions have given undoubted powers to the said commissioners, and yet we find that, after a number of years have elapsed we have comparatively received no relief, thus proving the said commission recreant to its trust; and,

WHEREAS, The said commission has now placed itself in the attitude of supplicants before the railroad companies instead of executors of the law of the Soverign State. Therefore be it

Resolved, By the Saunders Co. Alliance that we look with contempt upon the actions of the commission, inasmuch as they are heaping insults on too long borne injury, by thus presuming on the ignorance of the thousands of toilers of the state; and be it further

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the attitude and sentiments of Attorney General Leese in the matter of railroad transportation in this state, and commend his action in calling the attention of the United States Attorney General Miller to the palpable frauds perpetrated upon the Government by the Union Pacific railroad company.

It is reported that two lodges of the Knights of Labor at Red Cloud, numbering 180 members, and three farmers' alliances near Riverton, have united and purchased a building worth $1,000 and that their intention is to establish a co-operative store which will be pledged to patronage.

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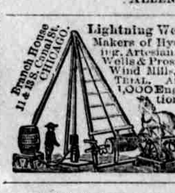
Members shipping stock to Allen Root, care of Bell, Shelly & McCoy, Omaha, will get all there is in it. Give the agent notice when shipped. W. R. Bennett & Co. will sell groceries, etc., to the Alliance at jobbers' rates. Send all orders to Allen Root. Shipments of vegetables, fruits or poultry, should be billed to Mr. Root, care of Bowman, Williams & Howe's, Omaha.

Price-List of Oils to Alliances.

150 test, medium white coal oil,	11½ cents.
150 " prime, " " "	10½ "
175 " Y. L. " " "	13 "
74 " stove gasoline "	11½ "

These oils in barrel lots. The best harness oil in either one or five gallon cans, 70 cents per gallon. Pure Neat's foot oil in one to five gallon cans, 60 cents per gallon. In barrel lots, 50 cents per gallon. Axle grease, thirty-six boxes in a case, $1.85.
ALLEN ROOT, State Agent.



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Breeder and Shipper of Recorded Poland China Hogs. Choice Breeding Stock for sale. Write for wants. Mention The Alliance.

T. W. LOWREY,
GRAIN DEALER,
LINCOLN, - - NEBRASKA.
Will be pleased to quote prices for grain to members of the various Alliances, and all parties interested. He has been engaged in the grain trade in Lincoln for about eighteen years, and knows all the best markets. He will handle
GRAIN ON COMMISSION.
Will pay sight drafts for all reasonable amounts on consignments. He will also clean grain at his elevator in Lincoln at reasonable prices. His references are First National Bank, American Exchange Bank, or any bank in Lincoln. He will be pleased to correspond with all managers of Farmers' Alliances, and solicits the same. 32tf

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With no political or corporation entanglements, the CALL holds itself free to speak with utter fearlessness on all subjects touching the welfare of the people of the state. Looking to the producers of the state for its patronage and not to politicians or corporations, it watches the administration of the city, county and state governments with a jealous eye, and allows nothing to pass uncriticised which it believes to be contrary to the best interests of the people of Nebraska.

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THE CALL'S PREMIUM DISTRIBUTION,
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One Lincoln City Lot	$ 200
Marseilles Power Sheller	125
Celebrated Deering Mower	65
Pekin Sulky Plow	50
Bonanza Planter	35
Singer Sewing Machine	35
Tip Top Cultivator	20
Victor Cultivator	20
Avery Talk Cutter	35
Bradley Road Cart	25
Sulky Hay Rake	20
Grand Detour Plow	16
Improved Harrow	10

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Great Western Feed Steamer AND TANK HEATER
Cooks one to three barrels feed at one filling. F box surrounded with water on top and sides. Any kind of fuel. Easily managed and cleaned as a box stove. Send for Circulars. Agents wanted. BOVEE H. M. CO., Tama, Iowa.
8m16