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Written for THE ALLIANCE by J. BURROWS.
THE FARMER'S DEMAND FOR CHEAP MONEY.

Interest the Great Accumulator.

Money is the controlling factor in production. Being exchangeable for all other kinds of capital, it necessarily embraces and comprehends all other kinds. Rent being simply payment for money in another form, and wages depending upon the price of produced products, and this price depending upon the volume of money, it will be seen that money is really not only the controlling factor in production, but that the limitations of its volume must enable those who control it to exact for its use any amount under the starvation line at which production would cease. Let us also observe that the question which is of most importance to us is not as to the absolute accumulative power of interest, but its relative accumulative power. If all produced wealth is divided between the three factors, rent, wages and interest, and it is shown that interest reserves an undue proportion, it will necessarily follow that the other factors do not receive their rightful share. Rent being paid for the use of capital in other forms than money, it will only be necessary for us to consider interest in its relation to labor, eliminating the factor of rent; or to consider rent and interest interconvertible terms, meaning the same thing. There are only two uses to which the product of labor can be applied—the payment of the yearly rent or interest on the capital employed, and the payment of labor. It is proper also to consider that this being a question of proportions, it can not be affected by any expedients which do not change proportions. If the accumulative power of money is such that it takes for itself all the results of labor except a bare subsistence for the laborer, it is evident that any combination to increase production or to lessen the expense of it can only result in a larger income to money. It is for this reason probably that with all our prodigious strides in production, and with all our combinations to increase it and lessen its cost, it is only the controllers of money capital who seem to be advancing and accumulating. This arises from the fact that interest, under our restrictive financial system, is absolutely pervasive;—that every interest and every kind of labor pays tribute to it. Under our present system immunity from debt gives no immunity from interest. As an element of cost, and consequently of price, interest is computed in every part of the manufacturer's plant, on his investments of money in material, on that part of money he expends in wages, on the money held idle in unsold stocks, and the last purchaser pays it in the price.

In the case of the importer interest begins with the first payment for foreign goods. It is computed on the amount expended in ocean freights, on the duties paid, cost of warehousing, etc. When the goods are sold to the jobber the interest continues, expanded by the sum of the importer's profit. The retailer adds interest on every part of the investment, and the consumer pays all when he buys the goods.

We give below an illustration of the accumulation of wealth with rent or interest at 7 per cent, and labor at one dollar per day, taken from Kellogg on Labor and Capital, page 84.

Suppose John and Richard to be poor boys, each ten years old, who expect to be bound out at the proper age to learn the carpenter's trade. But a rich uncle bequeaths to John a house worth ten thousand dollars. It is worth so much, because it will rent for seven hundred dollars a year over and above taxes, insurance and repairs. John's guardian is a lawyer, and will collect the rent and loan it out for him at seven per cent per annum, getting his fees from those who borrow the money. John likes Richard, and learns his trade with him, and earns his living by his labor as Richard does. John instructs his lawyer to purchase another house, whenever the rent of the one accumulates enough to buy a second equal to the first. If the interest be regularly collected and loaned at seven per cent, and the interest be collected half yearly, it will equal the principal in ten years, and one month; when his lawyer can buy for John a second house, so that when he is twenty years and one month old, he will be the owner of two houses. These two houses rented for ten years and one month more; so that at the age of thirty years and two months he will own four houses; at forty years and three months he will own eight houses; at fifty years and four months, sixteen houses; at sixty years and five months, thirty-two houses; at seventy years and six months, sixty-four houses; and at eighty years and seven months of age, he will own one hundred and twenty-eight houses, each of which is rented at seven hundred dollars a year; and all of them together are bringing in a clear yearly income of eighty-nine thousand six hundred dollars. Now what has John, or his uncle or his guardian done, that the public should be obliged to give to John one hundred and twenty-seven houses for seventy years' use of one house? These one hundred and twenty-seven houses are all legally his; and our laws maintain that John has as equitable a right to them as if he had bought the lots and built the houses by his own labor. Yet, if we allow labor to be

worth a dollar a day, it would take the entire earnings of sixty men for over seventy years to pay for the one hundred and twenty-seven houses, which the use of one of the houses has in seventy years legally acquired John, without the performance of any labor on his part.

We give some additional illustrations of different rates of rent and interest: Suppose seven per cent to be a fixed rate of interest, and V. to be a farmer who, at the age of twenty-one, inherits five farms worth ten thousand dollars each. He wishes to cultivate one himself, and to sell or rent the remaining four. A. B. C. and D. are farmers without property, and are obliged to hire their farms; they cannot expect to rent them for his farms, but they interest on the money for which they would sell. Suppose these men to rent V.'s four farms at seven hundred dollars a year each; and V. to collect his rent yearly, and lend the money to others at seven per cent, and yearly to collect and reloan this interest. The rent and accruing interest upon the rent, in ten years and three months, would enable V. to buy four additional farms, worth ten thousand dollars apiece, which he could rent to four more tenants. Following this up for seven periods of ten years and three months we find that in seventy-one years and nine months V. would become the possessor of five hundred and twelve farms, worth ten thousand dollars each, and bringing in a yearly income of seven hundred and eighty dollars apiece. Five hundred and eighty of these farms would be added to V.'s five original farms, and he would have to mention the improvement made on their original value by the labor; and V. would have had besides, the entire produce of the one farm reserved for his own cultivation.

We will now see what would be the result to V. and his tenants from the simple change of the rate of interest from seven to one per cent. Suppose, as before, to inherit five farms, each worth ten thousand dollars, one of which he cultivates himself. If he should sell the remaining four for ten thousand dollars each, he could lend the money at one per cent, that is for four hundred years, and he would have to A. B. C. and D. at one per cent on their value, and thus receives the same income. If V. should loan this yearly rent of one hundred dollars on each farm, yearly collecting and reloaning the interest at one per cent, the rent and accruing interest would buy four more farms of equal value to those rented; whereas, in a similar manner, at seven per cent, the rent and its accruing interest would buy five hundred and eighty farms. Whether the interest were at one or seven per cent, V. would equally receive the products of his labor on the farms, but he kept for his own use; but at seven per cent, he would gain by the labor of his tenants five millions and eighty thousand dollars worth of land; while at one per cent he would gain by their labor but four thousand dollars worth.

The interest on money at seven per cent is as oppressive as the same rate per cent on land. Suppose V. instead of renting his four farms, should sell them for four thousand dollars, and loan the money at the legal rate of seven per cent, collecting and reloaning the interest yearly. In ten years and three months, the principal and interest would amount to \$80,000; in twenty years and six months, to \$160,000; in thirty years and nine months, to \$240,000; in fifty years and three months, to \$480,000; in sixty years and six months, to \$720,000; and in seventy years and nine months, to \$1,000,000. Multiply \$100,000 by five hundred and twelve, the number of farms, and it will give the same sum. If V. should sell the four farms for \$40,000, and lend the money on bond and mortgage at seven per cent, requiring as usual double the value in land as security, he would have mortgages covering over \$10,240,000 worth of landed estate; and the people occupying this land would be hard at work to pay him the interest; thus rapidly concentrating wealth in his hands, instead of diffusing it to supply their own wants.

But with interest at one per cent, \$40,000 loaned for seventy years would accumulate but \$40,000 more; whereas, at seven per cent it would accumulate \$5,080,000. This difference in interest of \$5,040,000 would be added to V.'s wealth from the earnings of others; while V.'s accumulation of money or increase of lands would not add either a dollar to the quantity of money, or an acre to the quantity of land. It is only benefit that has been monopolized by V.'s wealth. It would have been the people to own \$5,080,000, and make them \$5,040,000 poorer than if interest had been at one per cent. The contracts between V. and his tenants being made in conformity with the law, and at seven per cent, they must pay him the \$5,040,000; or if he voluntarily takes less than this for them, it is an act of charity. Seven per cent is not the standard for V.; only a public standard that favors the capitalist equally in the various branches of business, and imposes upon the producing classes generally obligations similar to those imposed upon V.'s tenants.

To give some idea of what extent the power of interest operates, it can only be necessary to say, that all the money lent on bonds and mortgages by individuals, by insurance and trust companies, all the money lent for United States, state, county, city, railroad, canal and other bonds, made to raise money for public improvements, whether these improvements be made by corporations, by states or by individuals; also the money lent by banks, brokers and individuals on promissory notes—all these loans are operating with a like centralizing power against the producers and in favor of the money-lenders. This power also establishes a like rate per cent to be paid for the use of all property, real and personal. The rent of houses and lots in cities, and of farms in the country, must conform to this standard. All the goods, wares and merchandise that are on hand in the nation, and that are in process of being produced and manufactured, are governed in their value by money, and are under tribute to its centralizing power. It is an unavoidable power, because it is instituted, upheld and enforced by the national laws, and is the basis upon which all market values are founded.

Remember, that money has no accumulative power apart from labor, that interest is paid from annual production. But there is no conceivable production by labor that would not be

exceeded and dwarfed by interest at 6 or 7 per cent. Interest at even two per cent per annum would inevitably oppress the producers.

It is stated, and generally accepted as true, that the total interest bearing debt in the United States amounts to \$30,000,000,000. The annual interest on this sum at 6 per cent amounts to \$1,800,000,000. This is undeniably a fact. The immensity of it can only be shown by comparison. We have taken from the official reports of the treasury department the following figures as to the production of the articles named for the year 1887, and have carried out this value in dollars at prices named. It will be seen that the total value of these products are more than \$687,000,000 short of paying the interest on the acknowledged debt of our people. We say total value. Deduct from this value the cost of production and the subsistence of producers, and how much would be left to lighten the burden of interest.

Cotton	299,000,000 lbs.	@ 15c	\$44,850,000.00
Wool	3,489,172 lbs.	" 7c	24,424,067.50
Iron	8,437,437 tons	" 28c	236,248,246.00
St. Paul	2,139,440	" 50	106,972,000.00
Wheat	496,329,000 bu.	" 60c	297,797,400.00
Coal	1,484,100 tons	" 10c	148,410,000.00
Petroleum	1,116,483,074 gals.	" 10c	111,648,307.40
			\$1,112,306,827.70

No man can intelligently investigate this subject without becoming convinced that the total net production of the country to-day will not defray its interest debt.

Can anyone doubt that it is interest, under our unjust monetary system, which is the cause of the increase of poverty amidst increasing wealth?

"I Feel Like Licking Every Old and Middle-aged Man I Meet.

This speech was uttered by a young man who has always been considered a "model" young man in the community where he lives. He is sober and industrious, also, and has a good deal of an expression, falling from his lips with such earnestness, naturally led us to inquire why? "Why," said he, "see what they have done for us, their children. They have built our railroads, and they have built our bridges, and they have built our 'pewter heads' have been voting and voting, to these many years, and what is the result? Any one can see the result in the present state of affairs, when we work sixteen hours a day for merely enough to keep soul and body together, and when we are preyed upon by all the frauds the ingenuity of the devil and his aids can originate. And it is all men's fault that have been doing this for the past thirty years, and I think they deserve their children's curses; for they have blasted their prosperity and made their lives wretched, all by this senseless and wickedly careless way of voting."

What answer could I make to this? It is all true, too true. Some of these old men see, now that it is too late, their fatal mistake, and try to excuse themselves by saying they "knew, &c. &c." What right had they to cast a ballot if they didn't know what they were voting for? What right had they to plead ignorance as the cause of this folly? I tell you that I have never seen him exactly when he says they never read anything but their party newspaper and played high five. The old men that have had the management of this nation in their hands, and that have taken the money of Bankers and Wall Street, have a terrible charge to answer to—You have voted your children and your children's children into slavery worse than black slavery ever was. You have seen too idle and too careless to look after your own or your children's interests, much less the nation's. For whatever is good for the nation is good for the citizen. Well, you have made the citizens of this nation bankrupt—slaves to monopolistic greed, slaves to taxation, slaves to the money power. You have shaken their faith in their government, in their fellow men, and in many cases in their God, for they think if there was a just God, He never would have permitted you to live to accomplish so much meanness by your imbecility. Not understanding the scriptures they reason that way. Why don't they understand the scriptures—they have no time to read, no time to study, and no money to pay a minister; and they as a rule don't preach without pay; and the most of them are so poor, (having had voting fathers also,) they cannot give their time without pay. The "way up minister" who preaches to suit the monopolist, and does not therefore need to preach the gospel can "draw" a big salary, but a true preacher, who preaches the gospel of Christ is in the same lot with the rest of us, and has had a *rotting* father, and grandfather too, perhaps. Now this is a terrible state of affairs, but there might be some amendments made, even at this late day—(Old men, rouse! shake off your imbecility, your party prejudice, your old isms, whatever they are, and cast one vote for your children this fall, make one effort to save them from lasting ruin. You have made them victims, now come and help rescue them from the terrible fate awaiting them and turn your children's curses into blessings. Seward, Neb. B. C.

FROM BURT COUNTY.

TEKAMAH, NEB., Sept. 29, 1890.
EDITOR ALLIANCE.—The Silver Creek Center Farmers Alliance was organized May 23rd, 1890, with 13 charter members, and by earnest work it has steadily gained ever since. At one meeting twelve new members were initiated, and now as this is the closing of the quarter we are proud to say that there are still more applying for membership. The Alliance work has met with great success in Burt county this season, and the meetings are well attended. This Alliance has forty members, and all are laboring with energy for the good of the order.

The independent ticket will certainly carry in this Silver Creek precinct. The primary held by the independent people some time ago had a hundred present, which is the largest gathering of the kind in this precinct for years. The republicans had three at their primaries, who for years have had fifty to sixty. The democrats have failed to get any one out to their primaries.

WM. PACHOCK,
Sec. Alliance No. 1704.

ARE YOU A MAJORITY OR NOT?

Do You Want to Be Counted?

EDITOR OF ALLIANCE.—The campaign has begun. The politicians are appealing to dear memories and old associations connected with the old parties— they are trying to arouse the old prejudices, decrying our new movement, and promising most liberally the deliverance that we need. Now comes the test of our wisdom and our fortitude. Will the mass of farmers and laborers hold their new way or will many turn back at the call of the politicians and editors (which latter are only politicians in embryo)? We industrialists must stand by this new movement. The politicians tell us in their platforms and in their addresses and articles that now they believe that the mass of the farmers want legislative assistance, and that now they believe that they need it. It was a minority which clamored before, they say, but now it is the majority; an thus party loves the farmer and means to do him justice. Just elect them, say they, and the aid shall come.

Stop and think, you who purpose voting with the old parties. Our votes have not been counted, and our opinions just how many we are. Are we a majority of the Republican party in this State? or of the Democratic party? or of the Prohibition party? We believe so, but nobody has counted our votes, and we are not represented by any of the old parties. When the count shall be made who can tell which is a reform ballot and which is an old party ballot? Who can tell whether your votes elected him, or whether you elected him? Can you disprove it if it is claimed that you are not a majority of the old party? The majority rules the party. The candidate is in honor bound to serve the party of the majority, not to favor the party of the minority. He claims to owe his election to the bankers, railroads, business men and those who sympathize with them. He will look out for their interests, of course, and not for yours, when you are in conflict of interests arise. Your candidate will generally be a lawyer, editor or business man, you usually disdain a farmer, one of your own number. Your lawyer, editor or business man will make an expression, falling from his lips with such earnestness, naturally led us to inquire why? "Why," said he, "see what they have done for us, their children. They have built our railroads, and they have built our bridges, and they have built our 'pewter heads' have been voting and voting, to these many years, and what is the result? Any one can see the result in the present state of affairs, when we work sixteen hours a day for merely enough to keep soul and body together, and when we are preyed upon by all the frauds the ingenuity of the devil and his aids can originate. And it is all men's fault that have been doing this for the past thirty years, and I think they deserve their children's curses; for they have blasted their prosperity and made their lives wretched, all by this senseless and wickedly careless way of voting."

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ONE OF MR. BOYD'S LETTERS AND THE REPLY.

JAMES E. BOYD,
OMAHA,
30th SEPT., 1890.

MR. BENJAMIN, NEB.
DEAR SIR.—We are anxious to have a thorough organization in every State and believe that if the democrats do their duty to the party this year their efforts will be crowned with success. Anything you can do for us or any information you give us of the political situation in your neighborhood will be duly appreciated.

Very truly yours,
JAMES E. BOYD.

BENJAMIN, NEB., Sept. 29, 1890.
MY DEAR SIR—

Replying to the within beg to inform you that last year the democrats polled 27 votes in my precinct, and that this year there will not be a democratic vote here. There is a Power in this county, but not for the democrats.

Yours, etc.,
JAMES E. BOYD.

An Object Lesson.

A number of ladies in a town whose name is not given, although the story is vouched for, were engaged in assisting the managers of a county fair. They decorated the Floral Hall tastefully, and had a miniature log cabin erected where a pioneer husband and wife should dispense hospitality in old time pioneer style. They had been assured that no liquor saloon would be permitted on the grounds, but when the fair opened a saloon opened, too. The ladies took counsel privately and behold, the log cabin changed appearance—the husband posed as a drunken sot, and dilapidation and all the requisite accompaniments of a drunkard's home appeared on the scene. Over the door was hung a notice, "This was caused by licensing a saloon on the fair grounds."

Protest was made against this representation of the saloon business, but, like the saloon, it seemed to have come without any one being responsible, and so they stood side by side. And why not? The result, the finished product of our factories, farms and mills are exhibited with pride at our fairs, and why should we not, also, exhibit the results of the distiller's business? This inspiration ought not to be lost. A business worth perpetuating ought to be exhibited in all its stages, for the study of the intelligent visitors of our fairs.

We invite all our readers to carefully study Labor and Capital, by Edward Kellogg. Price 20cts. For sale at this office.

MISCONCEPTION.

This is a spray the bird chom to, Making it blossom with pleasure, Ere the high tree-top she springs to, Fit for her nest and her treasure. Oh, what a hope beyond measure Was the poor spray, whilst the flying feet hung to, So to be singled out, built and sung to.

This is a heart the Queen lean on, Thrilled in a minute eratic, Ere the true bosom she beats on, Meet for love's regal dalmatic. Oh, what a fancy ecstatic Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on— Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

BEGAN life on one of the big railways of the states as a "cleaner" in an engine-shed. I had been employed in the shed at Louisville for about fifteen or sixteen months when I went on my first trip as a fireman.

It was very near being by last. "I firmly believe all the years of lying about in an express since I was made an engineer have not taken as much out of me as that single turn of an hour and a half. It occurred in this way:

One evening the superintendent at Louisville received a wire from Weston—a station about seventy miles down the line—to send an engine to replace one which had broken down. He came to the shed and selected the engine. Grant, one of the finest locomotives on the road. Then he sent word to the engineer and fireman to come on duty and start on their journey at 7 o'clock.

The driver, Ben Norris, was there in good time, and busied himself with his oil-can. But Jim West, the fireman, did not turn up punctually. At last when it was near the hour for starting, he came into the shed. One glance at his bloodshot eyes and unsteady walk showed me he was the worse for drink. Poor fellow! I knew the cause of this, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied him. The week before he had lost his little daughter Kate, and to show his grief he had taken to liquor.

I knew he was utterly incapable of going on duty, and I also knew that if he was instant in this state it would mean instant dismissal. There was only one thing for it—another fireman must be found immediately. If the matter was referred to the superintendent it would be all up with my friend Jim. From that moment I made up my mind to take his place myself.

I gave him in charge of one of my mates, who promised to take him home quietly. I thought that in a few hours he would have slept off the effects of the liquor, and I left word to have him come on by the night train to Weston. I had to explain matters to the engineer, but he made no objections to my plan. It struck me at the time that he took the matter very coolly; in fact, he seemed perfectly indifferent as to who went with him.

Time was up. I took my place in the cab. Norris set to work at once and we moved slowly out of the shed. We were off!

While in the station I took care to keep bending down, as if examining the fire, so that I should not be recognized. But once clear of the town I stood upright and looked around. It was a glorious summer evening. We skimmed rapidly past meadows and cornfields and then dashed along the bridge over the river. I began to think I would enjoy the run immensely.

I next turned my attention to the engine. As I ran my eye over the shining machinery I felt gratified to think that its neat order was owing to my care. I was proud of the Grant and wondered if the time would ever come when I should have charge of it myself.

I was so elated that I thought my companion ought to be more lively. Ben seemed to think of nothing but his work. He stood with his hand on the throttle, and his eyes steadily fixed upon the track ahead. I made one or two remarks, but he scarcely answered me. While I was wondering at his silence he suddenly appeared to arouse himself. He glanced at the steam-gauge, muttered something which I did not understand, then bent down and examined the fire-box.

"More coal!" he cried in a voice which almost startled me. I complied without a word. Instead of throwing in the coal recklessly, which I knew would only lead to the fire, I piled it up carefully around the sides. Very soon the speed of the engine increased. We were rattling along at a grand rate. I examined the gauge and saw that the hand pointed to 195. I could not see the necessity for this rapid traveling.

My companion's attention was again fixed upon the road before him. Presently he turned toward me and exclaimed excitedly: "Who says that the Grant is not the fastest engine on the road?" "Mostly declared that the President was faster," I replied. "Then he lied!" cried Norris. "The

THE WESTON PEOPLE DISCOVERED.

stances the screw was barely legible. I had made up my mind what to expect. The next station was Red Fork, but fifteen miles further on I was sure the track would be clear as far as this place, but on the past it we might encounter an up train at any moment.

If the Weston people discovered my message they would wire at once to Red Fork, and there would be time enough for the officials at that station to grease a portion of the rails before we came on the scene. Should this be done on any part of an incline the wheels would slip on the track and the engine soon come to a standstill. It was with a thrill of joy I remembered that there was still a piece of road just outside Red Fork station.

But if it turned out otherwise, and we passed the place without being stopped, I resolved to lose no time in grappling with the engineer. Come what might, I would spring upon him and try to wrench the revolver from his hand. The case would then be desperate, and it was as well to die in a fight for life as to wait patiently and be mangled in a collision.

When I arranged all this in my mind I endeavored to resign myself to fate. I could do no more at present. But the agonies I suffered during that short run from Weston to Red Fork I can never describe. The terrible strain of suspense, the heat of the day, the swaying from side to side, made me feel sick and faint. I clung on without daring to look on either hand; if I had done so I think I could not have withstood the temptation to fling myself from the engine.

It was getting dusk. I was dimly conscious of hedges, telegraph poles, and bridges skimming past me like so many flashes. The hoarse shouts of the madman made my blood run cold. He seemed to be working himself into a regular frenzy. "One more mile ahead! One more mile ahead! One minute more would decide the question of life or death. I drew my breath hard; I trembled like a child. We had reached the incline. The engine went at it with a dash. I glanced out to see if any friendly figures were on the track.

Not a soul was in sight! I groaned and almost fell on the floor of the cab. The surrounding objects seemed to fade from my view, and in their place rose up a picture of the old home away in England. I saw the little cottage, I looked into my mother's face—"Oh, thank God!"

Never before nor since did such a cry of joy escape me, for at that moment I felt the wheels of the engine slip. Gradually the furious speed declined. Norris dashed about the cab storming and swearing. Very soon we were almost at a standstill. The next second I had jumped to the ground.

Only just in time. The madman had turned savagely upon me, I suppose suspecting that I had something to do with the stoppage. I saw his purpose and ducked my head as he raised a revolver whirled over my head. Then I ran for dear life down the track.

When I was out of range I sat upon the bank, completely overcome. The reaction was too much for me, and I believe for a minute or two I was quite unconscious. But before I became insensible I heard another report from the pistol. I knew what had happened.

I was aroused by a confused hum of voices. Upon opening my eyes I saw four men standing around me. I got up at once and hurried back to the engine. There stood the Grant upon the track with full speed up, the wheels revolving with frightful rapidity, but without making the least headway.

One of my companions sprang on board and shut off steam. Then he came to the side, looked down, and exclaimed: "I say, boys, Norris has put a bullet through his brain!" I knew it.—Chatter.

Fatal Struggle with a Tiger.

Details are given in the Indian papers of the painful death of Mr. Howard, of the Norfolk regiment, from injuries received in a struggle with a tiger. Mr. Howard was out shooting near Malapuram, on the west coast, when he suddenly came upon a tiger. He fired and wounded the animal, which fled into the jungle. Mr. Howard an hour later came across the tiger in the open. The animal charged at him, and Mr. Howard in firing missed. Two natives ran away. Though a third remained and was successful in shooting the tiger, he did not succeed in time to prevent it from seizing and inflicting serious injuries on Mr. Howard. From these he was at first expected to recover, but he died suddenly, to the great regret of his regiment, one morning shortly after his exciting struggle.—London News.

Killed and Ate Her Now Husband.

From the London Hawk.
An extraordinary story of cannibalism comes from Zanibar. A love match had been made between a couple of young Swahilis, and on the day following that of the marriage the bridegroom's friends called to offer the customary congratulations. They experienced some difficulty in getting into the hut, and at last forced an entrance, when they found that the bride of a day had killed her beloved lord, had already had one feast of his body, and was preparing the remainder for future use.

THE WESTON PEOPLE DISCOVERED.

stances the screw was barely legible. I had made up my mind what to expect. The next station was Red Fork, but fifteen miles further on I was sure the track would be clear as far as this place, but on the past it we might encounter an up train at any moment.

If the Weston people discovered my message they would wire at once to Red Fork, and there would be time enough for the officials at that station to grease a portion of the rails before we came on the scene. Should this be done on any part of an incline the wheels would slip on the track and the engine soon come to a standstill. It was with a thrill of joy I remembered that there was still a piece of road just outside Red Fork station.

But if it turned out otherwise, and we passed the place without being stopped, I resolved to lose no time in grappling with the engineer. Come what might, I would spring upon him and try to wrench the revolver from his hand. The case would then be desperate, and it was as well to die in a fight for life as to wait patiently and be mangled in a collision.

When I arranged all this in my mind I endeavored to resign myself to fate. I could do no more at present. But the agonies I suffered during that short run from Weston to Red Fork I can never describe. The terrible strain of suspense, the heat of the day, the swaying from side to side, made me feel sick and faint. I clung on without daring to look on either hand; if I had done so I think I could not have withstood the temptation to fling myself from the engine.

It was getting dusk. I was dimly conscious of hedges, telegraph poles, and bridges skimming past me like so many flashes. The hoarse shouts of the madman made my blood run cold. He seemed to be working himself into a regular frenzy. "One more mile ahead! One more mile ahead! One minute more would decide the question of life or death. I drew my breath hard; I trembled like a child. We had reached the incline. The engine went at it with a dash. I glanced out to see if any friendly figures were on the track.

Not a soul was in sight! I groaned and almost fell on the floor of the cab. The surrounding objects seemed to fade from my view, and in their place rose up a picture of the old home away in England. I saw the little cottage, I looked into my mother's face—"Oh, thank God!"

Never before nor since did such a cry of joy escape me, for at that moment I felt the wheels of the engine slip. Gradually the furious speed declined. Norris dashed about the cab storming and swearing. Very soon we were almost at a standstill. The next second I had jumped to the ground.

Only just in time. The madman had turned savagely upon me, I suppose suspecting that I had something to do with the stoppage. I saw his purpose and ducked my head as he raised a revolver whirled over my head. Then I ran for dear life down the track.

When I was out of range I sat upon the bank, completely overcome. The reaction was too much for me, and I believe for a minute or two I was quite unconscious. But before I became insensible I heard another report from the pistol. I knew what had happened.

I was aroused by a confused hum of voices. Upon opening my eyes I saw four men standing around me. I got up at once and hurried back to the engine. There stood the Grant upon the track with full speed up, the wheels revolving with frightful rapidity, but without making the least headway.

One of my companions sprang on board and shut off steam. Then he came to the side, looked down, and exclaimed: "I say, boys, Norris has put a bullet through his brain!" I knew it.—Chatter.

Fatal Struggle with a Tiger.

Details are given in the Indian papers of the painful death of Mr. Howard, of the Norfolk regiment, from injuries received in a struggle with a tiger. Mr. Howard was out shooting near Malapuram, on the west coast, when he suddenly came upon a tiger. He fired and wounded the animal, which fled into the jungle. Mr. Howard an hour later came across the tiger in the open. The animal charged at him, and Mr. Howard in firing missed. Two natives ran away. Though a third remained and was successful in shooting the tiger, he did not succeed in time to prevent it from seizing and inflicting serious injuries on Mr. Howard. From these he was at first expected to recover, but he died suddenly, to the great regret of his regiment, one morning shortly after his exciting struggle.—London News.

Killed and Ate Her Now Husband.

From the London Hawk.
An extraordinary story of cannibalism comes from Zanibar. A love match had been made between a couple of young Swahilis, and on the day following that of the marriage the bridegroom's friends called to offer the customary congratulations. They experienced some difficulty