

JOHNNY WATSON'S BUREAU.

Samples of the trash Johnny Watson is sending out are reaching us. These purport to be confidential letters, but they are all printed except the address, even to Johnny's signature. Every alliance man in the state, especially every old soldier may expect to receive one of these precious epistles. They embrace a statement of the anti-monopoly measures of the g. o. p. detailed by the monopoly capper at the head of its state committee; and in doing this he has the hardihood to name several bills that have not been passed. The old bloody shirt is flaunted, sectional prejudice and hate appealed to, and capital sought to be made out of the dead issues of thirty years ago. That this will utterly fail our confidence in the good sense of the farmers of this state impels us to believe.

The leaders of the railroad gang set out by attempting to grandly ignore the independent movement. But the sight of a hundred thousand farmers in arms took the wind out of this attempt. They are now industriously circulating the lie, through this Slaughter-Watson-Seely but that the alliance is "a strong and formidable annex to the democratic party." They have found that it is "strong and formidable." They are beginning to realize the stupendous fact that it embraces more voters than the democratic party ever cast in the state, and that all its members are true and loyal. Such bodies do not become an "annex." No, Messrs. monopoly cappers Watson, Slaughter & Co., you cannot rattle the democratic members of the Alliance. In the first place they don't want Boyd any more than they want Richards. In the second place they know that Boyd has no more chance of an election than has Johnny Watson himself.

This lying trio says, in the last circular we have received, "By examination you will find that the Congressional and State managers of the Alliance are democrats." Now as a matter of fact the three principal officers of the State Alliance and every member of its Executive Committee were formerly republicans. This was purely accidental; but it effectually disposes of the triangular lie that "the Alliance is a democratic annex."

And now, come to think of it, does not Brad Slaughter, Walt Seely and Johnny Watson compose a precious outfit to be telling the farmers and people of Nebraska how to vote. They are simply a trio of political skunks. There is not a political crime on the calendar they have not been convicted of. And yet they presume to advise the honest yeomen of this state as to their political duties. The highest political duty we know of is to relegate these barnacles and the railroad candidates they represent to everlasting oblivion.

THE FARMERS' TRUE POLICY.

Under the above caption the Bee of the 8th has an article full of weeping and wailing. It is a frantic appeal to the farmers to stand by the party to prevent the election of the democratic ticket. It says that it will take 80,000 votes to elect. All right. It will not take that many, but THE PEOPLE'S TICKET WILL HAVE NINETY THOUSAND. Rosewater knows this, and that's what ails Hannah.

Mr. Rosewater holds up the railroad party as the one that will work all reforms, and then says he has been advocating exactly the same thing for the past two decades. This last is true. For 20 years he has been howling the same old party tune, and every year of the twenty the people have been getting deeper and deeper in the mire—for twenty years we have been making millionaires and multiplying paupers—for twenty years monopolies and the money power have been climbing the people's necks. It seems to us that a physician who has been trying the same physic for twenty years and failed so utterly as Mr. Rosewater's very appeal proves he has failed, would try some other medicine. Come in out of the wet, Mr. Rosewater.

LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS.

The democrats made a terrible blunder last Saturday evening, when they presented James E. Boyd, the man they nominated for governor, to a Lincoln audience, by the side of Judge J. W. Savage, the man they ought to have nominated.

"Have you eyes? Could you see this fair mountain leave, to feed And fatten on this moor?" Mr. Boyd's short speech would have been a faltering and lame one both in matter and manner, for a fifteen-year-old school boy. He had a fine audience, but found no inspiration in it. The impression he made was a painful one, he was apparently so utterly out of place, both as a candidate and a speaker. We could not help but contrast the fine appearance and the ringing utterances that would have fallen from the lips of Honest Farmer Powers, our next governor, on such an occasion, with the awkward manner and feeble platitudes of this democratic mistake.

We have evidence that the Bankers' Association has sent out a secret circular urging its members in this state to exert all their influence to defeat the people's ticket. This does not surprise us. It is a repetition of the Hazzard Circular. There is nothing the banker's association so much dreads as light among the people. Either of the old parties may win and it is all right. Whichever gets there the banker's association is on top. But not so with the people's ticket. The people have been studying the money question, and their victory means money reform.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

Is the title of a new book by Hon. N. B. Ashby, Lecturer of the National Farmers' Alliance, of which we have received the publishers' announcement. This is undoubtedly a valuable and entertaining work, as Mr. Ashby is a scholarly gentleman. Lack of space forbids further notice now. When we receive the book we will recur to it.

Two Hundred Dollars a Night.

Editor Gere, formerly confidential assistant to Ex-Gov. Butler, the great-tongued traitor and fraud, alludes to the speakers for the independent ticket as "titanic \$15 a night cranks." Well, there is a difference. A railroad capper and attorney, like O. P. Mason, who gets two hundred dollars a night, verges toward a certain kind of modern respectability, that kind that comes from money. But a \$15 a night man! Bah! That is too contemptible! What would editor Gere think of a man who worked for nothing a night? He would have to be classed among the hogs, wouldn't he?—or, all things considered, would the two hundred dollar a night man belong among the hogs? We might not presume to say. We leave it to editor Gere. He's the expert in this hog business. However, we are reasonably well authorized to think that O. P. Mason can be had for two hundred dollars a night.

O. P. is a railroad expert. He charges on the principle of "what the traffic will bear." The harder up his clients are the higher price they will stand.—Measured in this way, he ought to have four hundred a night. That would be an awful price, though, considering the kind of trash he deals out.

A RAILROAD VIEW OF IT.

The editor of the Wymore Reporter is a railroad man, being a sort of man-of-all-work, right of way man, and dispenser of passes and boodle, first of the B. & M., and then of the R. I. R. R. The following extract from his paper of Oct. 1 shows the estimate that class of men put upon the farmers. He is alluding to a speech Mr. Bryan had been making at Wymore:

"Money is what talks. Mr. Bryan is a poor man, comparatively speaking, and while he may be a bright, able, energetic young man and a gifted orator, he will learn when the count is made after November 4th next, that the country voters out a very small figure in the selection of a congressman. A little money judiciously placed with a few of the leading men in the country voting precincts counts more than all the windy speeches that can be made. The masses of the voters are a commodity the same as sheep, hogs, cattle and produce, comparatively speaking, and are on the market to be handled on election day according to the dictation of the political leaders and money powers."

The heart of every farmer of the state ought to be fired at such vile slander, and he ought not to rest till he had destroyed the political power of an institution that rates him with dogs and cattle.

Mr. Harlan Returns His Pass.

YORK, Oct. 7, '90. EDITOR ALLIANCE.—The story put in circulation here that Mr. Harlan was using his pass while canvassing this district for congress, proves to be untrue. After receiving his nomination for congress Mr. Harlan returned his pass to the B. & M. R. R. Co., not deeming it advisable to use it during the campaign. This plainly indicates that Mr. Harlan is asking no favors at the hands of the railroads. In justice to Mr. Harlan we think you should publish this statement.

Correction.

In Chancellor Bessey's letter last week the compositor made an error in the list of speakers at Institutes. The list should be corrected to read as follows: "H. H. Nicholson, Agricultural Experiment Station, Lincoln. 1. Sugar Beets in Nebraska. 2. The Chemistry of Soils. E. F. Stephens, State Horticultural Station, Crete. Timber Planting. J. G. Smith, Agricultural Experiment Station, Lincoln. Field Experiments."

GRAND INDEPENDENT RALLY AT LINCOLN, OCT. 25, 1890.

Speaking will be at Fair Ground.

Hon. R. F. Trevellick, and many other prominent independent speakers will be present. It is hoped that Mr. Powers will be able to be present. This will be the largest rally of the year in Lancaster county.

Register—Register.

We invite the attention of our city readers to the notice of registration which appears in another column. This is a very important matter. It will be observed that there are only five days between this date and election on which the supervisors will be in session. The matter must be attended to on one of those days. All who intend to vote should register as soon as possible.

MR. POWERS AT LINCOLN.

The state committee has promised to have Hon. John H. Powers speak to the citizens of Lincoln one evening before election. This is as it should be, as a speech from Mr. Powers here will make the ticket and himself many votes.

SHOWING HIS TRUE COLORS.

The Sunday Bee has a cartoon lampooning the people's movement, in which "the masses" are given as "them asses." It was the masses that made the Bee, and now it is spurning its creator.

Harlan has Surrendered—his Pass.

Harlan has returned his pass to the B. & M., with an apologetic note—of course only till after the election. He wants to be able to say he hasn't got a pass.

Grand Meeting at Denton.

A successful independent meeting was held at Denton, Tuesday evening last. Messrs. Irwin and Thompson were the speakers. All were interested and all will vote the independent ticket.

Independent Mass Meeting at Waverly.

There will be a Mass Meeting at Waverly Friday evening, Oct. 17, at 7 p. m. H. J. V. Edgerton and Hon. J. V. Wolfe, will address the meeting. Turn out, all.

The Woodman Oil Mill and the Tariff.

SPRINGFIELD, NEB., Sept. 29th, 1890. EDITOR ALLIANCE.—I see in the Omaha Bee of Sept. 24th, a long article on the tariff question in which it tries to show what a blessing the tariff has been to the farmer. And to illustrate, says that after the war there was a tariff of 20cts per bushel on flax seed, and 25cts per gallon on linseed oil; and that Clark Woodman of Omaha invested \$30,000 in an oil mill in Omaha, and that the plant has grown from its small beginning until to-day it has a capital of \$1,000,000.

Now I do not doubt but Mr. Woodman has made a nice thing of it, but the Bee assumes that the farmer has also. That is quite a different matter. Between '74 and '78 two-thirds of the farmers in this neighborhood tried the great blessing of flax seed raising, and selling to the Omaha mills. Now you might ride a horse to death before you saw a single acre. I know of only one man who has any. We are only fifteen or sixteen miles from the mills, and they are such a blessing to the farmer, how is it that so few appreciate it?

The facts in the case, as I understand them, are that in this neighborhood instead of being a blessing it has been quite the reverse. I do not know of a single farm where flax seed has been but what the land was injured to a more or less extent.

I will state a few of my personal observations about this flax raising. Mr. Mathew Daniel put in 19 acres adjoining my south line, which he stacked in four stacks about the same size. He thrashed out one of them from which he got 36 bushels of flax seed, and which he hauled to these same mills, and according to his statement to myself, after cleaning, docking for grade, etc., etc., he got paid by that blessing Woodman's mill for 75c per bushel. He sold me the other three stacks for five bushels of wheat, and I fed them to my cattle. C. G. Brown on my west line, was little if any better.

John H. Mith on my north line, declares that the "cats" fed to the horses while he threshed his flax amounted to more bushels than he got paid for flax.

THOMAS THOMPSON. The facts given by our correspondent have a deeper significance than he appears to give them. Mr. Woodman, aided by protection to maintain a monopoly, has made in about ten years a million dollars from an investment of \$30,000. But the flax seed raisers, who in this case bear the same relation to the Woodman's that the operative does to the manufacturer, have received not a particle of benefit from the mill or the duty on seed and oil. In other words, the tariff has not increased the price of flax seed, while it has increased the ultimate product of the seed. Of this last increase the farmer (laborer) has had no share, for the simple reason that it was all in the hands of the manufacturer, and he kept it all himself.

This is exactly the case with the tariff on all manufactured products, such as cloth, iron, steel, etc., etc. The tariff has nothing whatever to do with wages. Wages are fixed by causes entirely separate from and independent of the tariff, whether they be the wages of the farmers or of mill operatives in New England. The counterpart of the Woodman's can be found in any manufacturing centre.—ED. ALLIANCE.

THE DEPOSIT OF PUBLIC FUNDS.

The following memorial and resolutions in relation to the deposit of public funds in this state and securing the interest to the state, has been adopted by the board of supervisors of Hall Co., and sent to all the counties in the state. This is in the direction of the suggestion made in this paper several weeks ago, and is a needed reform that should be carried out by the next legislature.

To the Honorable, the Senate, and the House of Representatives of the State of Nebraska, in Legislature assembled: The memorial of the subscribers, members of the board of supervisors of Hall county, respectfully sheweth: That the laws governing the handling of public funds in Nebraska, are such, that it is impracticable to comply with their requirements; that in consequence thereof, the general usage throughout the state, respecting the handling of public funds, is not in compliance with the laws of the state, and that this disregard, and we may say forced "non-compliance" with the laws of the state by public officers, who by their oath of office are pledged to comply with the requirements of the law, very naturally weakens the respect which all good and law-abiding citizens should entertain for the laws of the land.

And, therefore, is the sense of your petitioners, that legal provisions by your Honorable Body to provide for "Public Depositories," looking to the safety of all public funds and securing at the same time such interest, to be paid with us, as are necessarily kept on hand for any length of time, and as may be just and practicable to devise.

Your petitioners respectfully submit the foregoing for your concurrence and adoption. Following resolution was adopted by the board of supervisors of Hall county Nebraska, at their meeting held on September 15th, 1890: Resolved, That this board of supervisors of Hall county, Nebraska, respectfully request the several boards of supervisors and county commissioners in the state of Nebraska, to co-operate with us in the matter of memorializing our next legislature, asking for the passage of a proper law for the handling of all public funds in the state of Nebraska, and that we likewise bespeak the support of the press, for the same purpose, irrespective of party or politics. [Signed] Wm. STOLLEY, C. ACKERMAN, Clerk of Board.

The Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel company is now driving a five mile tunnel for railway use and mining purposes as well, straight through the Rocky Mountains, 5,000 feet below their snow-capped crests, sixty miles due west from Denver, is really making a success of the great work, to the satisfaction of more than four thousand men and women already interested as share-owners in this co-operation of labor and capital to unearth immense wealth from the gold and silver mines owned by the company. The tunnel is already in 3,000 feet on the east side, and 1,400 feet on the west side, and at the depth of 1,800 feet below the surface in the east end they are bringing out from an eight foot wide vein that yields \$184 per ton of gold and silver, and from another vein five feet wide, silver and lead ore worth nearly \$200 per ton. When completed for railway use—as it will be—it will be the greatest and most profitable honest enterprise in this country. Those caring to know particulars will receive a large descriptive pamphlet by enclosing a 2 cent stamp to MARK M. POMEROY, president, No. 294 Broadway, N. Y. City.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

A Department for Home and Fireside. Edited by Mrs. S. C. O. Upton.

"The corner stone of the Republic is the Hearthstone."

The Home with the Empty Crib.

Yesterday the children laughed and romped on the lawn and father and mother looked gleefully at their fair flock. The baby—baby Howard—crowded and laughed in his carriage. He was the best baby, the dearest boy, his papa's idol, and mother loved him with a nameless tenderness that always was akin to tears. Other children would scream with impatience, but our baby had such a sturdy patience; we laughed only yesterday to see his manful endeavors to creep after a plaything just out of his reach. How swiftly the little feet, dressed for the first time in the tiny new shoes his aunt had sent, flew up and down in the vain effort to propel the little body. Then the papa declared the pet should be rewarded for his patient effort and the shoes were removed. Then the little pink toes fastened themselves in the carpet and the body crept—just a little—for the first time. It grasped the toy with a sigh of satisfaction, as men grasp the result of toil and struggle in maturer years. Mother lifted the little form to his home within her arms, saying, "it is baby's first journey and reminds me of Longfellow's lines:

"O little feet, that such long years Must struggle through doubts and fears, I nearer to the wayside inn Where toil must cease and rest begin, Am weary thinking of your load."

And mother never dreamed that the little feet that had begun so bravely their life journey, and had won their first success amid the laughter and clapping of hands of the whole loving family circle, would never struggle for another prize and would rest long years before her toil was done.

That eve the baby was restless. The good neighbor that called carried him up and down the floor while she visited, and said he was not well.

Baby slept that night as if he was trying to be patient. Mother thought him not quite well. Papa would not hear of it—his rosy, healthy, happy boy would be all right. But morning dawned and hour by hour it grew plainer that the little one was sick, then very sick, and soon, ah, how soon, the shadow of a great fear fell on the happy household.

Thrice the doctor came and went with grave looks. Death had never crossed the threshold of that house. It did not seem that it could come, yet, fear silenced the footsteps that were wont to go romping up the stairway to their beds at night, and father and mother kept a vigil by the little crib, not daring to look into each other's eyes, lest they should meet there an answering fear.

But soon the little sufferer could find no rest except in father's loving arms, and so through all the rooms of the home where he had been the sunbeam and the joy of a bright spring and a long summer, the patient baby was lovingly borne. The blue eyes seemed to search every spot—a loving eager look, as if he would stamp on his little brain an undying remembrance of his earthly home.

But the little body grew wearier yet, and the pleading hands were outstretched to mother. Where did ever soul turn in its last extremity, but to the mother heart. 'Tis ever thus until our heads are pillowed for the last time on Mother Nature's breast.

And, O, sad mother, God pity the agony of your soul, when the babe cries to you for relief you have no power to give. You see the look of speechless appeal, see it change, O, agonizing moment, into a look that pierces beyond your ken, and with a rending of the heart strings that makes no physical sound—a renunciation that seems to take part of the soul along, you yield the child that was life of your life and soul of your soul, back to the God who gave it.

And thus our baby went. A look of mingled grief and sweetness left its stamp about the baby mouth, and something of the dignity of angelhood rested about his brow. Mother had always dressed him, and so with breaking heart she robed him for his burial. One plucked rose-bud in his tiny hand spoke of the rose plucked from our garden of love, and the floral circlet on his little white casket told of the bond of love that would keep our circle unbroken even unto the heavenly reunion.

So while the skies wept and the very earliest autumn leaves fell, the baby was laid to rest. S. C. O. U.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a large amount of valuable copy in excess of our space this week. This, with insufficient help, holds the matter over. Some articles go over simply because they are too long. Study brevity. Boil it down. And under our circumstances don't be surprised if good articles are missed altogether.

The Arbor State, formerly of Wymore, ably edited by J. R. Dodds, has removed to Reatrice, hoisted the independent ticket, and is striking telling blows for the cause of the people. Long may it prosper.

From Frontier County.

EARL, NEB., Sept. 27th. EDITOR ALLIANCE.—We look upon the ALLIANCE as a teacher of the true doctrine: She's a rustler. What do you say of the increase of Judgship, and necessarily increase of cost of that court? Let the people know early. We fight the increase.

A few of the bushwhackers are after McKelghan; but he's all right. Lies don't go down.

Godard, nominee for representative of this district, is making a school house campaign of this and Gosper counties, and is having good audiences. The farmers should turn out and hear him explain financial facts. G. W. B.

An Interesting Letter from D. McCall.

ORD, NEB., Oct. 4, '90. EDITOR ALLIANCE.—Your valuable paper furnishes so much of the news and "logic of events" that I felt it a duty to assist in furnishing anything interesting.

O. M. Kem, congressional nominee of the people of the "Big 3d," was here on the 20th ult. The people met him—the people greeted him, and the people heard him and the people will gladly and proudly support him at the ballot box. It was so easy for the bright and pleasant Kem to delineate the true situation, and to electrify the people that his meeting was a grand success. It was my pleasure to listen to Kem and Governor Dech at Loup City, and to Dech at Arcadia, and everywhere the people are enthused. Dech has the bearing of one of nature's nobles, the demeanor of a statesman. And again accidentally I chanced to be at Bartlett in Wheeler county, and saw the people coming from all points of the compass with banners, music and cheer, and upon inquiry I learned, Kem is to be here. I halted to witness the demonstrations, and Kem's address was able and eloquent, and the people were happy.

My business called me to Neligh. While at Neligh I called at Hatfields and his wife said "he has just gone to the country to talk to the people." As I had found gatherings of the people everywhere along the line I said to myself, the people are all for Kem. I had crossed the rich valley of the Beaver and met some of the friends of Beatty, our next state auditor, and I am most happy to note that he stands all right at his home. That seems to be true of all the good bosons by the people. But I saw Treasurer Hatfield, whom the people of Antelope elected last year. He had said that if he should be elected that county warrants would be at par during his term, and so they are. The people of Antelope will cast a large vote for our noble and valiant standard bearer, and far distance all opposition.

But I must not forget to mention that at Bartlett the wise ones and brazen, put up a man to interrogate our Kem. Like John Gilpin, he got up to get down again. One attempt satisfied him. His utterances were silenced. He was like the boy who yoked himself up with a steer. It was a man away from the neck, although he lived fifty miles away. He wanted to engage in a joint discussion. Thompson Bissel, an unpretentious farmer, accepted the banter, and the people enjoyed such an attorney's great defeat. The very air seems full of enthusiasm. D. MCCALL.

Good Words for I. F. Dale. LINCOLN, Oct. 2nd. MR. BURROWS, DEAR SIR.—I would like to say a few words through your valuable paper to the farmers of Lancaster county about I. F. Dale, nominee for Representative from this county on the independent ticket. Of course we know he'll get every vote in his own precinct, but as he has never been an office seeker he may not be as widely known as some others, and I want to say there is no better qualified man on the whole ticket for either state or county office. He is a young man with a great big mind and strict integrity and manly honest principles—a natural born statesman. The opinion of all who know him is that if he serves one term in the Legislature, he will be elected to congress next time, because his work will show for itself. Money won't buy him. Every man, whether Republican, Democrat or Independent, should vote for him. He won't go back on you, boys. I know what I'm talking about.

Only keep the capitalists from hiring men shot, and I'll promise, you'll hear something "Drap" before the session is out. Yours truly, A REPUBLICAN.

Gage County all Right.

CORTLAND, NEB., Oct. 8, 1890. EDITOR ALLIANCE.—On last evening, Oct. 1st, Capt. R. F. Trevellick addressed the people of Highland precinct in M. E. church, on the political issues of the day.

Although the house was crowded almost to its utmost capacity, the best order prevailed, and the people listened with great interest to the story of the wrongs inflicted upon them through the unjust legislation of old party management. Capt. T. makes votes wherever he speaks. He should be kept constantly in the field until November 4th, and generously paid for his valuable services in defense of just principles and good government. Indications certainly point at present to a good majority for the independent party in Gage county. C. E. STEWART.

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