THE Farmers' Alliance.

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Notice to Subscribers.

EXPIRATIONS.

As the easiest and cheapest means of notifying subscribers of the date of their expirations we will mark this notice with a blue or red pencil, on the date at which their subscription expires. We will send the paper two weeks after expiration if not renewed by that time it will be discontinued.

POETRY.

Written for THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The American Star.

BY W. H. ACKLAND.

Come strike the bold anthem, the wardogs are howling—
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey;
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings and is flying away.
The infants, affrighted, cling close to their mother—
The youths grasp their swords, for the combat prepare:
While beauty weeps, father and lover and brother
All rush to defend the American Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drums awaken,
The dread rifle sieze, let the deep cannon roar;
No heart of pale fear or faint doubting be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore.
Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair?
Oh no! From his crag the proud eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the American star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln
Look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene;
Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory—
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been.
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted
To spread the glad tidings of liberty far—
Let millions invade us, we meet them undaunted,
And conquer or die by the American star.

Your hands then dear comrades—round liberty's alter
United we swear by the souls of the brave;
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter.
To live independent, or sink in the grave.
Then freemen, fill up—lo! the striped banner's flying—
The heaven born bird screams through the air,
Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying—
Success to the beaming American star.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE LINCOLN HERALD.

Bro. Calhoun of the Lincoln *Herald* says some very good things, and says them as well as any living man could do it. He has earned the condemnation of of the State Journal, which will raise him several notches in the esteem of the citizens of Lincoln. We select the following from his editorial page, which is as bright a one as can be found in this western country:

John M. Thurston, the Union Pacific lawyer, made a plea for his party at the opera house Thursday night. All the railroad lawyers happen to be republican.

[And let us add distinguished criminal lawyers. To open this campaign they sent out Mason, Watson, Thurston, *et al.* All right, criminal cases need criminal lawyers.]

The sleepy old Journal published a silly slanderous dispatch about Burrows and got into trouble. No use to try villification and lies on the farmer's movement. It has come to stay.

Our esteemed friend, the editor of the Journal, is fighting the war over again, but he is, unlike most fellows, doing it precisely as he originally fought it—at a desk, with a pen and with the emoluments filling up the foreground.

[Yes! And the men he and the other sappers are fighting are the very ones that made the war a success. If he will call at this office we will show him as good a soldier record as any in the state.]

When a democratic assistant sergeant-at-arms of the house stole some money he skipped the country. When a republican postmaster of the same body did the same thing he stayed quietly at home and brazened it out. His party friends, he knew, would protect him at all hazards.

[*Videlicit* Quay. He keeps the boodle and takes the abuse, and none of his associates dare call him down because they have all had a slice of the same pig.]

And now they have looked up Dorsey's war record. He was only a commissary clerk, never fired a musket, never marched in the mud or dust, never saw a battle. But when the war ended he was rich enough to come out west and go to lending money at 5 per cent a month.

The *Bee* says. "Harlan is a man with a spotless record." Somebody tried to call its attention to that $500 check for gulling the people of York into voting railroad bonds. The labor was wasted. To an editor who has just pocketed $50,000 on the pretense of beating prohibition, such a little thing as $500 does not reach the dignity of a spot.

For outright, downright, cold-blooded campaign lying that lusty old pharisee of a paper printed at P and Ninth is without a peer. In every word and every syllable it lies by implication and it lies directly; it lies purposely and knowingly and maliciously; it lies to pay for a post-office appointment bestowed upon it with the understanding that it would lie in recompense.

[Amen!]

So far as the eyes of this journal have been able to pierce the dust and gloom of the conflict, not a solitary independent voter has followed the distinguished Mr. VanWyck in compulsory flight into the bosom of the republican party. Every day becomes more firmly established that cold and chilling truth that none of us are indispensable. When a statesman can be fired bodily out of one party into another without leaving a hole at the point from which he departs or creating a dent where he lights, it seems to look as though the common, plain, every day citizen was beginning to feel his oats.

The big morning paper indulges in a squeal that could be heard for miles. One Bulldozer Polk, an ex-confederate colonel per chance, president of a farmer's something or other away down south, has issued a circular containing a recommendation that members of the order patronize only such papers as are in accordance with its political action. It so happens that the papers affected are those which the Journal has heretofore held up to scorn and execration as rebel democratic sheets, fit only for a fate by comparison with which that of Sodom and Gomorrah was a pleasant evening party.

But that makes no difference to our agonized cotemporary. It yoked Polk of Tennessee and Burrows together, in its mind, and lashed the phantom of its own creation with the volubility of a fishwife and the enegy of dispair.

Now the truth is that Burrows and the Farmers' Alliance of Nebraska and Kansas have no connection with Polk and his executive council and their war on certain classes of democratic papers down south. The assertion that the "order" has been issued to the farmers of Nebraska and disobeyed by them is the thinnest and silliest of falsehoods. The column of squeal, rant and sophistry is uncalled for, and is merely intended to raise a smoke to cover the buying of votes, which will now begin and proceed with the usual skill and dispatch until the polls close.

THE ALLIANCES IN LINE.

A GRAND DAY AT CENTRAL CITY.

Hon. John H. Powers Addresses the Crowd.

From the Merrick County *Republican*.

At break of day on Wednesday the 22, the people throughout the country were astir, and the unusual activity manifested throughout the county, indicated this day was one on which all eyes had been centered for some time.

The sun rose bright and clear, and a gentle breeze fanned the heated brow of the laborer and producer, as he marched the streets in honor of the cause he represented.

The procession was one vast sea of flags and banners.

It is estimated that fully 5,000 people were on the grounds.

We give below a partial list of the banners carried in the procession. And it may be said to their credit that there was not an inappropriate one in the entire lot:

"Prairie Creek Alliance, In things essential, Unity,"—"Lone Star Alliance, No. 1645, J. H. Powers, O. M. Kem."—"Hopewell Alliance No. 685."—"Mead Alliance," on which was painted a very appropriate picture of a farmer standing on one side of a stalk of corn while nothing but leaves pointed in his direction, and on the other was the bloated bondholder stretching forth his hand to receive the ear. "Clarks Alliance."—"Archer Alliance."—"Pleasant Hill Alliance, Live and Let Live." "A broom labled A clean sweep."—"I am converted, I will vote for freedom."—This should be a government of, by and for the people."—A wooden pig hoisted on a pole "To be slaughtered Nov 4th."—"To the g. o. p. we bid you adieu. We will vote the people's ticket, but never again for you"—"Here goes for reform—A red, white and blue ball, so constructed as to turn by means of a belt, above which was printed: "Keep the ball rolling for the independent ticket."—A genuine porker above which was displayed "I am to pay interest with," and below "Money can't buy me,"—"We propose to down all monopolies and corruptions of the ballot box."—A wagon loaded with barrels supposed to contain whisky, the driver sitting astride of one, above which was inscribed on a banner, "Rosewater buying votes with whiskey," with a large red rose on top—"Victory in the sweet bye and bye," encircled by a wreath of evergreens and never fading flowers, the handiwork of Mrs. A N. Wood, and Mrs Ed. King of West Lone Tree.—"Our liberty we prize and our rights we will maintain."—"In union there is strength."—"Dorsey's trotters," represented by two very poor horses, one hitched to a sulky and the other leading behind.—"$60,000, Dorsey's P. O. at Fremont, Neb., and the balance for campaign purposes."

Archer band furnished some fine music for the occasion.

After dinner the mighty throng was called to order by Chairman Tressler, and Geo. Wells being chosen to represent the people in an address of welcome to Mr. Powers, put the people in a good humor by some of his very laughable anecdotes and expressions.

Judge Tressler then introduced Hon. J. H. Powers, the governor that is to be, who spoke in a very entertaining manner for nearly two hours.

October 22nd will be a long remembered day by the thousands who participated in and witnessed its grand parade.

Never in the history of the county has there been a demonstration equal to this. It proclaimed louder than words can express that workingmen and farmers are in earnest as never before. Here in this county as well as in the state, this demonstration will prove a revelation to the dominant party that there are stirring times in Nebraska politics this fall, and that the people have awakened to a true knowledge of their situation.

If this is an omen of the result on Nov. 4th, then we will surely be redeemed from monopoly rule.

Resolution by Union No. 143, C. M. I. U. of A.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 16, 1890

Whereas, It has come to our knowledge that the majority of the political parties are purchasing their cigars abroad; therefore be it

Resolved, That we recommond all succh parties and candidates not patronizing home industries to solicit their votes from the same source; and also recommend all cigar makers throughout the state to act likewise, and for information inquire of Recording Secretary, Union 143, Box 740, Lincoln, Neb.

GEO. OSTERBRINK, Pres.
CHAS. KLOS, Sec'y.

The independent party, state and county, purchases union made cigars only and pay their bills, not asking the dealers to carry their accounts one or two years.

THE CHINESE CORDWAINER.

He Makes Queer Shoes and Knows How to Charge for Them.

There are shoemakers and shoemakers in town, but about the most unique among them all, says the N. Y. *Mail and Express*, is the Chinese cobler who makes and mends soles and uppers for the business men of Chinatown.

Formerly most of the shoes worn by the Chinamen came from China, or at least from San Francisco. Latterly, however, a local industry has been established, and despite the fact that many Chinamen are falling into the habit of wearing the barbarous footgear of the Caucusian it is flourishing.

To the average person the shoes worn by the Chinese are very clumsy affairs. John himself does not think so, and he backs up his opinions in good hard cash. He has to pay pretty well, too, for his footgear. There are, of course several kinds of footgear of varying qualities. The shoemaker of Chinatown makes for the humble employe in a laundry a shoe with rather coarse cloth uppers. The sole is made of heavy felt, carefully sewed in layers until it becomes an inch and more thick.

This he covers with a thick white substance resembling paint, the merit of which is to be found in the fact that it repels water and makes the shoe look quite spick and span for a time. For this shoe he charges from $2 to $3. On other shoes leather soles are placed. Leather is more used here than in China for the making of these shoes, for leather is scarce in the Flowery Kingdom, and felt instead is used.

The rich merchants of Chinatown and the dudes, of whom there are not few, go in for some very gaudy foot apparel sometimes. The uppers of some of these shoes are very loud indeed. They are of the finest sort of silk or of satin and embroidered in the best style known to Chinese ingenuity. These shoes may cost from $12 to $15, and are not to be seen every day. In comparison to the prices charged for shoes, those asked by the Chinese shoemakers for slippers are very low. The latter are often novelties in their way, being made of woven straw or bamboo, with flat soles and without heels.

In front, between the woven straw or bamboo, strips of different colored paper are placed, giving rather a peculiar and not disagreeable effect. The slippers are very light and easy to the foot, and very cheap. It is but truth to say, however, that the commonplace American shoe is driving the Asiatic article to the wall, and shoes made in Lynn are finding favor with John almost as frequently as those made on the banks of the Hoang Ho. The more orthodox of the Chinese still stick to their sabots, as they do to their cue, but they are becoming a minority.

Mr. Coope's Smart Terrier.

Among the valuable dogs owned by J. F. Coope of Ben Lomond vineyard is a family of thoroughbred wire-haired terriers. These little creatures are very bright, and among other achievements are quite expert at snake-killing. That they have an intuitive knowledge not only of how to kill snakes but how to heal themselves if a snake gets the better of an encounter was proved not long since by an incident noticed by some of the employes.

The mother terrier having discovered a rattlesnake ready coiled for a spring placed herself at a safe distance and began barking loudly for an assistant. One of her family of terriers responded to the call, when the two dogs placed themselves one on either side of the rattler, barking at it and slowly approaching it from opposite directions until within about striking distance for the serpent. The exasperated rattler at last sprang at the younger dog, when the mother in great fury pounced upon the snake. The terriers seize the serpent about midway of the body and shake them without mercy until life is extinct.

In this case the mother terrier attempted the usual mode of procedure, and was fairly successful, but the fangs of the snake in some way struck her, inflicting a wound. It was evident to those watching her that her sufferings began at once, but she did not lose her head with fear. She made for a bunch of snake weed not far off and ate freely of it. Her next move was to a pool of water that made a small muddy spot. Into this she plunged, rolling herself about in every direction and covering herself with mud. The onlookers gave her up for lost, but the canine physician had healed herself, and the next morning was entirely all right, as if she had never met his rattlesnakesnip in deadly combat.—*Santa Cruz Surf.*

A Newsboy in Luck.

A broker stepped out of the stock exchange yesterday, apparently after having made some money. He espied a little mite of a ragged newsboy not three feet high, and a philanthropic notion took possession of him. He caught up the little bunch of rags, and carrying it to a cigar stand procured an empty cigar-box. This he placed in the dazed boy's hands. Then the broker dashed into the exchange with a wild whoop that directed general attention to him. Instantly he was surrounded by a crowd, and Broker Dick Halstead threw a coin into the box, seized the boy, passed him to J. W. Bass, who also passed him on after dropping a contribution into the box. Coins and bills began to rain into it. The Sugar trust crowd was invaded, then the New England crowd, and the pile of money in the box grew rapidly. Finally the dazed boy was released. There must have been $50 in the box. He shot out of the exchange and was last seen running up Nassau street hugging the box tightly to his breast. Who he was nobody knew.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mrs. Ann Hyde is the oldest pensioner in the United States. She is the widow of a veteran of the War of 1812. Recently she celebrated her 101st birthday. She makes no attempt to conceal her age.

The Farmer's Honor.

To the Kansas City LIVE STOCK INDICATOR:

Passing a group of farmers one Saturday afternoon, (which is common in these days of increased mental activity) and being anxious to know the topic, I stopped and found it to be Representatives; and at the close one made the remark that an honest man had hair growing in the palm of his hand, to which there was a general outburst of laughter; and most of them ostensibly gave assent to the deduced inference that there were no honest men. Yet these same men when they get swindled denounce the swindlers in unmeasured terms, and when a man whom they elect sells them out, talk of tar and feathers, burning in effegy, etc., putting them under oath: as though a man that stole would not tell a lie.

In my conversation with farmers on the necessity of union and representation from their ranks, in the law-making bodies, to obtain their rights, the objection I most frequently meet with is not that we are not able, or strong enough, but one that is more humiliating to our feelings and expressed in the sentence, "if we elect them they will go back on us," and we have been cited to instances where there has been apparently unfaithfulness on the part of the representative.

Now, admitting this to be the case, what has brought about this lamentable state of affairs, where we can no longer trust our fellow man? We think it comes from the feverish desire on the part of so many to obtain something for nothing, forgetting the words of the ancient lawgiver: "Thou shalt not take any gift, for a gift blindeth the eyes of the wise and preventeth judgment."—How have we been made to feel ashamed of ourselves at elections to hear men and farmers call out to candidates for cigars. A farmer who was judge of an election told me some time ago that he was never so disgusted in his life; that they had cigars named after each candidate and many smoked enough to make them sick. Our merchants have been pandering to this tendency on the part of the people for years. How frequently do we see advertisemets with "given away;" and lottery schemes are in abundance.

These things, insignificant as they appear, are undermining our spirit of independence. In conversation with an ex-representative to the legislature, who was in the group referred to on the danger of gifts, bribes and railroad passes to our free institutions, said he: "I will tell you how I look at this: When I received the nomination my friends asked me to treat to cigars and drinks. Said I, 'I do not use either and I will not give my friends what I do not use myself,' but, said he, 'I gave them some peaches and ice cream, and when I went down to the train to go to the legislature, a crowd came down to see me off, and one gentleman halloed out. 'Here Mr. ——, it's time you was getting your ticket.' Said I: "Here Mr. —— is what I am going to ride on as long as I go,' and I pulled out three railroad passes that had been sent to me by different companies.

"Now," said he to me, "I did not ask for those passes, and I do not feel under any obligation for them." Said he, "do you think I was?" I told him no one ever did me a favor but I felt indebted until I had returned it in some way, and I thought most people were constituted that way. Said he, "It's the same as if you were driving a team to town and I was walking and you would ask me to ride. Now I did not put you to any inconvenience, you were going that way anyhow, and the railroad was running a train every day, and it did not cost them anything to carry me."

He did not reason that he would not have walked fifty miles to the capital, and the railroad would have been certain to have collected his fare, if they had not given it. If they expect no favors in return why are they so discriminating in their charities? Why are there so many lobbyists waiting around the legislature with such lavish kindness? Our only safety lies in the old time spirit of independence, and still existing in the hearts of thousands, where a bribe is treated with the scorn and haughtiness of an insult, and where our sense of honor shall be a guarantee of the perpetuity of our free American institutions. If we would have a true and honorable legislature we must be true and honorable ourselves. Can we consistently ask others to be better than we are ourselves? Who did not laugh at the small operators in Chicago about a year ago when they talked of suing Hutchinson, who had beat them on a large grain deal and made them pay two or three prices for wheat?

Tecumseh, Neb. J. W.

Richards and Majors at Nelson.

NELSON, NEB., Oct. 26th, 1890.

EDITOR ALLIANCE:—The elite of Nelson have had another exhibition from the republican tent, and this time Col. Banker Richards and Col. Farmer Tom Majors were the chief attraction. Mr. Richards had his little piece committed to memory, and clasping his hands in front of him recited it a low uncertain voice. A great portion of it was a verbatim quotation from one of Senator Vest's speeches.

He told us that Col. Polk, of N. C. was our National Alliance president; a lie which would have surprised us very much if we had not read it before in the B. & M. Journal.

He told us that the pledges of the republican party had most of them been fulfilled. He must have meant those made to the bankers, railroad corporations, monopolies and trusts. Certainly none that were made to the people have been redeemed. He also stated that there was $42,000,000 in private deposits in the banks of the state, but he *did not* say how much of that sum was deposited by county treasurers. It is a noticeable fact that the county treasurers, in our county at least, become bank presidents. In defense of the state officers in regard to their extravagant administration, he said that no other state had had as economical an administration as Nebraska. If that be true, heaven help the tax-payers of other states. He says that the state ought to be redistricted, and that the republicans ought to do it, but he did not say why.

A republican congress had given us the inter-state commerce law, and might have added, but did not, that a republican president had just pardoned a man who was just fined $3,000 for violating said law. Then he talked to the dear old soldiers about the war, appealed to them to stick to the g. o. p. and sat down. Farmer Tom came on next and having little else to talk about talked about himself. He told us what a handsome man he thought himself to be, talked a long while about the great American desert, (the greatest American desert, according to the minds of the people here, is inside Major's head,) and then sailed back to the war, We were beginning to think that the First Neb. was the only regiment in the war, and Majors the only man in the regiment, when he suddenly pulled up and condescendingly told "the boys" that they had all fought well. After a piteous appeal to the old soldiers to stick to the g. o. p. because of their war record, he said that the democrats never used argument, but appealed to the prejudices and passions of the people.

"Oh, consistency, thou art a jewell."

Then he began to abuse McKeighan because of his poverty, forgetting that the best man that ever lived was so poor that he had to perform a miracle in order to raise money enough to raise money enough to pay his poll tax. (Mat. 17:27.

I could not help contrasting the stale platitudes of Richards and Majors with the forceful eloquence of Powers and Dech. And the general opinion here is that the republican candidates would have made votes by staying at home

Speaking of the g. o. p., what do these letters stand for? Let us see:

Greedy old plunderers.
Great on promises.
Guilty of perjury.
Great on prejudice.
Goslings of robbery.
Grind out paupers.
Grab our purses.
Gobble our produce.
Perhaps after the fourth of November it will mean:
Get out, plutocrats.
Gone out of politics.
Greeting of Powers.
Government of the people, etc.

MRS. L. M KEMMERER.

Independent Outlook in Thayer County.

STODDARD, NEB Oct. 20, 1890.

EDITOR ALLIANCE.—Success for the Independents of Thayer county is evident. About noon on the 18th, a procession of fifty odd teams headed by a band surprised the village of Hebron. At 2 o'clock W. H Dech, the able and independent speaker, spoke on the issues of the day to an enthusiastic audience. Never before in the history of Thayer county was there such an immense political gathering. The old party leaders are scrambling hither and thither, talking in groups with one another, which evidently proves that something is in the bee hive.

The discouraging condition of agriculture in this county has awakened the producers to a realization that they must do something for relief. Consequently, men who have adhered most strongly to the old parties have stepped boldly into the independent ranks, hoping to benefit their condition thereby.

Let the Independent cannon "boom!" The enemy is approaching! Let the expounders of facts throw the "mighty truth" within the enemy's ranks.—Thayer county is not in the lead, but it is in the midst of the battle, carrying the flag of justice and fighting with a will. "Man cannot make principles, he can only discover them." Independents have discovered principles of justice and equality; who cannot support them? With those principles we shall meet the enemy in November, and, when the smoke of the battle has disappeared, the independents will march triumphantly to the capital and take in the reins of government as quietly and peacefully as the sparkling river flows into the broad expanse of the mighty ocean MACIREMA.

THE GOOD MANAGEMENT OF THE PROCESSION OF LAST SATURDAY.

We have received the following line from Mr. C. J. Ernst, the gentlemanly and obliging Gen'l Superintendent of the Lincoln Street Railway Co., which explains itself. It is proper for us to say, however, that Mr. O. Hull was chief Marshall last Saturday, and to him and his assistants belongs all credit for the good management of the procession:

LINCOLN ST. RAILWAY CO.,
LINCOLN, NEB., Oct 25, 1890.

J. BURROWS, Esq., Lincoln, Neb.

DEAR SIR:—I desire to thank you and the gentlemen in charge of the procession of this date for the manner in which the same was managed, so that the operating of our cars was not interfered with. Persons in charge of such things often forget that it is just exactly as easy to arrange such processions and lay out their route, so that the running of street cars is not seriously disturbed, as to arrange it otherwise. We are the servants of the people, who depend upon the regular and uninterrupted running of the cars, to enable them to go back and forth constantly about their business, and interruptions are much more inconvenient to our patrons than to ourselves.

Again thanking you for the exceptional good management of your procestsion on this occasion, I am

Yours very truly,
C. J. ERNST,
Gen'l Sup't.

The Truth from Red Willow County, Nebraska.

BARTLEY, NEB., Oct. 6th, 1890.

EDITOR ALLIANCE:—In your paper dated September 27th, 1890, I see that there is one man who is not ashamed nor afraid to tell the truth about our condition in this part of the state. I want to say to you that I have lived in this county some eleven years, and I never saw so near a total failure of all kinds of crops in my life. I had about seventy acres of corn on my farm this year, and I will not get five bushels from the whole seventy acres. Corn will not average a bushel per acre, the county over. Wheat a great deal in this county was not harvested because it would not pay for the cutting, much less the threshing bill. I do not believe there is wheat enough in this county for seed the coming spring. There is not one farmer in ten who has even seed corn for planting the coming spring. I want to say this to you so you may publish facts to the people. We have very rich and productive soil in this county, and have always heretofore since I have been in this county, raised plenty to do us and some to spare. But like all other places in such cases of failure of crops, there is some here that must have help from some source or other or they will suffer before they can raise another crop. If this meets your approval you may publish the above. A. UTER.

THE HINDOO WAS A PROPHET.

How the Death of an Englishman's Family Was Foretold in India.

James Mass, the traveler, tells this story:

"It was about 5 o'clock in the evening, and Col. Yeager and I sat on the veranda of the Vicullah Hotel in Bombay, and on the edge of the native city, which is called Vicullah, and not Bombay. The Colonel is dead and all that he once owned and loved is gone. He was expecting his wife and daughter, who had been out to England on a year's visit, and the vessel was to arrive at Calcutta next day, while we were going to get the bungalow ready to receive them. The Colonel was in the best of spirits. He joked and laughed and told old stories of love and war; how he was nearly captured and murdered by the renowned Nana-Said at Cawnpore; of his vast poppy plantations and the revenue he derived from the opium he distilled every year. Finally we started to walk to where we had our horses stabled, and then for a canter over the beautiful roads to the bungalow fifty miles away. We had to go through Vicullah to reach our destination. What a kaleidoscope that native city is. The burrah-wallah, water-carrier, wearing nothing but a breech-clout, and the male body servant with his red turban and long white jackets. Jews from Palestine, Parsees, or fire-worshipers, who traveled 3,000 miles over a desert and mountain from Persia and carried their sacred fires, all picturesque, all in white, bordered with red or other bright colors.

"Well, in turning a corner in Vicullah we found a crowd being harangued by one of the best known fakirs in India. I had heard him spoken of as one who could put a blight upon you. People called him Sadi-Saib Sadi, my master. Col. Yeager pushed through the crowd to within a few feet of the fakir, to whom he said something in Hindostanese. It seemed to enrage Sadi, who jumped from his little platform in front of Yeager, saying:

"Englishman, be careful, or blight may fall upon you and yours. Tread not upon the smallest thing Buddha or it may turn and sting you."

"Before I could stop him the Colonel had cut the fakir across the face, and with an oath had shouted: 'Out of the way, you Hindoo pig!'

"The fakir turned and, with blazing eyes, said:

"'Englishman, you will not meet your wife. You will not meet your child. Your plantations will be devastated; your craven heart will wither within you. You will die.'

"The fakir's words were prophetic. I felt it then, and I also think the Colonel did. We reached the bungalow and we were soon in bed. How I slept that night I don't know. The words 'Englishman, beware' were continuously raging in my ear. Next morning I went into the breakfast room, and I shudder when I think of it. The Colonel was there walking up and down, with a telegram in his hand, his face drawn, and he looked twenty years older than he did the night before. With tears in his eyes he handed me this message: 'Steamship Fiago went ashore at the mouth of the Hoogaly. Your wife and child drowned.' I have never seen the Colonel since, but I have watched his career. His poppy crop was a failure that year and it ruined him, his bungalow was burned by either accident or design, and Yeager died within twelve months of a broken heart.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Stanley's First Fiancee.

Stanley had a matrimonial affair of which he himself told. I think it was in '67 or '68, says a correspondent—anyway, it was about the time of his affair in Asia Minor—that he stopped for a few weeks on one of the Ionian Islands. He met there a beautiful Greek girl, to whom he took a fancy. He couldn't speak her language, nor she his; but, with the aid of an interpreter, he asked for and obtained her hand. The girl's family was of the best, and when the wedding day came great preparations for the bridal event were made. Stanley took his stand beside his bride that was to be, and everything was in readiness for the ceremony—at least; so he thought. It happened, though, that it was customary in the islands for the prospective husband to hand over to the father of his fiancee, prior to the marriage, a sum of money in proportion to the beauty, rank and accomplishments of his expected bride, as a sort of recompense to her father for the loss of his daughter and the cost of bringing her up. Stanley knew nothing of this expectation, and, of course, made no move to hand over. Finally, the hard but business-like father beckoned the interpreter and quietly told him to remind Stanley that he was overlooking an important feature of the marriage proceedings. The interpreter complied. When he had made his message clear to Stanley, the destined explorer of world-wide fame pushed aside his affianced bride, to the amazement of the gathered throng, drew the interpreter by the arm to the presence of the puzzled father, and in his most indignant fashion ordered the interpreter to convey to his not-to-be-father-in-law the message: "Sir, I came here to marry, not to buy, your daughter."

So it happens that Henry M. Stanley has wedded Miss Dorothy Tennant.

A Curious Little Boat.

In the shop window of Emil Winegartener, at Turin, Italy, there has been exhibited, one of the most wonderful little boats in the world. It was made by a jeweler in the employ of Mr. Winegartener in 1883, and is formed of a single pearl, fashioned into all the swells and concavities of a real tug-boat. The sail is of beaten gold studded with diamonds. The binnacle-light at the prow is a ruby of wonderful brilliancy. An emerald serves for a rudder, and the stand upon which it is mounted is of pure ivory. The weight of the boat and stand is less than half an ounce. It is valued at $5,000.

It is rarely indeed that a nonagenarian resides all his life in the one house, as did Elbridge Tilton, who recently died in Deerfield, N. H. He was in his ninety-second year.

Farmers' and Merchants' Insurance Co., Lincoln, Nebraska.

OFFICERS.

D. E. THOMPSON, President. S. J. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
H. J. WALSH, Vice President. C. W. MOSHER, Treasurer.

Assetts December 31st, 1885	$108,35[illegible] 82
Assetts December 31st 1886	1 9,2[illegible]7 89
Assetts December 31st, 1887	188,483 05
Assetts December 31st, 1888	229,342 06
Assetts December 31st, 1889	243,843 79
Surplus as regards policy holders	$240,732 18

FIFTH ANNUAL SETTLEMENT.
January 1st, 1890.

ASSETS.

Mortgages (first liens) and accrued interest	$63 130 24
State warrants market value	27 430 00
Bills receivable and accrued interest	63,161 70
Bills receivable and accrued interest secured by chattels	3,205 34
Cash in banks and company's office	21,082 72
Cash premiums in course collection	12,508 11
All other property belonging to Co.	3,334 69
Stockholders secured notes	50 000 00
	$243,842 79

LIABILITY.

Capital Stock	$100,000 00
Reserve fund required by law	110 527 50
All other liability	3 110 61
Surplus	24,204 68
	$243,842 79

Number of losses from May 15th, 1890, to August 10th, 1890.

Windstorm losses	51
Lightning losses	153
of which 142 was live stock.	

Farm and resident property a specialty.

The Farmers and Merchants have established an enviable reputation at home and abroad for immediate adjustment of claims and prompt relief afforded in full satisfaction of loss. The people have explicit confidence not only in the company's ability, but ready disposition to deal justly in all things unto all patrons. The restored value of destroyed property is expected, and is the only very simple reason why owners seek insurance. The Farmers and Merchants of Lincoln, Nebraska, has a reliable board of undertakers whose special obligation in the event of destruction, is sound as national currency. The single item, of value returned, as shown in the above statement for one hundred and thirty-two animals, lost in an unequal conflict with lightening and fury of the wind is sufficiently convincing proof that every policy is gold lined, and all sufficient reason for the remarkable prosperity the Farmers and Merchants enjoy. 20 tf.

Hon. C. D. Shrader in Custer County.

ANSLEY, NEB., Oct. 20, 1890.

EDITOR ALLIANCE:—We had the pleasure of listening to a joint discussion on the tariff between C. D. Shrader of Logan county, and C. H. Snell of Ansly. Our friend Shrader proved to be a power on wheels. He so completely pictured the system of tariff robbery as to convince the most skeptical republican or high tariff man in the hall, and won for himself great honor in the masterly manner in which he handled the question. He completely demolished the opposition and made many votes for the independent party by his clear reasoning and plain illustrations. C. H. Snell followed in his master way but to his credit be it said, he utterly failed to make a point. Shrader literally skinned him as he will help to skin all who oppose the people's ticket this fall. We are quite proud of Charley, and feel confident of his election next month At the close of the discussion we listened to some remarks from Mr. Taylor, Rep. from Loup county, and Mr. Miller, candidate for county attorney of Custer county. We must say for Miller that he has a good promise for the future. Custer is proud in the support of our entire ticket and will give a big majority this fall. S. J. W.

Washington County in Line.

BLAINE, NEB., Oct. 21, 1890.

Venier Voldo, the noble advocate of the people's cause, came from the north, arriving at noon, addressed a monster meeting this afternoon. The Grange organizations are strong in this county and the farmers concluded that they would surprise the people of Blair, so they arranged to meet just outside of town and form into line. About 11:30 the head of the procession appeared on the streets with fife and drum, and other instruments of music, and team after team appeared in sight. Everybody soon began to look for the last team; but it seemed that it would never come, for around the corner they followed each other until 97 were counted. Flags and banners were numerous, and the good hits were many. Mr. Voldo has been suffering with the grippe for some time and was really a sick man, and rested at the hotel until 2:30. While the people were waiting Jacob Beck, of Burt county entertained them with very interesting remarks. Mr. Voldo stood for two hours and poured a constant stream of eloquence and logic into the ears of the auditors, and such a feast of reason and good sense was never before enjoyed here. Old men said they never heard a speech to equal it. Many converts to the cause were made and the people's movement is gaining ground every day.

Dech Endorsed by His Neighbors.

ITHACA SUB. ALLIANCE NO. 724.

To our friends and brothers throughout the State of Nebraska, greeting:

In response to many inquiries from various parts of the State in regard to the standing of Hon. W. H. Dech, candidate for lieutenant-governor, in the community in which he lives, we, as members of this Alliance in regular session assembled, hereby declare ourselves in accord with the following resolution:

Resolved, That inasmuch as W. H. Dech is a member in good standing of our Sub-Alliance, we consider it no less than a pleasurable duty to fully endorse him as a candidate on the independent ticket because of his known capabilities as a statesman and parliamentarian, and because we, as his personal friends, have always found him honest in his dealings with us, sincere in his convictions, helpful in time of need and a true and tried friend and neighbor in all that the words imply. Respectfully Submitted,

COMMITTEE.

A Girl's Athletic Costume.

With the thought of common-sense in dress manifest all around us, a girl's costume for athletic sports can be loose, and still lady-like. A divided skirt below, a wide, light-weight skirt over it, reaching just below the ankles, and a loose blouse, would be all that practicability would demand.—*Ellen De Garde, in Ladies' Home Journal.*