Ascertain Your Weight.

A TOPICAL BEFRAIN. In public places nowadays there stands a handsome scale, Without propriotor or clerk to tell its simple tale;

But passers-by may read the words engraved To "Dropa nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight."

A moral's here, good people, if you'll take a moment's thought.

A lesson for life's guidance 'tis and most succinctly taught;

For if it be the part of man to have a bout It surely is the thing to do to "ascertain your

So, if you think that politics affords you widest If to pull the wires deftly is your purpose and If you fancy that your destiny's to glorify the Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain

If you dream that you're an actor, and imag-With graces and with gifts to win the plaudits of the crowd,
If sock and buskin visions fill your soul with joy clate, Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you feel that you're a poet, and by right divine belong
To those whose wings have borne them to Parnassian heights of song.
If ball Mes, rondeaus, triolets, you long to in-Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you deem your forte the story, and you only To run a tilt with Haggard in the regions of If another Robert Elsmere you are eager to Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain

If you see yourself a lawyer, or a doctor, or a If you think that as a lover you could make a touching show.

If you deem society the field you ought to cultivate.

Just drop a nickel in the slet and ascertain your weight.

In short, whate'er the path to which ambition points the way.

Repeat this legend to yourself ere yet you make essay.

For it is well that modesty, before it is too Should drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain -William L. Keese, in Harper's Magazine.

# THE DEATH OF "OLE JOE."

The dark, drizzling rain, lowering clouds and heavy atmosphere bring back to me so well the night so many years ago on which poor Ole Joe breathed his last. I say "Ole Joe." Such was he always called by every one, old and young, on the plantation, I really believe.

Some of the negroes never thought he was anything else than old—in oth-er words, born old. From my earliest childhood he was always the same. Tall and slightly bent, with a shaking, rheumatic walk, grizzly hair and beard. It may have been natural, it may have been from respect to his old age, but Ole Joe was looked up to by every other negro on the place, and had a peculiar way of adapting himself to any crowd he was thrown amongst. He was a favorite with all the children. and had a knack of telling stories and gesticulating that I have never heard before or since. It may not have been what he said so much as the manner in which it was related, but certain it is that all the children were firm believers in his stories, and looked upon shim as something of an oracle.

For many years everything glided along peacefully, until my father's death, and then what a change. Always a kind master and good neighbor, his death was mourned by all. We had scarcely gotten over the shock when, not long after, news was brought to the house that Arthur, an only brother, had been found dead on "the big road." It proved but too true. He had received severe internal injuries, and died before help could reach him. I will draw a veil over the next few years. Many changes had taken place on the plantation, but I will tell you about the death of 'Ole Joe." He had been sick and decrepit a long time, but no one had thought the end was so near. One day I was busily attending household affairs. when one of the women rushed in and

O. Miss Hattie, do for de Lord's sake come to Ole Joe. I jes know he's dyin' out that in the field."

I rushed out where he was, and when I reached the spot he was lying on the ground. The negroes, paralyzed with fear, were afraid to touch him. His breathing was faint and irregular -so faint, indeed, that it was hardly perceptible. Giving orders to the men to take him into the cabin at once. I dispatched one of the darkies for a physician and hurried to the bouse to get restoratives. These were administered. and he had partially recovered when the doctor arrived. After remaining some time, and having given directions to Mammy Jane, who was to act as nurse, he took his departure.

Before leaving, however, he told me he thought Ole Joe's time was run, and his death was only the question of a few hours. I went over to the bed and sat down by the side of one who had ever been such a faithful friend and servant. As I sat there his eyes opened and he gazed around the room as one would after consciousness from a long siege of illness. He looked at me, then at the negroes standing round, and I saw that he recognized all. He spoke slowly and distinctly, though with great effort. He said:

"I bin tellin you a long time I was gettin' feeble, and now I tell you that Ole Joe'll soon be gone. You've all been good and kind chillun, and I's mighty thankful. But, oh, Lordy, jes' to think that I shall soon see Marse Henry and Ole Miss and Marse Abe and all the folks I's see buried on this 'ere place." And in his weakness and excitement the tears rolled down his cheeks. I gave him the medicine prescribed, which seemed to ease him, and left the cabin soon to return. News was brought to the house that he was resting, and it was just before sunrise that I went over again. There was no change, except that his voice had grown weaker, and life talk was occasionally wild and disconnected. Sometimes be thought he was in the field picking cotton. Again he was hunting the fox with "Marse Henry," and the old man would rise from his pillow with his imaginary bridle. Now he was joining in one of the plan-tation songs, and never before had I

heard his voice raised so clear. Exhausted from his singing and panting, he fell into a stupor from which we thought he would never raily.

It was nigh ento to 10 o'clock when the doctor came. He said: "It is just as I expected; he will be dead before morning." When the negroes heard this they began to wail and bemoan as only negroes can. The women threw their aprons over their heads, velling as though some fearful calamity was at hand. The contagion soon spread from cabin to cabin, and for a while the plantation resounded with cries and lamentations. Men and women, no longer excluded from the room, flocked in to take a last look at faithful Ole Joe alive.

He seemed to regain consciousness, and spoke to them for the last time, and even at this hour I could not but pester me." He stopped a moment and then went on: "I's mighty happy to die. Just now I saw Marser, and he say they's waitin' for me at the other side uv de ribber. I ain't never er side uv de ribber. I ain't never done no harm to any living crittur. 'Twasn't no fault o' mine that Jim (his brother) tried to kill Jack Adams. I's always tried to do what I thought wuz right, and de Lord he ain't gwyin' to give me up. I wants to die, for I's lived long enough, and I tell ye it's mighty poor to keep on when you can't help nobody, and is a burden on people's hands." Here he seemed to lose his breath, and was unable to say more when he tried to.

hear him creeping along. Not daring to remain longer outside, I went into the cabin again. A first glance at the bed told me that the grim monster would soon claim his own. Ole Joe was supported by two men, and his eyes, grev and glassy, were already fixed. His mouth was open and as my hand passed in front of his face, I felt his cold clammy breath. I lifted up one of his horny hands, hardened from many years labor. All around the nails was a circle of blue, and the fingers were even icy. Looking at his face, it seemed to have grown ages older since the day before. There were many wrinkles and furrows in the hollow cheeks, and the eyes starting in their sockets, were sunken much. His nose was sharpened, and seemed of a different hue from the rest of his face. Happily, the struggle did not last long. His tongue turned in his mouth, one long, loud breath, and all

We buried him just as he had asked, near White Church on the Avalous road, and the three big oaks sing a lovely anthem over his grave.—42anta Constitution.

was over.

HE'S A NEGRO PROPHET. And Georgia People Think His Quaint Observations Contain All Wisdom.

Smithville, Lee County, Ga., boasts a colored philosopher named John Spradler, who is known to his acquaintances by the familiar title of "Uncie." He makes a great many startling and sensational observations. some of which have been thought worthy of a place in print. Here are a few of his quaint assertions from the Louisville Times:

I doan know of dis worl' is a fren' to grace or not, kase I know some folks

dot don't say grace at all.

De sayin' is, you mus' make hay while de sun shines, en dat's why dere's sech a scarcity of hay. Folks don't like de sun, you see.

Religion is a great blessin', but sum folks have a call to plow, en' tink it is a call to preach. Dat counts for de scarcity ob farmers 'mong de cullud

I doan b'lieve in findin' fault wid dis heah worl', kase it's de best worl' I I was ever in, an' it's a mighty long ways to de next one.

De Bible tells de sluggard to go de ants, but some o' dese ants would mek it so hot for him dat he' bab to git up and hustle.

It's a long lane what ain't got no turnin', but tek care he don't turn too short and turn de wagen over. So don't drive too fast. Dis race question is mighty easy to

settle. Let de white man keep on bein' white, an' de nigger black, an' foller de mule faithful, an' quit leatin' round' de kentry, an' hit'll settle jis

When I see a man goin' home wid a gallon ob whisky and a pound ob meat I know dat dere's a peck ob misery to ebery pound ob happiness in dat house-

Dere ain't no use in grievin' over spilt milk, for ten to one de milk was half water, an' dere's plenty mo' wells in de kentry.

Wet Feet.

How often do we see people tramping about in the mud, with shoes soaked through; and how often do such people when they return home sit down by the fireside and permit their feet to dry, without changing either stockings or shoes. Can we then wonder at the coughing and barking and rheumatism and inflammation which enable the doctors to ride in their carriages? Wet feet most commonly produce affections of the throat and lungs, and when such therefore, every one, no matter how healthy, ought to guard against wet feet. -N. Y. Ledger.

The 30 Cents Were Needed.

"Can you give me 30 cents, kind sir?" asked a beggar. "I wish to buy a ham sandwich. "But you can get a ham sandwich for a nickel." "Yesthe quarter is to fee the waiter with." -N. Y. Sun.

## FREE COINAGE.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE PASSES THE BILL.

The Vote Stands Forty-two to Thirty.

The people achieved a great triumph in the United States senate on the 14th, in the incorporation of the free coinnge amendment to the financial bill. The vote showed the south and the west arrayed against the east, with some notable exceptions. Allison of course voted with Wall street; Cullom stood by the gold-bugs of Chicago against the farmers of Ilinois; Spooner, Washburn, and Wilson of Iowa voted with the gold

This bill now goes to the house and every effort should be made to secure its passage. But there is little doubt notice that he spoke with the same de-liberation as of old. He said: "There's one thing I want to ask. Bury me be-hind White Church whar nobody won't

The address of Senator Ingalls just before the vote was good. We give an

After alluding to the threatening evil of an ignorant, debased and spurious suffrage, "contaminated by the sewerage of decayed nations, he said: The second evil to which he had adverted was the yranny of combined, concentrated. centralized, conscienceless and incorporated capital, and the people were considering that great problem. At the beginning of the second century the American people had become profoundly convinced that the ballot was not the penages for the avile of society. his breath, and was unable to say more when he tried to.

The death struggle did not begin for several hours afterward. I saw that he was becoming weaker, and called in some men to prop him on his pillows. The atmosphere in the room was close, and I walked out into the cool night air. The rain, which had been falling heavily all the evening, had now lightened, and the trees just shedding their leaves, were sighing and moaning. A dog back of the barn set up a distant howl and soon others from a neighborhowl and soon others from a neighboring farm joined in. Death seemed to be in the air, and one could almost hear him creeping along. Not daring to remain longer outside, I went into world's mining, one fourth of its manufacturing; one fifth of its farming, and possess one sixth of its accumulated

He had read in the morning papers of Sherman's speech, a considerable part of which was devoted to the defense of millionaires. The people had suddenly awakened to the conception of the fact that the bulk of the property of the country was passing into the hands of those whom the senator from Ohio called by supporting the species. Ohio called, by euphonism, the speculators of the country. These men had no politics but blunder, and no principle but the spoilistion of the human race. It was no wouder the laboring and agricultural classes of this country had at last awakened and the speculators must take warning.

Referring to the late election he said it was neither a republican defeat nor a democratic victory. It was a great uprising of the independents of and superior to both political parties. It was a crisis that might become a catastrophe; it was a peaceful revolution. He attributed the depression of the country in a great measure to the demonetization act of 1873. He had not the allest in a great measure to the demonetiza-tion act of 1873. He had not the slight-est doubt that the great majority of the people, irrespective of party, were in fa-vor of the free coinage of silver and had been for the past fifteen years. Warn-ings and admonitions were plentiful in this debate, but he would say to those who were arraying themselves against the deliberately expressed judgment of the American people that there would come a time when the people would not be trifled with on this subject.

Only Half Bought.

It is announced that some of the representatives in some of our legislatures are kicking like "bay steers," because the railroads have issued them passes for only six months instead of for a year as has been the custom. They appear to think that this is only half buying a representative. But these railroad people are nothing if they are not shown. representative. But these railroad people are nothing if they are not sharp. They never buy a pig in a bag, and they do not often pay for a thing more than it is worth. Unquestionably they have concluded that a yearly pass is more than a legislator is worth. They are willing to pay a fair price, and occasionally perhaps rather an exhorbitant price for something that they want. The railroads always want legislators. They keep them in stock. Hitherto they have been paying a yearly free pass for a legislator. That cost the railroads statistic of the railroads. nothing, of course. Still the roads have concluded that nothing was too high a price to pay for a law-maker, and so they cut it down fifty per cent. Hence they pay one half less than nothing now. Well that is enough. It will secure just as good service as though full price had been paid.—Slockman.

Dom Pedro's name in exile is plain Pedro d'Alcantara. He is rich enough to satisfy all ordinary wants, even those of an exiled emperor, and engrossed as he is in his studies it is believed that he is getting more real enjoyment out of life in his old age than he did when governing his turbulent subjects in Brazil.

The inventors now want an explosive that is noiseless, but that is a feat that they do not seem to be able to accomplish. Smokeless powders are not noiseless, as is so frequently stated. The noise is somewhat different from that of black powder, being on a higher key, but it can grand, noble man, but he was not a be heard quite as distinctly and as far as

when the latter is used.
"I suppose buckboards are named so from the young bucks who go driving in them?" 'Of course; and dog carts are named so from the pupples who go driving in them."-Racket.

Depositor-"Is the cashier in?" President-"N-o; he has gone away." De-positor-"Ah! Gone for a rest, I prediseases have once taken place "the sume." President (sadly)—"N-o; to house is on fire," danger is not far off; avoid arrest."—N. Y. Weckly.

The Doctor-"If you will keep me in clothes I will treat you for nothing." The Tailor—"But I am never sick." The Doctor-"No, but you will be after we have made the arrangement." -Racket.

Mrs. Seeall-"I wonder what's come over that young Swift. He used to be such a nice boy; now he drinks, plays cards and stays out all night." Mr. Seeall—"He's been away to college." -Toledo Blade.

NEW CAME PLAYED WITH LETTERS. Simple Enough for Children and Difficult Enough for Grapheards.

deal of amusement to many people, and also imparts considerable instruction to the young in the formation of words, is played in the following man-ner, with the letters of the alphanet: Half a dozen sets of all the letters of the alphabet are provided, each letter on a small piece of pasteboard or wood. One player then gathers all the letters before him on the table and the other players sit around the table as at capital. The players who has all the letters. cards. The player who has all the letters then turns them face downward and proceeds to deal them out, one by one, to the others, beginning with the player sitting at his right hand and continuing around the table in order. As he deals a letter out he turns its

face up so that all may see it is an "n" for instance. The next player gets an "o." suppose, and he quickly sees that his letter, joined to the "n" received by the first playee, will form the word "no." He announces the fact and claims the "n." This is surrendered to him and he forms the word "no." to him and he forms the word "no" on the table in front of him, and must leave it there undisturbed until some other player gets a letter which, added to the word "no." will form some

other word. other word.

Suppose, for instance, that the third letter dealt out is a "w." Then the owner of the "w" may claim the word "no," and adding his "w" to it make it "now." The fourth letter turned up may be a "y," and the owner of "now" breathes a sigh of relief as he thinks he will hold on to his word for hit while anyway for the "now" a little while anyway, for the 'now' and the 'y' don't seem to make anything. Perhaps seven letters follow, out of which no combination can be made which will spell a correct word, until some one gets an 's." This let-ter, in connection with "now," will spell "snow," but if the lucky owner

spell 'snow," but if the lucky owner of the 's" is sharp enough he will also claim the "y" from his other rival, and spell "snowy."

The examples given here are sample words, as they show more clearly to young minds how the game may be played easily, but when a number of letters have been dealt out the most skillful spellers may find scope for their abilities, and many are the combinations which will escape the notice binations which will escape the notice of all who are gathered around the table, for a time, until some one discovers them, as if by accident, and then the wonder will be that they were not seen before.

One player may not claim from another any letter or letters which have been worked up into a word without taking that whole word and using it all, though its letters may be entirely transposed, to make a different word. The range of words may wander over half a dozen languages, if the players so agree, and then the game becomes difficult enough for a Boston blue-stocking or a college professor.

The winner of the game is the player who has the most complete words One player may not claim from an-

who has the most complete words spread out on the table in front of him when the dealer has turned up the last letter he has in his pile. Long words count no more than short words, and if two players "tie" they set to work breaking up their long words into short ones, and this disposes of the tie nine times out of ten. For a large number of players a large number of letters is, of course, required, but two people will often play the game for half an hour before exhausting a half dozen complete alphabets. - N. Y.

Campanini's Advice to Singers.

"My advice to all singers is: Do not impose upon yourself and you will preserve your voice," says Campanini, in a striking article 'How to Train the Voice,' in the November Ladies' Home Journal. 'Good health is necessary to what affects the physical condition will sooner or later affect them. What regimen a singer, should follow depends upon the constitution. Some singers can smoke continuously and not suffer from the effects, while others have been seriously injured. It is, therefore, very hard to lay down any cast-iron rules and say that they should be followed. What is poison, you know, for some, is food for others.

"Again I must urge young singers to beware of trying to force their voices; it is daugerous and means the early loss of the voice. The man who builds an organ would not think of

"Amateurs and non-professionals do not, of course, require the long and rigorous training of professionals. It would be a waste of time and money, and while it might be a satisfaction to the young lady or young man to have a professional education, in a few years, through lack of constant practice, he or she would probably sink to the level of the perfunctory parlor singer."

Gough's Temptations.

Speaking of Gough, Mr. Bosworth said: "He was a great orator and a master of himself. I remember one time when a man put some whisky in a glass of soda water he was about to drink. Just that taste was enough to set the appetite afire within bim, and he went off on a protracted spree. Very few people ever knew of this, but the fact is related in one of his biographies. When he came out of it I never saw a man feel so in all my life. He cried like a baby and vowed that he would never speak before an audience again, and, if I remember rightly, he canceled his engagements for the rest of that year. He has told me many times when passing saloons mounted on a horse he had dug the spurs into the beast's flanks and ridden for miles at breakneck speed to get out of reach of the temptation."—Cleveland Leader.

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