

MR. COLLINS ASKED TO RESIGN.

Resolutions of Gage County Alliance Condemning G. F. Collins.

The following resolutions were passed by the Gage County Alliance with but two dissenting votes:

Resolved, That G. F. Collins be requested to resign his position as senator from Gage county immediately, and step down from the place he no longer deserves to occupy; and be it further resolved...

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to G. F. Collins and to THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE for publication with the request that all independent papers throughout the state publish the same.

W. L. ROGERS, G. B. REYNOLDS, W. J. ANKENY, J. LEWIS, J. M. MILLHOLLAND, Committee.

The above resolutions were passed with but two dissenting votes. G. B. REYNOLDS, Sec. Pro tem.

Why he Withdraws From the Democratic Party.

A correspondent of the World-Herald of Omaha, has the following able letter:

TUESDAY, Feb. 18.—[To the Editor of the World-Herald.]—What relation do I bear to the whole body politic? Are there any special privileges obtained through class legislation? To what extent is the government responsible for existing conditions? Have "hard times" been the result of natural or artificial causes? Has tariff anything to do with hard times? Has the volume of money anything to do with prosperity, etc? When the individual begins to seriously ask questions like these, we can give him credit for opinions and convictions. Otherwise, he has no opinion, is neither republican, democrat or independent, but accepts his politics dogmatically. He is nothing more than a parrot using so many meaningless phrases. I voted for Cleveland, not because I believed Cleveland's position on the tariff would turn the whole country into a debating school instead of an army of bloody shirt wavers. Every campaign for twenty-five years had been an appeal to the spirit of hatred and actual dissension. The people were dragged through the tragic scenes of the rebellion every four years, and until Cleveland's election were made to believe that the ascendancy of the democratic party was the enthronement of the southern confederacy. They were made inert to thought on any public question. Therefore I am confident that the greatest blessing that has happened these people since the war, was the election of Cleveland.

Great crimes have been perpetrated upon the people while their attention was drawn to the bloody shirt. They passed laws directly in the interest of a few money sharks, credit strengthening, national banking, contraction, demonetization of silver, power to increase or decrease our volume of currency given to the banks; the unnecessary perpetuation of the bonded debt in order to perpetuate the national banks are all in the interest of one of the vilest conspiracies the world has ever known.

I firmly believed all along that when the democratic party got sufficiently strong it would assert itself on these questions and again return to the house of its fathers.

Jefferson said: "Bank paper must be suppressed and the circulation restored to the government, to whom it belongs; if a people have not control of their money, neither have they control of their liberties."

Mr. Cleveland's recent expression on the silver question, with the backing he is receiving by the eastern democracy; the recent action of the republicans and democrats, backed by the supreme court, in preventing the constitutional right of contest in this state, no matter how unjustifiable; the senseless trade on Burrows, Powers and every man occupying prominence by virtue of the independent movement, have been a sufficient cause for my withdrawal from the ranks of the democracy to join the new democratic party with Jeffersonian doctrines—the independent party.

"A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT."

The Harmattan or Withering Wind.

The name of harmattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic Ocean during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been scorched by heat from a furnace; often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.

The Why of It.

When some one bragged that only one public execution had taken place in Turkey in five years, an Englishman investigated and discovered that no culprit who could raise \$100 to bribe officials had suffered death during the last twenty years. There is always a good reason for anything that happens in Turkey.

The Complimentary Charities.

"Charlie often compliments me," said Mrs. Tecker. "I was giving my views about things in general the other day when he said I put him in mind of a poem he had read—he believed it was Tompkins' 'Brook.'"—Washington Post.

TWO DREAMS.

One night I went to fairyland, By fays and elves attended. With winsome sprites on every hand— Ah me, the scene was splendid. And I was sorry when I woke, And found the dream was ended.

Another night I drove again Through fields that were not sunny, With imps and demons in my train Intent on being funny; And I wouldn't dream that dream again For any amount of money. —Josephine Pollard, in Harper's Young People.

COL. BENTHAM'S REVENGE

Col. Bentham had been perplexed. He had not felt quite sure whether he was in love or not. He had had an idea that he was not in love, but was only obeying the motive which had made him adopt Eva Tibaldi, educate her in Europe, give her that training of her voice which had equipped her (in case opportunity were given) for success on the stage and bring her finally to live in his home in New York. This motive had been revenge.

The colonel is now in his sanctum, his library and smoking-room. Imagine a tall, fashionably dressed man, not yet 40. His hair is blonde, but the pale, massive features of his face are neither effeminate nor coarse. The deep-set eyes of very pale blue are piercing, and the jaw a little square. There seems a want of emotion in the thin lips. Certainly the colonel wears the stamp of a strong, passionate nature (or passion and emotion are not one), with a spirit of rage bordering on cruelty as its substratum. A nameless refinement, almost fastidiousness, an ease of manner, a power of courteous words, are among the colonel's most obvious traits. The men he meets at his club think him pleasant, the women whom he sometimes chats with and compliments say he is delightful. How then can the ruling spirit of his life be revenge?

It is pretty late to-night and yet the colonel never seemed more wide-awake, more alert. He is waiting for a ring at the door. Eva had gone to the Metropolitan opera-house under charge of his sister—his dear, silver-haired Penelope. They are to hear the famous singers of the year, some of whom Eva met at Florence in her old musical days. The colonel detests opera, as he detests the whole stinging profession. Yet it is only carrying out his plan and purpose that Eva should delight in music, in order that she may resemble her sister all the more and be made passionate and impressive as was her sister.

He is thinking of her sister at this moment. He rises from the soft, leather-covered easy chair where he has been sitting, and draws aside a curtain which looks like a narrow portiere. It discloses an easel, and set upon it is a full-length picture of a lady in pink—a lady whose skin eclipses in clearness the tint so often fatal to beauty, and whose eyes are at once shadowy, profound, and penetrating—eyes too dangerous to look upon for long.

It is not, however, a long time since the colonel has looked upon them. Yet he has never seen them for the last fifteen years. Without feeling a tightness at the heart, as if he had received a blow which not only pained him, but which some strange barrier prevented him from returning. And mingled with this bitterness of bitter mental pang there has been a kind of regret, or sorrow, bordering on tenderness, which might some day, long, long ago, have been love.

The colonel had loved the woman of that portrait. And she—well, she had gone the way of many women. A singer, gifted as herself, had enticed her from her intended husband and had married her. Two years later the woman had died of a broken heart, leaving her little sister without a home.

Then the colonel did two things. First of all he went to the painter to whom the dead diva in her palmy days of luxury had given many sittings, and ordered a full-length portrait of Marietta Tibaldi. This picture he had set up, on the very easel on which it had been painted, in his own private room. Then a curtain was hung over it, as he had seen done with some European altar-pieces. Like a priest before a shrine would he stand and gaze upon this radiant, laughing, and triumphant image of virginal loveliness and power. The second thing he did was to obtain from the drunken tenor the legal right of an adoptive father over the child Eva.

The indulgence of any great passion, even envy hatred, or regret, becomes eventually a source of intense delight, and the more so the more this indulgence is imaginative and intellectual. Col. Bentham, up to the present time, after gazing upon this portrait, would tumble and grow pale, his brow would gather a sweat, his hands would become clenched. But this excitement had sprung not from love but from hatred; his had been a worship composed of rage and exaltation conscious of their impotence, yet feeding on a vision of a future revenge.

There was a knock at the door of the colonel's room. His sister entered. Her perturbed manner contrasted with the calm, serene air of her brother. Penelope seemed to have been crying.

"You needn't mind the picture to-night, sister," said Bentham smilingly, and following her eyes as they

turned to the portrait. "I am a new man, and can look upon it with indifference now."

"What do you mean, brother?" asked Penelope, disengaging from her shoulder the black lace shawl, and nervously drawing off her gloves, as if to delay the discharge of some unpleasant duty.

"I mean that I have exchanged hatred for forgiveness. These many years I have planned a deliberate revenge for a cruel wrong that had been done me. For this purpose I kept Eva ignorant of her own history. It was my wish to make the sister of Marietta love me, and feel that only in me could she live and be happy. I educated her in refinement, and luxury, and in the most emotional form of art; I met her every wish, gratified her idlest whim. Then, when her love for me should be ripe, when she should have consented to be my wife, and looked forward to being cherished, honored, and protected by me, I intended bringing her face to face with this picture, enchantress with enchantress, the innocent with the guilty, and telling that I hated her because of the treachery of her sister whom she so marvelously resembled. I purposed after this turning her out of my house with a bare pittance to live upon."

Penelope shuddered, but not at the words of the colonel. She looked curiously at his face, which was radiant with fresh and tender light.

"I have relented," said the colonel. "Last night her beauty broke down my resolve and she triumphed over me by admitting with happy tears that she loved me. And now, Penelope, I wish to see her before she retires to-night, so that in your presence—"

Penelope grew white—whiter and more haggard than she was when she entered the room. She rose and laid her hand upon his arm. "Brother," she said in a sort of whisper, "Eva is not at home."

The colonel turned quickly and his eyes widened with surprise. "Surely she is not out alone?" he gasped almost emphatically.

"She has left us! This note was given to me at the carriage door; she must have slipped off as we passed through the foyer."

Bentham with a hasty movement took the fragment of paper. "Soldigo, the tenor—I know him," he said calmly, dropping the note to the ground, "and every capital in Europe knows him. Well, Fortune is a woman and a perverse one. I asked for revenge and she sent me a dream of love and peace; and now that I accept it as my destiny, she snatches it away and gives me my revenge instead. I will not quarrel with her; for if there is a hell on earth," and here his face changed with a gleam of almost exultation, "Soldigo will provide it for the woman that loves him."—Euphonia Wilson in the Epoch.

PROGRESS OF MINISTERS.

Those with Large Congregations Stand Still Intellectually.

"Farmton" says in the Advance: "I like to study the development of ministers, or the failure of ministers to develop. A good many ministers I meet not oftener than once a year. Such infrequency of meeting gives better ground for testing the progress of ministers than a frequent meeting. I have been struck by what seems to me to be the failure of ministers to develop in mind and heart. I find that several of them do not now speak as well as they spoke five or eight years ago. This decline, I think, is more common among ministers of large churches than of small; more common among ministers that have large relations with the public than among those who live more private lives. I infer, therefore, that the minister whose services are diverse and frequent has a much harder task to develop himself than the minister whose labor is more secluded. If I were to utter a word of warning to any of the popular preachers of the time, it would be, 'Your intellect will go to pieces upon the rock of popularity. At fifty-five, when you ought to be in your prime and still growing, you will be in your decline, if you do not give heed to yourself.'"

Learning the Business.

Dealer—Vat happen to dis hat? Small son—I vas snappin' it vif my fingers, like you do, to show a customer vat good stuff it vas, and it broke.

"Mine Cootness! You havn't got prains enough to sell beansus. Ven you snap a hat to zhow it can't pe broke, you must keep ven hand inside, so it not break."—New York Weekly.

The Absorbing Aborigine.

"Then," said Mr. Tenderfoot, thrillingly, describing his western adventures, "The Indians stole upon us!"

"And what did they do?" breathlessly asked a friend.

"Then they gradually stole everything else!"—New York Herald.

Made a Dog Laugh.

"That article you had in last week's paper was the funniest thing I ever read," said a lady to an editor.

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"Oh, not at all. It would make a dog laugh. I thought my husband would split his sides."—Arkansas Traveler.

A GETTYSBURG HEROINE.

She Baked Bread for the Soldiers While the Battle Was on.

In his reminiscences of Gettysburg, Gen. Henry W. Slocum narrates this interesting incident:

"We called at the house which has always been an object of interest to all who visit this field. Near the line occupied by the brigade under command of Gen. J. B. Carr, of Troy, N. Y., stands a little one-story house, which at the time of the battle was occupied by a Mrs. Rogers and her daughter. On the morning of July 2, Gen. Carr stopped at the house and found the daughter, a girl about 18 years of age, alone busily engaged in baking bread. He informed her that a great battle was inevitable, and advised her to seek a place of safety at once. She said she had a batch of bread baking in the oven, and she would remain until it was baked and then leave. When her bread was baked, it was given to our soldiers, and devoured so eagerly that she concluded to remain and bake another batch. And so she continued until the end of the battle, baking and giving her bread to all who came. The great artillery duel which shook the earth for miles around did not drive her from her oven. Pickett's men who charged past her house found her quietly baking her bread and distributing it to the hungry. When the battle was over her house was found to be riddled with shot and shell, and seventeen dead bodies were taken from the house and cellar; the bodies of wounded men who had crawled to the little dwelling for shelter. Twenty years after the close of the war Gen. Carr's men and others held a grand reunion at Gettysburg; and learning that Josephine Rogers was still living, but had married and taken up her residence in Ohio, they sent for her, paid her passage from her home to Gettysburg and back, and had her go to her old home and tell them the story which they all knew so well. They decorated her with a score of army badges, and sent her back a happy woman. Why should not the poet immortalize Josephine Rogers as he did Barbara Fritchie?"

The Song That Reached Their Hearts.

A gentleman who was recently at a small-hour banquet relates: "It is astonishing how many business men are good singers. You will find more men who can sing than you will find women. At the affair of which I speak there were representatives from nearly every foreign country, our own countrymen, of course, predominating. And most of those present were singers. A young student from Heidelberg gave us in his native tongue, 'The Watch on the Rhine,' for which, of course, he received the customary recognition. An Englishman sang 'Annie Laurie,' an Irishman 'The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Hall,' and a Frenchman the 'Marseillaise.' Each one of these songs was well rendered as I ever heard it, and I know they were all appreciated. Then some one gave us 'America.' It didn't quite hit, in some way. A young man with one of those ringing tenor voices started the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' Before he reached the chorus every man was on his feet, and each one was waving his napkin, and each one was singing with all his might. They went over it again and again, and I never heard such singing in my life. That was the song that reached their hearts."—Philadelphia Press.

Jay Gould's Pointer on Stocks.

L. A. Towne, a wealthy man of Austin, Tex., tells this little story: "I got my start in life through Jay Gould. I was a porter in a hotel at Greenwood lake where Jay Gould used to stop, and the financier took a fancy to me somehow. One day just as he was starting to New York I said to him: 'Mr. Gould, I have saved up \$200 and I would like to increase it in the next few months and go West and invest it.' Gould looked at me sharply a moment and then whispered in my ear, 'Buy Erie.' I bought Erie and cleared over \$1,000 on the investment. The next time Gould came to the lake he asked me if I had followed his instructions. I told him that I had. 'Sell it at once and keep your promise about going West,' said Mr. Gould. That night I telegraphed an order for the sale of my stock and the next time Jay Gould visited Greenwood lake his favorite porter was missing. He had gone West, bought a ranch and he has grown up with the country."—N. Y. Tribune.

Why She Keeps Still.

"That woman at the corner of the table is very silent, isn't she?"

"She has a good reason to be. Any woman under her circumstances would do the same."

"Oh, what is it, James; what's the reason?" pleaded Mrs. Botticous, who dearly loved a scandal.

"Why, she's deaf and dumb."—Philadelphia Times.

Didn't Do Him Any Good.

A—You should marry. Woman exerts a refining influence on man. What you need is a wife.

B—Are you married?

"O yes; I've been married twenty years."

"Why hasn't you and your wife been living together all these years?"—Texas Sittings.

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