

THE HEARTHSTONE.

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

"The cornerstone of the republic is the hearthstone."

What is it?

A conundrum for the boys and girls who read THE FARMER'S ALLIANCE. A vast monopoly it stands, On Mississippi's treacherous sands, It takes the produce of Nebraska's plains, It takes Dakota's fields of grain, It takes the wealth of Colorado's mines, It takes the grapes from California's vines, It takes the golden russets brown, That are grown on Hoosiers yellow ground, If you will call upon the Buckeye state, You will find she shares her sisters fate, It takes the Keystone's coal and oil, It takes the produce of its rocky soil, They fought it off from Kansas plains, But still it takes their fields of grain, From the Atlantic to the golden gate, It takes something from each middle state, It takes the wealth of western plains, It takes their fields of shimmering grain, It takes the corn bolts golden corn, It empties southern plenty's store, In each northern state it bears its load, It is the worst of all combines.

Mrs. L. D. SAUNDERS.

ELGIN, Neb.

Extract from Miss Willard's address before the National Council of Women:

Nature belongs equally to all men; labor is the intelligent and beneficent reaction of man upon nature. His daily labor, then, is the natural equivalent he furnishes for food and clothing, and it is the supreme interest of the state to prepare the individual to put forth his highest power. This is the socialism of Christ. There is no devil's delusion so complete as that blue-blood is the best. Blue veins are but the symptoms of poor health, and he who has poor health is poor indeed. Bye-and-bye the white hand will be a badge of inferiority, while the brown hand of self-help will be the hand of holiness. Women, as a class, have been the world's chief toilers. But the value put upon their work is illustrated in the reply given by an ancient Seneca to one of our White Ribboners in Florida where she saw oxen grazing and a horse roaming the pasture, while two women were grinding at the mill. Turning indignantly to the old Indian chief, who sat by, she said: "Why don't you yoke the oxen or harness the horses and let them turn the mill?" His answer contains a whole body of evidence touching the woman question. Hear him: "Horse cost money; ox cost money; squaw cost nothing." Each person in a community is estimated according to his relation to the chief popular standard of value. To-day money is that standard. Hence the emancipation of women must first come along the industrial lines. She must, in her skilled hand and hands, represent financial values.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Lancaster Co. Alliance, Feb. 20, 1891.

WHEREAS, An All Wise Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst by death our beloved brother in the good work of humanity, Moses Brinton of Oak Valley Alliance, No. 1354, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Brinton that there has been removed from among us one of our best, most worthy and true members. That as a brother he was always true to our principles and earnest in the cause; that as a citizen he prospered by honest labor and by strict attention to business; that as a neighbor he was accommodating; as a friend always true, and as a husband and father was always loving and tender.

2nd. That while we mourn his loss to our organization we also extend our heartfelt sympathies to his good wife and family.

3rd. That the secretary send a copy of these resolutions to the family and furnish a copy of the same to THE FARMER'S ALLIANCE for publication.

J. V. WOLF, WM. QUICKS, H. POLLEY, Committee.

Books One Never Heard of.

There is no doubt that there are hundreds of books in circulation to-day of which the general literary public has never heard, books which have sold into the hundreds of thousands and brought their authors and publishers mints of money. These books are sold by subscription and never penetrate into the cities. They are sold to country families, sometimes a hundred in a single small village. Not long ago I came across the list of a subscription publishing house, which printed the number of copies sold of the books on their catalogue, says a well known writer. The figures were amazing. Of twenty-eight books not one had sold less than 50,000 copies, and several had exceeded 100,000. Yet I had never heard of one of the titles of the books. I recall the manuscript of a technical book on machinery being handed in once to a large publishing house. The firm declined it and it met the same fate at four other houses. Finally the author sent it to a large subscription house, and they snapped at it. The publishers who had rejected the manuscript laughed. But they lived to have the laugh turned on them. I saw the author's royalty statements on that book about a year ago, which showed a total sale of 70,000 copies of the book in three years!

Ethel—"Do you think there will be marriage in heaven?" Maud—"For your sake I trust so, dear. Eternity may furnish you the opportunity which time refuses."

"My boy," said the good deacon reprovingly, "do you know where little boys go who go fishing on Sunday?" "Well, most on 'em goes to do lakos. But's do best place."

Why he was bowed down: His noble form was bent; His brain was all a whirl; No sorrow bowed him down. He was only taking his girl.

A SLIPPERY SUBJECT.

THROWING THE SLIPPER FOR GOOD LUCK.

How the Custom Originated and What it Means—Something About Slippers in General—Turkish Sandals.

The origin of the custom of throwing the slipper after the bride seems to be much engulfed in mystery. It is a very ancient practice, and is said to be a relic of the old custom of opposition to the capture of the bride. By others it is said to have indicated renunciation on the part of the parents and relatives. The plucking off of the shoe was significant of renunciation among the ancient Jews.

Our present slipper, with its high heels and tendency toward rosettes and buckle garnishment and embroidery, has the touch of the Louis XIV and Louis XV fashions. With the scant ball gown of 1810 and 1815, slippers were worn low, without heels, in accordance with the general classic character of dress then adopted, and which went so far as to make the wearing of sandals the mode among some of the great dames of France.

The slipper for dancing at that period was cut low, made of very yielding material, and was fastened to the ankle by means of ligaments, which were crossed fancifully and carried high above the ankle. Some of the slippers were cut in a point at the base of the instep, the point directed toward the toe. This cut is becoming to a broad foot, and by means of a fancy facing may be rendered very much stronger, and be quite as effective by extending the lappets and the instep higher over the foot. We may choose our dress slippers from every style of every age to-day, and the shape of a slipper has much to do with the comeliness of the foot.

A very amusing custom prevailed in Western Asia of leaving shoes or slippers outside of the door to denote that the master or mistress of the house was engaged, and not to be intruded upon, a practice altogether too highly and delicately civilized to have remained lost to us moderns all these centuries. How much fib-telling would such a quiet custom spare us at the present day!

The Turkish slipper is a very popular fancy with our ladies just now. Thousands of them are selling. Made wholly of leather—red, white, tan, brown, blue, heelless, with that charming feature peculiar to East Indian footgear, the sharp-pointed, little, turned up toe, it is irresistible to the feminine fancy. These slippers come garnished with tinsel embroidery in gold and silver, and have fluffy silk pompons.

The Turkish slipper worn by the high class ladies, the Fatimas of Turkey, the sultans in the harems, has been described as made of white satin and embroidered in gold thread.

But why are we not cultivating a home industry for this fancy chassure? What has become of our ancient moccasins? Oh, no, our ancestors did not wear it, to be sure, but it was worn by those who were, perhaps, not so far removed from the Turks after all. Let us cultivate the slipper of Pocahontas, and with it a home industry which may be the means of saving some of our brave boys their scalps this winter, if report speaks truly, for the Indians are said to be starving, and, if their hands have not forgot their cunning, the making of moccasins may save them. The moccasin is a pretty affair, with its round toes and zigzag borderings and Indian bead work.

In boudoir slippers mademoiselle may be as unique as she chooses; although the conventional slipper is low and perfectly plain, it has always been in the boudoir that fine dames have indulged in individual caprice. The low shoe, with its fanciful lining of fur, is a very comfortable little article for chamber use, and reminds one of the "One, two buckle my shoe" period. It is also like a shoe worn by Grecian ladies, which was laced before and lined with fur of some animal of the cat tribe, whose claws hung pendent from the top.

It seems, indeed, quite manifest, from the variety of style and garnishment peculiar to the fashionable chassure to-day, that the American girl is quite as devoted to her pantoufles as ever a French woman was, and the latter's passions for balls and ball slippers is proverbial.

Short on Family Names.

One of the oddities of fashionable society in Philadelphia, says the Times, which is puzzling to strangers is the number of young ladies met with and classed as belles who bear the same family name. Until recently it has not been considered good form to use, except in intimate intercourse, young ladies' first names, but now it is not only necessary, but there being daughters of different branches of the same family bearing the same Christian name, it has been found convenient to number them as in the case of young men, and such titles as Miss Arabella Rittenhouse II and Miss Regina Pedigree III are found on cards and invitations. This, of course, can not be carried out in introductions, and as there are at least twenty families with young ladies bearing the same name, though only distantly related, the effect at a large party is very confusing. For instance there are twenty-eight Miss Biddies.

A Reader of Human Nature.

Young Tramp—Here comes a well-dressed fellow down the street singing. "Ten thousand a year is my income clear." I guess I'll strike him for a dime.

Old Veteran—Don't do it; he hasn't got a cent. Strike this workman coming here whistling. "I've got fifteen dollars in my inside pocket," he's got it.—Puck.

THE VERY WEE-EST MAN.

A Dwarf Who Would Have Been a Beau, unless Had he Lived To-day.

Bebe is supposed to have been the smallest man who ever lived. He was borne by a peasant woman in Lorraine just 150 years ago, and was called Bebe because the first few years of his life he could articulate only "b-b." The day of his birth Bebe was smaller than his mother's hand.

Ten days afterward he was taken to the village cure, to be baptized, in his mother's wooden shoe, because he was too tired to be carried safely in her arms. During the next six months the same wooden shoe served as Bebe's crib.

When Bebe was about seven years old King Stanislaus Leszynski of Poland, who was then living at Lorraine, heard what a wonderful little fellow he was and ordered the child's father to bring him to court. Bebe, Sr., carried his son to the royal palace in a small basket. Stanislaus said at once that Bebe must become his court dwarf. Bebe's father was induced to accede to this proposal with a good bit of royal Polish gold, and Bebe was made a regular follower of the King's court.

At the time of his introduction to court life Bebe was just twenty inches tall and weighed eighty pounds. He never grew larger.

He had a sweet little voice, a good ear for music and nimble legs. He could dance and sing with the best of the King's courtiers. He was useful as a table ornament at all the King's great banquets. His most famous appearance in this rather peculiar role took place at a dinner which Stanislaus gave to the Ambassador of a great power in 1785. In the middle of the table was an immense sugar castle.

Shortly before the guests rose to leave, the door of the castle opened and a knight in full armor stepped out with a drawn sword in his right hand. All the guests thought the knight must be some wonderful automaton which the King had obtained from the skilled mechanics across the Rhine. He wasn't, however. He was none other than little Bebe. He walked around the table, shook his sword in the face of every guest, saluted the King and then turned back to the castle entrance, where he assumed the position of a sentry.

At a signal from the King every one at the table began to bombard him with small sugar balls. Bebe hurried at once into the castle, locked the door, mounted the tower and pretended to return the fire by setting off a lot of perfumed explosives.

In 1798 the Empress Catharine, of Russia, sent an emissary after him to the court of the Polish King. Late one evening when the royal palace was almost deserted, Catharine's emissary snatched Bebe up and stuffed him into the pocket of his great coat. Bebe screamed so lustily that he revealed the plot to the guard at the door. The emissary was arrested and Bebe was rescued.

Not long afterward Bebe accompanied Stanislaus to the court of Louis XV, in Versailles, where he again narrowly escaped abduction. A lady of the French court had been holding him in her lap between the course of a state dinner. Suddenly she rose to leave the room. Her first step was accompanied by a shrill cry from the folds of her gown. "Your Majesty, Your Majesty, this lady has stuck me in her pocket and is running away with me."

The voice was Bebe's. He was immediately dragged from the court lady's pocket and placed under the guard of two pages, who were instructed by the King Stanislaus to watch him day and night.

The perils through which he had passed and the strict surveillance to which he was now subjected depressed Bebe's spirits and demoralized his servous system. He became melancholy, morose, round-shouldered and haggard.

The King thought he needed a companion to cheer him up, and the referee married him, with great pomp and ceremony, to Therese Souvray, a dwarf of about his own age and slightly greater stature. That was the last drop in Bebe's cup. Two weeks after his marriage he lost his mind. He ceased to talk entirely, ate little, and spent most of his time in his crib.

His honeymoon was hardly up when he died, at the age of 21. His wife, Therese, survived him forty-two years.

The Prince of Naples.

Of the prince of Naples little is known as yet, except that he adores his parents, and especially his mother, and is adored by her in return. She has nurtured him in the best traditions of his house, and one anecdote in especial about this has become a favorite theme for poetry and picture throughout Italy. Having gone to visit Palermo in company with her boy, it happened that on the return journey to Naples a great storm arose, and the commander feared for the safety of his precious freight. He consulted with the officers as to whether they had not best put back. It was decided to lay the matter before the queen and abide by her decision. She happened to have in her hand a paper. Rapidly, without hesitation, she wrote on it the words, "Sempere avanti Savoia," passing it on to the captain.

Pretty stories are told of the prince—how in his childhood he saved up his pocket money in order to buy his mother trinkets. He is a shy, retiring youth, who has developed late, but of whose heart and intelligence all who know him speak highly.

Like his father, he is frank of speech, and often narrates tales of the home-life. Here is one. The king, in contrast to the queen, is quite inartistic in his tastes, and above all, has no ear for music. Of late the queen has found it useful to wear glasses in order to read. These glasses annoy the king, who, when he sees them going up, says at once, "Margherita, put down those glasses." "Mamma does not obey," says the prince. Then papa says, "Margherita, if you don't take off those glasses I shall sing." And mamma has such a dread of papa's false notes that she obeys at once to save herself from that torment.

His tutors praise his application; his

military teachers his zeal and strict fidelity to duty. In appearance he resembles his mother, and like her he has the peculiarity of being short-legged, which makes him look when seated taller than he really is. Since his late journey to various European and eastern courts he has developed more independence and has also come more to the front. There is every reason to hope and think that he will prove an unworthy scion of that most ancient and honorable house of Savoy from which he has sprung, and that when his time arrives he, too, will do his duty as Italy's king.

LAKE DWELLERS IN AFRICA.

Thousands of Hacks who Rear Their Huts on Piles in the Denham Waters.

Much attention was recently called to the region around Kotonou, on the Gulf of Guinea, near which place several hundred of the women warriors of the King of Dahomey were killed in battle by the French troops. One of the most interesting features of this region is the large native villages and towns that have been built in the water. The inhabitants many years ago took this means of trying to escape from the terrible raids of the King of Dahomey. Many hundreds of people were actually driven by the powerful King into the water. It happens that the Dahomians are very superstitious about traveling in canoes or crossing streams, and the fugitives took advantage of this fact to secure protection for themselves.

On any good map one may see the "Denham waters" near Kotonou. This is the home of these lake dwellers. The towns have each a population of from 200 or 300 souls to as many thousands. Physically the people are fine and healthy specimens of Africans, and as a rule they are free from disease. Gov. Moloney of Lagos says the houses are built upon piles or straight branches of hard wood three to six inches in diameter. They are driven into the bottom of the lake. The upper ends are secured by cross pieces, on which are laid a bamboo flooring, two-thirds or one-half of which is covered in by a house. The uprights of the house are fixed first and secured below the platform to the supporting piles. The roof frame is next made on the platform, and is covered with grass or bamboo leaves, and raised to its position. The remaining portion of flooring is used as a veranda. In the construction no nails are used.

These natives are fishermen and also a pastoral people. It is a curious fact that they keep cattle in pens adjoining their houses built on piles over the water like their dwellings. Sometimes during the dry season the shallowness of the water admits of the cattle being allowed to wander on terra firma; but fodder is brought in canoes to many less fortunate animals which are compelled to eke out their existence in these pens surrounded by water until such time as they are tethered and transported by canoe to the butcher.

The present natives are still in dread of the Dahomians, but even if this fear no longer existed it is probable that the habit which they and their fathers before them have long followed would lead them to prefer these aquatic residences. It is not known how many lake dwellers there are, but it is supposed there are at least 10,000 of them among the various tribes whose huts cover the Denham waters. Once in a while these tribes make war on one another, and they conduct their fighting in canoes, capable of holding two or three persons, and their weapons are guns, harpoons, spears and clubs.

In some other parts of Africa, particularly in the Congo basin, the habit of dwelling in huts sustained on piles in lakes or rivers is very largely followed, and perhaps a million or two of the people of Africa are still perpetuating the phase of life of which we have relics in the remains of the lake dwellers of the pre-historic era.

His First Trip to Town.

Abner Dunggrass, from away up beyond the White Mountains, had penetrated to the Hub. It was Abner's first visit to the city—in fact, his first trip away from home, says the N. Y. Ledger.

A relative, doing business in the metropolis, had spent the previous summer with Abner's parents, and in return for many kindnesses, he had invited his friends of the country farm to visit him in his city home.

And thus Abner chanced to be in Boston, and was now dining at a hotel with his host.

At first our countryman hardly knew what to do with himself at the wondrously laden table. His relative, observing his hesitation, whispered to him:

"Don't be backward, Abner; help yourself to just what you like."

By and by a gentleman sitting opposite directed a waiter to bring him a plate of ice cream.

The cream was brought and the gentleman set it down before him while he finished a dish of scallops. Abner looked up and saw the delicate-looking mass in the plate not far away. It was tempting, and he reached forth and took it. He had put a spoonful of the frozen mixture into his mouth, and was hesitating between surprise and delight, when the gentleman opposite rather abruptly and not very pleasantly spoke:

"Well, my friend, that's what I should call decidedly cool."

"Yas," responded Abner, innocently, when he had swallowed the frigid morsel. "It's about the coldest pudd' I ever tasted. I swan tew man! if I don't believe it's really teched with frost!"

Daughter (weeping bitterly)—"Oh, do have pity, papa, and let me and Edward be happy." Papa (a naturalist, replies furiously).—"What! You talking of matrimony when you don't even know how many vertebrae there are in the spinal column of a lizard?"

Johns—Very stupid girl, that Miss Wilpin. Smith—How so? Why, you see we were guessing conundrums the other evening, and I asked her what was the difference between myself and a donkey. Well? Well? Why, by Jove, she said she didn't know."

LINDELL HOTEL.



ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS.

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Table listing prices for various goods: White Grained sugar per 100 \$6 00, granulated " " 6.68, California Strained Honey per lb 10, Mpale Syrup in gallon cans 75, Corn Syrup in 2 " pails 75, Fine Sugar Syrup in kegs 1 40, Sorgham in kegs 1 30, 1/2 barrels per gallon 40, " " " " 38, Very fine California peaches per b 30, apricots " 30, prunes " 10, California dried grapes 7, Tomatoes beat per can 9, Coffee etc. at bottom prices, Flour per 100 1 50, Buckwheat flour per sack 1 1/2 b 45, Corn and oats chop feed per 100 1 25.

J. W. HARTLEY, State Agent, Lincoln, Neb.

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