

STATE ITEMS.

Falls City is to have a street railway. Baled hay is selling at \$10 per ton in Sherman county. Harvard's postoffice was destroyed by fire a few days ago. The Santa Fe company has shipped over 1,000 cars of ice from Superior. The citizens of Johnson are enjoying a series of Salvation Army revival meetings. An Aurora butcher caught fifteen rats in one trap. Rat-her tough on the sausage market. Several boxes of merchandise sent to destitute individuals of Chase county are reported lost. Moore wants a bank, hardware store, lumber yard and a livery stable. It has a newspaper. Five hundred and sixty-one cattle 440 head of hogs were shipped from Pender one day this week. Fullerton is now a city of the second class, with a mayor, police judge, and a paid fire department. Cattle being wintered in Garfield county are dying from exposure, lack of proper food and shelter. The citizens of Benkelman are enjoying a coal famine. Snow blockade and poor train service is the cause. Mrs. D. W. Anderson, near Aurora, committed suicide by eating a box of matches. Hereditary insanity the cause. Chase county farmers report their ground in excellent condition, and the prospects for a crop this season are good. J. T. O'Brien of Kearney was seriously injured about the face by an electrical explosion, while experimenting with a dynamo. S. J. Beebelder, a quack doctor, paid an Oloo county justice of the peace \$200 and agrees to quit practicing medicine without a diploma. Dick Merrill and James Howard were convicted of forgery at Falls City. Sentenced to sixteen and thirteen months, respectively. No more pre-emption and timber claim. The new law, however, provides for commutation or tree claims after having complied with the law for four years. The Culbertson Irrigation & Water Power company this week paid \$5,000 for labor, most of which goes to farmers in that vicinity. Twenty-seven miles of the canal is now completed. The irrigation convention at O'Neill Tuesday was largely attended, and the interest manifested was encouraging. Six delegates were chosen to attend the state convention in this city next June. The \$15,000 bonds for Loup City township have been donated to the Loup City Canal & Improvement company, and are ready for the signature of the chairman of the board of public works. The Allston Times has covered its connection with this mundane sphere and climbed the golden stairs. Its demise is attributed to starvation, a malignant malady that has terminated the career of many a Nebraska newspaper. —Dundy Democrat. Signal Agent Waterman of Hay Springs reports 33 inches of snow fall from January 20 to March 7, which is more snow than this country has had in the twenty-two months just preceding. This undoubtedly insures a big crop of wheat to all who sow. —Husville Sun. The prospects at present are anything but flattering to those who have turned their cattle out with the admonition to "hustle or go broke." With a foot or more of frozen snow on the ground; no grain, and hay selling at \$10 and more a ton, the outlook is anything but encouraging. —Chadron Advocate. Polk, Powderly, Powers. The above named gentlemen, says the Iowa Tribune, are now the corps commanders of the allied industrial forces of the United States. The first has command of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union; the second is the ranking officer of the Knights of Labor, and the third is at the head of the Farmers' National Alliance. Never before in the history of this republic; indeed, if in the history of civilization has such a force appeared upon the theater of conflict, or been marshaled for the accomplishment of any purpose. These organizations have themselves made known their purpose, issued their own demands and chosen their officers to lead them to battle. The day of compromise is past and nothing but unconditional surrender will be accepted. The allied forces propose, by constitutional methods, to move upon an enemy whom they know to be entrenched behind class law, the aristocratic senate and imperial federal judiciary, and a debauched public service. They propose to make an effort to rescue this nation from the grasp of the confederated monopolies, and they intend to do it quickly. It is a battle for the inalienable rights of man against the heartless exactions of the trusts, money sharks and cold, relentless corporate cruelty. Organized monopoly must now confront organized and deeply injured industry. Monopoly has provoked the conflict and the battle must be fought to a finish. The struggle must go on until, under human laws, the producer, the manufacturer and the distributor can live in security and harmony, and each be connected with his own. It must go on until the people shall have resumed their rightful and constitutional control over all the great instruments of commerce, such as money, transportation and telegraphy, and until man, without becoming a criminal or trespasser, can find standing room upon the earth, and be permitted to till the soil in security of his daily bread. Neither trust, justice nor human liberty have anything to fear from the combat just at hand. Ring the bell, hoist the curtain and let the drama begin. Griswold's garden seeds are guaranteed to be fresh, 140 S. 11th St., Lincoln.

THE MINER'S REQUEST.

How Jim Briggs Came Into Possession of a Comfortable Fortune. The other day we met on Kearney street an old-time Washoe acquaintance called Jim Briggs, says the San Francisco Examiner, whose usually well-worn miner's apparel was on this occasion replaced by a gorgeous display of velvet vest, check pants, red scarf, and ponderous watch chain, while his simple and honest face shone above these evidences of prosperity with the placid contentment of a full harvest moon. "Hello, Jim," we said; "glad to see you looking so prosperous. Must have struck it rich recently." "So I have," said Jim, and then as his tanned face saddened a little, he continued, "but I had a mighty tough loss, though. My partner, Ned Blumber—you remember Ned?—has gone up the shaft." "Dead, eh?" "Yes, I'll tell you how it was. You see Ned and I had a quarrel about two years ago. Don't matter now what it was all about. Maybe Ned was wrong and maybe I was, but all the same, neither of us would back down—couple 'er dam fools, you'll say, and so we were—and the upshot was that we parted and agreed never to speak to each other again." "And didn't you?" "No, sir; more shame for us, as we had been pals, thick and thin, for fifteen years together. Well, about six months after that Ned got a good gravel claim up on the Feather, where they've been turning the river bed, and he struck it rich—cleaned up high on to \$250,000 in ten months." "And how were you getting on?" "Oh, clean broke. Working up at Gold Hill for \$3 a day. Well, I was kinder sneakin' glad to learn of Ned's luck, for all we were out, but the next thing I heard was that he'd been killed by the bank's caving in on him. He lived just long enough to make his will. Well, the lawyers wrote as how Ned was worth just about \$220,000, and the will gave \$5,000 apiece to each of three distant cousins of his—he had all come out from the East when they heard of Ned's find—and the same amount to me, mind you, just as though we hadn't quarreled. But Ned allers was a 'contric sort of cuss, and the will provided that none of us should get the money if we attended the funeral. He didn't want anybody at the funeral but just the undertaker. The will said he had 'died lonely, and he wanted to be buried lonely.' Them's just the words—and I felt they were intended for me, sure. The disposition of the rest of the estate, about \$200,000, was provided for in another codicil, to be opened the day after the funeral, but we all supposed it was donated to a charitable object, for Ned had'n't any kins 'ceptin' the cousins." "Of course you staid away from the funeral?" "That's just the point. Somehow I felt so miserable and down-hearted—you see Ned was the onliest partner I ever had—that I determined to go and see him sent down on his last cage anyway—money or no money—and I did." "And the cousins?" "None of 'em went. Fact is that they were so disgusted at the 'divy' that they clear out down to 'Frisco to see about breaking the will. So I was the only mourner at the funeral. My friends all thought that I was fit for the crazy-house to throw away \$5,000 like that—well, I just couldn't help it. It turned out, though, to be the best lead I ever struck." "How was that?" "Why the next day when the main will was opened we found it really gave the entire balance of the clean-up to which ever of us four disobeyed the condition for the \$5,000 bequests. So you see I came in for the whole lump just like a knife. And do you know," continued the legatee, as sure as gun's iron I shall allers believe that Ned put up the whole job a purpose—'cause he knew I'd be thar!" Causes of Dyspepsia. "When it is said of a man he is a dyspeptic, people wonder if his wife writes novels or votes," says the Atchison Globe. After reading the above paragraph I interviewed the wives of three of the worst dyspeptics I know, says Mary E. Donley in the Woman's Standard. The first one has seven children. She said: "I am so busy with my household duties, for John never thinks of hiring a day's help for me, that I do not go to church more than once or twice a year, and never think of taking time to read, not even a chapter in the Bible." Wife second has eleven children and has devoted so much of her time to cooking that she has not been to the county seat of her county in fifteen years and has forgotten how to write her own name. Dyspeptic third has a wife who has been beautiful, is refined and educated. He is a beastly drunkard. When I asked her if she read much and what she thought about suffrage for women, she replied: "I don't read much, and have so little heart or mind left after twenty-five years of sorrow and care, I don't care much for what goes on around me, but if voting means less drunkenness, less heartaches, less sorrow and woe, I say I'll vote no time in securing the ballot for women." From the Post. Mrs. St. Clus (visiting her son at Harvard)—Who is that coarse, horrible-looking female over your mantel? Mr. St. Clus, Jr.—Oh, that's a little thing Grandma Niles sent me. I believe she said it was you, when you were a little girl.

Notice.

To all Subordinate Alliances of Frontier county. The regular meeting of the Frontier County Alliance will be held in Stockville on March 25th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. All presidents of Subordinate Alliances are urgently requested to be present. Business of importance. Visiting brethren are invited. M. T. WARD, Secy. Lecturer's Appointments. B. F. Pratt, Ass't. Lecturer of the State Alliance, has made the following dates, and will meet with the county Alliances as follows: Saline " " March, 2. Gage " " " 4. Johnson " " " 6. Pawnee " " " 9. Richardson " " " 11. Nemaha " " " 15. Otoe " " " 16. Some of the appointments were to have been filled by O. Hull, State Lecturer, but he has taken another route. O. Hull, lecturer of the State Alliance, has made the following dates, and will meet with county Alliances as follows: Dodge " " March, 2. Burt " " " 5. Thurston " " " 7. Wayne " " " 10. Stanton " " " 12. Cuming " " " 14. Butler " " " 19. Polk " " " 21. Hamilton " " " 24. Hall " " " 29. Buffalo " " " 28. Adams " " " 31. Clay " " " April, 2. Kneekolls " " " 4. Thayer " " " 7. Jefferson " " " 9. We call attention to the advertisement this week of the Bazar. Everything must go and at a sacrifice. Our readers may as well have advantage of the bargains as they go. A bright boy wanted in every school district and town in Nebraska, to nail up signs, distribute circulars, etc. A permanent position and good wages will be given to the boy that sends best references with stamp. UNION DISTRIBUTING AGENCY, 1215 O street, Lincoln, Neb. See A. N. Wycoff for Havelock property. AN INDIANA EXCHANGE. How Matrimonial Differences Can Easily Be Arranged. The great struggle for matrimonial adjustment goes on. The latest case of interest is reported from that home of easy matrimonial adjustment, the state of Indiana, and while not altogether a success as yet, will no doubt end to the satisfaction of those involved. Frank Helms lives at Williamsburg and Daniel Smith at Carlos City. They met recently in the Farmers' Home hotel in Columbus. They were not acquainted, but in the evening, after abusing the government for an hour or so and telling about the hardest winter they ever remembered, their conversation drifted to the subject of wives. Each announced, as a matter of course, that he was dissatisfied with his wife. Smith's grievance was that his wife lacked energy and decision of character. She was too meek and mild and not a woman calculated to grapple with the stern realities of life in Indiana and come out victorious. Of course, Smith admired a woman of exactly the opposite temperament. "What I like in a woman," said Smith to Helms, "is life and get-up-and-get. I want her to have a mind of her own, and a temper of her own, too, for that matter, and to be able to bring a little stir and pop into a household. I admire pop, but there is no pop in my family. What I want is pop with two big P's and a sizable O." Helms looked at Smith a moment and said he was not a worshiper of that kind of woman, though he had one for a wife. What he admired was mildness and serenity in a woman. He liked these clinging, helpless, vine-like women. "But," he said, looking at Smith closely, "if you are hunting for pop, you want my wife. She will bring pop into your house with circus-poster letters a foot high. She is all pop, and last week she chased a tramp out of the yard and hit him with an old wheelbarrow handle when he jumped over the garden gate so you could hear the crash a hundred yards. Helms carried one of his arms in a sling and as he nursed it he continued eloquent on the subject of his wife's great force of character. She always got up, he said, at 5 o'clock in the morning and was master of the situation till 11 at night. It was all a man's life was worth to "track in" mud on her kitchen floor. He had lived with her seventeen years and had never yet dared to tell her that her cooking was not so good as his mother's, though that was his honest opinion. Her cooking looked good, but it didn't have the taste that his mother's had. When Helms finished Smith's face glowed with satisfaction. He extended his hand and said: "That's the woman I want. Let's swap. Helms took the proffered hand and replied that he would be only too glad to do so. Smith agreed to throw in four children and a small farm and Helms said that he would put in the same number of children and a house and lot in Williamsburg. They went out together and hunted up Justice of the Peace Rush and requested him to draw up the necessary papers to make everything legal and binding. Judge Rush put on his spectacles and hunted through his library two hours. Then he laid the book down and told the disappointed men that the exchange could not be made. They withdrew and decided to each apply at the next term of court for a divorce on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment and then to marry according to the first agreement. Each has retained a lawyer and no doubt the programme will be carried out. The women are said to be also honestly in favor of the arrangement.

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ONE OF THE LARGEST STORES IN THE STATE. We are always glad to show goods and give prices and would be pleased to have you call when in the city. WE ISSUE A CATALOGUE Which will be forwarded on application. HARDY & PITCHER, 209, 211, 213 S. 11th St. LINCOLN, NEB.

Call at Griswolds for field garden and tree seed, 140 So. 11th St., Lincoln. The Result of a One Inch Ad. In The Farmers' Alliance. F. G. Yule of Lincoln, Neb., requests us to announce that he has sold all his surplus stock of Thoroughbred Light Brahmas, and can fill no more orders. Farm For Sale. A good 80 acre farm, 4 miles from the county seat, can be bought, now, on easy terms, for \$200 less than was offered in cash for it a year ago. Address, P. O. Box 202, Hebron, Nebraska. Never Injures Stock. Stock is never injured when spayed with a picket and wire fence. The Garrett Fence Machine, this fence is in successful operation in every State and Territory in the U. S. and seems to be a universal favorite. Address S. H. Garrett, Mansfield, O., for catalogue giving full description of machine, and also wholesale prices of wire, pickets, etc., which he sells at wholesale prices direct to farmers. Removal Notice. The Chevrouts have removed their restaurant from 129 S. 12th St. to 319 N. 9th St., and are now open again for business. Being near the corner of Hay Market square, also near the corner of P st., between the two hotels and on the thoroughfare to and from the depot their location is convenient both to the traveling public and the farmers who hitch on the square or put up at the surrounding barns. After April 1 we shall be open day and night with good meals or lunches at reasonable prices. All are invited to call. 39-4t. V. A. CHRYMONT, M. E. CHRYMONT, Proprietors. For Sale, Trade or Rent. A fine section of land, 2 1/2 miles north east of Homerville, Gosper county, Neb. 240 acres under plow, 400 acres under fence, 250 acres in blue grass pasture, two story seven room house, good sheds, granary, corn cribs, barns, correls, windmill fixed for pumping or grinding feed and all necessary out buildings for farm and stock purposes; 300 barrel cistern and 700 feet of water piping. All in good shape, would make one of the finest stock farms in Neb. Address, H. S. BALL, 1033 N St., Lincoln, Neb. Homes and Irrigated Farms, Gardens and Orchards in the Celebrated Bear River Valley on the Main Lines of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific R. R. near Corrine and Ogden, Utah. Splendid location for business and industries of all kinds in the well known city of Corrine, situated in the middle of the valley on the Central Pacific R. R. the lands of the Bear river valley are now thrown open to settlement by the construction of the mammoth system of irrigation from the Bear lake and river, just completed by the Bear River Canal Co., at a cost of \$3,000,000. The Co. controls \$100,000 acres of these fine lands and owns many lots and business locations in the City of Corrine, and is now prepared to sell on easy terms to settlers and colonies. The climate, soil and irrigating facilities are pronounced unsurpassed by competent judges who declare the valley to be the Paradise of the farmer, fruit grower and stock raiser. Nice social surroundings, good schools and churches at Corrine City, and home markets exist for every kind of farm and garden produce in the neighboring cities of Ogden and Salt Lake, and in the great mining camps. Lands will be shown from the local office of the Company at Corrine.

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A quantity of Muslins, Sheetings, Gingham, Calico and all kinds of Dress Goods at closing out prices. Our Gingham at 5c, our sheeting at 5c, our Dress Goods, Challies, etc., at 5c.

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