CELIA'S HOME-COMING.

Maidens, kilt your skirts and go
Down the stormy garden-ways,
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
Gather roses, gather bays,
Since our Cecil comes to-day
That has been too long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets—
Not a flower but grows for her!
Make her bed with linen sheets
That have lain in lavender;
Light a fire before she comes
Lest she finds us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands
By the leaping blaze at last,
Stooping down to warm her hands
All benumbed with the blast,
When we hide her cloak away,
To assure us she shall stay.

Cider bring and cowslip wine,
Fruits and flowers from the east,
Pears and pippings too, and
Saffron leaves to make a feast:
China dishes, silver cups,
For the board where Celia sups!

Then, when all the feasting's done,
She shall draw us round the blaze,
Laugh, and tell us every one
Of her far triumphant days—
Celia, out of doors a star,
By the hearth a holier Lar!

A RUSSIAN STORY.

It is the morning of the Epiphany.

The intense cold of the night has moderated, but the barometer still marks fifteen degrees below zero. From the tall steeples of innumerable churches the bells of St. Petersburg ring in the sacred feast. In an exquisitely appointed room of a palace, where tender lights filter through the golden shadows of silken hangings, sits a woman. Her attitude is one of repose, deep, unruffled. From the crown of her little flame colored head to the tip of her dainty shoe, she is a perfect bit of dame nature's art. If she were standing we would call her tall, but she sits crouching in her chair with all the abandon of a dozing tigress. She gives a little yawn.

"Ah! late as usual," she says aloud.

As she speaks the door opens and a servant enters.

"Captain Repine," he announces.

He follows quickly on the man's heels—short, thick set, with a dull Cossack face and kindly smile, wearing the uniform of an officer of the imperial body guard.

"Pardon, my dear Elisaveta. Have I made you wait?"

She gives her shapely shoulders a slight shrug, but watches him with contemplating eyes as he rattles on.

"Imagine, my beloved, I thought that I should not be able to take you to the races. I was so rushed at the last moment. Oh, but they will be superb! Never has the track been more perfect—hard as a rock, and not a flake of snow."

"Indeed," says the lady, languidly. Putting out a lazy, beringed hand, she draws back the curtain that hides her window. "It is superb," she assets.

"You know how difficult it is to accomplish that," continues the young officer, "with this cursed wind drifting the Ladoga snow. Still I must tell you that 500 men have worked at it. Brave fellows!"

"The journals say something of a three horse race—"

"Yes; the event of the day. But, come—"

"We have still an hour," she answers and motions him to a seat beside her.

"No, no; at your feet, always at your feet, Princess Veta," says the young man gaily, flinging his head back to better look into the opal-tinted eyes above him. With her little pointed chin against the rose of her palm she sits lost in a world of revire.

"Do you remember Sergius Hotzka?" she asks suddenly.

He shrugs his shoulders, accustomed to the willful wanderings of the great city's petted belle.

"How could I ever forget him?" he says in turn. Was there ever a man who left more ineffaceable traces behind him? He was an original madman."

"Original!" echoed Elisaveta. "Ah! what a cowardly word. Original?" she repeats, as though interrogating her own thought. The young man frowns slightly, but she goes on with calm retrospection. Only three years ago," she said, "and he appeared among us like some brilliant meteor; fabulously rich; astonishing the world with his eccentric prodigalities. Then all those clod-rooting swine, they deserted him when he was no longer wealthy."

Her lover's white teeth are like a wolfish danger signal as he turns to look at her.

"My dear," he says, coldly, "you can't expect the world to be faithful to a proscript."

"Proscript!"

"Exactly. They say that political complications were his ruin. At any rate he is banished from St. Petersburg."

"Then he is in Siberia?"

With all a soldier's diplomacy he says, indifferently: "I believe not. The peasants tell a story of a hermit of the Steppes, who mends kettles and plows for the farmers. Many believe it to be Hotzka, with the remains of his own famous stud."

"Farmers—kettles," echoes Elisaveta absently.

Suddenly she turns on her moody swain.

"Come, Alexander," she cries; "I can see the crowds gather from here. Quick—we must hurry."

It is scarcely a half hour later and the race-course presents a brilliant spectacle. The river Neva is now only a colossal roadway between two walls of splendid rose granite that line its quays. It is a mirror of polished steel. Stands, richly decorated with flags, occupy at least a quarter of the inclosure, and over a hundred thousand spectators surround the arena. In the center of everything a great pavilion draped in purple and gold shows that royalty is expected to take part in the city's festival. A huge figure in white uniform shows itself. The impassiveness of his countenance, with his eagle profile and small glittering eyes, is unmistakable.

"'Tis he, the autocrat—the Emperor of all Russians."

From the human hive mounts and swells a growing noise, cries, oaths, calls from the Kiza workers, all blend themselves in a formidable roar, "Long live the Czar!"

At this moment a rosewood sled drawn by white horses stops in front of the box nearest the royal pavilion. The president of the jury precipitates himself at the horses' feet and rises a young woman to descend. The tall figure, with its long, loose wrap of precious blue fox and its aureole of wonderful red hair, is well known in St. Petersburg. She is the Princess Elisaveta Palorna, the beauty of three seasons. Repine follows her. Under her little fur cap, with its jeweled fez, Veta's eyes look out, serene, impenetrable. A bell sounds, and silence falls on the waiting multitude. From open gates stream a dozen or more horses harnessed to light sleds of gilded osier. They are pure-blooded Arabians, thick-set mustangs from the steppes, and highly-bred Orloffs with sweeping manes white and shiny as spun glass.

The people watch these preliminaries apathetically. They are waiting for the "piece de resistance," the three-horse race, with princes as drivers. Already four races have been run, the track is cleared and the 500 workers take up their task of sweeping away the powdered ice beaten up by the iron hoofs. Once more the gates open and three splendid bays appear with the same sled of gilded osier, but larger and more elegant. They are followed by three black Finlanders, with shaggy coats and tails that sweep the ground. The last comers are Orloff stallions, white and dazzling as the snow itself. Their short hair glistens as though oiled, and silver reflections shadow their smooth flanks and elegant necks; their mouths are black and their nostrils immense, quivering and roselined; their eyes, tender, yet prominent and full of fire, are circled by a sooty ring like those of the Asiatic women. They are the pets of the hour. There they stand, the nine superb creatures, controlled by a splendid discipline that does not permit the most timid pawing of their impatient hoofs, and with over two hundred thousand eyes admiring their matchless perfection.

Three sorry horses, emaciated and sad, splashed with mud and covered with a ragged harness, half string, half leather, advaced slowly into the arena, behind them trails a clumsy vehicle, made from the bark of a Russian fir tree and shaped like the Laplander's hunting sled. With drooping heads and dragging limbs the weary beasts come forward and place themselves besides their aristocratic predecessors. A cry of horror rises up from the crowd. Leaning back in her box Veta watches the late arrivals with fixed intentness.

The bell rings noisily. The race begins.

The bays sled by several lengths. The middle horse, an old favorite, lifts his feet with all the alluring charm of a star of the nation's hippodrome. His companions, brothers from the Don, thin and ardent, run without effort. After them come the Finlanders tearing furiously on the reins. Sufficiently in the rear to astonish their backers are the Orloff stallions veritable wonders of beauty and breed.

Finally, following at a long distance behind their royal leaders, are the three strange beasts with their Laplandish sled. They run irregular, and their little thin bells give out a melancholy sound. It is in this order that the sleds pass for the first time in front of the judge's stand.

Half-way on the second round the Finlanders fling out their sturdy heels with such velocity that they look like the halfcircle of a bounding hoop. They pass the bays. A quick swelling of their massive chests and they forge ahead.

"Hurrah!" shrieked the people, ravished with the success of their favorites. At this moment the unknown peasant straightens up his giant frame. Pushing back the heavy hat drawn down to his eyes, he grips the reins with an iron hand gives a curious prolonged whistle. His skeleton horses are strangely metamorphosed. As though in answer to some superhuman command, they give one gigantic leap and fairly fly. For a moment they run beside the white stallions.

"The Orloffs leads!" screams the multitude, then shudders.

Beyond the shapely heads of the city's favorites stretched six dark, pointed ears, to be followed by three heads with glaring eyes, and foaming blood-flecked jaws.

With her body stretched half out of her box Veta watches them with fascinating eyes. Her chest heaves, her limbs tremble, and her face takes on the anguish of the laboring brutes.

"Don't worry," whispers Repine. "They will lose."

They will win!" she answers hoarsely. "I know them."

"The Orloffs gain," says somebody in the next box.

"Ah!" groans Veta, and bites her lip to the blood.

Once more the peasant's whistles startles the still air, and with a prodigious effort his horses leave the others behind. Transfigured by the waking of their unknown blood, carried away by a secret ecstacy, with floating manes and sonorous breath, they rush on toward the expected goal.

They reach it—victorious—winners by three lengths.

For one long moment the people rest mute with stupefaction, utterly incapable of applause. They stare open-mouthed at the sordid beasts that have beaten the noblest blood of the land, then like one man they dash forward to look at them, to ask their race and the name of their uncouth driver.

As the victors pass Veta leans out to look at them. "I must see them," she says aloud.

At the sound of that voice the peasant starts. Lifting his head, their eyes meet. She pales, but that is all.

Months have passed, and the extraordinary event that astonished the Peterbourgeois is no more than ancient history. Nobody has learned the identity of the mysterious peasant. Many believed him a sorcerer. Others thought him a great doctor of some unknown science, whose powerful potion had galvanised the exhausted beasts. But it is all only a memory now. A new sensation is on the tapis.

All St. Petersburg is talking of the marriage of Prince Alexander Repine to Princess Elisaveta Palarona.

It is evening, and Veta, stands for the first time in her husband's home. She is alone on a great veranda that half circles the palace. She still wears her wedding dress, and the stones of a diamond tiara sparkles in her hair.

"Mistress," says a voice behind her. She turns to comfort her husband's faithful old servant. "Mistress, a present awaits you at the palace gate. Shall I lead you thither?"

"Yes."

She follows him down the steps with all the lazy languor of a fine lady who grants a favor; her long gown sweeps the dew off the grass, and the moonlight mirrors itself in the soft curves of her naked arms and shoulders.

Presently she stops, stricken by a mysterious influence. A moment more and a strange sight meets her view. They are the winners of the Neva. With a wave from her hand Ivan releases. The horses whinny softly at the sound of her voice and nose her hair and face with doglike gentleness.

"Why are you here?" she whispers, a sudden catch in her throat that she stifles against the emaciated cheek nearest her.

From out of the deep shadow comes a trembling voice. "Why do you weep, Princess?" it says.

She sees him now for the first time, still in his peasant's garb and with head uncovered, low before her. It is a noble head, with splendid lines and a beautiful mouth, but worn and shadowed as those of the famished beasts beside him.

"Why are they like this, Sergius? The best racers in the kingdom could have brought their price. There certainly was no need to starve them."

"We have starved together, Princess," he answers gently.

"Then the story that the people tell is true?"

"Quite true."

With the skeleton creatures between them they are silent a wavering moment. Then, with a mute caress of their unkempt necks, he says: "Be kind to Sergius Hetzka's only friends. Good night, Elisaveta Repine."

"Repine!" she had forgotten that.

"Is it farewell?" she asks him blindly.

"Farewell!" he repeats.

The horses whinny piteously as the gates close close behind him; then turn with dumb, questioning eyes to the pallid woman beside them.

Brutes that they are, they tremble at the sight of that countenance, quivering and terrible.

"Wait," is her husky whisper.

With her face pressed tight to the iron bars she watches him turn an angle in the roadway; his footsteps die away in the distance; he is gone.

Flinging the gates wide open she says one word;

"Go."

A sudden rush, and they are swallowed up in the night.

The next day the newspapers contain a sensation.

Three wild horses have killed a prince's bride.—Translated from the French of Iolh Dorlian, by Nita Fitch, for Saturday Review.

NEVER SPOKE TO HIS WIFE.

A Connecticut Man Who Will Talk to His Brother, But to No One Else.

John Pratt, of Danbury, Conn., who shot James Morrow and was discharged on the ground that the shooting was accidental, has in all the sixty years of his life never spoken a word to any living person except his brother William. With him he converses fluently and with freedom, but always assures himself that there is no other listener within hearing. He has been married twice, each time his wife being a sister of his mother. His second wife is now living. No children blessed either union The efforts to entrap John into conversation have been many and ingenious, but never successful. His hearing is unnaturally acute.

One explanation of John's peculiarity is that his mother incurred the enmity of her husband's father, who lived with them. She swore that she would never speak to her father-in-law again, and she kept her oath for fifteen years, when she died. On her death bed her husband tried to persuade her to at least say she would forgive his father, but she would not relent. Three months after taking the strange oath John was born.

When John was about thirty years old a young married couple from New York spent the summer at a house near John's farm. The young wife was deeply impressed with the many stories told of her temporary neighbor and expressed a desire to be introduced to him. Her husband humored her whim and an introduction took place. From that time there was a marked change in her. She returned to her home in New York and in due time a son was born to her. That son occupies a responsible position with the government at Washington, but he is a deaf mute.

A Method to Determine Death.

The French Academy of Sciences ten or fifteen years ago offered a prize of £1,600 for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced might at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize. He had discovered the following well-known phenomenon:—

If the hand of the suspected dead person is held towards a candle or other artificial light with the fingers extended and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers towards the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the blood still circulating, it showing itself through the tissues which have not yet congested. When life is entirely extinct the phenomenon of scarlet space between the fingers at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation.—Tit Bits.

Two Kinds of Hotel Thieves.

The overcoat thieves who raid the hotels at intervals are abroad in the land again, and almost daily complaints are made by guests who have been despoiled of their raiment. A commercial traveler who considered one overcoat sufficient for his visit to Cleveland was obliged to borrow one from a hotel clerk yesterday, in order that he might mingle with the people and proceed with the transaction of his business. Hotel proprietors rarely report such thefts to the police, and compromises are made by settlement with the victims. At times the missing overcoats prove to be valued at extraordinary sums. Recently a guest who lost one said it was new, had cost him $80, and was cheap at that price. He finally compromised for $30. An investigation showed that the coat originally cost him $40, and he had worn it for three winters.—Cleveland Leader.

Some Curiosities of Science.

The important fact is established that the electrical resistance of a mummy is 6,000,000 ohms. The cranial temperature of the victims of Colorado is 1 deg. Fahrenheit higher than that of their less favored Eastern brethern. The human race annually absorbs 3,000,000 pounds of nicotine, one drop of which will kill a cat. A Birmingham gentleman carried a pea in his right ear for five years and seven months, when it was successfully removed by a general practitioner.—Medical Journal.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE YOUNG WILL FIND SOMETHING HERE TO INTEREST THEM.

Joe's First Temptation—A Little Thief—How a Little Beetle Got Something to Eat—A Zoological Game.

Joe's First Temptation.

Deacon Jones kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?

"Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fire-works and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the Fourth of July.

A great trout was flung down on the counter.

Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot. Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed each went his way for the night. But the nickle in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer; but walked rapidly; tapped at the door of Deacon Jone's cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read: 'He that covereth his sin shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." "You have my forgiveness, Joe; now go home and confess to the Lord, but remember you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live to remind you of this first temptation."—New York Mail.

Lincoln's Inauguration Car.

I wonder how many of our little readers can guess the fate of the car in which Lincoln rode from Springfield to Washington to his inauguration—way back in 1861? None, I dare say, for it has fallen from its once high position to that of a "sleeping or bunk car for a "Railroad Fence gang," which traverses the country in every direction, building fences along the various railroads. And you may be sure that wherever they go and this interesting fact is made known—and the men are proud to tell it—this car receives much attention.

So when this "gang" were building a fence on a road running into our town, Belmond, Iowa, and their cars stood switched on a side track—this one car that bore our beloved president to Washington on that momentous occasion, was an object not only of curious but loving attention.

The car, of course, looks somewhat antiquated, with its small windows, outside shutters—and other equally out-of-date belongings—more like an emigrant car than the palace couches that are now open to the common people.

On the outside of this car is painted the name of the fence company. Inside it has two double tiers of nice spring bunks accommodating some sixty men. Everything looked neat and wholesome—and so did the other three, dining, cooking, and living-room cars.

But I couldn't feel quite reconciled to the fate of this car—which, at this late day should, I think, possess enough historic interest to be preserved as a relic. Wouldn't it be very proper to have this car restored, if possible, to its original condition, and be on exhibition at the World's Fair?

How a Little Beetle Got Something to Eat.

The one I am speaking of is very small, and its name is Sitaris. There is a kind of a bee which makes cells in the ground. Now Mrs. Sitaris put an egg just at the entrance of one of these cells, and it was hatched one day in October. When the little Sitaris came out of its egg, he had six strong legs. He did not use them at once, but took a long nap until April, sleeping all through the cold winter.

When the spring came, he began to stretch himself, and ran anxiously around his little prison, looking for food. He must have been very hungry after such a long sleep.

Now the father-bees came out of their cells before the mother-bees, and when little Sitaris saw a father-bee coming out, he jumped on his back and rode on it very safely till a mother-bee came, and then he jumped on her back. By and by mother-bee laid an egg and little thief Sitaris jumped on the egg and sailed around, as if on a raft, in the honey which mother bee had left for her child.

But little Sitaris was very greedy, and there would not be enough honey for him and the baby bee, too, so he quietly ate up the egg first, and then there was plenty of honey left for him, and he ate and ate till he changed into a fat white grub, and did nothing but float on the honey, with his mouth in it, eating the whole time, till the honey was all gone.

Then he grew thinner and thinner, and after a little his skin all came off, and he changed so much in his looks you would not have known him. He kept on changing more and more, and had a great many very strange adventures all through the summer until August, when at last he became a full-grown beetle, and looked exactly like his father.

Gertie's Friends.

Lady Dufferin, in the sweet old song, has told us that

"The poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far,
The few their Father sends."

A touching "local" in the Detroit Free Press shows vividly enough the tender pity which the lowly feel for each other in sorrow and suffering. A passer through Clinton Street one day observed a little Irish boy hiding in a door-way and crying. A sympathetic inquiry brought to light one of the most beautiful stories ever recorded of the sick poor.

In a wretched cellar, a little girl ten years old lay very ill. The window panes were broken—it was march, by the way—and variously stuffed. For one pane the supply of upholstery had given out. The wind and the boys looked in easily. Just within range of curious eyes the cot of the sick child was stretched.

The gamins of Clinton Street discovered her plight. One little fellow dropped an orange through the broken glass; a plaintive voice thanked the unseen giver. Such acts of mercy became the fashion in that poor neighborhood. Every day saw the cubs of the street cuddling like cossets outside the window.

Wisps of evergreen, swept out of florists' doors, broken flowers thrown away, offerings of fruit with the decayed part cut off—every delicacy for the sick that the resources of Clinton Street afforded went through that broken pane. One little fellow begged a bunch of frozen Malaga grapes from a dealer, to whom he offered his ragged cap in payment.

One day the boys said, "Gertie is dead," and the street-boys became the mourners behind the hearse of the starved and frozen child.

A Little Thief.

Mrs. Plumb, across the alley, thinks her yellow cat, Buff, the most knowing cat in the world. I begin to think so, too.

I was sitting at my upstairs window this morning when the milkman came and left milk in a bowl on the table on Mrs. Plumb's back porch.

Buff was sunning himself under the table, and never opened his eyes till the milkman was gone. Then, as quick as a wink, he hopped up on the table and began lapping the milk, often stopping to look around at the window, as though he feared his mistress might see him.

Two or three times he seemed to think he heard her coming out, and he jumped down and curled himself under the table as if he were asleep. But no one came out, so he hopped up again.

He ate till he had enough, evidently, then he jumped down, washed himself, and lay down to sleep. Just then his mistress came out.

She looked sharply at the milk, as she took it up, and then at Buff. And would you believe it! that cat opened his eyes and began to stretch and yawn as though he had been asleep a week, then followed her into the house, mewing to beled!

Later in the day, when my window was open, I heard Mrs. Plumb say to her husband.

"We must get a new milkman. He cheated us shamefully this morning!"

Buff was near by, and seemed to me he looked as though he understood,—but he said never a word. Wasn't it too bad?—Youth's Companion.

Honor Mother.

There are few eminent men who have not said that their success in life was largely owing to their mother's teaching, and who have been proud to honor her. The following is one of the many illustrations of this truth:

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him, written when he was only twelve years old: "I would rather see you laid in a grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."

Not long before the death of Mr. Adams, a gentleman said to him, "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother.

"He stood up in his peculiar manner and said—

"'Yes, sir, all that is good in me I owe to my mother."'—The Dayspring.

A Zoological Game.

The names of all the company are written on slips of paper and put into a basket. Each person then chooses either a bird or beast, and writes its name on a slip of paper, its size and color on another slip, and its habits on a third; these slips are all to be thrown into three different baskets, appropriate for them. After this one of the party draws a slip from the first basket and reads it aloud; he then draws a slip from each of the other two baskets and reads them. There may be a great deal of amusement in the qualities that chance to be thus placed against the names of Brown, Jones or Robinson. The animals' names are left to the end of the game, when they and their various sizes and qualities and habits may be appropriately sorted.

"Foolscap."

Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is, but everybody does not know how it came to bear that name. In order to increase his revenues, Charles I. granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At that time all English paper bore the royal arms of water-marks. The Parliament under Cromwell made sport of this law in every possible manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and that the fool's cap and bells should be used as a substitute. When the Rump Parliament was prorogued these were also removed; but paper of the size of the parliamentary journals, which is usually about seventeen by fourteen inches, still bears the name of "foolscap."

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 Corinne, 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 Corinne, 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 schoos and churches at Corinne 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 Corinne. 39.f

Randall's Investment Agency, Rooms 16 and 17, McMurtry Block Lincoln, Neb. Bargins in Western Land. Bargins in City property.

No. 48—160 all fenced, 3 wires, wind mill, tank, 3 miles from Oxford. Price $8.50.

No. 45—160, 82 acres cultivated, 4 room house, granary, corn crib, well. Price, $1050, $250 cash, balance time 6 per cent interest.

No. 49—5 lots for $1000 or $200 each, well located in East Lincoln, ¼ cash, balance time.

No. 40—5 room cottage, 2 closets, china closet, cellar, coal house, well, corner lot 50x142, 1 block from car line, 1 block from school house. Price $2000 a great bargain.

I have some choice city property for exchange for farm lands or stock. I also have some choice land for sale on 10 years payment. House for sale and rent Come and see me.

I REPRESENT

A. N. WYCOFF

THE

REAL ESTATE MAN

And it will be to your interest to see us or address us if you want anything in our line.

Houses and blocks for sale that will pay more than 10 per cent on investment. 42tf Lincoln, Neb.

American Live Stock

COMMISSION CO.

Room 34 Exchange building,

IS CO-OPERATIVE AND SELLS

Alliance Stock.

CONSIGN TO

ALLEN ROOT,

15tf Care of A. L. S. CO.,

SOUTH, OMAHA, - - NEBRASKA.

H. R. NISSLEY & Co

Corner 10th and P Streets.

LARGEST STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Carpets, Groceries,

NOTIONS, SHOES, ETC.

Lowest Prices in the City.

Butter and eggs taken in at the highest market price, 41tf

CALL AND TRADE WITH US.

H. R. NISSLEY & CO.

Cor. 10th and P Sts., Lincoln, Neb.

ODELL'S

DINING HALL,

1121 N Street.

MEALS 25CTS.

Can serve 500 at a single meal.

NEXT EXPOSITION.

CARTER & BAILEY,

Commission Merchants,

825 and 829 North 16th St., Lincoln, Neb.

DEALERS IN

Butter, eggs, cheese, potatoes, poultry hay, grain and live stock.

Farm Produce a Specialty.

No Reference—First National Bank.

Telephone 420.....503 S. 11th St.

A. D. GUILE,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

Embalming.....43tf....Lincoln, Neb.

1/2 Of all the farmers in Neb. have heard of E. H. Andrus the land man. He is the man who ran for State Land Commissioner on the Democratic ticket in old times when there were only eighteen democrats in Neb. In fact he nearly beat Kendall He did not stop doing business but kept right on selling land. He sold over a million acres for the B. & M. and if there are any knock-down bargains in Neb. you can get full descriptions and a nice new map free by writing to

36 E. H. ANDRUS & SON.

800 P St. Lincoln, Neb.

Lincoln city property a specialty.

JENNING'S HOTEL,

ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS.

Rates $2. per day. Special rates by the week.

Corner 15th and Jackson Streets,

One block from motor line. 34ts

E. JENNINGS, Prop'r,

OMAHA, - - NEB.

Z. S. BRANSON,

LIVE STOCK AUCTIONEER.

PRICES RIGHT.

GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.

—Office over First National Bank.—

38-m2 Lincoln, : : : Nebraska.

A. M. DAVIS,

Leading Carpet Dealer

OF

—LINCOLN.—

Get his prices before purchasing elsewhere. He will save you money. 43

REAL ESTATE.

Farms for sale and exchange in all parts of Nebraska. Correspondence solicited.

DORR BROS. & BRANSON, 38m2

Over 1st National Bank, Lincoln, Neb.

HOMES BY THE SEA.

—ON THE—

INSTALLMENT PLAN.

Five and Ten acre tracts sold on small monthly payments.

NO FROSTS! NO BLIZZARDS!

Climats as Perfect and Healthful as can be Found.

No. 1 Orange, Lemon, Fruit and Vegetable land; overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. Ten acres of this land will produce more in value than 80 acres in the north. For full particulars send for a copy of Sub-Tropic. Address,

THE GROVE CITY LAND CO.

43 Grove City, Florida.

MEMOIRS

—OF—

WM. T. SHERMAN,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

with an additional chapter, bringing the story of his life down to date, and a description of its closing scenes and imposing funeral ceremonies; also an appendex by way of a critique of the memoirs and a personal tribute to General Sherman by

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

To bring this book within reach of all, at the request of the family, and especially for the benefit of the old soldiers, this cheap edition has been issued, complete in one volume, to sell for $2.00. Buy no "Life of Gen. Sherman" except the one written by himself with an apppendex by James G. Blaine.

Nebraska hotel, 8th and O St. B. SICKEL, Agt, for Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Business College

AND INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP.

Shorthand, and Typewriting, is the best and largest College in the West. 600 Students in attendance last year. Students prepared for business in from 3 to 9 months. Experienced faculty. Personal instruction. Beautiful illustrated catalogue, college journals, and specimens of penmanship, sent free by addressing

LILLIBRIDGE & ROOSE, Lincoln, Neb.

T. J. THORP & Co.,

Manufacturers of

Rubber Stamps, Seals, Stencils, Badges and Baggage Checks

Of Every Description. Established 1869.

322 S. 11th St., LINCOLN, NEB

DO YOU

Want to save from

25 TO 50c.

On every Dollar you spend? If so, write for our Illustrated catalogue, containing illustrations and prices of everything manufactured in the United States, at manufacturers' prices. 10,000 illustrations. All lines represented. Catalogue mailed free on application. Address,

CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO.

176 West Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.

THE PERKINS WIND MILL.

NO DOUBT BUT A FACT

THE PERKINS

Is the Lightest Running Wind Mill now Made.

BUY IT! TRY IT!

After 31 years of success in the manufacture of Wind Mills, we have lately made a complete change in our mill, all parts being built stronger and better proportioned and a self lubricant bushing placed in all boxes to save the purchaser from climbing high towers to oil it. The same principal of self governing retained. Every part of the Mill fully WARRANTED, and will run without making a noise.

The reputation gained by the Perkins Mill in the past has induced some unscrupulous persons to imitate the mill and even to take our NAME and apply it to an inferior mill. Be not deceived, none genuine unless stamped as below. We manufacture both pumping and geared mills, tanks pumps etc., and general Wind Mill supplies. Good Agents wanted. Send for catalogue and prices. 41-6m

PERKINS, WIND MILL & AX CO.,

Mishawaka, Ind.

Mention FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

TALLERDAY'S

Adamantine Wind Mill

Regulator

F. G. TALLERDAY

Poplar Grove, Ill.

The Garrett Picket & Wire Fence Machine

G. H. GARRETT, MANSFIELD, OHIO.