A DIRE FAILURE.

"I am your true love, Eloise,"
He said, as on his bended knees
He strove the maiden to impress
With record of his faithfulness.

She gazed upon the tufts of hair
His upper lip seemed proud to wear,
And noticing the foreign tint
The barber's art did there imprint
Replied, "Your lip the vow denies,
For 'true love,' Clarence, 'never dies.'"
—Boston Courier.

BETWEEN TWO ENEMIES.

During the second war with England, an American privateer cruised along the western coast of Africa, touching at different points to take in water or provisions, or chasing English vessels into rivers, bays and inlets. At that time American privateers were to be found in nearly every quarter of the globe. The American merchants had large interests at stake on the ocean, and they fitted out many fast-sailing privateers.

When one of these swift craft captured an English brig off Cape St. Vincent, the captain of the British ship exclaimed, "What? a Yankee privateer in this part of the world!"

"Ay, ay, sir, and they'll soon be found in the Thames," politely replied the Yankee captain. To this rejoinder the Englishman could only mutter aloud, "Extro'nary, extro'nary!"

The Yankee, a small privateer, in an eventful cruise of one hundred and fifty days had explored more of the western coast of Africa than any other American vessel. She had cruised all through the South Atlantic, threatening the British commerce with Colony, and then, following the shore, she sailed through the Gulf of Gunea, passed the Cape Verde Islands the Canaries and Azores, and finally recrossed the ocean and entered Newport harbor.

During this eventful trip in little explored waters, she had captured eight prizes, numerous prisoners, sixty-two cannon, and about three hundred thousand dollars' worth of property. She had also accomplished a great deal in exploring a coast that was as yet but poorly mapped out for mariners, and in bringing back to this country accounts of a land that is now exciting the interest and wonder of the world. Some strange specimens of plants and vines were also brought to America by the crew of the Yankee.

One extensively hot day the privateer was moving slowly before a light breeze, not far from the mouth of the Kongo river. The decks were scorching to the touch, and the awnings stretched across seemed to have no effect in intercepting the heat of the sun's rays.

The Yankee had not seen a sail of any kind for several days, and the monotony of the voyage was becoming unbearable.

About this time an English ship hove in sight, and a general stir among the crew denoted the interest they took in the discovery. Every sail of the privateer was set, and a chase began at once.

The English soon discovered that he was pursued, and quickened his speed. But the craft was old merchantman, rigged with clumsy and ill-fitting sails, and heavily laden with ivory, rare woods, shells, and hides.

Her progress was slow compared with that of the tree and buoyant craft that was pursuing her.

At first the English ship headed seaward, with the evident intention of attempting an escape on the wide seas. But the Yankee overhauled her so rapidly that this plan was abandoned.

Suddenly she hauled around, and changed her course, heading directly for the coast, a few miles ahead.

The captain of the Yankee was not acquainted with the rivers, bays and inlets along the shore. Very likely the captain of the English merchantman knew the place well. It was good policy to capture her before she could enter the mouth ot some river.

The chase became exciting. The sails were crowded on the Yankee, while the captain paced her deck excitedly. The crew stood at their posts. Every effort was made to increase the speed of the vessel; but it soon became apparent that the merchantman had a lead sufficient to enable her to reach the shore first.

"We're creeping along like a snail," said the captain of the Yankee, looking critically at the rigging.

"We're doing the best we can, sir," replied the first mate. "We have every sail set, and everything in order. It is the wind, sir, that is to blame."

The captain walked to the bow of his vessel and scanned the escaping merchantman. She was within half a mile of a densely wooded promontory, which seemed to jut far out into the water.

The English vessel was losing ground, but she was also approaching the wooded promontory.

"Is there a river behind that point of land?" asked the captain.

No one knew, for no one had sailed that coast before.

"Well, if it isn't too late we may cripple her. Get the forward guns ready, and aim high. Don't injure the hull, for I fancy she has a valuable cargo. But give it to the rigging hot and heavy."

Two long-range cannon were pointed over the bow of the privateer. In a minute or two they opened fire.

The top of the Englishman's mizzenmast came crashing down, carrying with it the heavy upper sails. Then the forward mast received two heavy shots, which tore it from its position, and carried it against the stout mizzenmast, where it hung swinging in the breeze.

The sails were tattered and torn; but the merchantman continued on her course, the English flag flying from the mast's stump.

The captain of the Yankee signalled for a surrender, but no answer was returned.

The firing was renewed, the shots this time being aimed at the big black hull, which loomed up as a conspicious mark.

"Sink her, sink her! Anything but let her escape," shouted the captain, aiming one of the guns himself.

But the merchantman continued on her course, and a few minutes later she rounded the head of the promontory and disappeared from sight.

Although crippled and badly injured, she was still able to stem the current and direct her course up stream.

The firing had to cease, but the anger of the Yankee's captain increased. His prize was out of sight, but it had not yet escaped.

"I'll chase them across the whole continent," he said; "but I'll have them!"

Presently the Yankee rounded the same promontory. A black, muddy river discharged itself into the ocean on the opposite side of the headland, all along the banks of which the clustering trees and dark, coiling, spiky undergrowth formed such an impenetrable mass that it did not seem possible for man to enter it.

The river had several small mouths; it was like a series of small lakes or ponds, separated here and there by dense lines of trees, bushes and grass. It was a place in which a vessel might readily escape an enemy, for she could run up one branch of the stream and be out of sight while her pursuer was searching near by.

When the Yankee rounded the headland no signs of the merchantman could be discovered. The captain studied the problem before him, and lost some time in coming to a conclusion. If he sailed up the river the merchantman might lie concealed near the mouth, ready to escape to the ocean when the coast was clear.

On the other hand, the prize might go straight up the river, and find some hiding place under the dense, overhanging banks, where discovery would be impossible. The captain weighed the chances well before attempting anything definite. He cruised back and forth near the mouth of the stream, keeping the ocean well in sight.

"We must leave a watch behind here to signal if she comes back while we are going up the river," the captain said to his first mate. We can leave several men on the headland, with a small howitzer to warn us. They can—"

The captain's words were cut short by a peculiar sound. From out of the woods a series of savage yells blended with sharp reports of fire-arms in an indistinct roar.

The chattering of the monkeys and the cries of the birds were hushed by these sounds. Every sailor on board the Yankee looked in astonishment toward the wall of trees.

"The shouts and yells continued, but the firing dwindled down to a few stray shots.

"Follow up the sounds," shouted the captain of the Yankee. "Let every man prepare for action. Keep the guns loaded and in position."

The prow of the privateer cut through the muddy waters of the river gallantly. A stiff breeze had sprung up from the ocean, and the heavy canvas was filled so that very good speed was possible.

As the boat proceeded the banks of the river closed in upon it. The river wound and twisted about so that the view ahead and behind was entirely cut off. On both sides was a dense African forest.

It was not difficult to fix the direction from whence the sounds came. As the Yankee proceeded they became louder and fiercer.

Suddenly, in turning a curve in the stream, the cause of the tumult became apparent.

The English merchantman, in her endeavor to escape, had tried to conceal herself in a deep creek that ran into the river. The interlacing boughs overhead, and the twining mass of leaves and vines on each side, afforded excellent opportunity for this; but unfortunately another circumstance had not been well considered.

A large band of African savages had been concealed behind the leafy wall. They had followed the ship up to her hiding place, and as she approached the land, they had rushed out of the bushes in a body, boarded the ship, and attacked the small crew.

The Englishman resisted the onslaught of the savages bravely, but on account of the suddenness of the attack and the number of the savages, they had been driven to the stern of their vessel, where they were unable to use their two cannon.

The battle was sadly one-sided, and the crew were anticipating horrible torture from their savage captors, when the Yankee suddenly hove in sight.

Although the vessel was an enemy, the hard pressed crew of Englishmen gave a cheer, and shouted for help. The savages were swarming all over the prize, but they hesitated a moment when the reinforcement appeared.

Then with one accord the blacks hurled a shower of arrows and spears at the Yankee.

The two heavy cannon upon the forward deck of the privateer were aimed at the crowd of savages, and when they were discharged dozens of blacks were swept into the river.

Again and again the guns were fired, carrying death and destruction with them.

The merchantman was finally cleared of most of the savages, and several sailors sprang from the deck of the Yankee and fastened a line to her stern.

The vessel was gradually hauled out into mid-stream, and the few savages remaining on board, becoming frightened, plunged into the water. Meanwhile, hundreds of other savages had collected on both banks, and showers of arrows and spears whizzed over the decks of the two vessels.

But the prize was secured, and the Englishmen saved from a horrible death at the hands of a race whom they believed to be cannibals.

The work of getting out of the river was a long, tedious and dangerous one. The savages, chagrined at their repulse, appeared determined to redeem their honor. They followed the two vessels, and at every turn in the river made a desperate stand; but the heavy cannon of the Yankee put them to flight.

Two or three large boats, propelled by oars and poles, and loaded down with black warriors, put out into the stream, and attempted to board the privateer, but again the cannon dispersed them.

Not until the mouth of the river was reached did the crews of the two vessels feel that all danger had passed. Then the wounded and dying were cared for. All the Englishmen were transferred to the deck of the Yankee, where they received medical aid.

The captain of the merchantman was only too ready to surrender to the Yankee's captain, and in so doing he said that he considered him a friend rather than an enemy. The common danger from the black savages had made the two enemies friends. The cargo of the merchantman was either transferred to the hold of the Yankee or thrown overboard, and the ill fated vessel then scuttled.
—Youth's Companion.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Lost Money—Margie's Charm—Development of Dolls—A Fair Warning.

Margie's Charm.

"What is it that makes everybody love Margie Fitch so?" said Jennie Howard, half petulantly, as she turned away from the window after having seen the elegant Mrs. Drayton, with her little daughter by her side, gracefully rein in her horse, take Margie in her handsome carriage and dash off down the street. "She isn't pretty nor stylish. Now what is it no you suppose?"

"I think I know the charm. Perhaps you would better set yourself the task this week to discover it," answered her mother, busily putting the sitting-room to rights.

The next day at school Jennie followed her like a detective. The first thing she noticed was Margie's kindness to Alice Ross, a shy new scholar, who stood quite alone looking wistfully at the others at their gay sports. Margie went over and made her acquaintance, and after a little urging the girl joined the merry group and was soon running like a deer and laughing with the rest. When school was called, Margie laid a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, smiled a cherry "Good morning," and received an appreciative smile in return. About an hour later, while busily studying, a smothered sob caught her ear. Looking about, she saw the new scholar sitting with her head bent forward with a hopeless expression. Up went Margie's hand for permission to leave her seat, which was granted, as were all like requests, for they were rare, and the teacher knew they were never of a trifling nature.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked Margie, sitting down beside her.

"I can't do one of these examples," she replied, dashing away a tear.

Margie took the slate, read over an example, and soon had it down correctly. With a little help at the right place the others were conquered, and the girl lifted a grateful face to hers as she thanked her.

On their way home a troop of girls were working off their animal spirits in a wild game of tag. Margie, in whirling suddenly, came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his hand.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Margie, covered with confusion as she returned the cane to him. "I'm afraid I have hurt you." And she looked up with frank solicitude in her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear," he responded heartily, pleased by her courteous manner. "Go on with your play and be happy. I am proud to doff my hat to so polite a young lady," which he did with a stately bow, and passed on.

"How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said a thing!" exclaimed one of the girls. "So should I," chorused the others.

There was a social in the church parlors that week. Jennie still hovered near Margie, learning a sweet lesson every day from her. As they sat turning the leaves of a hymn-book, finding their favorite songs, a lady paused to speak to them. Margie instantly arose and proffered her chair, which was accepted with a pleased smile after Margie had insisted upon it. The two girls started for the other room, where the young people were preparing for games. Just then Margie espied a solitary figure sitting in the corner. This was the deacon's wife, who was somewhat deaf. After a handshake and a sentence through the ear trumpet, people usually left her to herself, as the majority of the people mumble or speak too rapidly to be readily understood through the trumpet. Margie crossed the room to her and taking the trumpet in her hand, being careful to articulate so as not to make her affliction more conspicuous, she sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasantries and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

"You have been a comfort to me, my bonnie lass," said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet. "Now go play with the rest. I thank you, my dear, for the thoughtfulness of an old woman like me." And Margie went away quite happy. As soon as she appeared several voices exclaimed:

"O, here comes Margie Fitch! Let her be Ruth. Come, Margie, and be blindfolded."

Margie laughingly submitted, and a moment later was giving "Jacob" a lively chase around the ring. She always put her whole heart into everything.

"I think I have found out Margie's charm" said Jennie to her mother, the next morning. "It is because she is so good to everybody."

"Yes, that is it," answered her mother. "She is thoughtful, kind, polite and obliging. I think she must carry the Golden Rule very near to her heart."—Advance.

Lost Money.

It was a dark night, and down a retired street in Paris a man rode alone on horseback. Suddenly the horse stopped as if frightened. Then a man rose from the pavement, in the middle of the street, and jumped to one side with a cry. The rider was angry, and exclaimed, "Are you drunk, man, that you lie about in the middle of a dark street to get yourself run over?"

"You might better lend a poor fellow a hand than scold in that way," exclaimed the other. "I had three hundred francs in gold in this bag, carrying it to pay a bill for my master, and the bag is broken and it is all lost over the street. If you have some matches they will do me more good than your curses."

"It's no easy task to find lost money on a night like this," said the rider, dismounting. "I have no matches, but perhaps I can help you. How many of the pieces have you left?"

"Only one," replied the unfortunate fellow, with a sob.

"Give it to me," said the other.

The poor man hesitated, but the stranger repeated in a tone of authority, and the last coin was handed to him.

The stranger whistled, and a great Danish mastiff stood beside him. He held the coin to the dog's nose, and, leaning to the rough pavement, said, "Find them."

The dog sniffed the gold piece and began his search.

One, two, three; he began bringing in the coins and dropping them into his master's hand, while the poor servant stood in silent wonder.

Thirteen times he returned with a twenty-france piece. Then, after a long search he came back empty with a grunt that seemed to say, "There are no more."

"We are yet lacking one piece, said the stranger. "Are you sure there was just three hundred france?"

"Sure as sure can be, sir," the servant replied.

"Then look in the bag again. There must be one left there."

The man looked, and sure enough, found the last gold piece still there.

"Oh, sir!" he exclaimed, as the stranger sprang into his saddle, "you are my deliverer. Tell me your name, that my master may know who has done him such a a service."

"I have done nothing," said the stranger. "Tell your master that the one who helped you was a very good and intelligent dog, by the name of Joie."

It was some years afterward when France had seen troubled times and the Royal family was no more, that the master was telling the incident to a party of friends, one of whom had been employed in the palace.

"Joie! Joie!" he exclaimed. "There never was but one dog of that name, and there never was a more remarkable and faithful dog than he. He always accompanied his master when he went in disguise about the city."

"Who was his master?" they all asked.

The reply was brief: "The Emperor Napoleon."

Development of Dolls.

The talking doll is the lineal descendant of a rude and simple ancestry. We can trace its history, with that of civilization, by the figurines of Tanagra, and the ivory figures of wealthy Rome. By a comparsion of customs among the South Sea Islanders, we may satisfy ourselves that dolls were prized by children in prehistoric times.

The daughter of the savage makes her own doll, and invests it with all the graces and charms of form and disposition. Travellers tell us that the make-believe child of the little savage often consists of nothing more nearly human than an ear of corn in the husk, a long gourd or a cucumber, or even, in extreme cases of want, a fig leaf made into a roll. This she soothes and chides, and sings to, and interests with stories of her own telling.

The ivory doll of the Roman child was too costly for the ages that followed the fall of the Empire. For many centuries dolls must have been chiefly of home manufacture. The first shop-made dolls after the Middle Ages were the jointed wooden dolls of the Netherlands. These were known in England as "Flanders babies." These "Flemish beauties" are described as having had "round black heads, with a well defined blush on either cheek." They were of wood from crown to toe. Their legs and arms were jointed. The wig of brown hair was fastened to the head by a row of iron tacks.

Dolls of the latest pattern are now manufactured in great numbers in England and in America. Yet these countries still continue to import some of the cheaper kinds from Germany. The extent to which dolls are manufactured in England may be judged from the statement, made a few years ago in the House of Commons, that a manufacturer had had an order for five hundred pounds' worth of dolls' eyes.

A Zulu Woman's Mansion.

The Zulu woman is the architect and builder of the Zulu house, and the style of architecture is known in the colonies as "wattle and daub." It looked like an exaggerated beehive, for the Zulu mind has this peculiarity, that it cannot grasp the idea of anything that is not round, or eliptical in form. There are no squares in Nature. To build her house, the woman traces a circle on the ground 14ft. in diameter and getting a number of long limber branches, she sticks them firmly into the ground and then bends the tops over, and ties them with fibre obtained from numerous creepers, or "monkey ropes." Then she twines thicker creepers in and out of these sticks, all around the circle of spaces about 12 inches apart, and then taking wattle (a kind of coarse grass or reed) she thatches the edifice, leaving a small hole at the top for a chimney, and another hole three feet square, for a door. In front of this she builds a covered way, extending outwards about three feet, and the exterior of the house is finished by a coating of "daub" or mud. She then seeks the nests of the white ant, and digging them up obtains a quantity of white clay, which she beats to powder, dries, and then mixing it with water kneads it until it is quite smooth. This she spreads all over the ground inside the hut, and beats it carefully until it is quite hard and free from cracks. This floor a good housewife will scour twice a day with smooth stones, until it is like a piece of polished marble. The fireplace is near the door, and is simply a ring of this clay to confine the embers in one place. The other necessaries found in a hut are a bundle of spear shafts drying, some tobacco, and several bunches of millet hanging from the roof. Grouped round the walls are the three amasi (a species of sour milk jars, the native beer jars, and open jars holding grain. Of course, the dense wood smoke rising, coats the roof, millet, and tobacco with soot, and long "fingers" of it hang in every direction, but the floor will be clean enough to eat on, and as long as that is so, the social Mrs. Grundy of the Zulu is satisfied.

A Fair Warning.

Boy who is about to be punished by his teacher.—If you whip me, sir, it's you who will be the sufferer, and not I.

Teacher—How so?

Boy—Because you are not a strong man, and if you exert yourself whipping me, you'll get as weak as a cat.

ECCENTRIC TOLSTOI.

His Toilet, His Diet, and His Daily Round.

Count Leo Tolstoi reads, writes, and receives his friends in his bedroom. It is an apartment some fifteen feet square, without a carpet, and always underheated. In one corner stands an old green leather sofa, on which he sleeps under a single rug. His couch is quite unincumbered with a mattress, sheet or pillows. Near the sofa there is a pile of boot lasts, awls, knives, leather strips, and all other sorts of shoemakers' materials. Weaving machinery, half-finished cloths, pitchforks, picks and shovels lie in the wildest confusion all over the rest of the room, so that a stranger, suddenly set down in it, would think himself in the quarters of a peasant, a weaver and a shoemaker. The only thing to disturb his belief in the occupancy of the humble trinity would be a great case full of books, many in the most expensive binding imaginable, for, with all his simple notions, Count Tolstoi is a bibliophile.

The philosopher's daily life is occupied with all sorts of duties which a man of letters is usually supposed not to discharge. He rises at 5 o'clock, and for half an hour dashes ice cold water on his head, neck and breast. Then he draws on his cloths, which include only a blue checked jumper of linen, a pair of trousers and heavy ill-fitting peasant's boots. He never brushes his hair, and his apology for combing it is the thrusting through it twice of the five fingers of his left hand.

At 6 o'clock he leaves his room for the dining room on the second floor. There the count's guests and scholars, of whom there is always a burdensome number at the Jesnaja Poljana castle, are already assembled for tea. Their host never joins them in taking the great Russian beverage, however. He prefers coffee. The rest of the breakfast consists of white bread, fresh butter, cream, and a peculiar cheese which Tolstoi prepares with his own hands. Most of the breakfast party come and go from month to month. Three persons only are regular members of it year in and year out. They are the Countess Anna Michailowna and the count's two young daughters, Nadesha and Ljubow (Love). The conversation at breakfast is light, even to the point of frivolity. The daily news, the domestic affairs of the castle, and family matters at large are usually the subjects. Tolstoi chooses this style of topics, for he prefers to discuss his doctrine and his works only in his work room.

He devotes his time between breakfast and noon to cleaning stovepipe, polishing stoves, mending boots, shoveling snow in winter, and other like manual labor. From 12 to 1 he dines. His dinner as well as his 6 o'clock supper, consists of milk and bread as his breakfast. Count Tolstoi chooses this curious diet because he is a vegetarian. He defends the opinion that man has no right to kill and consume a living organism. The Russian painter, He, once asked Tolstoi: "Is not the vegetable a living organism?" The count thought profoundly for several minutes and then replied: "Well, in time science may help us to such an extent that we will not find it necessary to kill even a vegetable organism."

From 1 to 3 o'clock p. m., Tolstoi receives the calls of scholars and guests. He talks freely and deeply with all. He rarely plunges into conversation of any length, however, without setting out for himself and his visitor two glasses of peasant kvas of his own brew. Count Tolstoi's hours for writing are from 3 or 4 o'clock to 6. After supper he works at shoemaking a little while or sees his family, then gets out of his jumper, trousers and boots and crawls in between his rugs and green leather sofa for the night.—New York Sun.

JUST LIKE A MAN.

The Pathetic Experience of Mrs. Frontpew and Her Easter Bonnet

What a bonnet it was. The very band-box that it came in seemed to appreciate the value and magnificence it contained—such a substantial, well-varnished, responsible band-box. Up the steps the messenger carried it and rang the bell. Her husband felt a chill come such as that we experience when, according to the old gossips, somebody walks over our future grave.

It was Easter, and if one can't have a new bonnet after the Lenten deprivation and abstinence, when is one entitled to one, anyhow?

Mrs. Frontpew tried it on in the parlor and said her husband was a duck, and gathered the family around her that they might bask in the sunlight of its glory. And what a bonnet of glory it was! What a creation of creams and other soft colors! What a master-work of feathers and birds and flowers! To have one such bonnet was worth living a lifetime for.

Never was there a husband as good and kind and with such taste.

The door-bell rang again. Another messenger boy came up.

"This is Mrs. Frontpew's bonnet," said the messenger. "The other one was left by mistake. It should have gone to Mrs. Slyly, next door."

With a blanched face she gave back the bonnet and looked at her own. Bird for bird, feather for feather, flower for flower—it was the same as the other.

That is why Mrs. Frontpew was not in church on Easter, and why Frontpew has been taking supper downtown and looks like a man upon whom great woe is fallen.

How could he tell? The milliner merely showed him a pretty head-dress and he ordered one made like it.

But that's like a man.—San Francisco Examiner.

Weight of French Money.

A Frenchman, who evidently revels in handling large sums of money, has compiled some entertaining statistics with regard to the weight of a milliard of the French coin of the realm. According to him a milliard in silver weighs 10,000,000 pounds; in gold, 645,100 pounds; in 1,000 franc checks, 2,500 pounds, in 100 franc checks, 23,000 pounds. Assuming that a carrier could carry two hundred weight, 18 men would be required to carry a milliard in 1,000 franc checks, 115 men for the same sum in 100 franc checks, 3,225 men in gold and 50,000 in silver. A milliard in 1,000 franc checks would make 2,000 volumes of 500 pages each.—Boston Herald.

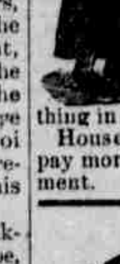
Homes and Irrigated Farms, Gardens and Orchards in the Celebrated Bear River Valley on the Main Lines of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific R. R. near Corrine and Ogden, Utah.

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 schools 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. 39tf

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 $850.
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 year 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.

H. R. NISSLEY & Co
Corner 10th and P Streets.

We have by far the largest stock of Boots and Shoes in the city suited for the **Farmers use.** This is one of the *special features* of our shoe. For **Thirty Days** we are making special cut prices to reduce our large stock.

In many lines of shoes the prices are from **50** to **75** cents under regular retail prices.

Orders by mail solicited.

Please state correct size of shoe wanted both in length and width to avoid mistakes in fitting, also about what priced shoe you want.

Orders of $5.00 and upwards will be delivered free at your nearest express office during this sale. 41tf

H. R. Nissley & Co

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

SALARY $25 PER WEEK.—WANTED: Good Agents to sell our General line of merchandise. No peddling. Above salary will be paid to "live" agents. For further information, address, CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO., 173 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

The universal favor accorded Tillinghast's Puget Sound Cabbage Seeds leads me to offer a P. S. Grown Onion, the finest Yellow Globe in existence. To introduce it and show its capabilities I will pay $100 for the best yield obtained from 1 ounce of seed which I will mail for 30 cts. Catalogue free.
Isaac F. Tillinghast, La Plume, Pa.

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.
36 Reference:—First National Bank.

Telephone 470. .... 302 S. 11th St.
A. D. GUILE,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Embalming ...... 42tf ... Lincoln, Neb

A BETTER DAY
BY
J. A. EDGERTON,
Consisting of thirteen Poems **Suitable for Recitations.**

Every Alliance should have a copy. Price in leather 25c. Paper 20c.
46-f Address this office.

½ 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. 34tf
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.

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, B. SICKEL,
8th and O St. 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.

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, tf
CHICAGO GENERAL SUPPLY CO.
176 West Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.

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.

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.

BARBER & FOWLER,
Sole agents for the Standard Perkins Mill. Unscrupulous parties are claiming to handle the Standard Perkins but have only an imitation of the Perkins mill. See Barber & Fowler, 20 North 10 st, Lincoln, Neb.

TALLERDAY'S
Automatic Wind-Mill
Regulator

One Gross ... Address F. G. TALLERDAY
Poplar Grove, Ill.

A. W. SMITH, ... Pa.