THE BOY HERO.

In heartless Paris, which to foreign eyes Seems made of mirrors, gas light and dis A splendid building's walls began to rise.

Ascending stone by stone from day to day High and more high the pile was builded well,

And scores of laborers were busy there, Vhen suddenly a fragile staging fell. And two strong workmen swung aloft in

Yet with a hero's soul. Alone and young, Were it not well to yield his single life, On which no parent leaned, no children

And save the other to his babes and wife! He saw that ere deliverance could be The frail support they grasped must sure-ly break.

And in that shuddering moment's flash of

thought He chose to perish for his comralle's sake. With bravery such as heroes seldom knowe
"Tis right" he said, and loosing his
strong grip.
Dropped like a stone upon the stones below
And lay there dead, the smile still on
his lip.

What though no laurels grow his grav, And o'er his name no sculptured shaft

The Swallow was running before a steady breeze on her way to join the allied English and French fleets at the rendezvous in the Gulf of Pechili, in the north of China. She had on board a regiment of infantry, who formed part of the expedition sent in 1860 against the Taku fortson the Peiho

The Swallow had left Hong-Kong some time before, and had been delayed by contrary winds. She was now within two days' sail of her destination. The captain, finding his stock of wood and water running short, was anxious to lay in a fresh supply.

Hetherefore requested the colonel in command of the troops to allow half

A boat wasgot ready, and six sol-

the men could handle an oar fairly. The third mate and one sailor were put in charge of the cutter, and Ligutenant Garnett was detailed by sea would dash in, drown the fire and

The military portion of the crewgot into the boat briskly enough. They were heartily sick of the long confinement on board, and went off in the ment on board, and went off in the ply on board. Hungry men are not highest spirits at the prospect of a fastidious, and the meal was soon dis-

The cutter ran rapidly toward the posed of. land, and the ship lay until her re-turn. They had brought three axes to cut the wood, and were well armed. Though he did not anticipate

ran the boat upon a stretch of sand. Here she was beached, and left in charge of a soldier and the sailor, while the rest of the party set out in search of water.

The casks were soon filled from a stream close by, and then proceeded to look for wood. Scarcely had they left the stream, when they were met by a party of villagers, whose looks by no means encouraging.

It was evident that they recognized the intruders as belonging to the extherefore collected his small party in-to a compact body and boldly advanced. The Chinnse slowly retreated, sullenly making way on their ap-They followed at a short proach. They followed at a short distance like a swarm of angry bees, chattering and gesticulating fiercely. It was clear that they had all the will only they were able to overpower

Themen set to work togather wood, and to cut up the dead branches into logs of a convenient length, while the two officers kept watch upon the Chinese. Whilst they were so engaged,

the villagers jealously and sulkily watched their proceedings.

When they had gathered a small supply of wood, they carried it to the boat. As they turned towards the shore Lieuteuant Gornett threw towards the natives what he considered an amply sufficient sum to pay for the wood they had taken. The Chinese picked up the silver, but did not show any surprise or gratitude. The party of English re-embarked, closely followed by the villagers, who grew bolder as they saw that the intruders showed no intention of making an attack upon their homes. The boat was pushed off, and the yellow-faced natives lined the shore; and, emboldened apparently by the absence of danger, shouted defiance and of danger, shouted defiance and hatred, like a pack of pariah dogs in an Arab village after the retir-ing heels of a passer by, before whose threatened attack the whole gaing had lately fled with one consent.

The cutter ran out of the bay, and, on doubling a headland which shut in the entrance, was met by a stiff breeze, which had risen since they left the ship, and from which they had been sheltered in the bay. It blew directly from the ship, so that it was clear that they would have some difficulty

in reaching her. The sea got up rapidly, and soon became so wild that it was plainly hopeless for them to think of making the Swallow. The mate looked at the land, in the hope of running back for shelter. By this time the cutter had

vultures at the prospect of an easy

The wind beat them back, and they were fast approaching the shore. So close were they that they could hear, through the roar of the wind, the savage cries of the expectant crowd as they thronged down close to the edge of the breakers in their eagerness to seize their prey.

There was no time to be lost. The

only hope was to remain where they were. The boat was equipped with a Suspended by their hand to one slight hold.
That bent and creaked beneath their sudden weight:
One worn with toil and growing gray and old:

were. The boat which a stout haw-beavy anchor, to heart sank as he pictured to himself the flukes of the anchor burying them-selves in the sand of the bottom, and finding nothing to give hold sufficient to resist the drag of the boat as she drove shorewards before the wind and waves. If there were only rocks to give good holding ground! At this thought another picture arose in his mind. Could that hawser stand the chafing of a rock long enough to hold till the wind fell? There was little choice. He glanced at his companion's faces, and seeing that his gloomy forebodings were not shared by them, resolved to keep his own counsel.

The hawser ran out until the an-chor reached bottom. It then grew taut under the strain, and the bo way was stopped. The anchor held.

To the sweet spirit of unselfish love.
Was not his life a glorious sacrifice?
—Elizabeth Akers in Harpers Young People

SAVEDBY A SINGLE STRAND

The Swallow was running before a

way was stopped. The anchor held.
No, she moves again! Slowly, but surely, she creeps shorewards, dragging the heavy anchor after her.
The hopeful faces of the occupants grew blank with disappointment. Like some terror-stricken bird, drawn by the deadly fasemation of a serpent, the boat makes slowly for the shore.

"Hurrah!-It holds." The Chinamen gave vent to their rage in a yell as they saw the cutter's way checked at the very moment they thought she was running straight into their hands. The crew was kept busily at work, however, bailing out the water that poured in over her

The party in the boat were in hopes that the Chinese, seeing themselves balked, would retire, but, to their annoyance, they soon saw that they were determined to remain on the spot and await the result of the strug-

The day drew to a close, and the a dozen of his men to land and fill the the sight of them made those in the cutter feel their positions even more keenly. To add to their discomfort, the pangs of hunger began to assail As the regiment had been quartered for some time at Hong-Kong, most of them. Several attempts were made to light a fire, so that the kettle might be boiled and a rasher of ham cooked. The fire lit up, burning briskly for a few minutes, and as the hopes of the the colonel to take command of the soldiers.

their hopes, and hiss spitefully among the embers at their discomfiture. After several vain attempts, they were forced to content themselves with cold water, ship's biscuit, and raw ham, of which there was a small sup-

Weary as was the mate, his himself. The wild plunging of the boat as she tore at her moorings, like ed. Though he did not anticipate any difficulty in obtaining the required supplies, the colonel, in view of the disturbed state of the country, had given orders for the men to take their rifles.

Making straight for shore, the mate making straight for shore, the mate making straight for shore, the mate the heat upon a stretch of sand. of the fiendish tortures which the Chinese practice upon their prisoners.

But he was a brave man, and did not let such terrors overcome him. He tried to conceal his fears and enter into efforts of the soldiers to make a fire, hoping that the wind would fall or shift before the rocks should grind through the cable.

Lieutenant Garnett had observed his hand as he from time to time laid it upon the hawser, and did the same. pedition, and showed no intention of Glancing at the mate, who was watchreceiving them in a friendly spirit. As the Chinese were badly armed, Lieutenant Garnett determined to effect his object in spite of their opposition. He keep their fears to themselves.

A long, weary, and anxious night followed. All were wet, hungry, and exhausted. The motion of the boat made it impossible to sleep—though now and again they would snatch a few minutes, to be rudely roused by the breaking of a larger sea than usual to torture and murder the party if over the boat. To be brought so abruptly back from the happiness of unconsciousness to a knowledge of their critical condition seemed to make their position all the more forlorn for the temporary freedom from anxiety.

At length the weary night came to an end, and the dawn broke upon the dispirited crew. The anxiety and exposure showed itself in their pale faces, dull eyes, and listless attitudes. Wet, cold, hunger, and suspense had set their mark upon the nine exhausted

The wind began to lull somewhat; but it was not until noon that the though still surging savagely, ceased to break over the boat. soldiers now lit a fire and made some tea, which with a biscuit apiece, some what raised the spirits of the worn-

The two officers and the sailor, how ever, had spent a night of suspense sufficient to exhaust the hardiest. They knew only too well that it was a question of grave doubt whether the hawser would hold until the wind hilled or be cut through before. If the former, they hoped to be able to beat out of the bay. In the latter case, they would unquestionably be driven upon the shore, to become the victims of men crueller in their ingenious tortures than the most flerce savage, in spite of their boasted civilization run-

The day dragged wearily on. All were exhausted and almost anxious for the fatal moment, which they now despaired of escaping, to come. They were determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the foe, who wanted with such cruel persistence the

Towards four in the afternoon the shelter. By this time the cutter had cleared the headland, and upon a long stretch of back they saw a crowd of batters, who had collected after their departure, and now, seeing their critical condition, were evidently awaiting the result.

Their intentions were too plain to allow the cutter's crew to think of trusting themselves to their tender was a first class salor, and know his direction began to overcome his despair. At five he told Lieutenant claracter of his hopes, for every month of the result.

Their intentions were too plain to allow the cutter's crew to think of trusting themselves to their tender was a first class salor, and know his hope of the population of the whole was a first class salor, and know his locat.

All was got ready. The soldism

brightened up at the prospect of a move, and when everything was ready they were set to work to haul in the hawser, while the sailors hoisted the

As the anchor was lifted from the bottom. the waves drove the boat towards the shore. The Chinese raised a triumphant howl, thinking that the boat was dragging her anchor, and that their long-anticipated prey was about to fall into their hands.

The sail was rapidly hoisted, the wind caught it, and the shoreward rush of the boat was checked. She stood still. The waves forced her towards land, and the wind was only just sufficient to counteract the rush of the sea.

She hung as in a balance. Which would win the day? The slightest lull in the wind and the boat would be whirled on shore with such force that the sail would be unable to gain the mastery. It was a trying moment. Their lives hung by a thread.

The appnor was heavy, but the eager hands of the men rapidly hauled

"Look sharp with that anchor, men," cried the mate, anxiously. "It's just a toss up whether we'll fetch out of the bay or not."

The men were straining every nerve to get the anchor in, as it was hoped that as soon as it was on board the balance would be in favor of the wind. At last it come to the surface, and the sailor leaned over to swing it on board, while the other men leant over to the other side to trim the boat.

With a heave, he swung the anchor over the gunwale, and fell backwards into the bottom of the boat with the ranged end of the hawser in his hand.
The cable had parted.
On examination, it was found that
the rocks had chafed through the

the focks had chaised through the stont hawser, leaving the anchor at-tached by a single strand; and this, worn nearly through, had parted at the slight jerk given by the sailor. Had the mate delayed but a few minutes longer, the cutter must have been dashed ashore before they had time to hoist the sail.

eagerness to leave their moorings, to which they were held by so frail s stay.

The boat, freed from dragging the anchor, now began slowly to move forward in the water.

The Chinese, as they saw their proy

The Chinese, as they saw their prey slowly but surely creeping out of danger, raised a howl of execration. The occupants of the boat weary as they were, gave a mocking cheer, and waved their dripping caps in answer.

After many a tedious task, the cutter succeeded in beating out of the bay, and making her way to the ship, which they reached at ten p. m. Here they were received almost as if they had risen from the dead. They had not been seen from the ship, whose masthead lights alone they had been able to distinguish over the headland. Those on board the Swallow had seen the crowd of Chinese, and had imagined the crowd of Chinese, and had imagined that they were waiting for the ship to be driven on shore, and share the fate which they concluded had befallen their comrades in the cutter.

The exhausted party thankfully made their way on board, where the relict of moving their cranned limbs

relief of moving their cramped limbs after sitting so long in a small boat was a pleasure to them, weary and

worn as they were.

They all turned in, and found deeper pleasure in the warm bunks and hammocks, to which they retired after being provided with hot soup. About noon next day they made their appearance none the worse for their long exposure and anxiety, though the two officers were observed to be more than usually silent for several days after-

Ahead of Time.

Thousands of every-day things would | the be mysteries to us, only that we happen to be in the secret of them. Now and then something happens, either to us or to our neighbors, to make us aware of this fact.

A lady went to a photographer in Birmingham, Ct., according to the New Haven Palladium, and sat for her picture. The next day she ap peared again for the proof, which was given her in the photographer's busi-ness envelope, in the corner of which was printed. "return after five days

o—, Birmingham, Ct. She kept the proof much longer than customersusuallydo, and the photographer remarked the fact, because had told him that she was in special haste.

On the fourth day she came to the studio, and apologized for being one day ahead of time. She had business in town that day, she explained, and so ventured to anticipate his appoint

It took the photographer twenty-four hours to see that she had taken the five-day return notice as fixing the date when the pictures would be done -which shows that he was as dull as

Better at Home.

New England people, like all seriious, tenacious bodies, are apt to be Readers of THE ALLIANCE are commended to Lincoln's Leading Dentist, rather "sot" in their ways. "What should we do if the sun rose in the west?" said one good old dame of Puritan stock, who was much given to like reflections, "I expect 'twould make us awful homesick, it's such a nat'ral place to look for it in the

Another good woman was listening one day with intense interest to her daughter's account of a long stay in Italy. The different customs of life were touched upon, and when the nar-rator paused. Aunt Hetty drew a long breath and said, "Well, I'm thankful I've been called to end my days in New Hampshire! So you don't think you'd like

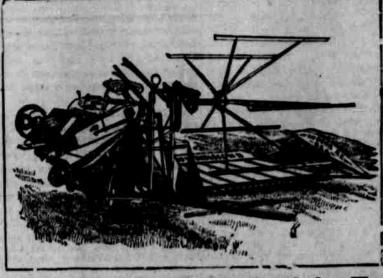
Italy, mother?"
"No, nota mite." "Not the pictures and churches and wonderful climate..."

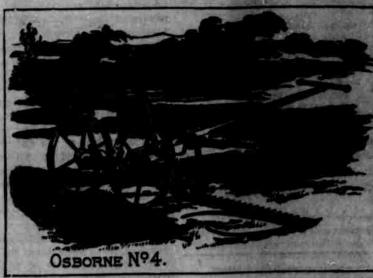
"I might put up with them," inter-rupted her mother, but I guess I should get pretty well beat out some-times, wishin for a good ris dough-

Ho, at Parmission.

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