THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE, LINCOLN, NEB., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1891.

HOW SHE LOST HER LOVER

her of smiles with never a tear and to ham with a sob, My dear nod-bye, my lover; good-bye!

this as I knelt in prayer, while as our own some way a came and kissed me the

what an emply place il Of the old embrace red, there is not a tra-torer: good-byel

not down in the waves.

bye, my lover: good-byel -James Whitcomb Elley.

THE SERFENTS' DEN.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

Upon the banks of a beautiful mantic stream, that after ing in the valleys, and through the dense forest, at length emptied its into the Ohio.

ers into the Ohio. the day, in thespring of 1790, Job's sons, Jesse and Thomas, in com-y with several of the neighboring ers, had madeup a hunting party, using to be gone some days. They to up their line of march into a to piece of woods to the north-d, and after making their exit a this, commenced the ascent of a p and rocky acclivity. They had hed about half-way up, when all at the foremost of them started , with surprise and horror, as the known sound of the rattlesmake upon their ears. Immediately fol-ing the alarm, they beheld numthis, commenced the ascent of a pand rocky acclivity. They had be about half-way up, when all at the foremost of them started with surprise and horror, as the known sound of the rattleenake pon their ears. Immediately fol-mather at the series of the of the pon their ears. Immediately fol-their path, some of them of huse and all having their heads raised thrown back in a threstening and all having their heads raised thrown back in a threstening and all having their heads raised thrown back in a threstening and all having their heads raised thrown back in a threstening and all having their heads raised thrown back in a threstening and all having their heads raised thrown back in a threstening and all having their heads raised thrown back in a threstening thikkory cudgels, pressed on to mounter. They approached the serpents-h, while the party were cutting textures the man and showering heavy and dea the same anger at the men, and they um avoding the danger of being m, and showering heavy and dea the blows upon the reptiles. The ar after a prolonged and savage

of the pit was literally swarming with the loathsome serpents, which no sconer perceived the hunters than they set up a hideous noise, rattling and hissing violently. The only entrance to the retreat FOR OUR YOUNG READERS. MATTERS OF INTEREST AND IN-STRUCTION.

The only entrance to the retreat res an opening in the side, some welve test below the ground; and in refer that none of the reptiles should scape through this, the hunters, btaining water from a neighbouring pring, made a tough paste of a santity of the rich mould laying bout, and dropping it down, rammed very tightly into the opening, thus lugging it up. Bear-Back Ride--Afraid o Spiders--A Dog's Funeral--How Both Were Wrong. A Bear-Back Ride

In 1856 I moved from Conway, Livingstor. Co., Mich., to Gaines, Gensee Co., in the same state. The place was nothing but a wilderness at

a men drink wine is; good-bysi in the prayse, is own sound there is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is; good-bysi in the sold embrace is not a trace, is not a trace is not a trace is not a trace, is not a trace is not a trac that time, though now it is quite a smart little village. One afternoon, the sun being about one hour high, I went out, taking my iffe with me, to look for my cow, which had gone into the woods. I had not gone more than eighty rods from the house when I saw a bear about twenty rods ahead of me. He had stopped

behind a large tree, but when he discovered me, which was as soon as I did him, he started on a run. I fired at him and he fell. Then I heard some boys coming

through the brush near where he lay, and I hurried on, without stopping to

and I hurried on, without scopping to reload, fearing that if I were not in time to waru them and the bear should not be mortally wounded they would get hurt. I got within five rods of him when he jumped and after me he came. I made a bee-line for the house, but fast as I ran, and I can tell you I never ran faster. I soon found the tree, called to him to come off it, for there might be an accident. At this he burst into a hearty laugh, and renewing his work with increased vig-our, exclaimed. "If you'll only hush up. I'll have some nice rattlescake pie ready for you in a very little while." As he finished this remark, a huge serpent emerged from the almost seeth-ing mass, directly under him; on perceiving which, he raised him weapon as high as possible, and, taking a true aim, delivered a terrible blow direct-ty upon the reptile's neck. But, even as he fid so, the further end of the tree upit, and sunk, with a harsh noise, about half way down the side of the horrid well, where, resting a moment, it fell with a duil thump to the bot tom. the roots and lodged on another tree at about (as a carpenter would say) a quarter pitch, with a limb on the upper side twenty feet above the roots. I thought if I could get up to that limb I'd be much safer than on the ground. And up I went, like a squirrel, and when I had steadied my-self I looked down and there was Mr. Bear, standing on his hind legs right under me. I kept very still, and, in a minute or two, as though he had made up his mind that I was not worth taking any trouble for, he turned and went back in the direction from which he had come. By this time the boys I have spoken

went back in the direction from which he had come. By this time the boys I have spoken of came out into the road. I slid down the tree and I called them to me. Then I reloaded my rifle and started in pursuit. We had not gone wery far when I caught sight of him. "There he is," I called out, and hear-ing me, he turned and made for us. I had to laugh to see the boys, who had appeared quite courageous an i stant before, fairly fly before hir the tree. This told me he w. way, but soon brought r the tree. But he ' i stant and cames s' i dan't; he turned the tree. But he ' i again and cames s' i dan't; he turned i him wi' stood how gun. I set my gun ' i mediately stop the action of its tail nerves, and they continue for some time to move, especially if touched, though the snake's brain is dead and does not feel them. These nerve movements soon cease; but not at sundown-that is, the going down of the sun does not affect them." "Was I not, Miss Hunter?" "I decide that both of you were wrong," said the teacher, "because you disputed over it."

sit glum and with half-condemnatory look amid the sportfulness of your children. You were once young yourself. Let your children be young. Do not put on a sort of supernatural gravity as though you never liked sportfulness. You liked it just as much as your children do. Some of

you arefull of mischief you have never indicated to your children or grandchildren, and you never got up in the morning until you were pulled out of bed? Do not stand before your children pretending to be specimens of im-maculate goodness. Do not, because your everight is dim and your ankles

your eyesight is dim and your ankles are still, frown upon the sportfulness which shows itself in the first lustre of the eye and in the bounding foot of robust health. Do not sit with the rheumatiam wondering how the chil-dren can go on so. Thank God that they are so light of spirit, that their laughter is so free, that their spirits are so radiant. Trouble comes soon enough to them. Dark days will come to them soon enough and heart

city.

enough to them. Dark days will come to them soon enough; and heart-breaks and desolation and be-reavement will come soon enough. Do not try to forestall it. Do not try to anticipate it. When the clouds come to the sky it is time enough to get out the reef tackle. Introduce into your parlors those innocent games which are the invention of our own day, and those that have come down from those that have come down from other days; cose and charades and ostiledors and tableaux and calis-thenics, and scores of others that young people can suggest and those that are suggested to you, many of them having on them not one taint of iniquity.—De Witt Talmage.

How Both Were Wrong, "I say it is!" "No, 'tisn't!" "'Tis!" "Tisn't!" "Tis!" "Tisn't!" "Tis!" "My! oh my! What't this that is and isn't?" demanded Miss Hunter

of her two bright pupils, who had, alas! fallen into a disgraceful dispute. "A snake's tail doesn't die till supuown, does it, Miss Hunter?" said Fred.

"Yes, it does, too. Dosen't it?"

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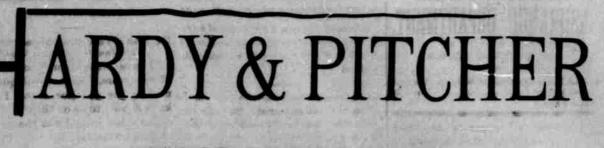
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"Yes, it does, too. Dosen't it?" said Perry. "Well," said the teacher, "that de-pends. You anould take time to properly s' ate the question: Do the tails of all enakes die at sundown "On, we mean if the snake is kill.d during the day," said both beys to-gether.

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after a prolonged and savage et finally fied, or rather retreat-wn into a crevice of some rocks he brow of the hill.

tacking party advanced with The actuacting party advanced with east caution to this opening, expect-g to see the enemy again start up to new the light. Hearing no rattle towever, the boldest of the men, going town upon their knees, peered into the fissure; but nothing was to be en of the serpents. On counting the number that had en killed, the hunters found that ere were between fifty and sixty, me of them being nearly five feet in hight, and, in the largest part of the thy wers as thick as a man's leg be-

None of the party having received ny injury, they all proceeded on their ay to the place where they intended ohunt. After prolonging the excer-on for some three or four dav impany returned in hist s, the sees and Thomas ment s pirits.

aving obtained the instrument re-ed to, which was nothing more in a large and heavy plane iron and to the extremity of a long ash-pole, he proceeded to the crevice are the reptiles had disappeared if the defeat. Parting some thick is brush that covered it partially if, he thrust his weapon as far in as practicable, though the jag-nature of the sides of the fissure vented him from pushing it farther in half the length of the pole. There must be some sort of a hid-place where the rattling cels have pt into, and sneaked themselves in away!" exclaimed Job, determin-y and angrily, as he rose to his feet d drove the keen-edged weapon ng obtained the instrument re

and angrily, as he rose to his feet drove the keen-edged weapon the trunk of an old tree that had

blown down by a storm. he did so, a sharp rattle was in a dense, almost impenetrable, et, some ten or twelve feet behind the stood.

Look out, lads' there's the ugly mints' and we'll have them all and rs in the shake of a buck's I" cried old Job, turning in the action in which the ominous warn-

moments, two sturdy ib's order were clearing angled growth of bushes; rking hard for half an maximized in solving the tas discovery of the hid-

mar cavern, or sather hone alden are almost and about thirtean or deep. On the western turni well, a large tree manual had failen acreas a manner that the mone aids and the rood Words.

me fall in alive!" The father, who till this moment seemed rooted to the ground with his son's danger, as the tones of the 'ser-ful entreaty fell upon his our, started, and turning to those around him in-quired in a cool, firm tone, "Have any of you any thongs?" "Here's some!" cried several of them in a breath.

Grasping them quickly, he turne Jesse, exclaiming, in an encor-tone, "Hold out a little lor and and I'll save you!" Ato er, lad.

Then seizing a hatch-the group, Job Sloev sloev at from one of m hastened along re his son's arms unk. Drawing his stout and wit'

the point in a crack et, d

edge of the pit. eves."

Carefully, very carefully, did Jesse Slocum follow ais father. When he came within reach, every hand was ex-tended, and he was almost lifted to a groaned Carrie.

"They can tell you if the weather its

tendes, and he was almost lifted to a surf footing upon terra firma. An exultant shout of joy now rang through the silent forest, at the al-most miraculous rescue. It was believed, after a few more rounds were fired, that all the reptiles were killed. As to the exact number destroyed the huntare could form be to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will be clear, they spin a long orie. "That's funny." "They are an old family," Aunt Nelhe went on. "I saw one 'on the window pane the other day. She car-ried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst 'open, the bag herself. When it burst 'open, destroyed, the hunters could form no just estimate; but all agreed that there were at least from four to six hundred. Doubtless this secluded retreat had been for years their breeding-place, as many of them were of enormous size.

Food in the Farces.

the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you didn't know that the spider 'can spin and sew, too. She spins her web and she sews leaves together for her sum-The food of the people consists chiefly of black or brown rye or barley bread, soup, milk, coffee, and fish, either fresh or dried. Almost every dwelling possesses its own kiadlur, or

"What a queer thing a spider is!" said Carrie, beginning to forget her wind-house, for drying purposes, the four sides of which are composed of dislike. aths, set some half inch from one an-

"Yes, and she has a queer sister, who makes a ralt and floats on pools other to allow free passage to the air. Here, for months together, mutton and whaleflesh hang uncooked, and are then considered for for human food. of water upon it, in search of flies for Whaleffesh is very supporting, but the fark, leathery rind, inclosing very marse, bacon-like fat, looks terribly

or water upon it, in search of files for the family, who live under water in a diving-bell, which she weaves herself? "How I should like to see her?" "Maybe you would rather see the one in the West Indies, who digs a hole in the earth She lines at with silk of her own making, and fits a door to it, which opens and closes when the family go in and out." "Yes," said Carrie, 'how delightful" "But you would be atraid of the m-

coarse, bacon-like fat, looks terribly untempting, and far worse is the tasts. Often rows of little field hang outside the windhoures, appealing to the noses of the multitude of wowned cats which need you at every turn in Thorshavn, and are encouraged as necessary to keep down the similarly-attracted breed of rats. The presty Parces name of mneshroair, the mouse's brother, has, moreover been given to the bother, has, moreover been even to the borthern wren,-Troglo-ly we horeally. Fischer,-not for size and color merely, but because, mouse-ike, it evens through the chinks of the facility to best on the dried meets.

to pre de both hands by his long hair from deut him from going any farther m my home, that he dragged i along with ease. Suddenly thought, I'll get on his back, and from sur dy he'll break down. So I mount ad him, but, instead of breaking down on he trotted, carrying me with i and as he did so back came the ays to see what had become of me. Micheal Halpin, the oldest, had brought a gun and made an attempt to shoot my strange steed, but[fort-unately for me, perhaps] the gun re-fused to go off. Finally the bear made another turn and headed for the house, and I told the boys to let him alone rather smart little trap, with pony and cart, was much annoyed by of a small ragged urchin, whose hanty he had to pass daily on his way to the village, and who jeered at him with the versatile and cutting tongue of a born gamin. The owner of the little turnout was simply made miserable by the persecution, especially as it af and I told the boys to let him alone and I would ride him down home.

the persecution, especially as it af-forded great delight to a number of the smaller roughs of the number of the smaller roughs of the number hood. "I would thrash Men." said the child to his mother "but I am afraid Jack, the pony, would run away." "I will tell you a much better way," sug-gested the mother, and after some permasion she induced the boy to try her plan. The next morning, as usual, the anemy was waiting for his victim. "Hil" began the urchin, "I s'pose you think that thing's a hoss?" "No," said the little boy, with a nod and a But before I got there he began to weaken and I dismounted and some of "s pulled and some of us pushed until he was a few rods further, and then he gave out and laid down. We could do nothing more with him, for said the little boy, with a nod and a bright smile, "but he is a very good

bright smile, "but he is a very good pony; won't you get in and try him?" The small rough come up and patted the little animal. "He is a nice little feller," he admitted, in a shame-faced way; and in a second the boys were bowling together merrily down the road, and the feud was over for ever.

A Dog's Funeral,

Even a homely dog may win affect-ion by being kind and loving. The New York Times thus describes a dog's funeral which recently took place in "Dear me! And maybe she is look-ing at me with all eight of them," Bucyrus Ohio; "Frank the pet dog of the men employed on the Toledo and White Central Railway, died. His "They are very fond of music." "I shall never dare to sing again, for fear they'll be spinning down to lisbody was placed in a handsome 'casket and on the day of the funeral an

engine and car were draped in black, the casket was placed in the car and the train bore Frank's remains to the grave, while all the engine bells in the yard were tolled.

"Frank was an ugly dog in appear-ance, but happy in disposition, and he had barked in a neighborly way and wagged his tail sociably among the trainmen for years. He won their hearts. Some men came fifty miles to attend the funeral, and there were 'tears shed over Frank's grave."

A Thoughtful Boy.

A little boy once had his leg badly broken. His mother was very sick, and when she heard about it she fainted. But when the doctors came to set the broken limb, the little fellow never cried once all the while they were setting it. When they were done, one of them asked if it did not hurt

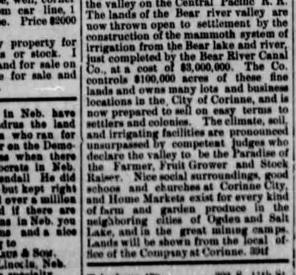
"Oh, yes' very much," he said; "but I did not want to give pain to mother, so I tried hard to keep from cryi's." Was hence a noble littlefellow?

Inquisitive.

Children are all the time holding up a mirror in which older people may see their own characters reflected. Hare, for example, is a picture for ner-

"Have you got a pain, my little "Yeth, mamma; it hurth like any-"Yeth, mamma; it hurth like any-thing when I touch it." "Then I wouldn't touch it, dear." "But mamma, I watt to thee how much it burth."-Jester.





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