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A. L. GUILLE, FUNERAL DIRECTOR. Embalming, 431st, Lincoln, Neb. R. S. NEIR, Druggist & Pharmacist. 118 South 10th St. A full and complete line of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles and Perfumery. Choice Cigars a Specialty. The trade of the farming fraternity is respectfully solicited. 431st. Call and See Me. JENNING'S HOTEL, ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS. 118 and Jackson Streets, OMAHA, - - NEB.

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S. Schwab 1025 & 1027 O. St. Lincoln, Nebraska. NEBRASKA MEAT CO. Market and Office 1218 O St., Lincoln, Neb. We pay the highest market price for Hogs, Cattle, Calves and Sheep, and sell at Living Prices. We Handle Nothing but Home Dressed Meat. All persons having fat butcher stock are requested to give us a call. Our motto is to "Live and Let Live." A square deal and correct weight. If BRENNAN & SHAFER BROS., Prop's.

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. 46-1 Address this office. Forest Tree Seedlings. Red Cedars, Fruit trees and plants. Largest Stock, Lowest Prices. Mammoth dewberry luscious to the core, best berry for the prairie. Black Locust, Russian Mulberry, Tulip trees, Box Elder, Ash, Elm, Walnut, Cottonwood, etc. Retail at wholesale price. Save 40 cents and write for price list. Address Geo. C. HAYFORD, 31-39 Market, Jackson Co., Ill. Mention THE ALLIANCE when you write. TREES AND PLANTS! A full assortment of Forest and Fruit Trees, Plants, Vines, etc., of hardiest sort for Nebraska. Special prices on all orders. Write for catalogue. Geo. C. HAYFORD, 31-39 Market, Jackson Co., Ill. Proprietor.

CLOVERDALE HOLSTEIN FRIESIANS. 70 BULLS. HEIFERS AND COWS. ADVANCED REGISTRY STOCK. ALSO 20 Graded Young Cows cheap. Address: T. C. FURGESON, STELLA, NEBR. Sheriff Sale. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the Clerk of the District Court of the second Judicial District of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Charles D. Stevens is plaintiff, and Marion Hoies, Laura Hoies, and Henry J. Allen defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1901, at the east door of the court house in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: Lots fourteen (14) and fifteen (15) in block one (1) in Brookside addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 26th day of May, A. D. 1901. SAM McCLAY, Sheriff.

Notice to Non-Resident. Fabien S. Pettin, defendant, will take notice that on the first day of August, 1900, H. M. Merrill, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendant, Fabien S. Pettin (respondent with J. Frank Barr the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a lien for taxes on a certificate of tax sale, issued by the County Treasurer of Lancaster county, Nebraska, February 13, 1900, to plaintiff for \$24.36 for taxes on east half of lot 2, block eighty-eight, in city of Lincoln in said county, and on which the following items of delinquent taxes have been paid by plaintiff: March 15, 1900, city taxes \$1.00, \$2.00; May 22, 1900, State and County taxes \$1.00, \$1.00; October 4, 1900, city taxes \$1.00, \$1.00; June 15, 1901, State and County taxes \$1.00, \$1.00. Plaintiff desires to treat said taxes as a mortgage lien on said lot, on which he claims a lien for the amount of \$24.36, and the same sold in satisfaction of said lien and costs, including an attorney fee of 25 cents to be advanced by defendant. You are required to answer and petition on or before the 5th day of July, 1901. Date, June 15, 1901. H. M. MERRILL, Plaintiff. By H. R. BARR, Atty. in Law, Lincoln, Neb.

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SOME HUMOROUS SIFTINGS. A DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE AMUSEMENT OF ALL. She Knew Him—Limberlip on Umpiring—Utterities of the Pet Dog—Didn't Meet Them—A Strong Reason—Rapid Transit.

She Knew Him. A well-known wag in Detroit, who has been living around in various boarding houses here until his reputation has been fairly well established, applied at a quiet place out on Michigan avenue last week for a stall and feed. "So," snapped the woman, "you want to try this one, do you?" "I thought so, madam," he replied, meekly. "And if I let you come, you won't refer to the board as a shingle, will you?" "Certainly not, madam. I am not in the—"

Limberlip on Umpiring. They tell me, Patson, that you've consented to umpire the ball game between the Squash Hollow Babbits and the Zion Brotherhood. Is that so? "Dat's de gospel truth, sah," "It strikes me that's a rather precarious position for one of your calling, isn't it?" "Now looker yer, Master Man! I hain't no price lighter ter be sho, neder I hain't nudder tucker in no quarry an got mix' up wid a blas, but a gentleman or my profession dat's respect to 'em church lectioens, whar de ar was dat brislin' wid vazers dat de vey wudatda yo done grosserly git chop' up inter slybubs in dey get half out de mast, leasme tell yo' dat kine o' chap hain't kine temple hood rumpin' over dese yere obby day base-ball

Utterities of the Pet Dog. "I hain't seen your pet dog for several days," said a devoted husband to his wife. "No," she replied; "the fact is, I have given him away." "Why, you needn't have done that. I had no particular objection to him." "Oh, I know that! But I thought that it was not right for me to have a pet dog about the house when I have such a good, kind husband to lavish his affections upon." The husband sank into a chair with a deep sigh. "How much do you want, Mary?" he asked as he drew his purse from his pocket; "it can't be a sealskin jacket, for the winter is over."

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MY LADY'S HAIR. BY C. G. BROWN. It is not dark like raven night; Nor is it fair; Nor is it burnished with the light. That braided tress Of those fair bosom wreaths of old, Of those who smile and sigh and sigh, And sing with sweet inspired flow So long ago! It hath a sweet, hypnotic smell Of flowers rare That wave about your brain a spell— This braided tress! I worshiped—but the charm for me Has vanished. In a dream I see My lady's hair coiled tenderly Upon a chair!

HORSESHOE LUCK. M I too old to think of a second marriage," said Mrs. Blythe, looking wistfully into the glittering sheet of mirror that extended at the other side of the room into an indefinite perspective of onyx tables, stands of ferns, Japanese screens and India hangings. "Six-and-thirty—and why should one be compelled to give up all the sweetness of life at six-and-thirty? I'm sure I don't look a day over thirty; and Algvy Vane must be that at least."

Mrs. Blythe was a very pretty woman—not the bud, but the full blown rose—a plump, dimpled, peaches-and-cream matron, who knew exactly how to make the most of all her middle aged advantages. She had married Maj. Mortlake Blythe at 17, and he had left her a widow at seven-and-twenty. "I shall never be such a fool as to marry again!" said Mrs. Blythe. For the major had by no means been perfect. He had left her just enough, by dint of strict economy, to live upon, especially as her only child had been taken to "bring up" by a quiet Quaker couple, the major's relatives. And until now Mrs. Blythe had adhered resolutely to her decision.

But Algvy Vane was a royally handsome fellow, and the pretty widow was but human, and she had scribbled "Rosamond Vane," "Mrs. Algvy Vane," over and over again in her blotting book, and she had treasured up a flower he had worn in his buttonhole, and she had corresponded with him during the winter he had spent in Bermuda, writing sprightly and amusing letters, with a semi-tone of seriousness underlying all their sparkling gossip. "He likes me a little now," said the widow, "and I'm determined he shall like me a good deal more. I'm tired of this solitary life; I'm tired of counting every penny half a dozen times before I spend it. Algvy is independently rich, and he is my beau ideal of a man. With him I do believe I could be quite, quite happy. He don't know about Lydia, but of course that would be no objection. Uncle Joshua and Aunt Rebecca will keep her. Dear me, dear me! she must be growing to be a big girl now," and Mrs. Blythe shuddered at the idea.

At this moment the door flew open, and in bust a tall, dusty, disheveled young girl, some half a head taller than Mrs. Blythe herself, with the white capped maid following helplessly behind. "Please, ma'am," said the maid, "she wouldn't wait for me to take her card up." "Ma'ma, I'm Lydia!" cried the breathless apparition. "Little Liddy, ma'ma—don't you remember? Tell that hateful girl to go away! A card, indeed! Am I to send up cards to my own mother?" Mrs. Blythe stood appalled, in the soft yellow light streaming through the China silk curtains. This fair haired, sun-burned young giantess, with the peony cheeks and the big blue eyes, the ill-fitting gloves and faded cambric gown—could it be possible that this was the "little Liddy" of ten years ago? Oh, if Mr. Vane should see her!

The girl looked around like one who views the enchantments of a fairy palace. "Oh, mamma, how pretty you are!" said she, "and what a lovely room! Are you glad to see me, ma'ma, darling?" "My dearest child," gasped the widow, "what has brought you here?" Lydia clasped her hands; her countenance fell. "Ma'ma," said she, "I'm the most miserable creature in the world—and I want a hundred dollars!" "Lydia! A hundred dollars?" "And you must let me have it!" vehemently went on Lydia. "I've killed Uncle Joshua's prize colt! That is, I didn't exactly do it myself; but I was riding pretty Jane around the meadow, just for practice, and I forgot and left the bars down, and the colt got out on the railroad track, and the train came along, and—oh I never can look Uncle Joshua in the face again, unless I have that hundred dollars to pay him!"

"I shall be able to earn plenty for myself before long, ma'ma," she declared breathlessly, "for I can ride better than the woman in pink tarlatan and spangles who jumped through the hoops at the circus. When the old gypsy told my fortune last year, at the county fair, she said a horsehoe would bring me luck some day; and I know, of course, what she meant. So I've been practicing riding ever since, whenever I could get away from Aunt Beck and Uncle Joshua, and—"

"Mrs. Dappleton Ames in the drawing room, ma'am," said the white capped maid, appearing with an oxidized silver card receiver in her hand. And Mrs. Blythe checked her daughter's confidence at once. "Lydia, a great girl like you scuffling and romping around the country? Go back to shady Plains by the very next train, and try to behave more like a lady. Why, you must be fourteen at least!" "Seventeen, ma'ma," confessed the colorit. "But aren't you going to give me the hundred dollars?" "I have not got a hundred cents!" impatiently cried Mrs. Blythe. "And I had, I wouldn't give it to you, you naughty, ill behaved, romping, young woman! Tell Mrs. Dappleton Ames that I shall be down directly, and bring some tea and buns for Mrs. Blythe before the next train goes."

But when Mrs. Dappleton Ames had dashed her call, and Mrs. Blythe came back, the bird and frown, Lydia, deeply wounded and resentful, had promptly returned to Shady Plains. "That old gypsy must have been a humbug, after all," thought the despairing girl. "Oh, what shall I say to Uncle Joshua? Why was mamma so cold and cruel to me? Oh, dear, I am very, very unhappy!" "Shady Plains!" shouted the conductor. And as Lydia crept sorrowfully out of the train something bright, like a fallen drop of dew, scintillated on the floor at her feet. She stooped to pick it up. It was a diamond scarpin in the shape of a horsehoe. "Squire Carhart's company must have dropped it," said Lydia to herself. "Oh, how it sparkles! If it were only mine! For I'm sure it must be worth more than a hundred dollars."

She glanced furtively at a tall, broad shouldered young fellow who had been seated in the train a few seats beyond her. "He never looked around," thought Lydia. "I am glad of it, for he must have known that I had been crying. But I must give this back to him. With a light, swift step she hastened to overtake Squire Carhart's city guest. "Please is this yours?" said she, holding up the glittering half circle. "I found it on the floor close to where you were sitting." He started and raised his hat. "It is Mr. Wotton's, isn't it?" said he—"Miss Lydia? Yes it is mine, and I'm a thousand times obliged to you. I must have fastened it in very carelessly. And I value it very highly, too; it was a gift from my father."

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"I shall be able to earn plenty for myself before long, ma'ma," she declared breathlessly, "for I can ride better than the woman in pink tarlatan and spangles who jumped through the hoops at the circus. When the old gypsy told my fortune last year, at the county fair, she said a horsehoe would bring me luck some day; and I know, of course, what she meant. So I've been practicing riding ever since, whenever I could get away from Aunt Beck and Uncle Joshua, and—"

"Mrs. Dappleton Ames in the drawing room, ma'am," said the white capped maid, appearing with an oxidized silver card receiver in her hand. And Mrs. Blythe checked her daughter's confidence at once. "Lydia, a great girl like you scuffling and romping around the country? Go back to shady Plains by the very next train, and try to behave more like a lady. Why, you must be fourteen at least!" "Seventeen, ma'ma," confessed the colorit. "But aren't you going to give me the hundred dollars?" "I have not got a hundred cents!" impatiently cried Mrs. Blythe. "And I had, I wouldn't give it to you, you naughty, ill behaved, romping, young woman! Tell Mrs. Dappleton Ames that I shall be down directly, and bring some tea and buns for Mrs. Blythe before the next train goes."

But when Mrs. Dappleton Ames had dashed her call, and Mrs. Blythe came back, the bird and frown, Lydia, deeply wounded and resentful, had promptly returned to Shady Plains. "That old gypsy must have been a humbug, after all," thought the despairing girl. "Oh, what shall I say to Uncle Joshua? Why was mamma so cold and cruel to me? Oh, dear, I am very, very unhappy!" "Shady Plains!" shouted the conductor. And as Lydia crept sorrowfully out of the train something bright, like a fallen drop of dew, scintillated on the floor at her feet. She stooped to pick it up. It was a diamond scarpin in the shape of a horsehoe. "Squire Carhart's company must have dropped it," said Lydia to herself. "Oh, how it sparkles! If it were only mine! For I'm sure it must be worth more than a hundred dollars."

She glanced furtively at a tall, broad shouldered young fellow who had been seated in the train a few seats beyond her. "He never looked around," thought Lydia. "I am glad of it, for he must have known that I had been crying. But I must give this back to him. With a light, swift step she hastened to overtake Squire Carhart's city guest. "Please is this yours?" said she, holding up the glittering half circle. "I found it on the floor close to where you were sitting." He started and raised his hat. "It is Mr. Wotton's, isn't it?" said he—"Miss Lydia? Yes it is mine, and I'm a thousand times obliged to you. I must have fastened it in very carelessly. And I value it very highly, too; it was a gift from my father."