SHE HAD A CHICAGO COLD.

She is the sweetest girl in town;
Her manner's nice and pleases;
Her eyes and hair are fair and brown,
And soft as Summer breezes.
Ah, me! 'tis sweet those Autumn nights
To wander 'neath the trees,
And tell her of the passion deep
My throbbing heart that seizes.
But that's as far as I have gone,
For there my ardor freezes,
Because I think a hurricane
Has struck me when she sneezes.

—Brandon Bucksaw.

STRIKE AT ELM HOLLOW.

WE were sitting on the piazza in the twilight of a warm summer day, which we had spent in visiting a large manufactory in a neighboring city. One of the foremen in this establishment, a fine manly young fellow, Joe Jamieson by name, was a favorite in my uncle's family, and always acknowledged a great indebtedness to my cousins Robert and Edward for his start in life.

I had seen Jamieson so often and heard his name spoken with so much consideration, that I was curious to know the story of his life. To-night, in reply to my questions Cousin Ned gave me this account of it.

"Five years ago this summer, we had our great Elm Hollow strike. I suppose you never saw a report of that in the papers?"

"No I replied, "What the world could any one find to strike about in this out-of-the way place?"

"It was a school strike," said Ned. "We had an excellent teacher that summer, and as there were no more than thirty scholars, we had a chance to do some pretty good work.

"Our teacher, Miss Ward, had taught the school for a year and we thought there was no one like her. She took a great deal of pains, and helped us in every way she could.

"Our class, the first one, was composed of five boys. We were doing well in our studies, but we were not wise enough to appreciate it.

We were studying history and civil government, and Miss Ward encouraged us to read the newspapers and keep informed about public events. She would take a few minutes occasionally to ask us questions about what we had read, and explain matters we did not understand. In this way we learned a great deal about what was happening in the world.

"That summer the papers were full of accounts of strikes in one place, and lockouts in another, with workmen combining against employers, and employers against workmen.

"One day, after eating our lunch, the boys of our class were all lying on the grass, discussing the latest news about the strikes.

"'I say, fellows,' said Harry Rogers, 'here we are shut up by ourselves in this little-out-of-the-way place, where nothing ever happens to liven a fellow up. Let's do something the way they do it in the rest of the world. Let's have a strike!"

"'What are you going to strike about?" asked Fred Andrews.

"'Oh, we'll put in a petition,' said Harry, 'and if it isn't granted, we'll march out in a body. That's the way they always do.'

"'What shall we petition for?"

"'Oh, longer nooning, for one thing.'

"'And to have school dismissed earlier,' said another boy.

"'And for shorter algebra lessons, this warm weather,' said another.

"That afternoon Jack Burns wrote out the petition,' and each one signed it. I don't remember all our demands, but we wanted the morning recess lengthened to half an hour, the nooning to an hour and a half, and the day's session shortened by half an hour. We gave up the afternoon's recess. So much for hours.

"In regard to work, in warm weather the lessons were to be shortened, and algebra never to exceed five problems; and we were to be allowed to study out of doors when we wished.

"The paper closed with the statement that if our requests were not all granted by Thursday—that day was Tuesday—we should leave school in a body. It was important that we should go out 'in a body.' That phrase always occurred in the reports of strikes.

"We knew that the trustees, as well as our parents, were not a little proud of their first class, and we thought that, in their anxiety to keep us in the school, they would do almost anything we might ask. It was therefore, with a good deal of confidence, that, after school, we handed the paper to Miss Ward. She merely bowed, and laid it on her desk without looking at it. Nothing remained for us but to fire out.

"All the next day we were in a fever of excitement, but Miss Ward said nothing, though when we had our 'history talk' she spoke of a strike that had been especially disastrous to the strikers. Their employers had refused to take them back, and their families were in want.

"Thursday morning just before school was called, we asked Miss Ward if our demands were to be granted. She replied that, having no authority herself to change the hours, she had sent our petition to the trustees, and as she had heard nothing from them, the school would go on as usual.

"Perhaps the trustees might come during the morning. We gave them the benefit of the doubt and decided to stay until recess.

"Recess came, but no trustees. We went to Miss Ward and told her that, while we had nothing against her, we must leave the school, as the trustees had not acceded to our demands. She talked to us, tried to convince us that we were taking a very foolish step; but when the bell rang, we did not go in.

"We had been lying on the grass just across the road, for a time, joking and telling stories" when I noticed that Jack was looking at the schoolhouse in a wistful way, and was not listening to the talk.

"'Sorry you struck, Jack?" I asked in fun.

"'Yes,' he said, springing to his feet 'I am! I know it seems mean for me to go against you boys, especially when I wrote the petition, but I believe we'd better give it up and go back to school. I'm sorry, boys, but I'm going back, anyhow.'

"He picked up his hat and dinner-pail.

"Jack and I were the same age and had always been good friends. His 'treachery' made me angry. I am afraid I spoke pretty harshly to him, and so did the other boys; but he kept on.

"There were only four of us now, but we agreed to 'stick it out.'

"The next morning Bob and I made no movement toward getting ready to go to school after breakfast.

"'Aren't you going to school, boys?' father asked.

"'No, sir,' I said. 'We are out on strike.'

"'Oho!" said he. 'Then the strike came off, did it? How many of you are out?'

"'Four,' said Rob. "Jack Burns didn't have spunk enough to stay in it.'

"'Well,' said father, 'I am inclined to think Jack has as much spunk as any of you. He certainly has more sense.' With that, he turned and walked away.

"Later in the day Rob and I met Fred and Harry, and we all decided not to speak to Jack. Poor Jack! He felt pretty sore when we passed him that day without paying any attention to him, though he tried hard not to show it. It was a little hard, too, to crush him in that way, but we felt that it had to be done.

"Well, Monday morning came, and that's where Joe Jamieson's part of the story begins. Joe's parents had been very poor and had never got ahead in the world. They died when Joe was very young and left him to take care of himself.

"He wasn't very strong, but he had grit, and that helped him. He worked around for different farmers, and though there was some talk at first of sending him to the poorhouse, when he showed that he could take care of himself they let him do so.

"He had been working two years for father, and was a great overgrown, awkward fellow, but a steady workman and always so good natured that we all liked him.

"That morning, at the breakfast table, father asked:

"'Is the strike still "on," boys?'

"'Yes, sir,' we both answered very promptly.

"'You don't intend to go back to school, then?'

"We said that we proposed to stay out till our petition was granted.

"Father didn't speak for a few minutes; then he turned to Joe.

"'Joe,' he said, how would you like to go to school?"

"Joe started, grinned and looked greener than ever, but said nothing. He thought father was making a joke at his expense; and Rob and I thought so, too, and were considerably amused until he went on.

"'Well!" father continued, when you finish your breakfast, Joe, you can change your clothes and get ready for school.'

"You ought to have seen Joe then! If he wasn't surprised I never saw anyone who was.

"But what about the work, Mr. Howard?' he stammered.

"'The boys will do that,' father said.

"'Why, father!" said Bob, 'you don't expect Ned and me to do farm work?"

"'Why not?' father asked." 'I've fed and clothed you, and hired Joe to do the work that you might have time for something else. In return I have asked that you attend school and do the best you can in your studies. Now you refuse to do that any longer. If Joe, here, is willing to go to school and do what I expected you to do, why, I'm willing to give him the chance. Turn about is fair play, and I shall expect you and Ned, between you, to do the work.

"'Remember,' he continued, 'I have let you make your own choice in this matter of the strike, and haven't tried to coerce you. Miss Ward reasoned with you, and did her best to make you see how foolish your act was, but you refused to listen.

"'Now there is no more to be said about it, one way or the other. The matter is settled.

"'I think you are both old enough to use your own judgment, so I have let you follow your own course. But now, if I am to support you longer, and you refuse to repay me in the way I wish, it's only fair you should make some other return.'

"By that time there was a big lump in my throat, and I wished the strike had never been thought of. I guess Rob did, too, for he was staring hard at his plate.

"I looked at mother, but she said nothing.

"After breakfast Rob and I went upstairs, put on our old clothes without a word, and went out to work. In addition to Joe, father kept another man, so the hardest of the labor did not fall to us, though what did was quite hard enough to make the days seem very long.

"Joe had his share of discomfort, too; shut up indoors all day, and obliged to be in classes with much younger children. Besides all this, he had never learned to apply himself, and for a while he made but little progress.

"However, as time went on he improved. Miss Ward was very kind to him, and he was determined to succeed, if only 'to please Mr. Howard.'

At first Joe was ashamed to come to Rob and me for help in his studies, but before long Rob offered to assist him. After that we both took a hand, and he improved fast. All this time he helped us with the farm work at night and in the morning.

"Those were very long days that we spent at the farm work. Our hands were made sore with pitchforks, and our legs ached pitifully every night. We began to talk in a furtive, half-ashamed way at first, and then openly of surrendering.

"We had been working about two weeks when we went to father one evening and told him that we should like to go back to school.

"'But how about Joe? he asked abruptly and in surprise.

"We had not thought about the injustice of taking Joe out of school now. We said no more.

"We did a good deal of thinking in those days, however. We wondered at first why Harry Rogers didn't come to see us; but one day we heard that Harry's father had set him at work on the farm too.

"Jack kept right on at school, but now he avoided us so as not to give us another chance to snub him. I wished a good many times that I had stood by him, as I had always done before. When I thought of all the cruel things I said the afternoon he went back to school, I thoroughly despised myself.

"One afternoon when I was driving in the wagon, whom should I see ahead of me but Jack, walking slowly along with his head down, and looking forlorn enough. I made up my mind to speak to him and see if he was willing to forgive and forget, though I would not have blamed him if he were not. He was going the same way I was, and didn't see me till I drove along beside him. Then he looked up.

"His face flushed and he turned his head quickly away, pretending not to see me. Something stuck in my throat but I managed to say, 'Hello, Jack.'

"It was pretty feeble, but he heard it and looked up with a quick, 'Hello, Ned!"

"I stopped the horse and asked him if he didn't want to ride. He looked at me steadily for a minute, and I stammered out:

"It's pretty warm to walk, Jack—and it's very lonesome riding alone.'

"'All right,' said he, and climbed in.

"It didn't take us very long to make up, you may believe. After that he used to come often and see us and would help us with our books, for we were trying to study when we had time.

"When the school term ended Joe worked on the farm again. Miss Ward was to be married in the autumn, and although the trustees urged her to remain, she was obliged to give up her position. So our parents decided that we had better go to the academy at Kingsport.

"When we came to take our entrance examination we found out how much we had lost by our strike. While the rest of us had to join the class in elementary Latin, Jack went into an advanced class; and that's the reason he's a year ahead of Rob, Harry and me in college.

"After the fall work was done Joe went back to school, and continued there, working at home nights and mornings until the spring work began on the farm. Father encouraged him to go ahead, and the next fall offered to send him to the Kingsport academy for two years. Joe accepted the offer, and did some very good work at the academy. He isn't exactly brilliant, and would never be likely to carry off many honors for scholarship, but what he does, he does well.

"When the two years were over he decided to become a mechanic, and got a place in the factory at Kingsport. He has been promoted once or twice already, and a short time ago a member of the firm told father that he was one of the best men they had. He did not give up trying to learn when he left school; he studies the structure and uses of materials and machinery as closely and patiently as he did his books. The firm means to promote him as fast as he shows himself capable.

"Joe insisted on repaying to father the amount of all his expenses while he was in school. He is devoted to all of us, and always declares that if Rob and I had not gone on a strike that summer he would never have been where he is."

"So your strike," said I, "did some good after all?"

"Yes—to Joe," said Ned. "But it left us one class behind in college. It gave us a very good lesson, to be sure, and hardened our muscles; but that was because father was wise enough to turn our folly to our own advantage."—Glenn Holley, in Youth's Companion.

A GOOD SETTER.

He Kept a Close Watch Upon the Birds, Without Results.

He had the reputation of being a faultless setter when I bought him, and I told all my friends about his wonderful ability, says a sportsman in the Nashville Herald. I talked of him so much that they would begin on the subject themselves when they saw me coming, as if by natural association. Finally they tried to depreciate the dog, and said they didn't believe it was anything like the setter I said it was, and asked me if I believed in him so much why I didn't show it up some time and let them judge of it themselves. I was thus led to inviting half a dozen out quail-hunting with me, though I wasn't quite sure of the dog, after all. We went on a little camping tour, and found things in pretty fair condition for a good hunt. There was plenty of quail. For the first day the dog did very well, and I began to feel triumphant about him. We bagged dozens of birds and were jubilant.

The next day, however, when we started out rather late in the morning, the dog was of no account whatever. We took Dick, the colored cook, along with us to help carry the game, and we couldn't get the dog away from his side. We tried every way in the world to urge him to begin operations, but he refused to do anything except sit and look pitifully at Dick He followed him wherever he went, and if he stopped the dog would sit down and begin looking earnestly at him again. Finally we sent one of the boys back to the tent to get some of the dead birds. I said I thought that would act as a reminder to the dog. The boy came back and said he couldn't find a bird. He had looked through our tent and the cook's tent, but there was not a sign of one.

"Dick," I said, "what has become of those birds?"

"De pa'tridges, sah?"

"Yes."

"W'y I thought you had as much as you wanted, an' I took de rest."

"What did you do with them?"

"I et dem, sah."

And that was what ailed the dog.

The Pure Yankee Drawl.

The slab-sided Yankee and the Yankee drawl are popular delusions. That is to say, slab sides and drawling are less prevalent in Yankeedom than in some other places—they are not distinctively Yankee productions. "Caow" and "haow" and the like may be heard more or less in every town in Vermont, but the pronunciation is not the rule and is most noticeable among illiterate people. So in all New England. But if any one will go down the coast and cross the Hudson River, he may hear that drawl with such abominations as are never approached in Yankee land, and that among all classes of people. He will find it strong in New Jersey, faint and rare in the Philadelphia region, where the Dutch seem to have given a kind of broadbrogue to all mankind, but strong again southward to Virginia, where the people are of English stock. No doubt the "caow" pronunciation was brought over from England with other things good and bad, and planted wherever colonies were established. The drawl is an offensive thing—a barbarous thing, as reckoned in New England—but it now really belongs less to Yankeeland than to some other sections.

Cold Facts.

Does our government ever borrow money?

Yes.

How?

By issuing interest-bearing bonds to the lender.

Does the government ever loan money?

Yes.

How and to whom?

It loans money to a few capitalists and takes as security its own bonds.

They are known as the national bankers.

What interest do these banks pay the government for the money loaned them?

Only 1 per cent per annum.

What do the banks do with this money?

They loan it to the plain people at from 8 per cent to 24 per cent per annum.

Will the government loan one of its citizens money at 1 per cent per annum?

No. These banks control the government, and they will not allow the government to loan money to its individual citizens.

Does the government pay these banks any interest on the bonds that they deposited as security?

Yes; the government pays them interest on the bonds all the way from 4 per cent to 6 per cent per annum.

Is this "equal rights to all and special favors to none?"

No. The favors are all on the inside and the plain people are all on the outside.

Are the government bonds good security?

Intrinsically they are nothing but printed paper, and are valuable only to the extent of the solvency of the government.

What is the basis of the government's solvency?

Land; the basis of all wealth.

Why is land valuable?

Because of its productiveness.

What is the government's ultimate resource to pay its bond?

Products of the soil.

If a government based on the products of the soil is good security for a government loan, why are the products of the soil not good security?

They are, end better security, for the one is tangible and certain, whilst the other is intangible and uncertain.

What objections, then, can there be to the sub-treasury plan?

There is no reasonable objection.—Alliance Herald.

How Delightful.

"I am one of those that believe that these men from your shops, these farmers, remote from money-centers, have the largest interest of all people in the world in having a dollar that is worth 100 cents every day in the year, and only such. If by any chance we should fall into a condition where one dollar is not as good as another, I venture the assertion that the poorer dollar will do its first errand in paying some poor laborer for his work. Therefore in the conduct of our public affairs, I feel pledged, for one, that all the influence of the government should be on the side of giving the people only good money, and just as much of that kind as we can get."

"How long, O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience?" How long, O Harrison, and other United States presidents do you think our people will eat such chaff as that?

How happy are they
Who their masters obey—
And have laid up their treasures
In Wall Street!

How sweet, nice, delightful it is to know that the great, high, absolute truth about money and finance is not that entertained by a few stupid, pighead, chucklehead mudsills and hayseeds, but that entertained by all the "best people."

What a blissful arrangement of divine providence that decrees that the honest gold dollar, the high priced aristocratic dollar, the horse leech of usury, the dollar that sneeks away to Europe in time of our greatest need, the dollar that the rich man yearns after—is the very dollar that the poor man would yearn for if he knew enough."

But like Artemus Ward he is beginning to say "Nary yearn!"—Chicago Express.

A Pertinent Question.

A pertinent question, according to The Grange Advocate, is, Will the voters support the candidates in the future who have the courage to place themselves upon a platform advocating the demands of the people and pledging themselves, if elected, to use their utmost efforts to carry out those demands? There is no use trying to rub out the fact that the people have been fooled, badly fooled, a number of times, and the only way to put a stop to present methods is to elect men to office who will be true to the promises, no matter what influence may be employed to induce them to go back on their pledges.

We will go further than this and say that the people should resolve right away that they will no longer support any but men who can be trusted to carry out the wishes of the people in all matters unless it can be demonstrated that said wishes are unwise. This is the true course for patriotic men and they should be satisfied with nothing short of this. In this way politics can be purified to some extent, at least.—Progressive Farmer.

The Salina Union: This government has given to railroad corporations millions of dollars as subsidies. But did you ever hear of the government loaning a laboring man who has been thrown out of employment, a family dependent upon support, enough money to get a breakfast with? But it loans to the national banks millions at 1 per cent. Yes, the government has had millions for corporations, but not 1 cent for toilers.

The Arkansas Farmer: The great underlying thought that is at the bottom of all the principles of the Farmers' Alliance is the overthrow of the present unfair, unjust, and iniquitous system of national finances, and the institution of another that places the government nearer to the people, the treasury nearer the masses instead of the classes. It is the determination of the people to hold and enjoy the fruits of honest labor instead of standing by and seeing others enjoy them whilst they suffer. This they are determined to have and nothing can now stop the movement.

Rapidly Growing Poorer.

While the wealth of this nation has increased during the past quarter of a century faster than was ever known before in any nation, the workers of the land who produced the wealth have gradually and rapidly grown poorer. Through corporation control of our money, our railways, our telegraph and telephones, and our vast number of labor saving inventions, the products of the toiling millions have been stolen by the class of idlers that produces nothing but poverty, misery, and crime. The mission of the People's party is to readjust the machinery of our government so that the laborers of this nation may have and enjoy the full fruits of their toil.—Mankato Advocate.

Tapped a Bar'l.

The Montgomery Advertiser was an advocate of the free coinage of silver six weeks ago. It was open and avowed on that line. Its editor went to Washington and New York, tapped a bar'l and has since been a gold standard advocate. Last Sunday and about every other day of the week, it publishes silver articles sent from the Wall street bureau. How the mighty have fallen!—Alliance Herald, Ala.

Notice to Coal Consumers.

I have been able to complete arrangements whereby we are better able than we have been heretofore to make satisfactory prices on all grades of Canon City and Trinidad coal, as well as the best grades of Northern Colorado coal, over any line of road running out of Denver or Pueblo. Their capacity is sufficient to guarantee prompt shipment. I will keep purchasers posted on prices upon application. The lowest possible wholesale rates are obtained. Cash must accompany all orders.

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owned, edited and published by the Assembly of Nebraska, Knights of Labor, in the place of all places where the truth, plainly and fearlessly spoken will accomplish the most good Omaha. Subscribe now and put this paper on a sound financial basis. Address all communications to ANSON H. BIGELOW, State Secretary, 1301 Douglas St. Omaha, Neb.

MONEY TO LOAN on Farms in Southeastern Nebraska at lowest rates. Call or write to Room 112 basement Richards Block

12-3m H. W. DAVIS, Lincoln, Neb

Administrator's Sale.

Estate of James B. Mickey and Lizzie Mickey deceased.

By virtue of a license of sale to me granted by the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, I will sell at public auction at the east front entrance of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, on Monday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1891, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described lands to-wit: The northwest quarter of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section 15, township 9, range 6 east, in Lancaster county, Nebraska, for cash.

17-4t JAMES H. MCMURTRY, Administrator.

Notice of Incorporation of the Commercial Electric Power Company.

Notice is hereby given of the organization of "The Commercial Electric Power Company" of Lincoln, Nebraska, under and by virtue of the laws of the state of Nebraska. The principal place of doing business is Lincoln, Neb., the object and general nature of the business to be transacted is to construct, own, purchase, maintain, and operate power stations with all necessary machinery and apparatus for generating electric current, and to generate, use, rent and sell electricity, heat, light and power, and to that end own all necessary real estate, rights of way, franchises, buildings, machinery, engines, generators, poles, wires and power stations and all appurtenances thereto belonging and to operate the same; to buy and sell and manufacture and repair motors, generators and all kinds of electrical apparatus.

The total amount of capital stock is one hundred thousand dollars, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. Ten per cent of the capital stock shall be subscribed upon commencing business and the same shall be subject to a call of the board of directors.

This corporation commenced August 27, 1891, and shall continue ninety-nine years. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which this corporation shall at any one time subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of the capital stock. The affairs of this comyany shall be conducted by a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and a board of three directors.

F. J. BUSH,
Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 11, 1891. President.

In the district court Third judicial district in and for Lancaster county and state of Nebraska.

John Dewey, vs. Cynthia A. Harney, and —— Harney, husband of Cynthia A., first name unknown.

Cynthia Harney and —— Harney, her husband, first name unknown, will take notice that on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1891, John Dewey, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county and state of Nebraska, against the above named defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage upon lot No. eight (8) of Majors sub-division of a part of the east half of the southwest quarter of section 19 in township No. 10, range 7, east of the 6th p. m. in Lancaster county and state of Nebraska; said mortgage was executed on the 12th day of May A. D. 1887, to secure the payment of three notes of $166.66; each bearing 8 per cent interest, payable in one, two and three years from date.

Plaintiff further alleges that all said notes are long past due and there is due plaintiff the sum of $600, with interest from this date. Plaintiff prays for a decree that that the defendants be required to pay said amount due on said promissory notes, or that said premises may be sold, to satisfy the amount found due.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 10th day of November, 1891.

JOHN DEWEY, Plaintiff,
By his attorney, C. M. PARKER.

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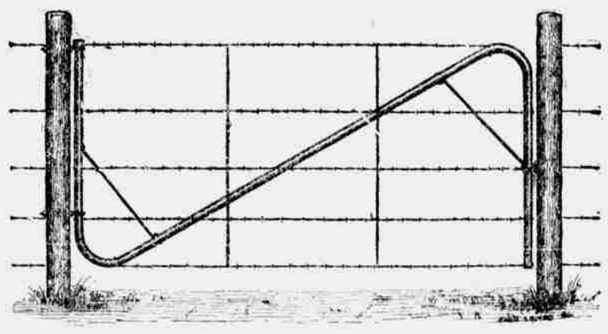

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Practical tests made during the past four years has proved the Eureka superior to any gate made Notice the following points of superiority:

STRENGTH---The frame is made of wrought iron tube 1 1-2 inches in diameter, so braced (see cut) as to give great strength and resisting qualities. It is the stiffest and strongest gate in the world.

LIGHTNESS---The entire full sized gate complete only weighs fifty pounds, and swings on its hinges at the slightest touch.

DURABILITY---Being all iron and steel, it is practically indestructable.

EASE OF SETTING UP---The eye bolts and nuts are all furnished complete, also the chain, hook and staples to fasten the gate. All the farmer has to do is to place his gate posts the proper distance apart, bore a half inch hole for the hinge bolts and screw up.

USEFULNESS---They are especially adapted for use with wire fences; catch no snow in winter, are not affected by the wind, and being so light they can be readily placed where most needed.

CHEAPNESS---There is no other gate possessing all the qualities that this one does that can be sold for the same money.

THOUSANDS of these gates are in use in Iowa, and throughout the eastern states. Flattering indorsements received from

Farmers, Stockmen, Railroad Companies and All Others Using Them.

A number of different styles made suitable for all purposes.

Order a Sample Gate and You will Use no Other.

J. W. HARTLEY, ALLIANCE STATE AGENT HAS MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR SELLING THESE GATES DIRECT TO MEMBERS OF THE ALLIANCE AT FACTORY PRICES.

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