

Never Give Up the Ship. LYNCH, BOYD CO., Neb., Nov. 29, '91. EDITOR ALLIANCE:—I see no mention of Alliance men elected in Boyd county. County officers who belong to the Alliance are treasurer, surveyor, coroner and two commissioners. This is on the election returns as given by Butte city. Spencer, the other aspirant for county seat, would add sheriff, attorney, superintendent and another commissioner. I am disappointed at Edgerton's defeat; and especially surprised that so many farmers would not support him. All I have to say is that they who will sell themselves deserve to be slaves. And some sold themselves dirt cheap. I have profound contempt for them, for they knew better, or they were criminally ignorant. Ignorance has to pay penalty as well as neglect. But for you, Mr. Burrows, and for those who nobly fought for principle I have high regard; and I will stand by the cause to the end. Let us go forward educating and agitating until oppression is overturned and mankind counts for more than money and all mankind are brothers. Let us press the claim for justice, remembering that oppression has gained no moral right by its long continuance, and that the present rights of capital which are not founded upon moral right can not be crushed beneath the iron heel of an outraged people. Let the stragglers and cowards go; let us close up our ranks and go forward. We have not done all we hoped this fall; but we have done much. We have charged the enemy and we have won a good part of his lines; and we have won advantage ground from which to advance again. The old party may well congratulate itself that it did not lose everything; but the victory is ours. REV. N. H. B.

What the People's Party Has Done. It has elected 43 congressmen and United States senators. It has perfected organizations in over 15 states, and is carrying on spirited contests in Ohio, Iowa, Colorado, Nebraska, South Dakota, Kansas, Massachusetts, Maine and other states. It has polled 30,000 votes in Ohio. It has polled 27,000 votes in Kentucky after a short campaign of six weeks, and holds the balance of power in the legislature. It has elected 93 members of the Kansas legislature, and polled a 10 per cent larger vote this year than last. It has secured the balance of power in the Georgia legislature, and is no mean factor at half a dozen other state capitols. It came within 4,000 votes of beating a republican and democratic fusion in Nebraska. It has called into being eight hundred reform newspapers owned by men who have no fear of the old parties. It has forced the old parties to fuse in several states. It has brought the farmer, the wage worker, and the average citizen upon a common platform. It has gained a position where it can, in good time, call a halt upon Wall Street for corrupting the market of the national currency, and upon trusts for swindling the public, and upon capitalists for forcing inhuman and unjust conditions on labor, and upon tax-dodgers, for throwing the money burdens of state off on the poorer classes. It has proclaimed the moral basis of the national currency, and upon trusts for swindling the public, and upon capitalists for forcing inhuman and unjust conditions on labor, and upon tax-dodgers, for throwing the money burdens of state off on the poorer classes. It has proclaimed the moral basis of the national currency, and upon trusts for swindling the public, and upon capitalists for forcing inhuman and unjust conditions on labor, and upon tax-dodgers, for throwing the money burdens of state off on the poorer classes.

Politics and Religion. "When a man finds himself going down and down, without power to mend things, freezing, hungering and dying by inches, he's sure to get desperate. In the last week I've been an atheist, anarchist and devil. I've sat here and cried out there is no God except for the rich. I've said that if I could get down stairs I'd burn and kill. I've looked at my wife and children with murder in my heart!" The above words were recently spoken to a reporter of the New York World by a sick tenant occupying a dingy room on the third floor of a miserable tenement house in New York city.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN. A traveling mountain is found in the cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple-peaked mass of dark-brown basalt six or eight miles in length where it fronts the river and rises to height of almost two thousand feet above the water. That it is in motion is the last thought which would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of any one passing it, yet it is a well established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down to the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the cascades to the Dalles. The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountains in that region long before white men came to Oregon, and the early settlers, immigrants many of them from New England—gave the above-described mountainous ridge the name of "traveling" or "sliding" mountain. In its forward and downward movement the forests along the base of the ridge have become submerged in the river. Large tree stumps can be seen standing deep in the water on the shore. The railway engineers and the brakemen find that the line of the railway which skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the permanent way and rails have been pushed eight or ten feet out of line in a few years. Geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the basalt, which constitutes the bulk of the mountain, rests on a substratum of conglomerate or of soft sand-stone, which the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly wearing away, or that this softer substratum is itself yielding at great depths to the enormous weight of the harder miners' above.—Chicago News.

Pertils of New Fashions. Little son—Pa, you'd better not disturb ma. Pa—Why not? "She's in an awful temper." "What about?" "I don't know." "Where is your ma?" "Up stairs in the room." "How does she act?" "Oh, awful. She's ravin' round, turning over chairs and moving furniture and banging things about awful, and she keeps saying 'Behshrew it,' concern it and electrocute it in the awfulest maddest voice I ever heard, only it ain't loud."

The Wheel: Had the people of the United States issued \$2,000,000,000 of paper money and built railroads with it in the place of the \$2,000,000,000 of gold that has been dug out of the mines they would have had at least 100,000 miles of equipped railroads and the \$2,000,000,000 in circulation instead of a few holes in the ground, 1,000,000 acres of the best land in America ruined, and a paltry \$200,000,000 of gold left in this country and no government railroads. Why not correct this now? Let congress appropriate \$3,500,000,000 for building railroads and telegraphs and equipping them and other needed public works, buying such as are needed that are already built. This will afford \$50 per capita circulation and give the people transportation at cost. The country would have value received for their money, and the people would have money to build factories and give work to the unemployed.

DOWN BY THE LANE. There dwells a maid across the street— Alas! alas! and woe! Alas! alas! and woe! And once our optics chanced to meet— Oh, bitter, bitter was the day!

For I, the hour to beguile— The maid was very fair to see— Did meekly venture on a smile— Oh, woe is me! oh, woe is me!

And thinking that the maid smiled back— For I am very near of sight— I seized the pen from off the rack— And large upon a sheet did write:

"Meet me at eight, down by the lane— Where I at eight did swit repair. Alas! I ne'er shall walk again— It was her father met me there!" —Boston Courier.

BEYOND THE VEIL. "If I were in your place, I would not go," advised a friend to whom I had announced my intention of visiting Mme. de Strang, a fortune-teller whose strangely worded advertisements had roused my curiosity. "And why not?" I asked. "Because," he returned, thoughtfully, "from what I have heard about her, I am sure that her exhibitions and so-called revelations are simply the results of skillfullegerdemain designed to appeal to the superstition in our nature. We all are sufficiently superstitious, why should we seek to be more so?"

I laughed. "Johnson," I said, "do I look like a superstitious man?" I set out that bright afternoon alone. The address I had written down led me to a tall, red-fronted brick building in a quiet street in the northern part of the city. The locality was anything but inviting. I went up the steps to the stoop, and pulled at the bell. I listened for a ring, but no sound came from within. The door opened suddenly. A little, brown-faced man, with repulsive features and a head shaped like a key-stone, stood bowing in the dark hall. He motioned me rather impatiently to enter, saying, in broken English: "You must not stand there, the door will close."

I stepped inside and the door instantly shut without a particle of sound, making the hall so dark that I could not see an inch before my eyes. It was as silent as a grave, not a sound came in from the street, which was roaring with traffic and vehicles. "Well?" said the man, half-interrogatively, and from his voice I knew he was near me. I replied that I had come to consult Mme. de Strang. "You can not see her now," he replied in a very low tone; "she is busy."

"I will go then and come back again," I said, conscious of a certain feeling of relief, and a desire to reach the light. To my surprise he did not reply. I waited a moment, and, stepping backward, put out my hand to the door. A cold thrill of horror quivered over me. There was no knob, latch, or key-hole, and I felt the soft padding into which the door closed to keep out sound. I heard him laugh softly. "The door can not be unlocked here," he said, and I could see his eyes in the darkness like coals of fire; "madame opens and closes it by electricity in her apartments. You will have to wait—it is the rule."

"I will return for you in a moment," said the unseen attendant indifferently, and he went from me trailing his hand in a ghostly way along the wall. Then I essayed to fight down my fears. I tried to convince myself that this was designed to frighten and unfit me for the forthcoming interview. I laughed, but it only intensified my terror. Here you ever been where dead silence and awful darkness make occasional sound terrifying? I quaked to the core of my soul at the echoing of my ghastly laugh. It seemed to go up to come down to traverse the long hall and bound from side to side, growing weaker and weaker. It seemed to be my own soul trying to desert me in the horrible darkness, trying to leave my material self in its hunger for light and freedom.

I sprang toward the attendant when I heard him returning. I wanted to take him in my terrified embrace, and plead with him to open the door, but my pride prevented it. He led me down the black hall and into a still darker apartment the carpet of which felt as dark and uncertain under my feet as a pillow of down, and gently pushed me into a chair with his hands on my shoulders. Then, with his lips to my ear, he whispered: "Sit perfectly still; do not stir under any circumstances till madame speaks to you, and keep your eyes in front of you, for it is there you will see her."

I heard him leaving. Again that weird trailing of his hand along the wall till the sound died out. Then out of the curtain of darkness before my eyes sprang what appeared to be a dazzling star. It was no larger than a penny, but its brilliancy pained my eyes like looking at the sun. I looked down and saw that it had cast a round, bright spot about six inches in diameter on the black carpet about a yard from my feet. I could not take my eyes from it. It fascinated me for several minutes; then every particle of blood in my veins ceased to flow, for I discovered that it was slowly moving toward me. I tried to scream, but my voice was choked. I reached my feet and slowly climbed my legs and then my body. When it was traversing my breast I felt as if its weight would crush me to death. Presently it encircled my face. I was blinded for an instant, then sprang to my feet. As I did so it fell and ran in a wavering way across the floor and vanished.

"Be still!" a musical voice cautioned. I looked in front of me. The darkness was beginning to grow lighter, as a dark night melts at the approach of dawn. At first it was gray, then it took on a reddish tinge veiled with a mist of gold. The effect was strangely soothing. I almost forgot my terror in the pleasurable sensation of wonder that came over me. The scene was constantly changing. Out of the pink-and-golden gory came the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She was reclining on a couch as if asleep. I was in total darkness; there was no light save a rose-halo that surrounded her. She opened her most wondrous eyes I had ever seen, and smiled.

"You desired to consult me?" she half-queried. I could not speak. "Never mind," she said; "you are excited. They all are—it is only natural."

She raised her shapely, bare arm and made a graceful gesture, and at that moment, I heard sweet music as delicate as that of an Aeolian harp. So soft and low was it that if the place had not been as still as a tomb, it would not have reached my ears.

"I can show you two things only about physical being—with the spiritual I have nothing to do," she continued, in tones that bended sympathetically with the music. "If you desire I can show you some one—only one—of your ancestors as they appeared a century or more ago. I can also cause you to see yourself in the future. I can not say under what conditions, for I know nothing till the picture appears. Some see themselves in old age, alive and happy; others are present at their own funerals. In the latter contingency, you would see yourself surrounded by those who will be with you at death. You must be your own judge as to whether you see these things. I examined your face before I admitted you; I judge that you are mentally and physically able to witness all I may show you; indeed, you are much calmer now than a few moments since."

I tried to smile, but my face felt hard and stiff. "Yes," I said, and my voice sounded so harsh and guttural in the musical atmosphere that I did not finish what I had started to say. "I understand," she said; "well, look to your right."

I turned in the direction her eyes had taken, and she went on: "There appears to be a curtain here, but it is only darkness; in a moment it will be gone."

Again I witnessed that wonderful melting of darkness into light, and when the pink-and-golden haze had vanished I saw an old-fashioned room, having a wide fire-place, polished floor, and antiquated furniture. I could even see the sunlight as it entered a small-paned window and lay diagonally on the floor, and through an open door I caught a glimpse of a flower-garden, a grassy lawn dotted with fruit trees and grape-arbors. Up a long walk an old man was approaching. He wore a three-cornered hat, knickerbockers, low shoes with silver buckles, and a blue coat decorated with lace. He entered the door as silently as thought moves, and sat down at the window in the sunlight, wiping his heated brow with a handkerchief. He looked like a picture of my great-grandfather, which I remembered having seen when I was a child.

"You may not be able to note it," went on the beautiful woman, "but there is a marked resemblance between yourself and this man. Note the shape of his brow, his hands, the color of his eyes, his posture."

I gazed so steadily that a mist seemed to fall before my sight. The sunlight left the window; a cloud seemed to have swept over the garden, that I could see through the door; the scene grew gray and then was swallowed up in the darkness that streamed into it. The rose-light drew my eyes for relief to the woman on the couch.

"That is all I can show you of the past," she said sweetly; "but if you will look back again, you will see something of your future. Remember, however, that you must be courageous. As the most important events in life are marriage and death, you will be apt to see something of one or the other as regards your own future."

"You had better look," said the woman; "it is not so very bad, you will see. I would not have you go away in your present mental condition. After all, to die is but the end of earthly life. Look!"

I felt some one turn me forcibly around. A wide landscape was before my eyes, and oh, how beautiful! Hills and mountains rose in the distance; sunshine fell over it all. Near by stood a great church of gray stone. I could see the massive bell swing to and fro through the lattice of the steeple. A vast crowd was going into the wide door. Carriages and horses dotted the road that led away toward the river in the distance. I heard, black as ebony, the horses of which were prancing and curvetting impatiently. Six gray-headed men took out the casket and began to bear it toward the church, and the organ within commenced to play dolefully. The old men had the faces of young men I knew—faces altered by age. As they began to ascend the church steps I saw the white face of the corpse through the uncovered, flower-strewn glass.

It was my own, but wrinkled with old age and crowned with hair as white as snow. A snowy heap of beard lay upon my breast. "Do not be grieved," said the fortune-teller; "yours is the funeral of a very old man. See the date on the new tombstone under the trees in the church-yard."

I looked and saw a white slab near an open grave, and on it was engraved my name and "Died April the First, 1945."

The organ strains died as if the instrument were borne away. The whole became a glorious sunset view. I looked at the rose-light; it was fading. I could see only a shadowy outline of the beautiful woman. Presently I was alone in total darkness. Then I felt some one guiding me toward the hall. The door opened, and I walked slowly into the blinding sunlight and the deafening roar of the streets. —Argonaut.

Dr. Barnes, of Seaside. Dr. Barnes, of Seaside, had for a parishioner a rich but hard, grasping, penurious and quarrelsome man. In course of time he died, and, at his funeral, the minister dealt with him in no gentle phrase. The next Sunday the bereaved widow came herself to the parsonage bringing the usual "note" and at the same time, preferring an earnest request that as the minister had already given her husband such a raking at the funeral, he would quietly pass him over in his prayer. She added that her husband had always been kind and good to her and to his family. "Well, well," said the aged and venerated pastor. His curt relief of himself in his prayer was this: "Thou knowest O Lord, that thy departed servant was a good provider for his family; but, beyond that, his friends think and we think, the less said the better." —Argonaut.

He, joyfully—"And you will be mine!" She, aggressively—"No, I won't." He, surprised—"Why, you just said you would marry me." She, dogmatically—"That's different." —Detroit Free Press.

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