



Copyright, 1891, BY R. H. KELLOGG N. C. BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

"But about the town lots," John asked, "don't you consider them safe?"

"Why, yes; they're safe. They're as good as bonds, and there's immense profits to be made of them. But that ain't the question, you see. You didn't want lots; you wanted to pay the debt off your farm."

"Well, if the lots are safe and the returns as big as Scrags says, why I'm satisfied with matters as they stand."

"I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Green, for the investment is safe, in my opinion, and I think that for every dollar you put into it now you will take out five at the end of a year. So firm is my faith in it that I have invested heavily on my own account, besides advising my friends in the east to take hold; and I am glad Scrags let you in. It is better than paying the mortgage."

John, thus confirmed in the wisdom of the turn he had made, went back to his home on the prairie highly satisfied and pleased; while Harry Pearson continued his way to Scrags' office equally well pleased as John. The former felt that Providence and Scrags had opened before him a quick and easy way of overcoming all his financial difficulties and placing himself and family on the high road to fortune, while the latter felt that his tools were being drawn closer and tighter about his innocent and unsuspecting victim. Each for his own reason, and widely different reasons they were, was pleased with the drift of affairs, and each smiled the smile of triumph.

John, moreover, felt that he owed a great debt of gratitude to Harry Pearson for the disinterested interest he had taken in his affairs, and he longed for an opportunity to repay him.

CHAPTER X. THE SERPENT SHOWS ITS FANGS.

When Pearson reached Scrags' office he found the agent alone. He was sitting at his desk, with his pen stuck above his ear and with his face buried in his hands. It was evident from his attitude and his listless manner that he was deeply engrossed in study.

"Hatching up some scheme for plundering these poor devils," Harry thought as he halted for a moment in the open door to contemplate Scrags. "He's got some deep laid plan at work, and whatever it is it'll bring a few thousands to his pocket at the expense of the settlers."

At that moment Scrags looked up, and his eyes met those of Harry Pearson.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Scrags. I didn't mean to intrude, so if your meditations are sacred I'll withdraw."

"Come in and sit down," Scrags said in reply. "I was meditating, and seriously, too, but my thoughts were of you, and I am glad you came."

"Ha, you are a faithful agent, Scrags. Always got my interests in mind, and forever studying out some plan for advancing them. What new scheme are you working up now?"

"I am not working up any scheme, Mr. Pearson."

"Yet you were thinking of me. How does that come?"

"I was thinking of you in an entirely different connection."

"What connection, then?"

"Why, in connection with those Greens. It has come across my mind that there is some deep purpose in your action."

"Ha, ha! Is it possible that Scrags has got his mind off financial matters long enough to let a thought of something so foreign creep in? Come, Scrags, stick to the per cent, and the commissions, and don't go to muddling your brain about things that don't concern you and that will never put a dollar in your pocket. It ain't in your line, Scrags, and you'd better let it alone."

"Ordinarily, Pearson, I don't meddle much with things that don't directly concern me. I am content heartless and unfeeling, and have been cursed from Dan to Beersheba by everybody who has had any dealings with me, and as a general thing people are not to blame. They have had room for swearing, and not knowing that there was a monkey in the case are not to blame for swearing at the cat whose paw has been used to rake the chestnuts from the fire. But I suppose I ought not to complain. I am paid for my work, and it is my duty to shoulder the blame that attaches to it and take the curses it brings down on my head. Anyhow, I am willing to go on with that; but I am not willing to be a party to a worse crime, and, by George, I won't be. I say, I won't be, and I mean it."

"Are you through with your sermon, Scrags?"

"For the present, yes."

"Then may I ask what deep crime you refuse to be a party to?"

THE FATHER'S VICTIM. A Story of Western Life.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

The young man's face changed color alternately as he listened to this speech. One moment it was livid with anger and the next flushed with a sense of shame. Once or twice he made gestures for Scrags to stop, but the agent went on to the end.

"Well, Mr. Scrags," Harry replied after a short silence. "I don't admit anything you have charged, but say you are correct, and it must be acknowledged that you are not above reproach. Your virtuous indignation don't commence quite soon enough. It begins where the profits leave off. In other words you are willing to condone my crimes, as you choose to call them, and even assist me in executing them, as long as there is money in it to you. But the moment they cease to bring a financial return to your pocket you get terribly down on them. You are willing to help 'rob and plunder' the settlers because it pays you, but there is no profit in trapping the girl, so your virtuous soul revolts at the idea. That is the size of your honor, Scrags."

"I admit that appearances do seem against me, Pearson, for after being a tool in your hands so long," said Scrags with emphasis, "it would be a miracle if I had an honorable impulse left in my bosom. But miracle as it is, I have a spark of honor yet unobscured. I would say what I have, and oppose your designs on Green's daughter, even if I lost money by it. In a case like this money cuts no figure with me."

"You are very pious all at once, Scrags," said Pearson with a light laugh, "and I wonder you didn't turn preacher in your young days. You would have made an eloquent sermonizer. But we'll drop this subject, if you please, for the present, and when I form designs against Green's girl, such as you mention, and find I am in need of your assistance in carrying them out, I'll put up the 'stuff' and make you solid."

"You'll do no such thing," Scrags exclaimed with wrath as he arose and paced the floor. "No money will induce me to aid in betraying that girl or any other girl into your power. But I'll tell you what I will do. Scrags said, stopping before Pearson and looking him square in the eyes, "I'll warn John Green against you, and I'll warn the girl against you."

"You will!" exclaimed the young man springing up with flashing eyes and clenched fists. "You will, eh?"

"Yes, I will," replied Scrags, calmly maintaining his position.

"For a minute the two men stood silently eyeing each other, Scrags cool, collected and immovable, and Pearson at first angry and flushed, but slowly calming down. At last the latter broke into a light laugh, and with a toss of the head spoke:

"Don't be a fool, Scrags," he said, "because that don't pay. I have no designs on the girl, and besides if I did have your putting in wouldn't do any good. Do you suppose the Greens, or any of the other settlers, would take your word in preference to mine? Of course they wouldn't. It's you that is known as a heartless villain, while I, in the shade back of you, am known as a kind, feeling gentleman. These people

"I tell you, Green," Scrags went on, "now is a good time to sell. You double your money, and that is profit enough. Take my advice and sell out. I can loan you money where it will be safe and where it will bring you good interest. Make the change, then when the mortgage on your farm is due you will have the money to pay it off."

But John shook his head, saying: "You can get no interest to equal the profits on the lots, and besides I would rather not turn trader."

Scrags was silent for a little while, during which he looked hard at the floor. Then looking up he said:

"Green, I have a purpose in advising you as I do. I do not like to say what that purpose is, but I assure you it is an honest one, and besides it is well founded. For your own good I advise you to this step. Get your money out of these lots, and keep it out."

John made no reply but looked at Scrags incredulously. The agent saw that he had made no impression, and he continued:

"Will you promise upon your oath, Green, never to whisper a word of what I am going to tell you?"

"Yes, if it is right that I should not."

"I don't know that it would be exactly right, but I know it would be to your interest, and would, if you acted on it, save you money and save you from a great deal of suffering, perhaps. But be that as it may, I won't reveal any secret. It wouldn't be safe. I will say, though, let those lots go and make your money secure."

"Isn't it secure where it is?" John asked.

"You heard what I said, Mr. Green," Scrags replied, "and ought to be able to draw your own conclusions. I say take your money out of the lots and make it secure. That's all I can say to you, and it's more than I have said or will say to anyone else. I have a reason for advising you to this step, and strange as it may seem, it is altogether for your interest that I do it."

"It's a little strange, indeed, Mr. Scrags," John said with an incredulous shake of the head, "that you should feel such an uncommon interest in my welfare. I cannot understand why you should make so great an exception in my favor. Why am I alone selected from all your customers to receive the benefit of your advice? Am I more to you than any of the hundreds of others who have invested in these town lots? I don't think so."

"You are right, Green, you are not more to me than the others. But it is not that which influences me. There is not a man among all my customers whom I would not advise as I do you, were he placed in like circumstances. But it is folly to talk and argue. Here is a customer for your lots. Take my advice and sell out."

"No," said John, "I'll keep them. I know your object, Mr. Scrags—I can see through it perfectly. Those lots of others who have invested in these town lots, you know it. You see a price, and you know it. You see a thousand dollars or so in them, and you want them. You are the man who proposes to buy them. You are Scrags, and you can hatch out some plausible schemes, but I understand your motive in this instance."

Scrags arose and walked the floor for a minute or two, then stopping in front of Green, said:

"John Green, I wouldn't pay you fifty per cent on the investment you made in those lots. I don't want them, and in those lots, I don't want them, and wouldn't buy them at any price. But talk is useless, so I have no more to say

your tool. But, nevertheless, it is my duty to warn them against you, and I'll do it. I'll give them fair warning, and if they don't want to heed it they can only suffer the consequences. If you wanted to marry the girl now—"

"Ha! I don't want to marry her, and I don't propose to do anything of the sort. You know that that matter is settled for me. The folks at home have kindly selected a woman for me, and all I have to do is to go back and marry her, which I am going to do in a few weeks. I don't love her and never did, but she is rich, and money is what we are after."

Scrags made no reply to this, and Pearson went on:

"I shall go back there and marry that woman but I will not be compelled to stay there with her. I will soon find an excuse for coming west, and once here I will work to my ends and find my happiness in the society of my little wild flower of the plains."

CHAPTER XI. GREEN WANTS MORE PROFIT.

Along in October Harry Pearson went east for the purpose of getting married. He had not gone to Green's more than once or twice after the conversation between him and Scrags, but he consoled himself in leaving with the thought that it would not be long before he was back again; and he hoped by that time to be able to sway Louise to his wishes.

Scrags said nothing to the Greens of the young man's intentions, for in the first place he realized that they would be slow to believe him, and in the second place he found it a little difficult to approach them on such a subject. Then again he told himself that it would be premature, anyhow, to speak then, as it was probable that once married Harry would give up his designs on Louise, and even if he didn't it would be time enough to speak when Pearson came back. So the matter rested.

The boom at Paradise Park assumed greater proportions every hour. The sale of lots grew greater day by day, and at last the rush of customers was so overwhelming that Scrags found it necessary to take in two extra assistants. Several new buildings were put in course of erection, and three newspapers, two of them with daily issues, were established in the town.

Many of the lots were sold two or three times within as many days, and always at a large advance. Speculation ran wild and option dealing became the rage of the hour. John Green made no effort to sell his lots, for they were well located, and he felt secure in holding them. They would go on increasing, he thought, and when the railroad companies began to construct their lines into the place, and all the other public improvements were put under way, their value would go beyond anybody's expectations. He determined to hold them, and hold them he did.

But Scrags made an effort to sell them, and in a short time he found a customer who offered to take them at double what John paid. Scrags sent for John and laid the offer before him, saying:

"It is a big profit on the investment, Mr. Green, and my advice is to take it."

"No," said John, "I can do better than that next year. Wait till the railroads come in."

"I tell you, Green," Scrags went on, "now is a good time to sell. You double your money, and that is profit enough. Take my advice and sell out. I can loan you money where it will be safe and where it will bring you good interest. Make the change, then when the mortgage on your farm is due you will have the money to pay it off."

Then a new town on the railroad was started under the name of Magic City. Scrags, the inevitable, shook the dust of Paradise Park from his feet and went down to Magic City to inaugurate a boom there; and he succeeded so well that within a few days there was a grand rush of people to the new town, and a real estate craze rivaling that of Paradise Park began to rage. The people who owned houses at the old town moved them to the new, and thus within a couple of weeks the famed town of Paradise Park—the once proud infant wonder of the world—was blotted out of existence, and nothing save a few old foundations and the ruined corner stakes remained to mark the spot where the embryo metropolis had stood.

The collapse had been sudden and unexpected, and hundreds of poor settlers who had invested their little all in the hope of making a raise awhile suddenly to the fact that they were ruined, and that their hopes and their money had gone down together in the great wreck. Some who had a small amount of means left invested in the new town in the hope of retrieving what was lost in the old, but hundreds had nothing left to invest, and all they could do was to mourn the departed, and curse Scrags.

This latter plagues, however, was denied John Green. He counted among the fall of Paradise Park, but he had no occasion to curse Scrags, for Scrags had warned him and had made every effort to get him to save himself. John took his loss seriously to heart, and many were the wakeful nights it caused him. The sum of money was small, but it was all that stood between his family and want if he should fall on his crop the coming season, as there was a fair prospect of him doing since the season had opened up exceedingly.

Mary, ever patient and long suffering, deplored the loss of the money equally as much as John did, but made a pretense of considering it a mere trifle. True wife that she was, she was willing to bear her own burdens alone, and besides shoulder a large part of her future outlook to encourage her, yet for John's sake she affected to see a great deal, and the more he regretted, the more cheerful and hopeful she became, and the more lightly she treated their loss.

"I am glad, Mary," John remarked one day, "that you take such a happy view of the situation. The loss of my money, and the knowledge that it was my fault, is enough to make me despise myself almost, even at best, and if you had blamed me as I deserve to be blamed, I believe I'd have gone mad."

"John, there is nothing for which to blame you," Mary replied. "You invested the money, as hundreds of others invested, and tried to act for the best. It was a mistake, and nothing more. Such a mistake as anyone might have made, and as almost every poor settler did make. There is no use to condemn yourself, or make yourself miserable with vain regrets. The money is gone—let it go. We can live over the loss, and in a short time won't feel it."

"I hope so," replied John, "but it is hard to raise expectations where there is so little to base them on. There are

at least only this. In less than six months from to-day, you will recall what I have said, and you will say that for once Scrags advised you aright. Good day."

These last words of Scrags made a slight impression on John, and he left the office in a halting state of mind. Once or twice as he walked down the street he stopped, half inclined to go back and accept Scrags' offer.

"If I sell out," he mused, "I will make a large profit, and besides being able to redeem my farm will have a couple of hundred dollars left towards building a home. It may be that Scrags is right, too, and that by holding on I will lose all. Perhaps it would be safer to sell."

Then on the other hand he would recall Scrags' reputation as a schemer and an unprincipled shark, and noting the improvements that were under way and the avidity with which other people were taking up "bargains" in real estate, he would conclude that he was right, and that Scrags only wanted to get the lots himself because there was a big outcome to them. Reasoning pro and con, he finally decided to keep his lots, and accordingly went home, perfectly satisfied that he had acted for the best.

The boom at Paradise Park kept rolling on and on, reaching out farther and farther until the winter came on and the severe storms and cold weather put a check to all improvement. That winter was an intensely cold one, and there was a great deal of snow, so that people ventured out but little, and as a consequence the excitement at Paradise Park died down and the sales of real estate ceased entirely.

The investors felt no uneasiness, however, being assured that with the return of fair weather the boom would set in again with renewed vigor. In the spring the railroads were to be located and work was to begin on them at once; and all the other public improvements were to be got under headway, too; so then the real boom was to come, and only a few short months of inactivity was to come between.

Thus the winter passed, and by the middle of March all the snow was gone from the plains, and the tender grass began to shoot up. The boom at Paradise Park revived, and while real estate transactions resumed their wonted strength, the sound of the hammer, the saw and the trowel were heard on every hand. Business blocks, both frame and brick, were started up all about the center of the town, while residences were being constructed to every quarter. Unprecedented activity reigned, and Scrags' prediction that the place would have twenty thousand population within the year bade fair to come true.

But day after day passed, and no more toward constructing railroads and other public improvements was made. Yet the people were strong in the faith and kept the boom rolling.

CHAPTER XII. A BURSTED BOOM.

A month passed and then the great boom at Paradise Park received a sudden check. A railroad line was located through that section of Kansas, but it came not to or through the place. It ran within five miles of the town, and the company located a depot and laid out a townsite at the point nearest to Paradise Park.

As soon as this fact became known as a certainty the great boom burst and the embryo western metropolis lay flat. The sale of lots stopped short, and within three days the value of real estate ran down until it was impossible to sell lots at any price. The noise of the saw and hammer ceased, and unfinished buildings were left so.

Then a new town on the railroad was started under the name of Magic City. Scrags, the inevitable, shook the dust of Paradise Park from his feet and went down to Magic City to inaugurate a boom there; and he succeeded so well that within a few days there was a grand rush of people to the new town, and a real estate craze rivaling that of Paradise Park began to rage. The people who owned houses at the old town moved them to the new, and thus within a couple of weeks the famed town of Paradise Park—the once proud infant wonder of the world—was blotted out of existence, and nothing save a few old foundations and the ruined corner stakes remained to mark the spot where the embryo metropolis had stood.

The collapse had been sudden and unexpected, and hundreds of poor settlers who had invested their little all in the hope of making a raise awhile suddenly to the fact that they were ruined, and that their hopes and their money had gone down together in the great wreck. Some who had a small amount of means left invested in the new town in the hope of retrieving what was lost in the old, but hundreds had nothing left to invest, and all they could do was to mourn the departed, and curse Scrags.

This latter plagues, however, was denied John Green. He counted among the fall of Paradise Park, but he had no occasion to curse Scrags, for Scrags had warned him and had made every effort to get him to save himself. John took his loss seriously to heart, and many were the wakeful nights it caused him. The sum of money was small, but it was all that stood between his family and want if he should fall on his crop the coming season, as there was a fair prospect of him doing since the season had opened up exceedingly.

Mary, ever patient and long suffering, deplored the loss of the money equally as much as John did, but made a pretense of considering it a mere trifle. True wife that she was, she was willing to bear her own burdens alone, and besides shoulder a large part of her future outlook to encourage her, yet for John's sake she affected to see a great deal, and the more he regretted, the more cheerful and hopeful she became, and the more lightly she treated their loss.

"I am glad, Mary," John remarked one day, "that you take such a happy view of the situation. The loss of my money, and the knowledge that it was my fault, is enough to make me despise myself almost, even at best, and if you had blamed me as I deserve to be blamed, I believe I'd have gone mad."

"John, there is nothing for which to blame you," Mary replied. "You invested the money, as hundreds of others invested, and tried to act for the best. It was a mistake, and nothing more. Such a mistake as anyone might have made, and as almost every poor settler did make. There is no use to condemn yourself, or make yourself miserable with vain regrets. The money is gone—let it go. We can live over the loss, and in a short time won't feel it."

"I hope so," replied John, "but it is hard to raise expectations where there is so little to base them on. There are

poor prospects for crops this year, for it is already late in the season and there is not moisture enough in the ground to sprout the seeds. If it does not rain soon we will raise nothing, and again we shall have to go through the experiences of a year ago. Sometimes I feel like turning loose and cursing this God-forsaken country from end to end. I wish we had never set foot on Kansas soil. There is nothing here for us but suffering, hardships and disappointments. From year to year we have got to contend against drought, hot winds, chinch bugs, grasshoppers, greedily Skylocks and swindling schemes, and the settler has a poor showing among them."

"It is discouraging, John," said Mary, "but where can poor people do better? The east is overcrowded, and the poor man cannot hope to get a home there. He cannot go into business for himself,

earnest tones. There was none of the joking and laughing in which men thus assembled usually indulge. Not a smile disturbed the gloom that hung over the meeting. No hopeful light kindled in the eyes of the poor settlers. It was a solemn occasion and weighty matters occupied the thoughts of all that gathering of stouthearted pioneers. Before them and their families they saw nothing but starvation, and it is not to be wondered that their cheeks were blanched and their eyes dull and heavy with anxiety and fear.

The situation was discussed in all its phases, and innumerable plans of action were suggested. Some favored giving up the land and moving away, but a great many like Green were too poor to go, and knew of no place where they could better their condition, even if they were able to make the change. After a great many had given their opinions some one called on Green to speak.

"Men," Green began as he arose, "we are placed in a position where it is hard to find any way out. We have nothing but our claims, and unfortunately they are in the grasp of the money Skylocks of the east. The majority of us are little better than paupers. We have no money, we have no provisions, and our land, the only possession we have, is being devoured day by day by that voracious, high interest. The country in all this part of the state is in desolation, and there is nothing for us to do to earn bread for ourselves and families. Yet we must eat or die, and we cannot starve. We must find some way of earning a livelihood."

"That's so," said some one, "but how is it to be done?"

"That's what I am coming to," John replied; "but, after all, my suggestions may not be worth much. There are some men here who have friends in the east who are able and willing to aid them. These men can get means to tide them over the present difficulties, or, if they prefer, can return east with their families. Those who are thus fortunately situated need have no anxieties and fears. But there are some of us who are less fortunate and who have no one to look to for assistance. We who are in that condition must have recourse to our own energies. We must earn a living, and, since we cannot do that here, we must go where it can be done. In short, men, we must leave our families here and go back east in search of work. Back in eastern Kansas and in Missouri employment can be had at some wages, and even if we earn but little we ought to feel thankful if it enables us to keep our families alive."

When Green sat down several others spoke, all in indorsement of his plan, and at last it was agreed to by the meeting. It seemed a hard thing to go away leaving the wives and the children out there on the bare, brown plains, without friends or money; but there was no alternative. It was that or worse. So it was agreed that on the following Monday all those who wished to go east in search of employment should meet at Markham's store and start from there in the morning.

After the meeting John went home and informed his wife of the proposed plan. Her face paled as he spoke, and the tears started to her eyes, but with an effort she controlled her feelings, and true to her nature attempted to look cheerfully on the arrangement.

"I regret having to leave you and Louise thus," John said, "but I see no way to avoid it, and besides the separation will not last long."

"Never mind us, John," said Mary. "We shall get along all right. We shall miss you and feel lonely while you are away, but we shall look forward to the time when you will come back to us, and the autumn and the winter will soon pass. Cheer up, dear John, and don't worry on our account."

(Continued)

An Emperor's Gift.

When the emperor of Germany was a lieutenant in the First regiment of the Foot Guards at Potsdam, in 1877, he became well acquainted with Herr Stuwé. He occasionally brooked one day a beer mug much prized by Stuwé, and promised to give him another. But military and other duties put the matter out of his mind. While talking a short time ago to Colonel Von Kessel, the name of Stuwé was mentioned. The whole affair of the broken beer mug came back to his majesty's recollection, and he immediately ordered a magnificent beer glass, with a rich silver lid bearing the imperial arms and inscribed: "To Herr Stuwé, from his friend and comrade Lieutenant Wilhelm." Herr Stuwé now holds a government post at Chemnitz.

There was nothing before the Greens but a repetition of the experiences of the winter two years before. Their store of provisions saved from the crop of the preceding year was almost gone, and they had no money and no means of raising any. They had not even the privilege of borrowing from Scrags this time, for they had nothing to mortgage him in return for his accommodation. Take the most cheerful view of the future that they could, and picture it in the brightest colors their broyant fancy could suggest, and it remained a dark, somber, forbidding prospect, unrelieved by a single ray of light.

John regretted the loss of his money now as he had never regretted it before, and no opinion he could form of himself, however low and degrading, was spared him. With that money all safe at hand he and his family could pass unpinched through the coming winter, and have enough left to pay the debt off the farm. But regretting did no good, and so Mary told her husband, though she was far from free of it herself.

The Greens were not the only family that were thus placed in a precarious position. Nearly all the settlers in that section were victims of the Paradise Park boom, and now found themselves stranded. Very few of them had three months' supply of provisions on hand, and none of them had money. The farms were all under mortgage to the eastern capitalists, so they could not borrow money, and it was useless to think of earning anything in that part of the country, for there was no employment to be had.

In this state of affairs somebody called a meeting of the settlers at Markham's store, and when the day came around John Green went over to see what could be done. There were twenty-five or thirty other men there, all with sad, bronzed faces and quailing hearts. The men spoke together in low,

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.

J. W. HARTLEY, State Agt., Lincoln, Neb.

For the Germans.

The first and only work ever written on currency reform in German is "Geld" by Robert Schilling. It is a translation and enlargement of his "Silver question" and sure to make converts. The retail price is 25 cents, but it will be furnished to reform organizations and agents at a greatly reduced rate. A sample copy will be sent for 15 cents. Address: ALLIANCE PUB. CO., 201f Lincoln, Neb.

OUR SPECIAL SALE ON Cloaks and Furs

STILL CONTINUES.

We also call special attention to our Bargain Counter.

We are selling 20 dozen Ladies wool hose. Other bargains too numerous to mention.

Be sure and visit our Bargain Counter.

MILLER & PAINE, 133 to 139 S 11th St., Lincoln, Nebraska.

H. R. BAILEY, Wholesale Commission MERCHANT.

DEALER IN BAILED HAY.

236 1/2 1326 U Street, Lincoln, Neb.

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS.

and intend that our People's movement shall triumph, you should rally to the support of THE LABOR WAIVE.

owned, edited and published by the Assembly of Nebraska Knights of Labor, in the place of all places where the truth, plain and less less spoken will accomplish the most good. Omaha. Subscribe now and put this paper on a sound financial basis. Address communications to ANSOK H. BIRLOW, State Secretary, 1201 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

"TRUE NATIONALIST." Progressive, Fearless and Spicy. A SUBSCRIPTION - \$1.00 PER YEAR.

The Alliance Defender

Published at Richmond, Mo., by CHAS. N. BROWN is a straight out PEOPLE'S PARTY paper. You should send at once and have it forwarded to your friends. Address: Alliance Defender, Lock Box 436, Richmond, Mo.

PENSION

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW. Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled. Dependent widows and parents, now dependent who are sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully adjusted, send your address. JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, 4717 Washington, D. C.

THE FARMER'S SIDE.

"Where we are, how we got here, and the way out."

By Hon. W. A. PEPPER, U. S. SENATOR FROM KANSAS. 13mo, cloth - - - \$1.00.

There is a demand for a comprehensive and authoritative book which shall represent the farmer, and set forth his condition, the influences surrounding him, and plans and prospects for the future. This book has been written by Hon. W. A. Pepper, who was elected to the United States Senate from Kansas to succeed Senator Ingalls. The title is THE FARMER'S SIDE, and this indicates the purpose of the work.

In the earlier chapters, Senator Pepper describes the condition of the farmer in various parts of the country, and compares it with the condition of men in other callings. He carefully examines the cost of labor, of living, the price of crops, taxes, mortgages, and rates of interest. He gives elaborate tables showing the increase of wealth in railroads, manufactures, banking, and other forms of business, and he compares this with the earnings of the farmer, and also wage-workers in general. In a clear, forcible style, with abundant citations of facts and figures, the author tells how the farmer reached his present unsatisfactory condition. Then follows an elaborate discussion of "The Way Out," which is the fullest and most authoritative presentation of the aims and views of the Farmers' Alliance that has been published, including full discussions of the currency, the questions of interest and mortgages, railroads, the sale of crops, and other matters of vital consequence.

This book is the only one which attempts to cover the whole ground, and it is unnecessary to emphasize its value. It