



Where am I, and what has happened? He said in a weak voice. "You're right here," said one of the men, "and it looks as though that chap who hit you came nigh taking your head off. He gave you a terribly black eye, sure."

Slowly Pearson began to recall what had happened to him, and he grew angry and tried to spring up. But he found that he had sustained a greater injury than he had thought. One of his limbs had caught under him when he fell, and had been thrown out of position. With a cry of pain he sank back to the ground.

"Come Paul Marikham," he muttered. "He has put me in a nice pickle, and laid me up for a week, perhaps, when there is no day to lose."

The men got him in the wagon, and within an hour left him in bed in his room at Magic City.

Dr. Bascom had not forgotten his promise to aid Green in getting some money if possible. He had tried every means in his power, visited all the money lenders and everyone else from whom it seemed probable the money might be obtained.

"I suppose such is the case, however, and some steps ought to be taken to break it up. He has devilish designs on Green's girl, and I'm afraid he has Green in his power, and if he is permitted to go on in his own way he will bring the girl to ruin. Something ought to be done at once to thwart him if possible."

"That's true," said the doctor, "that's true. But this is all news to me. I have had no intimation of anything of that sort, and never dreamed of such a thing, or I certainly should have taken some steps to stop it. But how has Pearson managed to get Green in his power?"

"Easy enough," replied Scraggs, and he went on to tell about Miller's loss and John's sale of the wagon and team.

is the best thing I ever heard of, and you deserve a medal for it. I'll put you against the world when it comes to scheming," and again Scraggs' feelings got the better of him and he burst out into another roar of laughter.

"Now, if I can keep Pearson in bed for a week," said the doctor, "you think you can accomplish your work, do you?"

"Yes, like a top. You just hold Pearson down on his back for six days, and I'm sure we'll come through all right."

"Well, I'll try to do it, Scraggs, and I think I can succeed. So long."

Dr. Bascom was assiduous in his attentions to Pearson, and every day called to see him. He made it a point to speak of the case most seriously, and his face was always grave and thoughtful when he was in his patient's presence.

"Do you think I am in a serious condition?" Pearson asked one day.

"Oh, not particularly so," the doctor replied. "You will be up and about in a few weeks."

"A few weeks?" Pearson repeated with a groan. "Can't I get about sooner than that?"

"Well, that depends, young man. If you keep perfectly quiet and lay flat on your back for ten days, or such a matter, you may be able to get out a little earlier."

Two or three days passed thus, when one evening the doctor made his regular visit to find Pearson in a terrible fret.

"He has been wanting to get up all day," the attendant explained, "and I have had hard work to keep him in bed."

"Wanting to get up?" the doctor cried in astonishment. "Why, what's come over you, Pearson?"

"I'm tired of lying here," Pearson said, "and I want to get out. My limb feels all right, now."

come out, and he resolved to lie still no longer. So sending his attendant away he arose from his bed and was surprised to find his limb intact. With a curse on the doctor whom he put down as an ignoramus, he hurried from the room and was soon on his way to John Green's house.

"Thank my stars," he muttered, as he centered across the prairie. "I am not too late yet. I have only to give Louise notice to be ready, and to-night drive out for her, and inside of six hours we shall be rolling to the westward as fast as steam can take us."

Louise had, of course, been informed of Pearson's misfortune. Pearson, through his friend Miller, had taken pains to keep her informed on his condition, and she was aware that he would come again soon to claim her answer to his question. So she waited day after day with calm resignation for the time to come for the completion of her misery and shame.

When Pearson reached Green's, Louise received him quietly, and whatever her feelings were she had mastered them so well that she betrayed no emotion, either of sorrow or pleasure.

"Louise, I have at last come to learn your decision," Pearson said, when they were alone. "I have given you more time than I promised, and I suppose you have your answer ready."

"I have," she replied, quietly.

"And it is—?"

"As you wish."

"Then to-night be ready for going away. I shall come as a couple of hours after dark with a closed carriage, and by moving promptly and losing no time we can catch the night train west, and before our escape becomes known we will be far from here. You understand that there must be no delay?"

"Yes."

"And you will see that there is none?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose that is all, and as Pearson spoke he arose as if to go, and suddenly stopping came over to the girl's side and said:

SOME NEW OLD FRIENDS. The Story of a Boy Who Stays at Home of High Noon.

My father played a queer trick on me the other night. You know I used to feel that I had done myself an injustice if I did not go to the theater about five or six nights a week. It wasn't always the theater, but if it wasn't that it was a music hall, or perhaps a game of cards or billiards with some of the boys.

Well, you also know how I am situated as to business. I work for my father, and I have to be at the office at 8:30 in the morning, just as the rest of the family are sitting down to breakfast. In an endeavor to get my breakfast and leave the house before they are up. But I can't complain of that. I'm doing exactly what the man who had my place before me did, and, between you and me, I'm drawing more salary.

But that's not her here nor there. It's the evening. I used to finish work about 6, get dinner in the city, and go to the theater or somewhere else. I had been doing it for about six months and when I look back about the only time that I saw my mother and sister during that period was at Sunday dinner. Nothing unusual in that of course. The same thing is true of hundreds of young men in town. But they haven't fathers like mine. He came to me one afternoon and asked me if I had an engagement for that night.

"Yes," I said. "I've promised to go to the theatre."

"How about to-morrow night?" he asked.

"Nothing on at present," I replied.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

"All right," I said; "where shall I meet you?"

You see he leaves the office about an hour before I can get my work finished. He suggested the Lenox restaurant, at 7:30, and I was there prepared for the theater, and a quiet lecture on late hours. He had combined the two on several previous occasions. But when he appeared he said he wanted me to call on a lady with him. "One I know quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

We went out and started straight for home. She is stopping at the house," he said, when I spoke of it. I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Lenox restaurant under those circumstances, but I said nothing. Well, we went in, and I was introduced with due formality to my mother and my sister. The situation was ludicrous, and I began to laugh, but the laugh died away.

None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen me much of late. Then she invited me to be seated. It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. Then we four played whist for awhile.

When I finally retired I was courtously invited to call again. I went upstairs feeling pretty small and doing a good deal of thinking.

STATE BANKS AND CORN. Offered as Substitutes for the Sub-Treasury Plan.

The Alliance has always said: "If you don't like the sub-treasury plan give us something better. We are not wedded to anything, says the National Economist. We are from what source it comes or what its principles, provided it is honest, constitutional, no class legislation, and promises to be permanent in its beneficial effect."

The press reports that Senator Butler offers as a substitute state banks of issue. If he means such banks as those that existed before the war, having the same or similar powers and privileges, his plan is open to those objections:

1. The plan is not honest. No individual or corporation has the right to live and grow rich on the interest of the money he or it owes. I mean just what I say—on the interest of the money he or it owes. It is right that you collect interest on what is due you, but it is robbery to make your neighbor pay you interest on what you owe him. This is what the "state bank" of Senator Butler's does. The bank issues for every dollar of coin it holds three (more or less) "promises to pay" dollars. If the issue is three dollars in paper promises for one dollar in gold, of course two of these paper bills rest only upon "thin and insubstantial air." But when the people borrow these two notes from the bank—these two notes which are the mere "promises to pay" of the bank—the people pay interest to the bank to the extent of two-thirds of its issue, and the bank is enabled to grow rich upon the interest on that money which it owes to, and has promised to pay the people. I leave out of view the interest the bank collects upon the money it owes to the depositors. The old "free bank system" is no better.

2. There is grave doubt as to its constitutionality. The trend of decisions of all enlightened public sentiment is certainly against it. The national government alone has the right to make money. The states have delegated the power to coin money to the general government. Can the state delegate to the citizens a power that is inhibited to it by the constitution?

3. It is class legislation of the worst character. It is legislation in favor of money capitalists. It compels the people in the first instance to lend the capitalist twice or three times the amount of his capital without interest, and then as a bonus pay him interest on two-thirds of it—a currency that ought to reach the hands of the people "without price."

4. No permanent relief will result to the people from such a course as Senator Butler suggests. It is a proposition to go back again into the mire from which we are just beginning to emerge. Apart from the curse of sin, the delegated power of one class to create money and exact interest for its use from all other classes is the cause of our misery and suffering, and has become more than all other causes combined. It has created the rich to live in luxury and ease, but at the expense of the poor who must live in squalor and suffer.

One would think that no one with a knowledge of the past, however bitter the present waters or burning the present sands, would propose a return to the bondage of Egypt. Look back! one hundred years over our own history and that of the mother country and see the lurid panic fires that burned up the substance of the people. At every decade they gleam in the sombre light of history—1837, 1847, 1857, 1867, 1877. The national banks, an improvement on the old "free banking" system of Senator Butler, came in with the war of 1862 and postponed the crash until 1873. No one can deny that the banking system of our own and the mother country was the main cause of all these disastrous crises. No the substitute will not do. The people have gotten too far along in their study of political economy to return to an old relic of financial barbarism. "We the people" will make and issue our own money to ourselves without interest.

It is no experiment. It is simple in its workings. It is free to all. No class legislation is necessary to carry it into effect and beyond doubt it is constitutional.

The New York Tribune's plan is to "raise more corn," and it is contended to the people in these pleasant words: "With better weather the mortgages vanish, and also the idea that there must be a new party in order to raise more corn."

In other words, bad weather creates the mortgages, and your relief lies not in the organization of any political party, but in raising "more corn."

Yes, men of Kansas and Nebraska! You who burn your corn because it is cheaper than fuel, are told by the Tribune that bad weather made them mortgages; that better will cause them to vanish; that you need not so party to right your wrongs; that you do not need a government warehouse in which to store your corn until you can reap the profit, which goes to the speculator and the gambler, but that the way out of your trouble lies in raising "more corn"—yes, "more corn" for fuel.

The New Nation: During the autumn maneuvers of the Massachusetts militia regiments the street-firing drill for clearing streets of rioters has been a prominent feature. The fact is suggestive of the extent to which the military armament of this nominally Republican country has been diverted from its original purpose of defense against foreign foes, and become a tool for castigating, repressing and slaughtering our own people. The forts upon our frontiers are crumbling, but loop-holed arsenals with platforms for cannon, are going up in the section of our cities where the poor chiefly congregate. Our militia, originally organized to defend the state against foreign foes, and to form the nucleus of a national army in case of war, finds now its chief function in guaranteeing rich against poor, and in over-awing, and if need be, in shooting down workmen on occasions of industrial disturbances. Who is there so blind that he fail to see the profound revolution in the social and industrial conditions of this country, which is indicated in so great a change in the functions of our civil soldiery?

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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. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.00.

There is a demand for a comprehensive and authoritative book which shall represent the farmer, and set forth his condition, the influence 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 wages-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 is a compendium of the facts, figures, and suggestions which the farmer ought to have at hand.

THE FARMER'S SIDE has just been issued, and makes a handsome and substantial book of 300 pages. It has been arranged with the publishers for its sale to our readers at the publishers' price. The book may be obtained at our office, or we will forward copies on any terms, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00 per copy. Address: ALLIANCE PUB. CO., Lincoln, Neb.

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THE DOCTOR LAUGHED HEARTILY. see that he does. The soreness is leaving his limb and he is getting on splendidly, and we can't afford to take any chances on having a relapse."

"During the next two days the doctor managed to spend a great part of his time with his patient, resolved to keep him in bed if he had to do it by force. But the next day he was called out of town, and it was nearly night when he returned.

He repaired immediately to Pearson's room, and found Pearson gone, and the attendant staring about in wonder.

"Where's my patient?" the doctor demanded.

"I don't know," said the attendant. "He sent me out a few minutes since on an errand, and when I returned just now he was gone."

"The devil!" exclaimed the doctor, tearing out of the room and off to Scraggs' office, and astonishing that gentleman by bursting in on him with: "Scraggs, the devil's out."

"What devil?" asked Scraggs. "Why, Pearson, man."



"THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE."

Blatchford's money all safe here in my pocket, and our tickets for the train are there, too. The carriage is arranged for, and I have a driver who knows what is expected of him and who can be depended on, so there will be no trouble on that score. Then the man who is to officiate as a clergyman and go through the part of marrying us is all right and can be depended on for promptness. I've got everything in ship-shape and will come out successfully, notwithstanding the delay caused by old Bascom's want of sense. Bah! the idea of a man practicing medicine when he hasn't sense enough to know whether or not a limb is broken. By George, if I was in a position to do so, I would sue the old fool for malpractice, but I can't bother about that now. Louise and forty thousand dollars of Blatchford's money safely in my possession is pay enough for all the inconvenience I have suffered. By Jove, though, I did get terribly worked up yesterday over this affair. I was afraid old Scraggs would get wind of matters and telegraph to Blatchford and get him out here, and I knew if he did it would be all day with me. But that's that, and I've got clear sailing."

Thus, confident of the final and complete success of his plans, Pearson congratulated himself on the clever manner in which he had worked his schemes, and felicitating himself on the bright prospects the future opened up before him.

(Continued.) Judge Thomas T. Bouldin of Charlotte county, Md., who died recently at the age of seventy-eight, breathed his last, it is said, in the same house, same room and same bed in which he was born.



"HERE IT IS, ADAM BLATCHFORD, DAY-TON."