

IGHT. SUDDEN

breaking the majestic silence of broad solitudes of the peaceful ocean, a dispairing cry arose, and for a moment troubled slumbrous

"Help:" And the splendid steamship Equinox ploughed on, all unconscious of disaster, opening without effort's huge furrow through the tranquil waves, which closed lazily behind it with a gay, silver

The crew was asleep, and only the men on watch heard the appealing cry; and in response shouted the words: "Man overboard!"

This was all that was needed to awaken everybody, and the efforts at rescue were at once begun.

"Who had the impudence to get overboard at such an unearthly hour?" cried one of the sailors. "By the noise one would think we were all in the wet!" "Bah!" said the boatswain; "it was

only the enbin-boy!" It was, indeed, only the cabin-boy. And hardly was he back again on deck and consequently out of danger, before a formibable onth, reinforced by the thunderous epithet "Foolf" rang in his cars, and was accompanied by the caresses of a rawhide which the poor boy knew only too well.

"How did you get into the scrape? Always making trouble for other folks! Ah! you lazy rascal! Here! take that, Brutes" cried the boy; "I will be

'Ah! you'll complain, will you? Wait

The poor child's voice failed him, and, gliding among the ropes and the folded sails, he managed to escape the last blows aimed at him. Then, half crawling and steggering, he reached his hamswelled in his heart.

Julien Musly, cabin-boy of the Equinox, was that night suffering from a fever caught a few days before, and he had crept away to install himself, against orders, at the bow. Little by litt e he had sunk away into unconsciousness of his surroundings, in that heavy helplessness which preceded feverish sleep. All at once he felt the ship going from under him, and he uttered a piercing cry as he fell into the water. That cry was heard, and, thanks to the speedy succor, the boy was safe again.

Julien was little liked on board, and In the reality the sailors, though they would not have admitted it even to themselves, would not have mourned had the boy and his desparing cry been swept away together.

The officers of the Equinox paid little attention to the boy, and it must be admitted that his small gray eyes, with their oblique glances, and the dark eyebrowsalways drawn down in a frown. and the disdainful expression of his lips, searcely pleaded in his favor. But a young ensign had taken pity

on the youth, and Julien had felt the beavenly balm of this sympathy. "If Pever get a chance, I will do you a good turn!" he often thought.

But he took every possible pains to prevent the young officer from even supposing that he had found grace with his stormy character and unbending

On the evening after Julien's involuntary bath the Equinox touched at Cadiz. The cabin-boy received permission to land, and profited by it at once. As he returned on board he met the ensign who had shown him such marked kindness. He heard a sailor say; "Oh! it is only the cabin-bey!" and he felt like pulliating the brutality of this remark by some kind words. "Well!" he said, "my lad, you got a

good wetting the other day." 'I believe you, lieutanant."

"If you had followed my advice," continued the ensign. "you would not have perched yourself in such a careless way, and you would not have fallen Into the sen.

"Twouldn't have mattered if I had

stayed there!" What words are these, Julien? Let us see now: if you are not very happy on board, is it not a little your own fault? Come, come," added the officer, placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, "remember that we leave for France tomorrow, and that you will soon see your father, soon find your mother's arms around you. Patience. Good times will return.

by father? He can't endure me. And my mother? I have none. She died without ever having given me a smile, and I never knew her caress. I think she felt like reproaching me with the life which she had given me. And the woman who replaced her-as for her she hates me, and it was to get rid of me that they made me a cabin-

Astenished at finding himself so con-Sding. Julien was seized with sudden regret and moved away without even waiting to hear what the ensign might ardor of a frank and generous nature,

"It can't be that he likes me," thought the boy: "it ought not to be so; what am I to him? And yet a little real affection would do me so much good!" And he hung his head and

"No!" he murmured, as his pride lieve in it when it disappears! came surging back, "no one will ever ! In the last year of the second empire understand me. It wouldn't have the black hour had sounded for France. soiled his honor if he had shaken The ignoble trampling, the provoking hands with me. Bah! I will triumph of her enemies, echoed in the think no more about it, nor like him hearts of all her children and all wished

more than any one else. He is no bet- to serve her, according to their means

ter than the others-perhaps." This perhaps was an immense conession for Julien; for his sombre and disgust for all his fellow-creatures.

Julien had never known any of the and entered the service again. pleasures of wealth. His father was a | The young Princess concealed from rich tradesman in partnership with a him her tears and her despair. while the partner conducted the busi- think that your sacrifice is an honor to ness at home.

your family-your children!" This partner had found a way to the | The Prince was sent to rejoin his old band, had not failed to perceive the pride and hate of his fellow-men. superiority of the partner.

One day her husband went away con- gether again, Julien semetimes forgot fident and happy, on a long tour, after his gloomy silence and exchanged a bidding an affectionate adicu to his few words with the Prince. to his wife the honor of his home.

times to announce his coming, to get in which the sailors always showed home. But at last he came.

His little girl came smiling and bounding to him. His wife came along right flank, which was the most exto greet him; but she did not smile; her posed. eyes revealed a poorly-hidden secret.

dal, but he considered himself sufficiently edified as to who was the culprit, ing from skull wounds. and he summond his partner to liquidate | Julien had seen the dirt torn up a would not even discuss. His only aim friend, cause of his misfortune.

Julien Masly had thus found in his saved. family only enemies, thrusting upon him from his birth the pitiless bitterness of a dishonored life.

survive the erring wife's despair, died. I wished to die in your place; that's The husband, whose name he bore, re- all." married, and then every pretext was availed of for getting rid of the un. simply sublime!" happy little being. They sent him to sea. Mayhap there would be some chance of never seeing him more.

And this is how Julien Masly came to be cabin-boy on board the Equinox.

II.

bacco fall into my soup, and didn't the again. comrades laugh? You should have "Ho seen how pleased they were: Of course, tude to you, Julien?" said the Prince a new trick played on the cabin-boy! de Kermornas some time afterward. and they are always amused at anything which hurts him."

"Not at all, Julien; it wasn't for that. The boatswain didn't do it on purpose. swered the wounded man, "for I have mock. His eyes were dry, but hatred It would have been losing his tobacco only a scratch." for nothing. What the sailors laughed at was your wry faces and your anger. when you threw yourself forward like If you hadn't pulled a face, my little a hero." friend, they would not have dreamed of "Please, Lieutenant," said Julien, "let us not discuss that point. When I

pened to you."



"He saw I provoked them," he said, moving off, full of hate and bitterness; "well, I think I shall have to give him up, too-this so-called good

The Prince de Kermornas, ensign on the Equinox, with whom Julien had just been speaking, had, in fact, remarked Julien's savage and irascible character. and had sought to soften it, but his generous efforts were thus far without result. As he was very good-hearted he regretted his lack of success. The next day they would sail direct for Cherbourg, ensign and cabin-boy could soon speak together no longer under the flag. The officer called the boy back.

"Listen, Julien; reflect more; you aiways give way to your first impulse. What store of regrets you will lay up if you do not change! You are 18; one would hardly think you fifteen; yet you are deeply versed in things of which you should know nothing. Take care, take care! To-morrow we are off! When we reach home I shall have leave of aksence for three months; then I shall resign and get married. I am advising you for the last time-unless, perhaps, we may meet again."

"Lieutenant," said Julien suddenly, "I hope you will be tranquil and happy, and that you will forget me as quickly as you can. I feel that I shall always be, on no matter what horizon, a storm cloud which every one wants brushed away. I sincerely desire for your sake

that you may never see me again." They parted after these strong words. Soon they were at Cherbourg, where they fan ied they were to separate for-

As the Prince de Kermornas had planned, the expiration of his leave of absence was the signal for his resignation, and he was married at on e.

He loved his young wife with all the and he found her sentiments like his

They were happy.

We hasten to say it, because happiness is not a durable reality. How idle it is to envy those who appear to possess it! Hardly has one begun to be-

and faculties.

What sublime devotion, heroic generosity, poble deeds which will remain suspicious character inspired him with unheralded and unknown, blossomed forth in those days of anguish!

It was not his fault. Events which Julien Maxly, who meantime had behad followed each other with startling come a sailor on the Equinox, was sent in a strange room. Suddenly her rapidity in his young life had aged and to Fort Issy with the rest of the crew. The Prince de Kermornas tere him-Born on the border line of opulence, self away from the delights of his home

man younger and keener than himself, "Go!" she said to him, "and if, alas! and traveled for their joint account, my heart should be broken forever,

good graces of Julien's father, and to companions of the Equinox. Julien had make the wife look not unkindly upon not expected this. Never had he made him. This sprightly and beautiful the least effort to discover the ex-enwoman, much younger than her hus- sign, and he remained isolated in his But now that they were thrown to-

wife and his daughter, a pretty three One day, shortly before the armistice, year-old golden-locks. To his partner the balls hissed, shricked, and menaced he coulded the honor of his business; around them; shells rained and burst over their heads. They were in the Almost a year elapsed before he could thick of one of those sorties which manage, although he had written many were heroic, although useless, struggles

tourage beyond praise. That day they were covering the

Suddenly Julien threw himself upon The husband wished to create no scan- the Prince, shielding him with his body; then he fell to the earth, bleed-

their business at once, at any price. few yards from the Frince. A shell His fortune was almost swallowed up had fallen there and was about to in certain complicated accounts which he burst. As quickly as thought he threw himself courageously between the shell was to be rid of his partner and ex- and the Prince. The explosion came; it was formidable; but the Prince was

"Rash boy, what have you done?" "Nothing at all, Licutenant," faintly answered Julien, raising his hand to By and by the mother, who could not his forehead covered with blood. "I-

"My poor Julien, your 'that's all' is

The youth fainted in the arms of the Prince, who himself carried him to the ambulance, where he bestowed tenderest care upon him.

The surgeon, after examining the wound, declared that it was not very grave, the fragment of shell which had "Am I not better nowadays, Lieuten- struck Julien having skimmed along ant? I try as hard as I can to be ami- the frontal bone and torn away the able-oh! not for them, Lieutenant! but skin only. It was the shock to the for you-for you alone! Well, the bone which had caused the faintness. boatswain let his pipe stuffed with to- In a few days he would be on foot "How can I repay my debt of grati-

> "You thrust yourself between death and my poor body!" "Don't say that, Lieutenant," an-

"But you didn't stop to calculate

"That's easy to say; any one can think that they are discussing armissee that such things have never hap- tice, the preliminaries of peace-out ter of hoofs of a squadron of cavalry, there! Surrender Paris! It seems as cries, insults-then it all died away. And Julien regretted his momentary if that would hurt worse than if my heart were torn out. I want no peace from his seeming torpor,

> And he clutched at the sheets of his bed, and bit them convulsively. "Poor Julien. I beg you to be calm.

Do you suppose we can carry on the war under present conditions? Don't you see how unequal is the struggle? The French soldier has plenty of enthusiasm and courage; but after the cowardice and treason to which France has been submitted, wishing to continue the war would be almost like wishing the ruin of our unhappy country." "It is because my country is unfort-

unate that I will neither betray nor abandon it!" And he added with growing excite-

"I shall be on foot again soon, Lieutenant; do not believe that I will ever accept these shameful political bargains. The enemy is here; I mean to drive him out. I will return to Paris; it?" I will call together all the braves who are left! and you will see what men can do when they are decided to risk everything for their country's honor."

The Prince did not reply. Julien was

A few days afterwards the armistice at Bordeux, accepted the treaty of peace of gratitude!" about which everybody knows.

The Prince was on the point of returning to his family, when the assassination of two Generals and the revolt of two regiments announced the intention of the instigators of the Commune He decided to remain and fight for the government.

The Princess, hearing in her retirement in Brittany the news of the second siege of Paris, and recommending her two sons to God and to Saint Anne, set of his despair at being conquered. You out for Versailles, her heart filled with will not stain your honor in saving vague alarm.

to herself. "After escaping the hor- his duty. rors of the last war it would not be possible to lose him now! It would be too cruel! and yet-I am afraid!" Her fears increased as she approached the place where her husband must be,

and her heart and breath almost stopped when she caught sight of Versailles through the gathering dusk. A frightful glare lit up the sky with broad, blood-red beams. She trembled as she gazed at it.

"What is that?" she inquired of the first person she met. "The light of Paris, madame-Paris, which has been on fire for two days."

"Horrible! How did it happen?" It was explained to her that the insurgents were conquered, but that they were avenging themselves by burning Paris-to cover their retreat, as they said, but in reality to pillage more at

Her informant added: "I hope that no quarter will be given to them, for they have indicted heavy losses on the army, and especially on our brave sailors.

"The sailors!" cried the Princess, turning deadly pale. "Yes, madame. There are a great meny gaps in their ranks. I have just sighed: "The answer! the enswer!"

heard one young hero, the Prince de Kermornas, especially mentioned"----"The Prince dead? I must see him!" she cried. "Take me to him-I beg"

She could not finish and fell fainting. When she reopened her eyes she was memory came back.

"He is dead." she sobbed.

up to take a letter from an orderly, "No, my Suzanne," cried a feeble voice from an alcove. "Not dead; and you shall heal me." She arose, half mad with joy and

pain commingled. The voice was indeed that of her well beloved one. He the letter. "Tis the Marshal's anwas not among the dead. In an instant swer, and-yes, it is pardon for Julien she was at his side. "Oh, joy! I shall never leave you

And she kissed him as she Suzanne," said the Prince de Kermornas. "it is a great consolation to

not dare to hope for it!"



"What do you mean?" "Alas! I feel my forces leaving me bit by bit. Semmon your courage, your that they love you all the more-for-

my sake He could not speak longer and was and the nether millstone of paupers. obliged to take a cordial, ordered by Neither is happy, and both refuse to the physician who at that moment respond to calls for charity, the one came in.

"Come, now, no emotions," he said roughly. "You are, I suppose, madame, the Princess of Kermornas!" Suzanne bowed.

his hat, "we must have calm and re- charity may temporarily relieve the pose here; you must understand that pain and leave the disease to make having both legs crushed is a very serions matter." "You say that his limbs are crushed?"

head, isn't it? In a day or two we will pain. talk about amputation; for the moment the patient is too feeble. Let's see the pulse. No fever; so much the better; same regime; good night." And the surgeon was gone.

Suzanne stood stupified, looking at her husband without seeing him, be- good price was secured. The cottoncause she could no longer distinguish him through her tears. It seemed to secured a fair crop of cotton, but the her as if she were already in the presence of a corpse. He had closed his eyes to conceal his

sufferings from his wife. Neither one nor the other dared to stir for fear of giving way to emotions which they had been commanded to restrain. Suddenly there was a great noise in the street, the rattle of drums, the clat-

"Suzanne," said the Prince, arousing "those are with the blush of defeat on my fore- Commune prisoners going before the head to a company it. I will not have Chief of Executive Power. They will certainly be shot. I should like to know

their names.' "Alas, my husband, whom can I ask?" "Run to the Prefecture, fly: no matter

how, but get the names for me, I beg of you!" "It is a sick man's caprice," she thought, as she flew to obey his orders. Presently she came back radiant; she

had the names. Ten of the men had been taken, musket in hand, and would be shot within twenty-four hours.

"Their names! their names!" said the Prince, with feverish impatience and as if impressed by a presentiment. Suzanne read: "The Rossel battalion,

Louis X-, Jean Y-, Armand Zand then she came to the name of "Julien Masly." "Julien!" cried the Prince. "I knew

Then to his wife: "Suzanne, put everything in movement to save Julien Masly. Raise me up and I will try to write."

"To ask for the pardon of one of suffering from a temible nervious those wretches, George, is an insult to humanity." "No, Suzanne, no. He tried to give

was signed and the National Assembly his life for me and I must pay my debt "He? Saved you? An incendiary?

Impossible!" "I beg you, help; I will explain; but And the Prince traced with unsteady

hand these touching lines, addressed to Marshal de MacMahon: "I hasten to beg yyu to sweeten the It was hard, after fighting so bitterly bitterness of my last moments by against enemics, to make war on erring granting me the pardon of Julien Masly. I was long in the same ship with him; his antecedents are good; if he was found gun in hand it was only because of an excusable insanity born

him, since he who implores the favor is "I must find and see him," she said dying from wounds received in doing BRINCE DE KERMORNAS." He handed this letter to his wife and fell back on his pillow, never to rise from it again. His limbs were crushed, and, because of recent privations, gangrene promptly declared itself, leaving no hope, and

preventing the attempt at an amputation, which would have been useless. The Prince's letter was carried to the Marshal, while Suzanne watched by

her husband's couch weeping and praying, and convinced that he must die. He bore up bravely and told his wife in broken accents the story of the generous conduct of the cabin boy of the Suzanne, at first violently embittered

against all the insurgents, thought this Julien responsible for half the horrors of the Commune, and would not hear of him with patience. But the dying Prince was gifted with such moving eloquense that Suzanue began to think pardon possible, and to interest herself in the man. She even felt a sort of enriosity to see him; perhaps to contribute to the safety of his soul.

That night was long and full of anguish. Julien Masly's lot preoccupied the Prince and from time to time he

"We cannot have it before morning, my love: be calm, and rest."

He did not insist. His breathing was becoming troubled and irregular, and at the same time feeble. By-and-by he said: "What time, Su-

The door opened and Suzanne sprang

ganne?" "Not quite seven, my love."

who presented it with a salute. "Pity! O, God, pity!" sighed the dying "George! "Tis the answer!" eried the Princess, running to the hedside with Masly! George, look up! Answer"-

The Prince de Kermornas did not look np, nor did he answer. He had gone to rejoin his ancestors among the heroes. How did the Princess survive that dreadful time? She never knew. hold you to my heart once more. I did Never was despair deeper; for some days er reason was in danger. She was taken back to Brittany, to

her children. She refused to see them. But at last reason returned to the poor brain; she could once more look upon the little cnes. to whom she must show he path of honor, and remembering her duty, she wished to live.

(To be Continued)

RUSSIA'S FAMINE.

A Sensible and Burners-Like View of the Strattion.

There is much foolish sentiment going the rounds about America's gift to Russia. Fortunately the time has passed when the people with one acord are willing to be gulled by such schemes. There are not as many sleek, well-fed and prosperous people in America as there used to be who are anxiously looking for a chance to give a portion of their abandance to some object of charity. The ranks of energy; tell our children my commands, of the happy and prosperous are being decimated by a conflict between the upper millstone of millionaires because they cannot and the other because they will not. Both appeal to the government, one for support and the other for protection. When, oh when, will the world learn that char-"Well, madame," said he, taking off ity is not benevolence; that while greater inroads upon the constitution of the body, true benevolence would remove the cause of the disease and "Well, that's better than if 'twas the thereby enable the body to aboitsh

There are several views of this Russian question, says the National Economist. A portion of the United States this year had a fine wheat crop; scarcity abroad prevented the usual depression in the price of wheat and a raising portion of the United Statesprice has touched the lowest point reported for fifty years and it is sold by its producer at an average loss of 33 per cent, and, as a consequence, great destitution and distress prevail throughout the entire Southern states and thousands of families will not taste wheat bread in six months. There is yet another portion of the United States in which reside the millionaires and representatives of concentrated wealth that snows largest gains in weat of year or season. When appeal from Russia comes, South cannot help because needs help; the West responds by donating wheat, and the East- the section most able of all to donate-instead of donating transportation, puts every one of her congressmen at work to secure a donation from the government to pay them for the transportation. They would tax the starving south to get money for them to steal on transportation contracts. It is a blot and a shame, a disgrace to every state that elected a congressman who voted for the appropriation.

In the spring of 1891, when the gold exports were so great that the country became alarmed, the situation was explained with great unanimity by the press, all agreeing that the cause was Russia compelling England to pay her great debt in gold, and it was said that Russia would pay part of it to France, and that altogether the foreign scarcity of wheat was sure to make the gold come back in the fall. No one has ever shown that if Russia has starving people the Russian government is not able to raise the money to buy food and feed them. The Russian government is proverbially stingy, but it should feed its own starving poor. It pays them better, however, to beg. and American poverty is so proud that it will gladly donate the last copper to the foreign mendicant millionaire in response to an appeal for charity, which Americans would rather die than make. The sensible donation for America to make to Russia is to advise her if she wants American wheat to buy it, and if her people have no money, that the government of the United States will take the bonds of the Russian government, and at small advance in price and a fair rate of interest, furnish it all the wheat it wants. This would be treating Russia right and would enable American farmers to help one another, not by charity, but by business exchanges.

Libraries of the Popes. The acquisition made by the pope of the archives of the Borghese family for 250,000 france is of historic importance. The codices of the Vatican archives date from the time of Sixtus IV., or very little earlier, for the library of Boniface VIII. was destroyed by fire, and the collection made by the popes at Avignon was loss. It is precisely this missing period which is now filled by 400 codices containing the history of the papacy during the Avignon period that has been found in the Borghese archives. It will be arranged in the Vatican library by Father Cozza, who has lately gained distinction by his publication of the Vatican bible of the fourth century. Among the curiosities in the Borghese archives is a letter in the Chinese character, inclosed in a cover addressed to Paul V.

"Dotty" is used in England as a synonym for crazy, while "bosky" signifies tipsy. "You must be bosky or dotty" is therefore the modern English, or at any rate Londonese, for 'You must be drunk or crazy.

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