this Julien Masly when she had sought

dence in names. But the last letter.

with its tone of deep and injured inno-

cence influenced her to investigate the

matter. If this were the Mast- of other days, she would see him w th

pleasure, despite the dreadful memory

of the Commune called up by the name.

to this in his letter?

She wrote him thus:

make a useless proposition.

would not receive the visit.

Rese troubled and alarmed.

"PRINCESS DE KERMORNAS."

heart: a vague hope and a sharp batred!

this letter almost strangled him.

end. He looked at Rose. "No, no,

never!" he cried, and went out, leaving

Five days later Rose and Julien were

seated at their little hearth watching

the expiring glow of the last coul they

possessed. Rose pretended to be

asleep that her lover might not break

the silence by one of the indirect re-

proaches of which he was so prodigal.

to forget her woe, when two or three

"I thought you were asleep!"

her face, and in the gathering dust

"What does it matter to you?"

died away upon her trembling lips.

"Did you come here to make an in-

quiry into our private lives, madame?"

asked Julien. "How can it interest

you to know whether or not I have

written-to whoever I please? I sup-

"The Princess accuses you of noth-

of service to you, and she has sent me

"To offer me succor, perhaps?"

"Well, my love," said Rose, "why con

ceal from this good lady our dreadful

situation? Why not tell her-implore

And Rose seized the lady's hand. The

"The Princess desires to see you; will

"Oh, yes!" eried Rose; "he shall go,

madame; I promise it! What day shall

"Day after to-morrow at 2 o'clock."

bless you for the good that you have

"He shall be there. May heaven

The visitor bowed and retired. Julien

Julien did not return that night. Rose

wept through the weary hours. "Pity

me, O. God!" And as she said this

prayer she turned hastily, as if fearing

to encounter Julien's usual sucering re-

rushed to the window, but he did not

see which way she went.

faint knocks at the door startled her.

"Come in," said Rose.

growled Julien.

taken the room.

broke in Julien.

ing me?"

here?" said the lady.

gazing boldly at her.

Are you his wife?"

pose I am free"----

sneered Julien.



Julien Masly, saved, was at first at a loss to know how to use the liberty which he had not solicited. He regretted that he owed his life to unexpected clomency, and cursed the interference, He surrounded with the mists of his feroclous hatred those who had been the means of his ruin and those who had saved him. But now and then a certain remorse agitated him.

"Only one person in the world could shave had the idea," he said, "and that is my old Lieutenant. If it had indeed been he! Sometimes his heart warmed toward me. He seemed even to feel a kind of tenderness for me.

Julien interrupted liftnself with a bitter laugh. "Tenderness for me? Why? He might at least have had a moment of gratitude in these latter days. For, after all, I saved his life. Well, if he is the pardoner, we are quits. And then, I saved him at the peril of my life, while he what did he risk? Perhaps only a word of handwriting."

Meantime Julien tried to find out what had become of the Prince de Kermornas. He learned only the fact that he was dead. But when he got this news Julien's spirit seemed to suffer a new influence. From his breast came a labored sigh, which was like a reproach to Destiny.

'Now, there was a man who was really good!" Disgusted with life, suicide appeared

to Julien like a beneficent temptress; but hatred calls for vengeance, and his death would not have avenged him for having lived. What should he do? Return to the

paternal roof? Never! His young sister was still at home.

But she would not know him, he had been so long away.

Quite wretched he wandered about Paris for a time, his Bohemian instincts getting the uppermost, trying to pick up a living. He remembered that he had once played the violin, and by exercising his art now in a cafe concert, now in a circus, or some small theater, he managed to eke out an existence, somewhat irregular, but in which he found a certain charm. Some years flowed by; he had no ac-

count of himself to give-wretched or not, what did it matter?

Sceptical and blase, he resembled a harmless insect, the delicate tentacles of which have been singed. He knew nothing of moral joys, and so sought after others with avidity. But satjety we will see how it will last." une, and he found himself alone with his desires and regrets.

This was doubtless due to the way he had entered life. As it could never blossom, his soul had folded in upon itself, and from his heart had been swept every generous sentiment, loaving

instead a profound selfishness. "There are no honest women," he used to say with a Satanical laugh.

One evening, in spring, wandering alone, more sembre and preoccupied than usual, he entered one of those streets to which the gas seems to give its light gradgingly. In a corner a young girl was weeping. She had a little parcel in her hand, and on her head an old-fashioned, faded handkerchief, from beneath which flowed a wealth of blonde hair, sparkling and delicace. She I ad small hands and her tiny feet were neatly shod with shoes savage look. once of fine quality. This mysterious cresture attracted Julien's attention. What is the matter, my pretty child?" he ventered to say.

The girl raised her head without answering and showed a young and deliclous face. Her eyes were filled with tears, and seemed to implore Julien's "Don't cry so," he said, trying to

malec his tones as seductive as possible. "Tell me your trouble; perhaps I can help you." "Oh, no, monsieur: impossible!"

"Impossible? And why?"

"I don't know you. What can I tell you? That my brothe: has put me out

of the house to-night, and told me not As for Julien, he foresaw the indifferto come back! You know my big brother, he who has been in Paris so long. When I came from the country Iwas given into his care, and now he won't shelter me any longer. O, how dreamed. unhappy I am!" And the poor child sobbed.

"Follow me, my child, you cannot stay there. I shall be of some use to you. Come: I must try to console you.

He took her hand and drew ber gently toward him. She did not try to resist, so astonished, so joyous was she to find herself no longer alone in the

world. "You are very good, sir. God will reward you. As for myself, I have noth-

And she showed him an empty purse. When they reached Julien's lodgings they were deep in conversation. He Bon voyage." hastened to divide his modest repast with his pretty companion, who watched him with grateful air.

"We have shared like brethren," said faint. Julien. "I offered you my supper gayly. I offer my home in the same

"I am confused, monsieur; how can I ever repay all that you have done for

Julien. He hesitated an instant-overcome by respect for innocence, but he did not resist long, and setting aside all

scruples, suddenly he said: What is thy name, love of my life?" What? thought the girl: he says thee and thou to me? But he is good-there can be no offence in that, and she answered, trembling:

"Call me no longer monsieur, my

he addressed Rose, and already assumed the tone of the master. "Have dinner served when I return,

Rose, and, Rose, you must take care of



the rooms. We must help each other

when we live in common.' She did not answer, she was overcome by the sharp tone, and as soon as the door closed behind him she burst into

"Oh, why did they send me to Paris happy there! It is true that I was hungry now and then, but I had a light heart. Here I shall sup every night, but with how many tears shall I moisten my daily bread?"

threw herself upon a chair, scarcely daring to think. But soon she

-he is good and true. I will wait on of the first sent away.
him; I will spy out his wants, his prefwithout you!"

Won back to life and hope, she talked

"It was almost lucky for him to have found me in his path. But he was so kind and good! Poor Julien! It seems us if I might love him. Perhaps I de love him a little already."

Julien came in just in time to hear this last phrase. "I was certain of it," was his vain reflection, and, bending down to Rose, he closed her gossiping lips with a long kiss. "You are happier than last night, are

you not, little one?" he said. "Oh, yes, dear Julien!"

"Bravo!" reflected he: "she is con soled. The adventure moves rapidly; "Ah! there have been deft hands at work here," he said; "everything is in

its place.' He looked at Rose, who was smiling, and he found her more beautiful every moment.

"How happy I am to be safe to-night." she said; "if you knew what joy I felt in caring for our home."

This word awoke an evil thought in him. "Hey? Yes; in fact, last evening I did offer to divide all, but really, my beauty, you were not too reluctant."

Rose was frightened. "You look angry! Have I done wrong? Tell me how I have displeased you? I should like to ple: ou al-

"Always? We shall se-And Julien's bla !: ws came to-

gether, giving to h.s face a

Rose said nothing. A tear rolled down her cheek. She could not conceal it. Julien saw it and had a mo-

ment of pity. "Come here to your best friend, little one," he said, "come, I am free this

evening. I have a substitute at the theater. I love thee better than yesterday, better every day, and I would not see thy fine eyes swimming in tears. Let us talk of the future. Rose was in the seventh heaven of de-

light at those words. Now she understood life, and no longer saw the possibility of regret.

Weeks and months passed peacefully for Rose, who thought not of the future. ence which is the forerunner of disgust when one day he perceived that their nest must soon shelter a new being-

"How can I rid myself of the mother before the child is a burden for me?" he mused. "She must go away."

When he was alone this resolution was formed, but as soon as he saw Ro e anger will have passed. Will you his mind changed. She was so calm, so come of her and the child.

"Ah! little one," he said at last coldly, "do you expect me to care for a nestful? I have now given you asylum for more than a year, and you must make other arrangements. I can keep house for myself in future.'

Rose looked at him, mute with fright. "I suppose that you understood," he said. "I'm off. I have an engagement.

And he went out, leaving her stupefied. She turned round two or three times, and then fell down in a dead

was almost dark. She remembered othen s tase words and rising as dastuy as possible she gathered together her tiny wardrobe, and wrapped it in a bundle; then casting a last look at the "Do not speak of repayment!" said poor room where she had thought herself so happy, and went firmly to the

> But just as she was about to open it. Julien came in. "What! still here!" he exclaimed. "I'm going," stammered Rose, "I am joing. Adien, and thanks. I should

thanks and adieu."

The tone in which she said the last "adieu" stirred Julien to his very mar- back to her.

little Rose. Call me Julien who loves row. In a flash he saw Rose again in thee, and henceforth will live for thee that barren street where he had found her so abundoned, her gaze haggard saved from execution at Versailles. like that of a lunatic or criminal. He When Julien was preparing to leave seemed to still hear her repeating tenfor rehearsal at his theater next day, derly: "Thanks, you have saved me; without your help the Seine would at ber husband during the siege, why did this moment have been flowing overmy he say nothing of it? And how was it

stiffened body." His blood sped from brain to heart He rushed forward; Rose was on the for him? It must be simply a coincifirst stens of the staircase; she tottered as she tried to descend. He called to

her with a loud voice: "Rose! don't go, I entreat thee! Come, come back to me! It shall be

forever this time!" In this ill-balanced being, all full of excesses, there was nothing wonderful in such sudden changes of sentiment. He ran to her and dragged her back to the hearth from which he had just

driven her so cruelly. "Where were you going, wretched glad to be useful to you if I can; and I

"To the Seine." "But why? why this despair?" "Had you not cast me out?"

Then he tried to excuse his conduct "No, no. poor child, you did not understand. I cannot believe that I was so

"Yet you were so." "Can you never forgive me, my little

Rose?" And he cast himself at her feet. Rose asked only to yield, and, vanquished by emotion, she began to weep; but her tears were no longer tears of grief, for from the village?" she said. "I was so she leaned her head on Julien's shoulder, and Julien did not repulse her.

> Meantime the redoubtable moment drew nearer. It was time to think of the cradle, and other preparations for the little one coming.

That winter was a hard one in every sense; the snow lay longer than usua must do it, for the great misfortune of in the streets, and business was bad. all now would be that he should drive The theaters suffered with the rest, meaway. O, then my last resource would and that in which Julien was second be to cast myself in the Seine! No-no-I violin reformed its orchestra. Julier am unjust; he took pity on my distress being one of the latest comers was one

erences; he must be lonely, as I was thought, that of misery coming to yesterday. I must take a peep at his strangle them. He foresaw the ment when it would appear, terrible -what if one day he should become and if he dreaded it, it was very sincompletely attached to me? Oh,I could cerely because of Rose. He concealed love him! If he would but marry me- the truth from her as long as he could, really a true marriage! Then the but at last he reached the end of their baker would say madame to me when I little savings, and found nowhere a go for our bread. And wouldn't my chance to earn a livelihood. From brother be vexed? Ah, brother mine, time to time he was taken on as suppleyou deserve to see me get along well mentary violin at some ball, but he earned little, and brought back from these balls a ferocious melanchoiy, in away to herself, while she worked at which he seemed to hate all human arranging everything in the little kind. His rebellious nature could not bend to what it considered an abdication of its dignity.

Every day he cursed the fortunate of this world.

For some time a singular idea had been in his mind. He sought a means of procuring money without appearing to solicit it for himself. One day he said to Rose: "I am go-

ing to write to a number of great ladies, as they are called, to propose to them shares in a journal to be founded. Of course, it will be a journal of the fashions-we must find a way to interest the frivolous-and I have had quite enough of politics. I will do the musical criticism and be manager at the ne time. It seems to me that, patronized by five or six Countesses and people of that sort, my paper (to them 1 shall say their paper) must prosper. So you are saved again, little Rose! and we shall be in good eircumstances by ing; on the contrary, she wishes to be the time that baby arrives."

But he didn't quite understand the 'great ladies." He prepared a number of letters ex-

plaining his design, and sent one to the Countess of D----. He waited some days in vain; no answer. A second letter was sent out to the

her-request a loan. We are sure to Marquise de B; no answer; a third repay it. Will you not, madame, say to the Duchess de K----; no answer. to the Princess how happy we are that While turning over the leaves of a she has sent you, and how much we list of titled people his eyes ell on the thank her?"

name of the Princess de Kermornas. "Why not?" he mused. "In the first visitor, much moved, managed to hold place, she does not know of my exist- the wasted fingers long enough to slip ence. Seems to me the Prince said that into them a few gold pieces. Then, she was generous. We shall see. It withdrawing her hand, she said to Ju-

is worth trying.' No sooner had he written her name

on the envelope than he tore up the you go to visit her?" paper. The name of Kermornas burt him, even to read it, for it recalled to him one of the most dolorous passages it be?" in his life. He reflected: "Does the Princess

know the peril which I encountered in saving her husband? If she knows of it, why has she not tried to find me? She must know that I am not among the favorites of fortune. Why write to her if she does not know? Yet why not, making a slight allusion to services rendered? No, that is the thought of a coward. I never thought, in saving the Prince, that I should be tempted to speculate on the action in the future. saved him because it seemed as if his life were better worth preserving than

One day he took courage, soized an envelope, wrote the address in feverish haste, penned a hasty letter, and mailed it stealthily, as if he were doing a bad

The next day he received the follow-

ing letter: "Monsieur: A fashion journal has no interest for me, but I fancied that you

might, perhaps, desire a small advance of funds. Kindly inform me if I am not mistaken. Princess de Kermornas. He read the letter over and over, trying to figure out the character, features and form of the writer. "Does she wish to humiliate or help

me? I don't want charity! I am not a beggar!" he would say to himself. And he wrote the second letter, almost insolent in form:

"Madame: You mistake, whether intentionally or not I cannot say, my recent letter's meaning. I know very well that you have no interest in me, and how little it matters to you what I may or may not do. But I would not have you think that I came to you for alms. I offered you a means of diversion, that was all. It would have cost you less, for instance, than the aeronantic expeditions which I am told you patronize. Excuse me and believe me, yours to Julien Masly."

The Princess was surprised on reading this chef d'oeuvre of bad taste, which she at once threw into her waste besket. But suddenly a half-offaced remem never be anything but a burden for you; brance drifted neross her memory.

"Ah! Princess, pardon me!" was all that he could say. Julien Masly? Surely she had heard that name before? Then it all came hand, saying, "pardon you for what?" | tocracy.

other evening.

silently as he had come in.

Rose. When the time came for the call

on the Princess, he dressed with care,

fished an old pair of gloves out of a

This must be the unhappy wretch "For the rude manner in which I rewhom the Prince of Kermornas had erive you. I could scarcely believe that the honor which you wish to do me Then why had Julien Masly not alluded is real."

"It was not really to do you honor, If it were indeed he who had saved but service, rather," said the Princess,

"I hardly know how, madame." that she had never been able to find "Let us see. Have you thought, for

instance about the cradlo?" "Ah, yes; the cradle. We will need that soon, and that I may accept, Princess, without being classed as a beggar. But it is work I want. I sen out of work now." And he recited the story of his misadventures. "I I had been alone-but I could

not send away the poor girl; she awoke "I never suppose unkind things, and "Who do you call 'poor girl'? 'Send so I do not suppose that you meant to away?' What do you mean? Was not wound or offend me. But all that you the woman whom I saw the other day assert in your letter is falre. I shall be

"The wife of my heart-yes, madame; have no interest in aeronautics. I will but not before the law." And the send some one to see you, and you may Princess listened patiently to the long speak with freedom to that person. I explanation which Julien offered. She

cannot believe that your only aim in did not deign to enter into a discussion. writing your first letter was simply to She simply said: "Well-and this little babe so soon to come into the world? Will you never Two sentiments divided Julien's

"I shall love it more than myself," The rage that he felt when receiving and Julien.

"And you are willing to place upon Should he receive this visit? To his the poor child a stigma?" mind, distorted by the many troubles "As I shall love it, what more can it of his life, it seemed to him as if a spy

were coming into his house. No, he "It will regret that it cannot hear its mother spoken of without feeling But if he said no the Princess would the flush of shame," softly said the write no more. All would be at an Princess. "And the child will not be able to say, when the father's name is mentioned. "That is my name." Reflect. Meantime, you shall have your

cradle." The Princess rose, as if to indicate that their interview must close; but he could not stir. He seemed nailed to the floor. The Princess, as if to guess his secret thoughts, fixed on him her great, frank eyes, with a smile so sweet and mournful that he could not gaze on it. Yet it seemed to sink do

Rose was hungry and hoping in sleep his soul! "Thanks, Princess," he at last said and found strength to depart, awkward

"Why did I go there? She does not know that I saved her husband! I will A woman entered. She was simply never see her more! Never! And a dressed in black. The pallor of her cradle-a cradle! Why did I write to face heightened the sparkle of her eyes

of saphire blue. A light veil covered tonished that he could not tear from his prevented a good view of her features. mind the vision of the Princess. Rose went forward expecting to hear "Has she bewitched me? I want to the visitor apologize for having mis-

hate her, and cannot. I must find some pretext for making her angry with me. "Does Monsieur Julien Masly live And I will nevertell her of the relations between her husband and myself. Her "What do you want?" said Julien, ingratitude would oppress me!"

The next day the Princess de Ker "Did you not write to the Princess do mornas bought the promised cradle, Kermornas about a matter of business, gave the address to which she wished it sent, placed her card in it, and contin-"I have dismissed the whole agair."

Julien perceived her, as he was wan-"What!" cried Rose. "You have dering in the streets, an hour later, been writing to a Princess without tellalighting at the corner of a humble street. She went into an old and ill-The visitor turned to Rose and said the first landing. It closed heavily be-Rose lowered her eyes. She would hind her. Julien approached and put have liked to say yes, but the word his ear to the keybole.

The Princess had gone there to bestow charity on an infirm old woman. "Ho! ho!" said Julien, as he crept likes to hear herself called 'angel of pity,' and such names! Why does she not come oftener to see us? Because I am no courtier? Well, I shall never go down on my knees to any one."

(To be Continued)

Profit in Sleeping Cars.

An operating official who knows about sleeping cars, their cost and profit, remarked: 'Sleeping cars pay big money, and when one knows the cost of operating them it is no wonder. A new car costs, good, strong and modern, any way from \$8,000 to \$10,000, although you hear of them. worth twice that sum. However, these costly cars don't get outside the shops. Well, the railread companies pay three cents a mile for the privilege of hauling them, and the car will average 300 miles in twenty-four hours the year round, or \$9 a day earnings. Say it earns \$3,000 a year, a low estimate, it will pay for itself in threeyears. Now a ten section car has twenty berths, selling local at \$2 a berth, making the earning capacity per night \$40, not counting the day earnings. Of course sleepers don't carry full loads every night, but if they did not average ten passengers a day we would not haul them on our road. Now, we pay for ice, water and fuel and insure the cars; that is, we repair them when wrecked or injured. The sleeping-car company pays a porter \$25 a month at most, conductor \$90, and has to furnish linen and soap. It is not difficult to see how the sleeping-car companies pay dividends."-Indianapolis Jour-

Modern Cannibals.

Cannibals eat their victims. The modern and cultivated cannibal is not got the Simplest in so reckless as to put his victim out of his misery, by decapitating him. He prefers, for charity's sake, to employ him at some productive industry, and by the aid of law, appropriate the fruits of his toil to his own com'ort. except enough to furnish food for tomorrow's work. - Alliance Herald.

A Straight Road.

Brethren, if we move forward on right principles no power on earth can prevent the ultimate triumph of the same. There must be no halting, no temporizing. no compromises. The road is straight ahead. Let us keep in the middle of it. There are no sidetracks, no by-roads connecting with this reform movement. Keep these Julien came back, but said nothing to things in mind and we are safe.

How We Prosper. Rev. Dr. Hyde: Yes, the country is

drawer, took his cune and went off as prosperous; prosperous in millionaires; prosperous in railroad combinations; prosperous in trusts; prosperous A little later Julien climbed the in class laws upon our statute splendid staircase of the Kermernas books; prosperous in wealth and mansion with tardy steps. He would luxury for the few, prosperous in not admire the beautiful ornaments off poverty and distress for the many; either hand. Presently he was introprosperous in wickedness and crime; duced into a parlor and he found himprosperous in suffering and anguish; self face to face with his visitor of the prosperous in groans and agony of a suffering people; prosperous in tramps and homeless families; yea the country is prosperous toward anarchy and The Princess rose and gave him her revolution provoked by a soulless plu-

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