THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE, LINCOLN, NEB., THURSDAY, MAR. 3, 1892.



What a change in Julien! He is married, really married, and is trotting on his knees a lovey little girl, of whom Rose is vastly proud.

The Princess is the godmother, and Julien has consented to the baptism. He has forgotten his insults to the pious priesthood.

What miracle has been worked in him? No matter: he feels less unhappy, and if from time to time his morose character gets uppermost, his child brings him back to better thoughts. He calls her Zanette-s

tender diminutive of Suzanne. A good place in a respectable theater the open to him not long ago; he was micst forced to be contented when he took it; but he was so in appearance only. He had made his conce sions to society, as he called them, under constraint, to please the Princess, who had, however, not urged him.

To please the Princess! He had to own this to himself. and to admit also that he loved her!

Despite his will, his pride, a new and strong love for her seemed to shake his

He knew no rest now. "I cannot love her!" he would say; "it is against my nature! Never could she have for me any other sentiment than pity Perhaps she even despises me! I will not think of it! An impassable distance separates us!"

Then he would change again:

But the heart knows no distance; no social conventionalities. When one loves as I love, one is noble. Do I love

While Julien was thus tortured with love and doubt. Rose was joyous; she saw her whole career saved; she was wife and mother, and tender and true. But one shadow fell across her life; it was caused by the approaching departure of the Princess, who was soon going to her estate in the country. "Take us with you, madame;" said

Rose one day when the Princess came to bid them good-by. "Take us! You will find something for us to do; and we will never leave you. You will not repent, for nowhere else can you find devotion like ours!"

"My dear child," said the Princess, "do not give me the grief of being obliged to refuse you. I have no vacant places to offer. You would not have me send away others"-

"We would not permit such an in-

Kermornas and himself, but his efforts which she was becoming accustomed. were vain; he could not put aside the | The next day Julien said to his wife: continual thought of her. Too proud to dwell for long on the idea of his social inferiority he was forced to admit that Mme. Kermonas had shown no inout reply and they left the house. terest in his first words, which seemed "Where are we going?" "To the Princess'!" to him to have been more clear than he "Has she come back?" had wished. He recognized the hopelessness of his love, but the thought of "Of course. Am I not taking you her pursued him ruthlessly. "What shall I do?" he muttered: "write to there?' "Oh, I am in no hurry to visit her. I am not accustomed to her fine parlors,

her? I have her permission, but what am not need have I for that? Am I not free? and"-Alas' no longer! I try to find favor in "And what?" her eyes, but sometimes I think she is "And it is not proper for us to go simply laughing at my weakness. What agony, were it so! With her there.' "Not proper? For us? Don't be silly."

voman's intuition she must see how I suffer! Had any one told me years ago Rose was right, when, in answer to his that I should not run away at the apbroach of a lady-that I should myself be kneeling to a Frincess!"

was not at home. It was a simple His head would fall into his hands reply, but the only one which he had and a desire to weep like a scolded not thought of receiving. child seize him; but no tear would Julien silently bowed and returned moisten his dry and burning eyes. to Rose and Zanette, who were waiting

Thus had Rose found him several times, and one day accused htm. "Julien, you are in love with her!"

"Who? what? What do you mean?" "The Princess."

"You must be mad!"

"And she loves you."

Princess:

"or"

Again he wrote:

time I shall transgress.

and respect of your servant.

Princess:

"No, no!" cried Julien; "it is false! Oh! if she only could!"

"Well-" Rose whispered.

"She pities me, perhaps; laughing at my pains; like the sun, that ignores the existence of the insect, which, hid-

He was obliged to stop and catch his den in the moss, yet draws its life from breath. his warmth." "Nothing, little one; nothing," he

"What!" "The Princess is a being apart, unap-

proachable, and-" "Pshaw!" said Rose; "she knows you

out any sign from the Princess.

will wait until she comes to see us. I love her." am certain that she was there and that "I cannot believe it; but I should like she had no headache-but I did not her to know it, and she shall! She has dare insist."

given me permission to write to her; I The evening of that day passed very will do so now." slowly. Rose attempted to work, but,

He seized a sheet of paper, and in feverish haste wrote this letter, as Rose, racked with a cough, was almost unable to sew. Julien hummed his song, powerless against such overwhelming but the words had no sequence. passion, sank in a chair, utterly over-Several days passed without bringing

> the Princess to them. "She has forgotten me," thought

Nevertheless, he almost believed that

question whether the Princess was in,

the concierge informed him that she

"You were mistaken, then," said

"Yes, but she has a bad headache,

"Poor Princess," said Rose. "I will

some and enquire about her to-morrow."

replied. Then he continued, after a short interval, "You are right. It

would be indiscreet to call on her. We

Rose. "Has she not come back?"

and can see no one, not even us."

at the outer door.

"You shall not."

horribly pale.

"You cannot ignore my passion, for Julien. you are a woman. If my heart beats, it "She gives my husband no encourage is but for you. Allow me to see youent," said Rose to herself. often-for to look at you and hear you Neither appeared to notice the abare my sole delights! This is, perhaps, sence of the Princess. Julien broke only a dream, but oh! do not wake me. slience first and remarked ironically, It would mean death for the humblest "Your kind Princess, your excellent and most devoted of your slaves, Princess, cares nothing for us, as the "JULIEN MASLY." ocean cares nothing for the rain. Intensely sa isfled with his effort, he What interest has she in knowing us?" calculated on its producing a favorable

"What interest? Do you think that and prompt effect, but in this he was people have friends only from interested deceived, for several days clapsed with-"Often, if not always. Interest in "She either pretends to be shocked in noney, interest in vanity, or even, per-

order to be rid of us." he said to himself. haps, of love," he added bitterly. "As for that, I am sure she has ---- but he could not continue. none.

"You speak as if you knew life, "I see that your humble servant was whereas you only know what I have mistaken in counting on your favor. I been pleased to tell you. Hold your crave pardon for having spoken so

tongue." frankly. You had made me forget my Silence once more reigned, but Julien usual treatment-one continual repulse thought to himself that if by to-morrow You have permitted me to write to you. he had heard nothing from the Princess for without that permission I should he would send another line to her in not have written. But this is the last order to learn whether she had forgotten their existence. He had no need to "Believe, Princess, in the devotion

write, however, for on the morrow, as if she had been aware of his thoughts, "JULIEN MASLY."

sclous murmurs causing the plaintive cries of her who had given it birth to sink into silence? Strange mystery! "Put on your new dress, make Zan-Did I desire you, oh! my baby! when ette look pretty and come out with me.' the happiness of Rose and myself con-He looked pleased, Rose obeyed with-

sisted in our great love? Now comes that new being, arous ing in me an incomprehensible and violent emotion; an interest more puissant than any other. My power to maintain it seems to grow, but before my child I am powerless! Alas! my child, what have I given you? A heart to suffer, a brain to experience regrets, and what more? You, at least. when you can know and understand, shall not pass through the ation of my early years. My ten mess shall soften your nature, and ot that disgust which surrounded my accursed youth. The Princess cannot see things as I

do. One day I was regretting to her that I had consented to chain myself to Rose, when she said: 'Whatever bitterness duty brings,

it always gives the satisfaction of having done it."

That is very well, but what is duty? Whence does it come? Whither does it lead? When the hazard of existance decresses your birth, does it' lay down a line of duty? No. not one. Each sentiment sleeps within us until awakened by the heart.

"And why not? Does her health no It is then that the imagination pictlonger interest you? What is the matures certain things better chan others, ter?" she added, seeing Julien become and a line of ducy is laid down. She told me it was a duty to marry Rose and legitimatize Zenette-but why? I do not love my daughter from

mere obligation to do so. As for Rose, if I ever did love her. do so no longer, and I am bound forever to keep her, protect her and support She has given herself priestly sanction, that is all. What new satisfaction could that afford us? We are simply saddled with the duty of supporting each other forever.

17th February, 1876. Met my old comrade Alfred X. Think he did not care to meet me, for he did manifest a sharp surprise when I touched him on the shoulder to force him to see me.

"It is a long time," said I, "since saw you last, old man." "What! you, Julien?" he replied.

"What are you doing now? You look well." "Better than in 1870, at all events!

Although that is not strange: but not much richer than then. Not like you, though: for, to judge by your dress, you might be taken for a lord. You

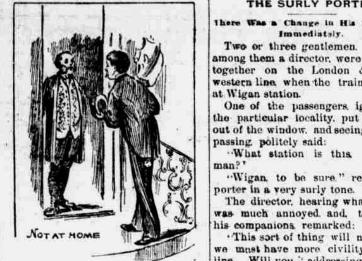
must have been ashamed to recognize me!" "How ean you say that, my good

Julien?" "Those soft accents change you much. and the flery Alfred has disappeared.'

"Was I really flery? I have forgotten. At any rate, it is a matter of little importance, leading to nothing." "Unless to victory," I answered

of our struggles!" "What song of evil augury are you

singing now?" he replied uneasily. "You seem to have forgotten also your despair at the news of the ap- he will reduce himself to his usual proach of the government troops," I dimensions and hop away, bent onco persisted, amused at his embarrass-



UGLY AND MUCH ABUSED. The Cudgels Are at Last Taken Up is

Favor of the Toad. It was Shakespeare who wrote nearly 300 years ago:

Ewect are the uses of adversity : Which like the toad, ugiy and veno Wears yet a precious jewel in his head. Even the Bard of Avon, with his great, loving heart, seemingly ignored the virtues of this much-maligned reptile, and the greater part of mankind. with characteristic obtuseness, has accepted his verdict as decisive. But it cems to me the prejudice is absolutely without foundation, writes Marle McCulloch in Kate Field's Washington. In the first place, it is only to the careless eye that the toad is ugly. In reality, with his somewhat humorous mouth-which looks at times as if he were poking sly mental jokes at you and laughing in his skin for the lack of a convenient sleeve-his mottled coat of wood brown and gray with here and there a touch of yellow, and his weird, sphinx-like eyes, he possesses a fascination as peculiar as it is

delightful. Sir Buto is a gentleman of regular although rather dissipated habits, pre-

At dusk his fun begins, when he emerges from the shadow of his retreat and hops about in search of a supper. His appetite is generally good, bat he likes to be a bit of an epicure when he has a chance. He will est worms, which he crams into his mouth with his queer, bony hands. and swallows whole, but he loves a fly or a moth much better. He will sit quietly watching while a pertinecious fly buzzes around. Apparently, he is lozing, for his eyes are half closed and his sides rise and fall to the regular beating of his heart; but sudden ly-you cannot exactly understand how, for the operation is so rapidthe fly has disappeared, and a scarcely perceptible motion of our small friend's throat is the only proof we can obtain that he has already made his supper.

Toads are a valuable acquisition to greenhouse, for they are always ready and pleased to dispose of a bug or a beetle, and their sudden darts invariably bring down their prey. They can be easily tamed. and. when once they find out that no harm is meant them, their friendliness is extreme.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back-soratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him. But after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change; his eves close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for "You seem to have forgotten the days enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight,

OUR BOOK LIST

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there Was a Change in His Demeanor

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more on the pleasures of the chase.

ferring the night to the day; but he can often be found squatting under a protecting leaf or bower of grass, haif napping while the neon-day heat lasts.

justice, madame," said Julien, proudly; "but if you only needed a secretary?" "No; I do not wish for one."

"Perhaps because you fear to emply some mercenary person? But if you had near you some one-to interpret your inmost thoughts"-

"Oh! I am sure that would be very annoying!" laughed the Princess.

"You laugh, Princess," said Julien excitedly. "You are cruel! Yet you might confide your secrets and your fotune to me without fear. I would not reveal the one nor dissipate the other." "I have no secrets to confide, and my

business man attends to all my affairs." "Do not mock me so cruelly," said

Julian, approaching and speaking in a low tone. "You, who taught me to believe in kindness, do not break the heart which belongs to you alone!"

"I do not understand this language, Monsieur." said the Princess.

Julien was silent: a tear rolled down his check; but the Princess seemed not devotion? to see it. and, rising, she kissed the baby and turned to depart.

As she stood at the door Julian said: "Do not fear, madame, to be loved otherwise than you would wish. I am too violently attached--Oh! Princess, do not leave me with a reproach on your lips!"

IX. Three months had passed and Julien had not written. Rose began to lose faith in her husband, and her simple mind was tortured by her inability to understand.

"Dare he," she thought to herself, "be so audacious as to love the Princess? Impossible! But how was it that she did not scorn him at the outset? Could it have been to spare hir feelings? She hardly knows him, then! She would have to forget her pride of



race were she to permit such a love; and then she would not have made him marry me. Julien's impudence is He has certainly been a student, and they call him witty. He is a good musician, but he is not handsome, except that his eyes have a sparkle in Oh! how I would like to know what is going on!"

Beset by such confused thoughts, she fell asleep beside the cradie, and awoke to find her child smiling at her. As for Jullion, he, too, was tor

mented. He struggled to throw off that love

which was taking possession of him. stacles of all kinds surged through his tributed it to another change in his that day-the little creature announcmind when he thought of Mme. d.

A contrary effect was the result. On "How Zanette has improved," she the following evening his concierge cried as she kissed her, "how sweet to handed him a letter:

some so willingly into my arms." "I do not understand your second let-"She recognizes you," said Julien; ter. Your first would have been "we show her your postrait every day, answered, in spite of its extraordinary and if she did not love you, we should character, had 1 not been obliged to be, indeed, unhappy."

leave town for a few days. Neverthe-"Sometimes one is happier when less, if you desire to carry out the there is no love!" murmured the Printhreat contained in your second letter, cess, as if to herself. you are free to do so. I kiss Zanette.

"Alas! Madame, your heart suffers "PRINCESS DE KERMORNAS." and mine is pained, for it cannot con-That was all. Julien shivered and reddened as he opened it, but after he sole you. If only you could look upon me as a friend!" had read it became deadly pale and

The Princess smiled in reply. crushed the paper in his hands. What "You do not believe me," continued a humiliation! She was absolutely in-Julien. "Your disdainful smile proves different to his passion, his madness, it, but you should not laugh, for noand could she more cruelly offend him? where will you find greater devotion, Had she hated him he himself might greater fidelity, more respect-even of also have come to hate her.

of the past." He would tell that it was he who had At these words the Princess turned saved the life of him she loved so much, away her head, not, however to hide a and that without his help she would smile, but to conceal a tear.

never have seen her husband again. "Your intention is, perhaps, good, Did she not owe to him the price of his she replied, "but there are wounds which, although closed, are pained even The thought startled him. Suppose

by a caress." she were to offer him payment for the "Pardon" murmured Julien. service he had rendered? He would None dared speak. Mme. de Ker

tell her nothing. But how to learn the mornas, still preoccupied with the dotruth? Would it not be better to resire to know whether Julien was the main in ignorance, preferring to die in Masly whom her husband had saved. hope than to live in despair? While his thought that he could not be the one. mind swung from one idea to another, Zanette's childish prattle at last broke Rose allowed her jealousy to slumber. the silence, and, in order not to leave Julien had made her a present of a her after so painful an interlude, Mme. beautiful dress, for he now carned a de Kermornas remained a few minutes Attle more than was absolutely neceslonger conversing of commonplace sary, and she thought good fortune had matters.

"The Princess has brought us good luck," she ventured one day to say. "Since we have known her everything goes well with us "

become ridiculous. A few days after-Julien's response was a contraction of ward he knocked at the door of the his eyebrows-a sign of storm, well-Kermornas mansion, considering himknown to Rose.

"Why is Zanette asleep?" said he She received him. She was willing to suddenly: "bring her here." permit him to visit her occassionally, "You know, dear, that Zanette is in the hope of softening his bearish and

always in her cradle at this time." "Cradle, cradle, always cradle. All

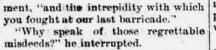
right. Leave her there." Julien rose, stirred the embers which hope that her kindness might develop had fallen, murmuring a sea song the into a higher sentiment. The best proofs while, and then settled himself into of this that can be given are the followhis own chair. Always the same song ing extracts from Julien's journal: each evening-a song of his own composition, probably, for Rose had one day come upon him writing verses, and had immediately conceived a great idea of her husband's intelligence. This incoherent song had a refrain: • "My bride, the wave;

The sea my grave."

Rose in her naive ignorance thought that this verged on the sublime. When Oh! why am I not a Prince? Julien sang it he did not trouble her. and she hoped to see quietness reign once more around the hearth and her future existence placid.

Thus autumn passed, as had passed For her there are two classes of beings the summer, in the same monotony, and outside of all social rank-those who soon Paris would once more see the suffer and those who need not consola-Princess. Julien thought of this more tion. and more, and became nervous and irritable. At last, as he was walking with his dream in front of the Kermornas mansion, he witnessed the ar- her hand a little longer than seems to rival of the Princess, with her sons and her servants, returning for the winter pitilessly, does she withdraw it! to Paris. That day he returned home gavly, but he said nothing about the

cause of his satisfaction to Rose. She atstrange disposition, to the phases of ing its arrival in the world, is uncon-



"Rossel encouraging us, and your vow to obey him to the death! "Rossel! the scoundrel. The wretch!" "Bravo! Ah, that is the way you re-

nounce your old friends, whom you were wont to call heroes?" "My dear Julien, in those days we

were young fanatics, but we were mistakenl

"Mistaken? What in? We only desired to effect by reform immediately what it has taken years to accomplish, and if the Commune no longer rules in asked: "Porter, what place may this name, her doctrines have become laws. We were persecuted then, and now applauded!

"Alas!" replied Alfred, sententiously, 'can we deplore it too much? You Julion was dissatisfied with himself; have only to took around you to see the he had thought to be eloquent, only to disastrous effects of the present course.

"I hardly recognize you. What government position do you fill new? You seem to dread compromising yourself." self as authorized to return her call. "I? not much! but I formerly thought one way, now I speak another."

"You were perfectly right not to wish bitter nature, and believing that she to meet me, for it is plain to me that owed him a debt of gratitude. With- the fiery Alfred is about to become Alout daring to admit it, he continued to fred the turncoat."

(To be Continued.)

Alliance Tribune: The vitriolic Ingalls in his pyrotechnic displays be-10th February, 1876. fore the country with himself always She has been back a month, but I as the great central figure, was not have seen her only twice. She seemed tomore prominent before the country, day more adorable than ever. Shall I and the subject of more criticism than ever see the day when I can cause her Senator Peffer has been since he has over-present sadness to vanish? She been in the senate. In the short time pretends that everything in her is dead; that Mr. Poffer has been in the senbut this is an ironical falsehood, for her ate he has introduced more practical lips, in speaking, contradict her words. economic measures for the benefit of the producing classes than can now be 11th February, 1876.

placed to Mr. Ingalls' credit in all of I, a Prince! I must have been mad his eighteen years' service in the senyesterday! I insult her by thinking a ate. We stand ready to be corrected poble would please her better than I. if we are mistaken in this assortion.

> Comrades of the 75th Ohio Wanted. The Seventy-fifth Ohio Regimental association decided at its meeting at

Franklin, Ohio., to admit to member-And 1? Do I not suffer? I need ship all sons of veterans or of deceased her; I yearn for her consolation, but members of the regiment. Capt. E. R. she offers me none. When I try to hold Monfort, president of the association. is preparing a roster of all the young her fit, how imperiously, or, rather, Seventy-fifth he can find. As the

families of deceased members are so 15th February, 1876. scattered, will comrades of the G. A.R. Zanette is one year old to-day. Shall who know of any such send their names I ever forget the poignant emotions of and addresses to Capt. E. R. Monfort, Cincinnati, Ohio?

dent front agent



Address GEO. WOODLEY, 242 South Water St Chicago, II'. Mention THE PANERS' ALLIANCE.