CAPTAIN GORDON IS ATTACKED BY 482 PICKED WARRIORS.

rticulars of a Thrilling Encounter with a Band of Bloodthirsty Comanches and How They Were Defeated with

Great Slaughter by the Whites. [Copyright, 1802, by Charles B. Lewis.] to the year 1830 the Comanche Inated in a battle with white men. They re arrogant and bloodthirsty and were at war with all the world. They would not make peace with other tribes, but waged constant and vindictive warfare on white and red alike. They were rich, strong in numbers and the best borsemen in the world, and they made war because they loved the adventure of it.

In May of the year named a Texan known as Captain Gordon, who was an old Indian fighter, learned that there was gold in the Big Wichita mountains of west rn the eastern boundary of the Great Staked plains, but the Comanches ranged as far est as the Rio Pecos river. Captain Gordon called for volunteers to explore the gold fields, and the expedition was fitted fore him, and he did not cut loose until he had secured 139 men. They were all bor-der men, and each furnished his own horse and arms. Every one had a rifle, and most of them a revolver as well, and Gordon got the loan of two field pieces and trained a crew to work them. There were about forty pack mules, loaded with proammunition, and it was believed that the command was strong enough to take care of itself under any circumstance. It was so long in getting ready that the Indians heard of its object, and Eagle Feather, then the head chief of the Comanches, sent word to Captain Gor

I want scalps, horses, rifles and powder. Dome as fast as you can! No one was frightened over the message, and in due time the expedition set out Captain Gordon was confident that he would be attacked before crossing the Canadian river, and he was not surprised at finding the Indians all about him as the command emerged into the Chico valley to the west of old Fort Bascom. Eagle Feather had gathered together 482 war not ordinary warriors, but each could boast of having killed an enemy. They were mounted on the finest war ponies, and every one had a lance and a rifle, and some had bows and arrows in addition. A more notable war party was hever raised by any tribe, and it started out to meet the invaders, boasting that it would bring back the scalp of every white man in the expedition. Gordon was familiar with the Chico and knew where the attack would be made.

ready to enter the pass leading through the Chico mountains to the river and bend. It was a position they could hold grainst 10,000 men, and he realized that he must draw them away from it. The comhe pass and then turned to the north, as If to seek for another. For a distance of parallel course, and were not over two miles apart. The Indians hugged the base men from entering any of the passes, while Gordon watched for a battle ground in the valley. He found it twelve miles above the pass just at sundown on a June day. The spot selected was a natural sink on the crest of a mound or a series of mounds taking in an area of about two acres. There was a wall of earth around this

ink, as if a small lake had once occupied the spot. To the north was a still lower and deeper basin, large enough to shelter all the horses and so strategic that a few men could defend it. There was a big pring on the plateau, with grass enough to last the horses for three or four days, and Captain Gordon's idea was to force the Indians to attack him in his position. A renegade white man named Gerry, who had served in the regular cavalry and de-serted to the redskins, had drilled them in cavalry tactics and he was with them at this time. Out in the open 480 Comanches. each armed with a 12-foot lance-a weapon they knew how to use with murderous effect—would have proved too strong for the gold hunters. Behind defenses the

There was only one place where the sink could be approached by horsemen, and that was on the south side. There was a clear road 200 feet wide, and the cannon were posted to cross fire over this. They had been kept covered on the march, and the Indians had no suspicion of their presence.

Just at dusk Eagle Feather sent in word for the white men to go to sleep without fear as he should not attack until next day. This was no ruse on his part, for he de his camp two miles away, and that made his camp two miles away, and that of the gold hunters was undisturbed by even a shot. During the night Gordon's men threw up further defenses and cleared the sink of every incumbrance. Twenty men were told off to guard the animals, and when the sun rose again every one in the command was ready for what was to

Eagle Feather was in no hurry. It was 9 o'clock before he marshaled his warriors on the prairie, a mile to the south of the lateau. He then sent in word that he hoped the white men would fight. He did not demand a surrender, and he wanted it plainly understood that he would grant no quarter. His firm purpose was to wipe out every man in the expedition, and thus deter all thought of future invasion of his territory. From the way he disposed of his forces he must have been confident of speely success. The mounted warriors were marshaled in lines having a front of thirty men. They were eight lines deep, making 940 horsemen. The remainder of the force was held as a reserve. Not a warrior was dismounted, and no attack was made on the men guarding the lower basin. The Comanches, under cavalry tactics as taught by the renegade, had charged en masse with lances, and they had won a victory every time. The chief had never fought a large body of white men, and perhaps he wanted to test the value of his tactics on them. He was a brave general,

When Gordon saw that no attack would be made on the herd he called over fifteen of the twenty men to assist in repelling the charge. The two field pieces were loaded with canister, and everything was ready on the plateau. At a given signal the body of warriors charged. The first line was half a mile away, and the ground was clear of all obstruction. The gold hunters were ordered to reserve their fire antil the field pieces were discharged. This did not happen until the first line of warriors was within fifty feet of the breast works. The charge was checked in an instant, and the slaughter was something horrible. As was determined by actual count, fifty-three warriors and seventy were left Schind when the force drew off and returned to the spot where Eagle Feather had posted himself to watch and direct. The field pieces fired only two rounds apiece, and some of the riflemen only got in one shot.

Within half an hour after being driven ack Eagle Feather sent in word that he was glad the white men exhibited so much was glad the white men exhibited so much bravery, as the bonor of defeating them would be greater. While his warriors had been unsuccessful in the first charge, the second would be certain to win the victory, and he warned them to make ready for it. This they speedily did. When the lines were formed again every warrior was in them, while the big chief took the tead. The same tactics were pursued as

A BIG INDIAN FIGHT, before. Such warriors as had been dismounted advanced on foot. Again the gold hunters waited until the enemy had come to close quarters, and again the field pieces beiched forth their murderous fire as a signal. It was a lesson the Comanche tribe never forgot. In five minutes every warrior who could get away had retreated, leaving the ground heaped with dead and dying. A count of the bodies brought the total up to 111. Those who were wounded were killed as fast as discovered. Eagle Feather, although in the thick of the fray, was not even scratched, and as he rallied his forces again out of rifleshot he realized that he must abandon his tactics or with-draw altogether. He had still 300 men left, and he had no thought of abandoning the field.

foe closely and anxiously, and he soon discovered the plan of the coming attack. It would be made on foot, and the lances yould be abandoned for the rifles. There was a ravine leading up from the prairie to the lower basin. The Indians would be certain to come up that; others would ad vance from the south, and others still would advance through the brush on the west side. The field pieces were planted to cover the points where a rush was ex-pected and the men posted anew. Three legs of powder were taken down into the ravine and deposited among the rocks as torpedoes, and everything was ready by noon. It was half an hour later when th Indians divided into three commands and moved to attack. Gerry had taught them how to march on foot, and they moved off almost as orderly as regular infantry. The object of those advancing from the south was to secure the bodies of the dead ponies for shelter, and thus creep in close to the oreastworks for a sudden rush.

Gordon had provided against this by

sending men out over the field, and their The fight opened hotly on the other sides, however, and as the Indians were sheltered in their advance, they soon began to work damage. Their fire was concentrated on the field pieces, and within an hour Gordon had four men killed and three dis-abled. From half past 12 to half past 4 the firing was constant and almost entirely confined to the rifles. The white men were the best shots and were also more securely sheltered, and therefore had the best of it. But few Indians had ap peared in the ravine up to the last ho named. Then they began to gather for a rush. One of the guns was turned upon them, and when the shell with which it was charged exploded, it likewise exploded two of the kegs of powder. How many were killed and wounded no one could say, because the terrific explosions burled down the high banks and filled the ravine for a hundred feet. A dozen or more bodies were found, and parts of others were blown

almost into the upper basin.

The calamity in the ravine ended the attack on the part of the Indians, and Gordon at once assumed the aggressive. The ponies of the Indians had been left on the prairie just out of rifleshot, guarded by a few warriors. He opened on the herd with shell, and in three or four rounds had scattered it. Whenever the redskins attempted to bunch in any considerable number he shelled them, and such horses as galloped within rifle range were shot down by the riflemen. Eagle Feather had more thanenough before the sun went down. he rallied his warriors as if for a last desperate charge, but they were so thorough-As darkness fell he began his retreat to the pass, and he made no halt of consequence until reaching his village, a hun-dred miles away.

None of his dead was removed, but all

the wounded were taken away. Three years later he gave his figures on the fight. Out of his force of 480 men he reached home with only 199 who had escaped scot free. He lost in killed 141, and had 140 wounded more or less severely. Of his 480 ponies he lost at least half. Gordon's amount of ammunition and other plunder. Among the Indian dead were two famous medicine men and four subchiefs, and Gerry was also among the slain. He had not been killed by the white men, but Eagle Feather slew him with his own hand as he retreated. It was not his plan to open the fight as he did, but Gerry had assured him that the mounted warriors could

ride over all opposition.

The direct results were bad enough for the tribe, but dissensions followed to make matters worse. Eagle Feather was de-posed and became a renegade, and the tribe divided into three or four factions which could never again be reunited. The Kiowas, to the east, took every advantage of the split, and the Apaches raided in from the west with great vigor, and within three years a tribe which had ranked as the richest and most powerful in the west wat scattered and broken. Had not the government stepped in and taken care of the remnant the Comanches would have been exterminated to the last representative.

Time to Leave the Telephone

It was in one of the biggest busine houses of the country. The telephone beil in the private offices of the head of the firm began to ring, and a young clerk who was passing through the rooms and noticed that there was no one there to answer the call went to the telephone.
"Hello?" he said, "what do you want?"

"Is this Brown, Smith, Jones & Wil inms?" was the answer.

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Is this Brown, Smith, Jones & Wil-

liams?" "Yes, I say; what do you want?"

"Is this Brown, Smith, Jones"——
"Yes, I say." "Is this Brown, Smith"-

'Yes, you deaf chunk of stone."

"Is this Brown" "See here," yelled the clerk is a rage, you old, baidheaded, putty faced, cotton eared mummy, go off and learn how to put your ear against a telephone receiver be-

fore you wear your lungs out again shout-ing for Brown, Smith, Jones & Williams." came back in a shrill cry of fury, "I'm Mr. Brown, the head of that But the young clerk quickly put the receiver down and let it hang so that there could be no more ringing, and quietly stole away, and though Mr. Brown has not yet

discovered who it was that called him a mummy, with qualifying adjectives, the young clerk had to let his story out, and after wide circulation it has reached a newspaper, which faithfully records it .-New York Tribune.

The following is a criticism of "Hamlet" by a dramatic reporter in New South Wales:

The author is behind the times and appears to forget that what we want nowa-days is hair raising situations and detecives. In the hands of a skillful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their number elevens. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Ham-let sasses his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation, and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up. Our advice to the author is a little more action, a little more fine sentiment, and a fair share of variet business in his next piece. In the specialty arts of the play scene he has entirely missed his opportunities. - Tit-Bits.

Some Good. "Rev. Teachem's efforts were not wholly

lost on the cannibals."
"No?" "They asked a blessing on the meal be

fore they ate him."-Truth.

MORE VENGEFUL THAN WAR.

Mee Brave in Battle Shrink Before the Artillery of God. As we move by the left flank to cross the country highway and take up a position in the triangular piece of woods, the my left takes out his watch and I note the time. It is exactly 4:30 p. m. The sun is shining brightly overhead, and yesterday the old Virginia farmer, too old to go into the ranks, was mowing in the meadow to hay comes to our nostrils as we march, and more than one hand reaches out am-plucks a leaf from the vine creeping along the old stone wall and seeking to beauthan one hand reaches out and

tify it. We can see no enemy on our front as we form battle line under the trees and pile up bushes, limbs and logs for a breastwork. They will come down the road if they come, and then we shall enfillate them and at least hold them in check, no matter if they outnumber us five to one crack battery has moved with us, and the artilleryists are impatient to get to work. Off on my right the fight is a hos one. The earth under our feet trembles ander the concussion of the field pieces, and the spiteful crackle of musketry reminds one of the onward sweep of a great

forest fire. What has happened? Has the sun ready gone to rest, and is this twilight creeping over the field of battle?

Men look up and about them. The bright sunshine has suddenly disappeared. We ire clear of the smoke here, though it hangs like a pall over the brigade on our right. We are still gazing and wondering bling which can be plainly heard above all other noises.

"It's a thunderstorm?" whispers man after man, and looking to the southwest we see a great black cloud hanging aimost

Down here is the vengeance of man, up there the wrath of God. It is a greenish black cloud—its center as place and night, and its outer edges fringed with a green which reminds you of the eyes of an ed papa.

"When do you want to be ed papa.

"Right off," said Brownie. black cloud-its center as black as mid battle for its life and more. "Steady, men-steady! Right dress

From out of the very center of that for bidding cloud there suddenly leaped a sheet of flame so bright that every eye was daz zled and a thousand men started in alarm. The lines were scarcely restored when there came a crash as if a thousand shells had exploded at once and hundreds of men cried out in terror. Strange enough: We are here to die. Down on the right 5,000 men have yielded up their lives, and 5,000 more are grouning with their wounds. Should we dread the thunderbolts of

forged by the hand of man? Flash! Cringe! Cry out! A tongue of flame shot out as if to lick up the five acres of woodland and the thousand men hiding under the trees. Scores of men let fall their muskets and raised their hands to their blanched faces Scores of others wheeled about in their tracks as if to fly. The long line was undulating like a great serpent creeping over rocks, when the earth seemed to rise up and there came a crash which threw men to their knees. A thunderbolt had struck a tree at the head of our line, and the twelve

heaven more than the murderous missil-

Flamet Crash! Panic! narching down the road and charged us en masse there would have been no such confusion as this. Veterans of a dozen battles are pressing back, and the officers are pale faced as they flourish their swords and shout and curse to restore the lines. Another tree has been rent and riven-

men nearest it fell like logs. Four were

dead before they touched the earth.

more men have been struck down. The battery is in front of us. They are trying to bring the horses up to drag the guns away from under the tall trees, but party picked up enough lances and rifles to load a wagon. They also got a large ly demoralized and seeking to escape. They rear and plunge and kick and utter shrill neighs, and they cannot be con trolled

Flash! Flame! Roar! Not a tree this time, but a caisson full of ammunition. A thunderbolt shot out of the black heavens as straight as an arrow and swifter than thought and struck this terrible target. A great mass of flame hoots up into the tree tops, withering and out his skeleton fingers and touches man after man until he has sixteen more viclike sheep in a storm, half blinded by the eases and death. continued flashes and half drowned by the downpour, and there is never a man of us who has not been a coward under the swift and terrible attack of a foe more vengeful

than war. And the sun has gone down and darkess is here, and of the battle which ceased an hour ago we know not. Few questions are asked and answered. We feel dazed and stupefied. We have witnessed such a vengeance as man cannot wreak upon man. and it has left us without courage and al-M. QUAD.

A "Lady" Gets a Seat.

She was portly of figure, poor of attire and wealthy of words. You could have cut up her brogue with an ax and had enough to last through a hard winter. She swung by a strap in an elevated car like a rusty bologna in a butcher's window. A saddle tinted gentleman from a warmer climate comfortably reposed in a seat directly in front of her, dreaming of the alligators sunning themselves on the muddy banks of the bayous of Louisiana. "Git up and give me that seat:" said the stout washer lady, kicking the southern dreamer on the shin.

"Wha! Hoo! Ugh! Woo!" cried the startled colored gentleman, grabbing that most vulnerable part of his anatomy and carefully moving it out of her way. "Ain't you going to give me that seat?"

she sweetly inquired, swaying toward him as if getting ready to drop on him. The movement alarmed the young gen tleman in the next seat, and he hastily let go of his tender mustache and rose and po-litely offered his place.

"Thank you, thank you very much, sir! You're a gentleman, sir, a borned gentle

The young man, who had suddenly be come the focus of a good many tittering eyes, blushingly acknowledged the compliment, but looked uneasily around for a way out of his embarrassment. She continued at the rate of 250 words a minute:

"I can tell a gentleman every time. I'll lay that you have a good mother, sir, as knows how to bring children up. Bless you, sir, I see the grace of God in your thee!"

But somehow the rest of the folks didn't see anything of the sort—only a face as red as a boiled beet, and this they hailed hilariously. While the unhappy youth fairly plowed his way through the crowded isle to get out of range, the saddle tinted Southron smiled a 7-inch smile.—New York Herald.

A Clearwater man applied for a pension one day and received his voucher Washington the next morning. The voucher, however, was granted on a former application, which the gentleman thought had been lost in the shuffle,

The John Churchfield and F. L. Topping eutting affair, which occurred at Trenton some time last July, was brought up this term of court in Hitchcock coun'y, and the former was found guilty of assault and battery and was fined \$100 and costs

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

INTERESTING READING FOR BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE.

Brownle--Enemies in the Air-Hereditary Knowledge--Exact The Bells of Japan--Three Im-

Once upon a time, oh, ever so many ears, ago, there was a little boy who was so dark that everyone called him Brownie. He looked just like those fittle fellows whose pictures we all love so much, and who do ever so many funny things to make us laugh.

Brownie went out shopping one day with his mamma, and was very much pleased with the cash-boys he saw in the stores, and he thought how lovely t would be if he could go and be a cash-boy himself and get all the money they got.

So he asked his papa when he got home that night if he couldn't be a cash-boy in a big store, and runaround and do errands and earn lots and lots of dollars the way they did. and of course his papa said he could if he wanted to. Brownie's papa used to let him do almost anything he

Dear me, how happy Brownie was when his papa said this! He went down stairs and told his friend the cook about it. He whispered his great oy to his little pug-dog, and even went so far as to make up his mind what he should buy with his first dol-

lar.
"When do you want to begin?" ask-

"All right," said papa. "You may begin to-morrow morning. You must tell Mary to wake you up at six o'clock and have your breakfast ready at half-past six, so that you may start down to the store in time to be there by eight o'clock."

"And John can bring the carriage for me, can't he?" asked Brownie. "Oh no, indeed!" replied papa. "You will have to go down in the horsecars. It would never do for a cashboy to go down town in a carriage. And, then mamma, you needn't have dinner until seven after this instead of half past six, because Brownie won't

get home much before seven. "I'll be home before that, papa," sain Brownie. "I'll hurry up and get hrough by three o'clock.

"They wouldn't let you do that," papa said. "You'll have to stay unil six o'clock until the holiday-times. and then they'll keep you down there until nine or ten o'clock. Of course will make you very sleepy to do hat, but after awhile you won't mind t so much. "Can I take my rocking-chair with

von't have time to use your rockingchair. Why, you will be on your feet all the time."

Browniethought a minute, and then

is face brightened up, and he said, Papa, I know what. "What," asked papa. "I guess I'll stay a little boy, with nothing to do but play, a little while

longer."
"That is a good idea," said papa,
"That is a good idea," said papa, with a smile, and so Brownie didn't become a cash-boy.—Harper's Young People.

Enemies in the Air.

If our eyes were microscopes, what world of wonders, and even of terrors, the atmosphere would appear to be? Even air that is apparently pure contains a great number of microscopic floating particles. There isthere is an explosion which blows dust that has risen from the ground; man, also explained the cause of the men off their feet, and then death reaches and been transplanted from afar by the winds; there is powderly matter tims. His work is not concluded when the that has been ejected from the interiflood gates of heaven are opened and the rain pours down in a deluge. As if the are minute particles of meteoritic a rich one. On one occasion he was word of command had been given, the matter that come floating down out lines fall back, carrying officers before of interstellar space, and there is a them, and halt not until clear of the dan great variety of living germs and orgerous trees. Then we huddle together ganisms, some of which produce dis-

The investigations that are going on concerning the origin of the influenza now afflicting mankind in various quarters of the globe have led some men of science to conclude that a micro-organism, or bacillus, of some kind, which lives and is diffused through the air, is the cause of this

most troublesome disease. But even a bacillus, so small that the utmost powers of the microscope are taxed to make it visible, must have something to live on, or it will

perish. In absolutely pure air it could not survive, but Doctor Symes Thompson makes the interesting suggestion that minute particles of organic dust floating in the air may serve as rafts for it o live on.

What a strange picture this forms in the imagination! Particles of matter, too small to be discerned with the naked eye, floating through the atmosphere, and bearing like a microscopic fleet, uncountable millions of organisms, whose combined attack suffices to render a large fraction of

the human race miserable! But knowledge is power, and the more we learn about our microscopic enemies in the air, the better prepared are we to resist their assaults.

Hereditary Knowledge,

A three-year-old, whose father, two grandfathers and a great-grandfather physicians, was entertaining herself one day by playing doctor to her dolls. The nurse kept the young physician going on a round of calls from doll to doll, and writing prescriptions in her bayish hierogly

At last the weary little body climb ed into an arm-chair, and lay backfor a moment's rest. The nurse, fearing lest the slighest diversion should turn the active little brain toward something that would demand more of her attention sought to reawaken interest in the dolls by a very urgent tele-

phonic summons. The little doctor straightened up at the tling-tling of the imaginary bell, and resting her elbow on the arm of her dimpled hand, asked what was

wanted. She was informed that Jenny Pur dy needed her services at once. a sigh of impatience, she gathered her little body together as if for a plunge out of the big chair; and then a look of intelligence passed over her face, and she settled back with this pithy

"Tell Miss Purdy de doctor tan't he's busy sittin in his of tome; he's busy sittin in his of-

John Ericsson had not only gentus, but "immense capacity for taking pains." All his work was so exactly done that he could demand from workmen the most rigid observance of details in the drawings furnished for their guidance, without fear that they might go astray.

"When the steamer "Columbia" was built, its engines were put in according to his designs. It was customary at that time to get the length of the piston-rod from the engine itself, and as a man was oneday engaged in measuring it with a long baton, Captain Ericsson chanced to go on board at that moment, and, going up to the workman, he called out .-

What are you doing there, sir?" "Getting the length of the pistonrod, sir.

"Is it not on the drawing?"

Then why do you come here with sticks? Go and get the length from the drawing. I do not want you to bring sticks when the drawing gives

At another time a workman was endeavoring to put in the engines of a steamship, and found great difficulty with a small connection which he de scribed as being "crooked as a dog's hind-leg." Finally, he went to Ericsson and informed him that the rod could not be put in place. 'Is it right in the drawing?"

the query.
"Yes, sir."

"Then it will go in."

And on another trial it did. The masterbrain had left nothing to be supplied by the ingenuity of others .-

Seeing Her Diamonds Again. A beautiful incident is told of the Princess Eugenie, sister of the king of Sweden, which strikingly illustrates the pleasure and satisfaction to be gained from earnestly seeking to help others. We give it as told by the Christian Werkly, together with the words of praise that are well-merited

by the noble Swedish princess: The princess is most devout and enthusiastic in her benevolence, and has consecrated her time and wealth and personal efforts to the direction of hospitals, and to the spread of re ligious truth among ber destitute countrymen. She spends her summers at a villa called "Friedheim," or the Home of Peace. Around it she has reared asylums for orphan children and beautified the grounds with trees, walks, and flowers. She is the directress of several societies for providing employment for poor women; she has opened schools for destitute girls. On the Sabbath she has an evangelical me?" asked Brownie.
"Oh the Sabbath she has an evangencar
"Oh, dear me, no!" said papa. "You service at her villa for her many

guests and neighbors. When the Princess-Eugenie built her hospital, she found her ready funds inadequate; so she sold her jewels to finish and furnish the building.

One day she visited the hospital, and the tears of gratitude rolled down the cheeks of a poor invalid as she came to his bedside. The happy princess was so melted

by his tears that she exclaimed,—
"Ah, now I see my diamonds again!" Letting Kindness Rule

It is not every one who can put aside at the same time both the selfish hope of personal advancement and the inherent respect of humanity for the influential, and let only kindly benevolence rule in their place. The great English surgeon, John Abernethy, could do this, and this fact, while it proved the nobility of the universal esteem in which he was held by people of all classes.

The great physician was so benevolent that he would almost always just stepping into his carriage to visit a rich duke, when a pressing request came to see a sufferer who was without means to tender a fee.

"I cannot go to him at present," said Abernethy. "If you cannot go at once, it will be needless to go at all," said the mes-

The surgeon stopped the carriage and inquired the poor man's address. The street and number were given. "Drive there immediately, coach-man," ordered the surgeon, "the duke

must wait. Besides, he can command the services of twenty physicians." It was a small thing to do, perhaps, but would every man have done it?

The Bells of Japan

The bells of Japan are among its loveliest posessions. One of the sweetest of them rang out many times every day into the waiting air in this faraway little city. Its tone was intense ly thrilling and pathetic. The bells are not sounded by a clapper within, but are tiruck from the outside by a sort of gooden arm or battering-ram. Being withdrawn to the proper distance and released, it strikes the bell once; and the strokes are allowed to succeed one another only with a dignified and stately regularity. Tradition says the finest bells have silver in their composition, which may ac count for their deep and wonderful sweetness. Whether this be so or not, the bells make a profound impression upon all gensitive or musical organizations heretofore accustomed to the more discordant church bells of a newer civilization.-St Nicholas.

Three Important Things.

Three things to love: courage, gen tleness, affection. Three things to admire: intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: ruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends and a cheerful spirit. Three things to like: cordiality, good-humor and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends and good humor. Three things to contend for. honor, country and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue and conduct. Three the chair and making a receiver of things to think about: life, death and eternity .- Ex.

The Sarcastic Ciraffe.

"I want a collar," said the giraffe, going into a collar and cuff store.
"Here is the latest New York style," said the salesman.

"Dear me!" cried the giraffe. "That is too high. How much neck do you suppose I've got."

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