TRUE HEART.

Father and daughter were left alone. The last guest had departed. Five hours had taken the white heat from his passion, but his manner was ominous in the extreme.

"You are a prisoner in this house, Florence Wyman, until you are Phillip Dorrington's wife. Do you understand? And I shall be j iller myself."

"And as true as you live, father, you will have a sorry time of it. Phillip Dorrington's wife I shall never be, and I have told him so more than once. I have nothing against the man, save that I do not love him, and never will consent to be united to a man that I do not love with my whole soul."

"That beggarly artist touches the depths, I suppose," replied the gentleman, with a sneer.

"I am his forever, father, and no power on earth can separate us."

"We will see. You are yet under my control. Now go to your room, and remember that every movement is watched."

A few days later Hugh received the following note:

"Dearest Hugh: I have thought the matter over, and resistence is useless. I shall never be happy with Mr. Dorrington, and could never make you happy. A false education has rendered a life of toil unendurable.

"FLORENCE."

"Ye Gods! and this is woman's constancy!" said Hugh, throwing the note upon the table. "No faltering now, Hugh. Up and doing. Take the first steamer for Europe, and go in heart and soul for art; but, by Jove! this seems incredible!" giving the brief note another perusal. "It don't sound like her. I'll hold on another bit." This was buffeting wind and tide. His letters were returned unopened, and every attempt at an interview was attended with the most crushing defeat.

By the exercise of considerable tact Florence managed to send a letter to their family lawyer, a gentleman with whom she had been a favorite from childhood, and stated the case fully. A day or two after he called at the house and inquired for Mr. and Miss Wyman.

"I have come to remind you, Theophilus," said the lawyer, after a few commonplaces had been exchanged, "that the time was now arrived for Florence——"

"We will discuss this some other time," interrupted Mr. Wyman, excitedly.

"No time like the present. Your mother, at her death, Florence, left the sum of $50,000, to be yours when you had arrived at the age of eighteen. The amount is at your service, my dear, whenever you say the word. Allow me to congratulate you on the possession of this neat little fortune."

"Father, our friend here knows all the circumstances of my confinement; and as the sum my dear mother has bequeathed me is sufficient to support me handsomely anywhere, I shall call upon you in his presence to allow me to leave the house peaceably. I shall go out of it when he does and never return until I am Hugh Vinton's wife."

"Go, ungrateful girl, and never let me see your face again!"

All reasoning was useless. The enraged man would listen to no advice from his friend; and half an hour later Florence, arm in arm with the man who had thus come to her rescue, left the paternal roof.

"Now, child, you must accompany me to my house," said the noble-hearted gentleman.

"Not until I have seen my Hugh," she replied.

"I will wait for you here, then, my dear," as they arrived at the studio. "I hope you will find him alone."

Upstairs she ran, with heart beating wildly, and softly opening the door, discovered the object of her affections sitting in front of his easel, putting the finishing touches to a picture of herself.

"All I shall ever have, I suppose," he marmured. "Too beautiful to be true."

Just then two little hands were laid over his eyes, and in magnetic bewilderment, Hugh waited for the visitor to speak.

"Guess, Hugh; guess," said she, in a whisper.

"If it be Florence, then Florence will kiss me; and if not, what care I?" he uttered, drearily.

In a moment warm lips were pressed to his, and loving arms encircled his neck.

It is useless to state that the note received by Hugh was a forgery.

Accompanied by their legal friend, these two were made one on that very afternoon, and, shielded and loved, Florence has no reson to regret the marriage which, though hasty, has resulted in perfect peace.

A BROKEN BOND.

Miss Susan Jones had brought his board bill, which amounted to one hundred and thirty dollars, but Dr. Ingalls could not pay it.

"Can't I give you professional services for the amount?" he asked anxiously.

"Pooh!" said Miss Susan, "I don't need a doctor's services, and if I did I'd go to somebody that had more experience."

"Oh!" said the young man meekly.

"No, it's something different I have to propose. My cares are many, and I find it quite a burden to go to market and attend to everything. I have been thinking it might be well for me to marry—in order to secure assistance. I'd just as lief marry you as anybody. I believe there's some difference in age. You are—let me see, how old?"

"Twenty-six," faltered the doctor, looking at her in alarm.

"And I am thirty-eight. Well, it won't be a love match. I take it we are both too sensible for that. However, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you your board besides receipting this bill if you see fit to marry me."

"And if not?"

"You'll be in jail before night. I'll give you till dinner-time to think of it. Oh! I'll give you a hundred dollars a year besides, to buy your clothes, for three years to come. By that time you'll be in practice, and will earn enough to buy them yourself. Good morning! You can let me know at dinner."

She rose and left the room.

Poor Robert sat plunged in sorrowful thought, and then putting on his hat left the house for a short walk. He stopped at the postoffice, where he found a letter from his tailor asking for the payment of his bill.

"The die is cast! I'll sacrifice myself!" he exclaimed.

He walked back and appended his signature to the following document:

"I, Robert Ingalls, M. D., hereby agree to marry Miss Jones, spinster, a month from date.

ROBERT INGALLS, M. D."

Thereupon Miss Jones handed him his board bill receipted.

Three days later Robert Ingalls sat revolving his unhappy fate in his mind, when a letter reached him apprising him of the death of his aunt, and that by her death he came into property valued at from five to six thousand dollars.

His first emotions were joyful. But there followed the grevious thought that Miss Jones had his promise of marriage, and would undoubtedly sue him for breach of promise if he failed to abide by it, and the damages would probably swallow up most of his bequest.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself in great perplexity.

At length he smiled exultantly. He had arranged his program.

He rang the bell violently. Up came Bridget, and in a panting voice inquired what he was pleased to want.

"Are you the Queen of Sahara?" Robert inquired wildly.

"What do yez mane, sir?" asked Bridget starting. "I ain't a quane at all. I'm Bridget Murphy, as yez ought to know."

"Silence!" roared Bob, with a terrific frown, and stamping his foot. "Do what I tell you, or I'll roast you alive!"

"Howly Virgin, what is it yez want?" asked Bridget, edging toward the door.

"Bring me up a hogshead of boiling hot water directly."

"We haven't got so much, sir. Indeed we have not."

"Do you dare to contradict me? Bring it up, I say!" yelled Bob, in a fury.

Bridget, with trembling limbs, turned to go. She was anxious to get out of his reach.

"And, dark you, I say, bring up the cat."

"And what would yez do with the cat?" asked the terrified Bridget.

"Boil her, to be sure, you fool!"

With a shriek of alarm Bridget fled down stairs and told Miss Jones that Dr. Ingalls had turned mad.

"I'll soon see to that," said Miss Jones, resolutely.

She went up stairs and entered the room, without knocking. Even she, in spite of her strong nerves, started back as she saw the young man gesticulating with a razor.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

Bob burst into a fit of mocking laughter, and tossing the razor upon the bed sprang toward Miss Jones, and seized her round the waist.

"Ha, my beauty, my peri, you're here, are you?" he cried.

"Let me go," said Miss Jones, tearing herself from him by a violent effort.

"She tells me to let her go," blubbered Bob, with a burst of tears. "She's a cruel crocodile, or is it a rhinoceros? Tell me, love, are you a rhinoceros?"

"I do believe you're as crazy as a loon," cried Miss Jones, completely taken in.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Bob, throwing an old boot at the window, and breaking it.

Miss Jones hurriedly retreated down the stairs.

A confused series of noises was heard for some time after in the doctor's room. After a while all was still.

Nothing more was seen of the young man till the next day. Then he came down stairs and asked an interview with Miss Jones.

"I hope," he said, "that what happened yesterday will make no difference in our marriage contract. It was only a temporary fit of insanity."

"Do you often have them?" asked Miss Jones abruptly.

"Only once in a few months."

"Then our contract is over. I don't want a madman about me."

"Is there no hope?" asked Bob, with pretended mortification.

"None at all."

Miss Jones drew out the marriage agreement and threw it into the fire.

"Good! I will follow suit," said the young doctor, coolly.

Thereupon he threw his receipted board-bill into the fire.

"Now, Miss Jones, if you'll make out a new bill I'll settle it," he said.

Miss Jones did as he requested, and Doctor Bob left her house a free man. Since then he has formed another engagement which I don't think he would be quite so ready to break. Miss Jones is still in the market. Bachelors in search of a home will please take notice.

Let Us Have Our Own Money Center.

There is but one way for the United States to be relieved from foreign intervention and to be free from the control of foreign nations in the matter of our financial systems and money mediums, and that is to assert itself and act independently upon its own ground and according to its theories of finance and money manipulations. It is now big enough and strong enough to frame its own money system and to prosper and live without European direction or dictation; and as for money centers, let us say with Charles Sumner, "Why should we revolve around European money centers? Let us keep our own money center here at home." This is the great primacy which we should attain. Acting on the same spirit, we should—on finance and money—as with all other matters, observe that memorable utterance of Washington, wherein he said, on a particular historical occasion, with emphasis and earnestness: "Avoid all entangling European alliances." That is what free coinage means, and what free coinage advocates are trying to avoid. They want to adjust our own money system to our own business and commercial status, to our needs and with respect to our own financial condition, as a great self-controlling independent, progressive nation. With our exhaustless resources, immense territory, untiring energies and power of production in all things necessary to national life, we are competent and strong enough to do this. If we only have the will and the determination, there is no such thing as fail. The prize is within our grasp and success is sure.—National View.

Good as Anybody.

The farmer is the equal of anybody. His business is the equal of any legitimate business; equal in respectability, equal in influence; more than equal in importance and equal in point of profit. Let no one be astonished at this last statement. American agriculture has been one of the most profitable enterprises in which men have ever engaged. It has built our Chicagos with their twenty-two story buildings, their marvelous development in all directions, their elaborate park system, their extended commerce, their palatial residences and their social, business and political influence; it has developed this mighty republic from a handful of fugitives from the grip of George III., and in a little more than a hundred years has created a national wealth of sixty billions of dollars, has gridironed the country with railroads, streaked it in all directions with telegraph lines, adorned it with school houses and churches and made it the most powerful nation on the face of the earth to-day. Agriculture has done all this. It must, therefore, be a profitable business. But the trouble is that somebody besides the farmer has pocketed the profits. The Union stock yards company has become rich upon stock that the farmer often raised and fattened at loss. Armour, Swift and Morris have made millions at the expense of the meat producer. The Vanderbilts, Goulds and Mitchells have become wealthy by the exportation of live stock and grain which came from the hands of men who had toiled early and late and received but three per cent at best upon their investment, while other classes who handled the farmer's product made in many cases even two or three hundred per cent. It is a blind suicidal policy to let this sort of thing continue. If the industry that has made this country what it is cannot be protected from robbery, we might as well take our place among the ruined nations of the world at once. But, farmers, there will never be a change in this now long continued and rascally system of plunder, through the selfishness of wealth and the treachery of legislators, state and national, until the farmer determines to protect his own interests to the fullest degree, regardless of what political, social or business affiliations may be ruptured. The work and responsibility of saving yourselves and all that is dear to you rests squarely upon yourselves, farmers.—Farmers' Voice.

The National Banks.

Except that the farmers take the matter in their own hands and rid us of our present banking system, it will remain in some shape forever. There has been a good deal of dissatisfaction among the masses with our present banking system. It is unsatisfactory because it is useless. It is the fifth wheel to the coach, a fact that all who are conversant with the character of the banking system know. The government prints the bills, guarantees their redemption and gives them to the banks to circulate, upon the deposit of a hundred dollars in bonds for every ninety dollars issued. Then it pays interest on the bonds as a compensation to the owners for permitting it to set them up in business and becoming security for them. It is a curious logic that will lead to any other conclusion than that a government that for all these years has done a thing like that, instead of buying the bonds and letting their owner do whatever he pleased with his money, verges upon imbecility or treasonable enmity to itself.

There never should have been a bank of issue. The government should issue the people's money. How? That question is always asked. How? We have already stated how it could have been done in the past—by buying the bonds. If that will not always furnish money enough adopt Senator Peffer's bill, which provides that the government shall construct and improve the public works so that the idle may be employed. Adopt the postal savings system and loan the money deposited to the people.—Farmer's Voice.

The Alliance Non-Partisan.

The members of the order everywhere surely understand the non-partisan character of the Alliance. It is for the benefit of those on the outside of the order that we again present the duties of Alliance lodges toward political parties. This is made more necessary because of the position taken by The Toiler on independent action.

So far not a single Alliance lodge has endorsed the People's party, although many People's party clubs have been organized in the state. We sincerely hope this policy will be continued. The Alliance is aimed to be a school for the farmers, where they can discuss the science of government in a strictly non-partisan way." The necessity of continuing the organization non-partisan can be clearly seen when we consider the question of its growth. If to join the Alliance meant to join the People's party, the Democratic and Republican farmers who have followed their parties through good or evil and who have never been taught to doubt the wisdom of bossism, would remain out of the Alliance, and for that reason the scales would never fall from their eyes.

The education acquired in the Alliance lodges has developed into the most wonderful concensus of opinion ever recorded. The investigation developed two wrongs, and still further investigation developed three wrongs, which are covered by the St. Louis platform, under the heads, "Money, Land and Transportation." It was by agitation and education that we concluded that the remedy lies only in the formation of a new party. You know that you would never have joined the Alliance had it meant a slipping of the party collar, because you once loved that dear old halter. Then when you look at it in that light it is best never, inside of an Alliance lodge, to attempt an endorsement of the People's party. Have your clubs to meet the same night after the adjournment of the lodge. Each lodge should stand firmly by the Ocala and St. Louis demands, but do not put the party bridle on inside the lodge. Let Democrats, Republicans and People's party men all feel free.

Texas Coming to the Front.

The political situation in Texas is one of absorbing interest to all lovers of pure politics. The partisan political bands that have bound our people so long have been burst asunder, and all sections of the state are enlisting under the banner of reform with more vigor and determination than ever before.

The contest is over who shall control state politics, the great body of honest, intelligent voters, or the courthouse rings, corporation lobbyists and professional politicians.

The people are in the saddle—thanks to the Farmers' Alliance—and they are advancing in such a manner as to gain the front ranks in the army of reform. The Alliance organs are wide awake, and are firing unmercifully upon the fort of the enemy—ignorance and party prejudice. The old partisan papers that have swayed the masses so long are at a discount, and in almost every farmer's home may be found our worthy state and national organs—the Southern Mercury and National Economist. The state lecture bureau is doing a grand work, drilling the people for the grand march in '92. The speakers are harrassed to some extent by the political bummers, party dupes and hangers-on, who follow them about and vainly try to get the people to pledge themselves to support the party "machine." It is painful to see their frantic appeals to "tariff reform," etc., fall before the sound logic of such men as Tracy, Ashby, Coleman, Terrell and hosts of others. The entire force of our hundred and fifty lecturers will speak in the ninth congressional district during the congressional contest, preparatory to electing a congressman to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mill's elevation to the senate.

The "lone star state" is coming to the front. The good seed sown by the leaders of the Farmers Alliance is bearing fruit all over the state, and she is destined to shine brightly among the constellation of Alliance states.—National Economist.

Where the Real Power Is.

Let not demagogues in congress and out of congress bethink themselves that the people are powerless in their hands. Let not capital complacently watch the progress of a scheme by which they propose to bind fetters on the hands of toil. Men will not be slaves who have tasted freedom. They may pile their contracts "payable in coin" as high as greed can gaze and gold-bug ambition soar. But even the people will not be powerless in their grasp. They will not pass a law violating the conditions of a contract. They shall remain as the crowning shame of modern Republicanism and monometallists. They will leave the contracts payable in gold coin. And then they will demonetize gold coin and leave it no longer a power to impoverish the poor and heap high the coffers of the rich. If then some friend of "honest money" shall demand his pound of flesh in "lawful money" he will learn what influence "use" has on values.

Misleading Statements.

The display of headlines in the Republican papers over the address of the Birmingham conference announce that the Southern Alliance "is opposed to any action that interferes with members voting the Democratic ticket." They might also add with equal propriety that it is opposed to any action that interferes with members voting the Republican or People's party ticket. The Alliance has never presumed to dictate to any man how he should vote. Republican editors know this, but it suits their purpose better to distort what little information they possess.

NEVER FORGET.

Reiteration May be Tiresome, but Keeps Things in Mind.

It may be "crying about spilled milk," but perhaps the noise may prove a warning to future generations. Therefore we do not propose that the bondholders' robbery shall be forgotten, says the Chicago Express.

After the late Franco-German war, thinking to crush France beyond the possibility of recuperation, Germany imposed on her an indemnity of one thousand millions of dollars.

The history of the world furnishes few, if any, instances of such enormous tribute being exacted from a conquered nation.

It was wrung from bleeding France at the point of the sword, and so great was it that Bismarck thought it would forever cripple the French nation.

But enormous as was the tribute extorted from France at the point of the sword it was not equal to the tribute which the bondholders have extorted from the American people in the last twenty years.

The bondholders purchased $2,049,975,000 of bonds for $1,371,421,085 in coin, making in the transaction a clear profit of $678,554,765; upon which they have drawn interest ever since.

This profit principal and interest (computed at five per cent—though much of it has borne six per cent) up to the present time amounts in round numbers to nearly $2,500,000,000—two and a half times the indemnity which victorious Germany extorted from conquered France at the point of the sword.

And this sum, it should be borne in mind, is in addition to the actual expenses of the war. It was an extra amount yielded up to the avarice and rapacity of an unpatriotic and unprincipled horde of Shylock money mongers.

It was extorted from the nation at a time when its perilous situation would not admit of higgling about the terms. The government was as completely at the mercy of the money loaners as France was at the mercy of Bismarck when the German army was marching through the streets of the French capital.

It was merely a question of surrendering to Wall street.

Taking advantage of the necessities of the government the rapacious horde of capitalist investors mercilessly extorted from the American people two billion and a half of dollars.

In comparison with such robbery, waging a war of conquest and plunder upon an alien nation is just and honorable.

Had Bismarck demanded one thousand millions of perpetual bonds bearing even the low rate of four per cent interest, instead of the immediate payment of that amount he would have succeeded in his purpose of forever crushing the French people.

He could have learned from John Sherman a useful lesson in the art of sucking a nation.

What punishment should be meted out to these conscienceless plunderers of the producers of this country?

How and when can the people ever recover from them a tithe of the amount which they have worse than stolen?

It is time, at least, that the people should serve notice upon them in unmistakable language that thus far but no farther can they go.

Said the brave and spirited Charles Pinckney in 1796 when embassador to France: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

The spirit of the American people a hundred years later has reversed the sentiment. It is now, "millions for tribute, but not one cent for defense."

Ten Dollars for One.

Twenty-eight years ago this very year, a few men who had $250,000 in gold locked up (because they rather see the government go to the devil than risk their money without doubling it) sold their gold for $500,000 greenbacks and exchanged the greenbacks at par for 6 per cent government bonds. They then deposited their $500,000 of bonds and got from the government $450,000 worth of national bank circulation. For fifteen years they drew 6 per cent on their bonds; after that they got an average of 4 per cent. Now let us tabulate the deal:

Original investment	$ 250,000
Int. 6 per cent 15 years on $500,000 bonds	450,000
Int. 5 per cent 15 years	337,500
Compound int. (approximated)	200,000
Int. 10 per cent on $450,000 bank circulation 28 years	1,260,000
"Premium," 15 per cent on bonds	75,000
Principal of bonds	500,000
Total income	$2,810,000

On an original investment of $250,000 here is an income in twenty-eight years of $2,810,000!

It is more than $10 for $1!

Had the government issued $500,000 in greenbacks instead of the $500,000 of interest sucking, liberty-destroying bonds, it would have saved in this single transaction, $2,310,000.

This is the difference between Greenbackism and Bondocracy.—Chicago Sentinel.

For It or Against It.

Did you ever know anybody with the temerity to openly espouse and advocate monopoly? Did you ever hear of it? Certainly not, because in the nature of things everybody is ready to oppose and revolt against it. But do you know that in nearly every state there is a faction of the Democratic party that favors monopoly and are working for the perpetuation of every monopoly in existence. Of course they do not espouse it; but they oppose every effort to curtail their power or to reduce their capabilities to rob and oppress. There is no difference between favoring a thing and opposing everything that is capable of curtailing its power or shearing it of its strength.—Alliance Herald.

The Mystery Solved.

Not half a lifetime ago a wealthy New Yorker, who died recently, missed from his picture gallery two small but very valuable canvases. He suspected everybody in the house. It was said at the time that he accused one of his sons, who was a little wild, of having stolen the pictures in order to raise on them money which his father had refused him for his extravagance. However, the facts remained a mystery for some years. Then an express man delivered a package at the banker's door. In it were the missing pictures, intact, as they had been taken from their frames. There was no mark or sign upon them or the package to denote the source from whence their restoration proceeded. The owner was as curious now as he had been furious before. He set a detective on the matter. The pictures were traced backward, through the express office to the widow of one of the owner's most intimate and trusted friends. This man, himself a millionaire, crazed by cupidity, for he was a collector of pictures himself, had stolen them one night after he had dined with their owner.

Got in Out of the Rain.

Winn of Georgia has the good sense and the political dexterity to get in out of the wet. He is one of the Georgia congressmen who realizes that just at the present time a Georgia Democrat is between the devil and the deep sea. Mr. Winn has abandoned the old hulk of Democracy and joined the People's Party. He got in out of the rain just in time.—Sentinel.

OUR BOOK LIST.

Our list of choice literature is made up of the best and most reliable reform books, by the most noted writers. If you want to keep posted on the great questions before the American people you should consult the authorities. We name below a number of the best books published.

	PAPER.	CLOTH.
The Railway Problem, by Stickney. The greatest sensation of the year is this great book on the railway problem by a railway president. Cloth edition has 14 illustrative diagrams	$ .50	$2 00
Jason Edwards, by Hamlin Garland, a new book that should be read by every Alliance member in Nebraska. Dedicated to the Farmers' Alliance it gives a graphic description of life in a pioneer settlement, and the glimpses of city life are not in the least overdrawn	.50	
Main Traveled Roads, by Hamlin Garland. Don't fail to read it	.50	
A Member of the Third House, by Hamlin Garland. The corrupting influence of the modern lobbyest is clearly portrayed in an original manner. A book of absorbing interest. Price	50	1 25
In Office, Bogy. The latest sensation	.25	
Dr. Huguet, Donnelly	.50	1 25
Cæsars Column "	.50	1 25
Whither are We Drifting, Willey		1 25
The Farmers' Side. Senator Peffer of Kansas has in a very careful and plain manner stated the injustice of the present methods in this new book, and outlined plans for relief		1 00
Looking Backward, Bellamy	.50	1 00
Emmet Bonlore, Reed. A new book of engrossing interest by a popular author	.50	1 25
Driven from Sea to Sea, Post. A book that should be read by all	.50	1 00
Congressman Swanson, by C. C. Post. This new book is destined to be even more popular than "From Sea to Sea" and should have a place in every reform library in the nation. Price	50	
An Indiana Man, Armstrong. A well told story of a young man who "entered politics" and what came of it	.50	1 00
A Kentucky Colonel, Reed. The deepest thinker and the most progressive of all the writers of humor in this country is Opie P. Reed, and this is his best work	.50	1 00
The Coming Climax in the Destinies of America, by Lester C. Hubbard. 480 pages of new facts and generalizations in American politics. Radical yet constructive. An abundant supply of new amunition for the great reform movement	.50	
A Financial Catechism, Brice	.50	1 00
A Tramp in Society, Cowdrey	.50	1 25
A Call to Action, by Gen. J. B. Weaver. A valuable book that should be read by every one, send for a copy. Cloth and gold		1 50
Richard's Crown, Weaver	.50	1 00
The Great Red Dragon, Woolfolk	.50	1 00
Pizarro and John Sherman, Mrs. Todd	.25	
Money Monopoly, Baker	.25	
Our Republican Monarchy	.25	
Labor and Capital	.20	
Ten men of Money Island, Norton. Col. Norton has told his story in a way that cannot fail to interest you, send for a copy	.10	
Bond Holders and Bread Winners, by S. S. King	.25	
Geld, Shilling. This book should be in the hands of every German in the state	.15	
Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Rules	.25	50
Smith's Diagram and Parliamentary Rules		50
Roberts' Rules of Order		75
Seven Financial Conspiracies	.10	
Labor and Alliance Songster, words only 10c each. Per dozen	1.10	
" " " " Music ed. 20c " " " by ex	2.00	
" " " " " " board 25c " " "	2.50	
Songs of Industry, Howe. In this book the author has given us a number of entirely new songs, words and music complete, and Alliances will find it a splendid collection	20	

Any book on the list sent post paid on receipt of price. Liberal discounts to Alliances wishing to purchase a library.

We are offering THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE one year, and any 50c book on the list for only $1.35. Address

ALLIANCE PUB. CO., Lincoln, Neb.