WAITING FOR THE ANGELS.

Waiting through days of fever,
Waiting through nights of pain,
For the waft of wings at the portal,
For the sound of songs immortal,
And the breaking of life's long chain.

There is little to do for our dear one—
Only to watch and pray—
As the tide is outward drifting,
As the gates of heaven are lifting,
And its gleam is on her way.

The tasks that so often taxed her,
The children she held so dear,
The strain of the coming and going,
The stress of the mending and sewing,
The burden of many a year,

Trouble her now no longer.
She is past the fret and care.
On her brow is the angel's token,
The look of peace unbroken.
She was never before so fair.

You see, she is waiting the angels,
And we—we are standing apart,
For us there are loss and sorrow;
For her is the endless morrow.
And the reaping-time of the heart.
—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

HIS NAME WAS BROWN.

Frank Smith and Zeke Mason composed the firm of Smith & Mason, dealers in general merchandise at a small frontier point in Kansas. Before coming to Kansas Frank and Zeke had met a young lady who was attending school in their home town in Ohio. The young lady's name was Grayson, and, as she was both beautiful and accomplished, the young men fell desperately in love with her.

For several weeks they each paid attentions to her, and though she treated them both kindly, it soon became evident that she had a decided preference for Frank.

One night after the trade was over and the customers had gone away, Frank said:

"I received some welcome news to-day."

"What is it?" Zeke asked.

"I have a letter from a certain little girl—you know who—and she says she is coming out to this part of the country to live."

"What!" Zeke exclaimed. "Miss Grayson coming out here?"

"That's just what she writes in her letter," Frank replied. "Says her father is somewhere in this section now looking up a claim, and as soon as he gets located and puts up a house she and the balance of the family will come to him. So I suppose they'll be here against next fall."

"You will help her father to get a claim, of course," said Zeke.

"Why, yes. I'll do what I can for him. But, aside from the river claim down there, I can't figure out anything worth having right near this. The good land is all taken up except that one piece and I want that myself."

"But you have no right to it, Frank, and you can't hold it if some settler disputes the matter with you."

"I know that, but I've held it a year by 'bluffing,' and I'll continue to hold it that way."

"Well you wouldn't attempt to 'bluff' Miss Grayson's father, would you?"

"I don't know. I'd like to accommodate him for her sake, but I'd rather keep that claim for her and myself."

Just at that moment the clatter of a horse's feet was heard without and a little later a man rode up to the store and dismounted. He was a settler from the river district.

"Why, Ike," said Zeke, "you're out late to-night!"

"Yes said the settler, "rather late. But I came after the doctor."

"Who's sick?" asked Frank.

"I don't know the man. He's a stranger who squatted on the river claim to-day. I was up the river this afternoon and riding across the claim, I saw a covered wagon over by the timber. He seemed to be in a bad fix, and I thought he ought to have a doctor."

The doctor had gone out in the country, but within half an hour he returned and immediately he and Ike set off to visit the squatter.

"Now that beats the nation," Frank said, as soon as they were gone. "I wonder who the old chap is that's had the gall to squat on my claim?"

"I don't know," said Zeke. "I wonder if he's needy?"

"Ah! I suppose he is," said Frank, coldly. "These squatters are nearly always sick and needy."

"I suspect we should have gone down there with Ike and the doctor to see if there wasn't something we could do for the man," Zeke said. Like as not he is out of provisions."

"Well, let him be out," said Frank. "It isn't my business to trot around feeding men who jump my claim. I'm going down there to-morrow, but I'm not going to inquire after his health. I'm going to give him orders to move on as soon as he is able to drive."

"Do you think Alice Grayson would indorse such an act as you propose, Frank?"

Why wouldn't she?"

"Suppose her father was similarly situated and some one drove him off. Do you think she would be pleased?"

"No-o, I suppose not. But that's a different thing."

"Not a bit of it. It's just the same thing, only it would be a different ox that was gored."

The next morning the doctor came to the store soon after it was opened, and finding Frank and Zeke both there, he said:

"My squatter patient down the river is in hard straits, and unless he has a little assistance for a few days I am afraid he will hardly get along."

"Is he very sick," asked Zeke.

"Yes he is, and besides he's destitute. Two or three nights ago he was robbed by a couple of men of all of his money, so he hasn't a dollar or a particle of food. He says he has plenty at home, but it will take two weeks to hear from there. I sent a telegram this morning, notifying his wife of his condition, and she will probably come out here."

"What is his name?" Frank asked.

"His name is Brown."

Frank breathed easier. He had suspected that the man might be Alice's father.

"What do you say, Frank?" Zeke asked. "Shall we help the man out of his difficulty?"

"No, I shan't," Frank replied. "I am not responsible for his bad luck, and besides he has taken my claim. I'll go to see him after awhile, but only to do what I said last night. I have nothing to give him."

"Well," said Zeke, "you have a right to do as you please."

A few minutes later Zeke and the doctor drove away across the prairie in the direction of the squatter's wagon. They found Ike with the sick man, and as he had remained all night he was compelled to go home, so Zeke took his place and remained through the day.

"You haven't seen or heard anything of Alice Grayson's father, have you, Frank?" Zeke questioned one morning, as he was preparing to visit the squatter.

"No, not a thing," Frank replied. "It seems queer that I haven't, too, for he must be somewhere in this section."

Shortly after Zeke reached the wagon that morning, and while he was preparing some breakfast for the sick man, he saw a carriage approaching, and after the lapse of nearly an hour it came close enough for him to discern its occupants.

The doctor was driving, while behind him sat two ladies. He waited until the carriage halted at a little distance from the wagon, then going forward was about to salute the doctor, but suddenly stopped, transfixed with astonishment. At last he murmured:

"Miss Grayson, is it possible?"

"Indeed it is, Mr. Mason," said a soft voice, "and I am glad to meet you. The doctor has been telling us how kind you have been to papa, and now we have an opportunity to thank you."

"Papa?" Zeke repeated. "He is not your father? His name is Brown."

"He is my stepfather only," Alice replied, "but he is as dear to me as a father could be and you have saved his life."

Just than a horseman rode up and with one glance into the carriage he stopped, full of astonishment. The horseman was Frank and he recognized Alice. In a few words the doctor informed him how matters were.

Frank blushed and hung his head. He knew by the coolness of Alice's greeting that she had no love for him, but he did not know that the doctor had informed her of his conduct toward her father.

He learned that later, however, when, chancing to meet her, he attempted to retain her old-time friendliness.

"I did think I loved you," she said, "but I find I was mistaken. I'm sure I never did love you."

Two months later Frank sold out his interest in the store and went farther West, and a month later still Zeke and Alice were made man and wife. Brown kept the river claim and built a nice home on it, and now he has one of the finest farms in the West.—N. Y. Recorder.

Dining Cars.

Dining cars are generally run at a loss and are attached to trains simply as a matter of attraction. A steward, four cooks and five waiters are attached to each car. The food costs from $1,000 to $1,500 a month. It costs from $16,000 to $22,000 a year to run one of these cars, exclusive of the wear and tear on the property and incidentals. In some places, and particularly in the South, sleepers are also run at a loss. A sleeping car leaving New York for Chicago is supplied with 120 sheets, 120 pillow slips and 120 towels. The washing is done in different cities, and is given out in great quantities at the low rate of $1 per 100 pieces. An equipment of linen, which lasts a year, is purchased in amounts of $50,000 worth at a time. One company, for 700 cars, uses every thirty days 2,400 dozen cakes of toilet soap, 1,200 dozen boxes of matches, 35 dozen hair brushes, 50 dozen whisks, 60 dozen combs, and a vast number of sponges and feather dusters. Porters receive from $30 to $50 a month.

The Pound Sterling.

The origin of the word sterling, as applied to English money, is a singular bit of linguistic history. Esterling, in old English, meant a man from the East, or from the continent of Europe. During the reign of Henry III. of England the coin current became so debased that it passed for a tithe of its nominal value, and the necessity for improvement became apparent. There were no refiners in the realm who could separate the alloy from the precious metal to the extent of purifying the latter and rendering it fit for coinage purposes, so a number of Esterlings were brought from Germany to do the work. The coins they sent from the royal mint were so much superior to those in common use that they were known as the Esterling money, and by popular corruption soon became sterling.

A New British Stamp.

A new stamp is to be issued in great Britain to the value of 4½ pence—9 cents—to be available for all postal, telegraphic and revenue purposes. It will be the first stamp issued of this value, and its issuance is called for by the new features of telegraph and parcel post business.

The First Mowing Machine.

In 1822 a patent was issued to Jeremiah Bailey, of Pennsylvania, for a mowing machine, and he constructed two machines the same year. It is believed that these were the first ever made.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE distillery at Nebraska City has been gobbled up by the great whiskey trust.

THE people's party is the first new party in the history of the nation to win any electoral votes in its first national campaign.

WHAT has become of the reformers who wanted the alliance to secure reform by controlling the old parties? It looks as though they have been completely swallowed up by the old parties.

IF the farmers of the United States would only free themselves from the shackles of party and stand together for their own interests, they could have a genuine congress meeting in Washington instead of the counterfeit affair which met in Lincoln last week.

SEVERAL democratic editors are already in the field as candidates for the post-offices. Among them are J. D. Calhoun of Lincoln, and E. J. Hall of Grand Island. We wish them all success, and these two in particular.

THE democrats in the Georgia legislature have voted a resolution asking congress to repeal the tax on state bank issues. It appears that a Georgia man was responsible for having that plank put in the Chicago platform, and now the party will find itself in trouble if it doesn't carry that plank into effect.

THE republicans of Nebraska are just now extending a good deal of gratitude and honor to Chairman A. E. Cady of their state committee. This is perfectly proper. The republicans owe a great deal to Cady. He has proved himself a good organizer and a shrewd campaign manager.

THE republican politicians of Kansas have sprung a scheme to divide that state into two states, East and West Kansas. They think the west end would be safely republican. This reminds us of Geo. W. E. Dorsey's scheme to divide Nebraska which did not materialize.

THE republicans have already begun "calamity howling." The following headlines of an article in the Philadelphia Press are a sample howl: "Cleveland's victory affects industries; many manufacturers closing down to await the action of congress; orders falling off rapidly; proposed tin plate mills will not be built; makers of glass shades working on short time."

SOME persons when asked to subscribe for a reform paper, complain that "the times are hard." But why are the times hard? Simply because the people have been misled by the subsidized press of the country. The only cure for hard times lies in carrying out the reforms proposed by the people's party; and the only hope of success lies in the education of the people through the reform press. Hence every man who desires to relieve the hard times should give a liberal support to the reform press.

CONGRESSMAN Kem left Nebraska on Friday November 25 on his way to Washington. He expects to visit friends in Indiana for a week, and to be in his seat ready for work when the session opens December 5. Before leaving Lincoln, Mr. Kem expressed himself as very hopeful that the independents in the coming legislature will succeed in electing a United States senator. He believes the general triumph of the people's party is only a question of time.

GENERAL WEAVER expresses the opinion that the democratic party really intends to repeal the tax on state bank issues, but a good many other leaders of the people's party hold to the contrary view. They say the promise made at Chicago was simply made to hold in line southern leaders with whom state banks is a hobby. Time alone will decide which opinion is correct. Of one thing we may rest assured, that the tax will not be repealed unless the money power desires it.

MANY members of all parties in Nebraska express themselves in favor of amending the Australian ballot law. The present ballot is inconveinent, it gives opportunities for official trickery in arranging and printing tickets, and it is a source of many errors on the part of voters. Most other states adopting the Australian system have what is known as the "blanket ballot." The full tickets nominated by the various parties are printed side by side. At the head of each ticket is a picture of some kind so that even the voter who can not read can easily distinguish the ticket of his party. If a voter desires to vote the straight ticket of his party, he simply makes a cross opposite the head of the ticket. If he desires to vote a mixed ticket, he can do so by making a cross opposite the name of each candidate he wishes to vote for. There seems to be quite a general sentiment in favor of adopting this form in Nebraska.

Subscribe for THE ALLIANCE-INDEPENDENT.

Satisfied with Her Lot.

Little Dick—Don't you wish you was a boy?

Little Dot—No, I is glad I isn't.

Little Dick—Why?

Little Dot—'Cause mamma says I is bad, an' I know if I was a boy I'd be badder.

It Spoiled Him.

Blinks—That fellow Sharpleigh is the most insufferably conceited man I ever saw. What has he ever done to gain such a high opinion of himself?

Winks—I believe he once found a mistake in a newspaper.

An Eye for Business.

Fool Woman (in railroad train on cold day)—Pardon me, sir, but this window sticks. Won't you undertake to open it?

Gentleman—With pleasure, madam. I am an undertaker by profession.

Health Assured.

Mrs. Reform (joyously)—Now that you have been elected to the City Council, I suppose we'll have decent drinking water at last.

Mr. Reform—Y-e-s, I can afford to have an artesian well now.

Low Rates for Nebraska State Teachers Association.

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway will sell Tickets to Lincoln at low rates on certificate plan. Ask your Ticket Agent for particulars.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A.
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