

AS SIZED UP BY DUN.

NO IMPROVEMENT IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

YET THERE IS A HOPEFUL SPIRIT.

The Country Somewhat Impatient at the Slowness of Congress—Iron Production Almost Stopped—Thousands of Spindles Idle—Heavy Decrease in Western Bank Clearings.

New York, Aug. 14.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The long desired meeting of congress, a president's message and the arrival of \$13,280,000 gold from Europe, with \$10,000,000 more on the way, have not brought the improvement anticipated.

The arrest of industry goes so far that a third of the iron production ceased in the month of July, and the consumption of iron in manufacture diminished 45 per cent from May 1 to July 1.

It is not as the New York Sun said, because Mr. Reed of Maine was a czar that the Democratic party had come into power.

It was because it had declared unequivocally for the remonetization of silver. The scene in the house yesterday was enough to attract the attention of any thoughtful observer.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

His Sudden Departure for Gray Gables Gives Rise to Various Rumors.

New York, Aug. 14.—After lunch at the Victoria the president and Colonel Lamont entered a carriage and were driven to Dr. Bryant's house. There a consultation was held. Dr. Bryant was of the opinion that the president's trip to Washington had the effect of staying the progress back to health he was making at the seashore.

At 3:30 o'clock they started for the boat where Dr. Bryant alighted, followed by the president. His step was not as elastic as when he came from Buzzard's Bay last week.

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ALABAMA OUTLAWS.

War of Extermination on the Meacham Gang—Three Killed.

JACKSON, Ala., Aug. 14.—The counties of Clark, Cherokee, Wilcox and Marengo are greatly excited over the murderous doings of the notorious Meachamites and between 400 and 500 heavily armed men are at Meacham for the avowed purpose of wiping out every member of the gang and avenging the numerous wrongs perpetrated upon the people of the counties named.

Tooch Bedsoe, one of the Meacham gang, was captured last night after a hard chase by the posse. He confessed that Bob Burke killed John Anderson and shot down Willis House, and that James, the leader of the gang, killed Ernest McCorquodale for a large sum of money, and that Captain James Gordon killed Lem House, also that Captain James Forsque has been marked as the next victim.

A BLOODY SPREE.

Six Young Men of Shelbyville, Ala., Engage in a Fight and Three Are Killed.

SHELBYVILLE, Ala., Aug. 14.—Yesterday six young men, John Ritter, Nick Logan, Bob Sparks, Ward Bales, William McCarthy and John Hulet, all sons of widows, got a keg of beer and went to the woods near town to have a time. After loading up all started for town in a vehicle, when a drunken quarrel arose between them.

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COLORADO'S VOICE.

Congressman Pence's strong speech in the House in favor of silver.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—In the silver debate in the house late yesterday afternoon Congressman Pence, Populist of Colorado, followed Mr. Bland. With his opening sentences he attracted the close attention of the house and retained it to the end. No other man had succeeded in so impressing himself upon the favorable consideration of his associates on the floor at such an early period of his membership.

It was not as the New York Sun said, because Mr. Reed of Maine was a czar that the Democratic party had come into power. It was because it had declared unequivocally for the remonetization of silver.

Mr. Wheeler of Alabama closed the discussion for the day with a plea for a larger volume of currency and the house adjourned.

THE FIRST REAL BEAU.

In the Callow Days of Youth He Meets the Maiden's Melting Eye.

The first beau appears along about when we are 14 or 16. There have been, of course, many little boy admirers, but according to a writer the genuine gallant does not materialize until we put on long dresses and commence making ourselves up for young ladies, a comprehensive phrase that all girls will understand.

He is usually the brother of some special chum of ours, and in this way we are enabled to see him more often than if he had no reason for going to his house.

He is exceedingly bashful before people, but can talk a blue streak when we are alone. He squanders his allowances on ice cream, soda and caramels, and on rare occasions invites us to a church social or concert.

He is always one of the group of youths who wait outside the church or Sunday school door, and he is the one always to escort us to our homes on such occasions.

We are teased unmercifully about him and really enjoy it, though pretending to be fearfully indignant and provoked about it.

This sort of thing goes on until something happens, as some things have a way of doing, and either he goes away to college or we leave for boarding school, or perhaps a quarrel or change of residence occurs.

At any rate, years perhaps will roll away before we see a bearded man who can bear the slightest resemblance to a young, rosy-cheeked boy.

AWAY WITH THE TAG.

It is an Insult to a Shirt and a Nuisance to Its Wearer.

As warm weather continues, sweltering mankind with one indignant voice demands the abolition of the senseless little tag which makers attach to the bottom of the modern shirt front. At best this pesky tag is a useless fixture and two often it is an unsightly nuisance. When it is concealed by the waistband of the wearer's trousers it frequently causes a lumpy wrinkle, and when it rises above that line it has an unnecessary way of thrusting itself into view between the button-holes of one's vest.

On the shirt of a man who goes vestless in hot weather the little tag is a glaring badge of vulgarity, an audacious insult to good taste and a starchy affront to social order and progress. The tag is the one useless, witless and exasperating part which evolution has not yet eliminated from the nineteenth century shirt. It is a survival of the fittest, a relic of the dark ages when a stranger desirous of coining a check at the bank pointed to the initials on the tag of his shirt front as a means of identifying himself; wherefore the offensive and ostentatious tag must go.

Suffering man has pulled the tag and evolution will do the rest.

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FANNIE ESSLER'S CHALK.

Excitement of an Enraged Dancer Before Her Appearance.

When I first knew Paris, Tagliani had left the opera and Fannie Essler reigned supreme; the triumphant success, however, obtained by her in the "Diable Boiteux," financially advantageous as it proved to the management, was by no means relished by her lady colleagues, who, finding themselves during the long run of the ballet completely shelved, unscrupulously profited by any mode of annoying and embarrassing their obnoxious rival.

"My dear M. Burat," she exclaimed, "I am in a terrible rage. I have scarcely time to dress, and some one has stolen my chalk."

"Your chalk!" began Burat. "Not a doubt of it. I have asked everybody for some, and they all say they have none. It is a conspiracy, you see, to hinder me from dancing. So now, M. Burat, you will get me some, will you not?"

"But, my dear lady, I don't know where to go for it."

"Make haste," insisted Fanny. "I will pay whatever you like, but I must have it. You have just a quarter of an hour before the curtain rises, and I shall expect you."

It was then 11 o'clock, and all the shops were shut, consequently M. Burat was highly perplexed what to do. However, at last he returned, bringing five little bits of chalk, but looking extremely dejected.

"Enfin!" exclaimed Mlle. Essler, triumphantly. "You are indeed a friend in need. What do I owe you?"

"Twenty-five sous for five glasses of execrable cognac," was his answer. "I have been obliged to go to five cafes in order to steal the chalk from the billiard tables."

TRIED TO DROWN THE SOUND.

A Boarder's Experience With an Unusually Voluptuous Alarm Clock.

An alarm clock, according to the habit of the beast, always goes off at the wrong time and in a thin-walled building it always succeeds in waking the whole house as well as its owner. The wear and tear upon the temper of the community is consequently greater than that caused by the combined efforts of a forgetful janitor and an intermittent elevator.

A lady had almost decided to buy the coat she was trying on. The weary sales-woman breathed a sigh of relief. The customer had been hard to suit. Even yet she fingered the buttons and twitched the sleeves thoughtfully.

"What was this fur when it was alive?" she asked abruptly, as she adjusted the collar. The sales-woman hesitated and stammered. She was torn between a business-like desire to make a sale and a conscientious regard for the truth.

"Well, ma'am we have to call it martin," she said at last, "but it was skunk when it was alive."

How We Waste Our Substance.

An American who has lived for several years in China has this to say about our national extravagance: "What the American family throws away would keep a European family from starving and would feed a Chinese or Japanese family."

"Look at this," and he produced a cylinder of bronze as large as a 'plug' hat. "Here is a Chinese stove, or oven. With four or five pieces of charcoal a Mongolian will make tea and cook rice and eggs over that, while an American domestic would use at least a hod of coal in the same operation."

The Hair of the Head Numbered.

"Dr. Wilson, a well known English authority," remarks the New York Herald, "says that the average number of hairs to the square inch on a human scalp is about 1,000, and the whole number of hairs on the scalp of an adult is in the neighborhood of 120,000. Dr. Walneyer asserts that he counted, in the space of a quarter of an inch, on the crown of a man's head, 393 hairs, while he counted only 125 in the same space on the occiput, and 211 on the anterior part of the scalp."

Nobson's Choice.

A financier of doubtful reputation gave a grand ball. Dancing was still going on at 3 in the morning. As one of the guests was about to retire, the man in charge of the cloak room handed him the first top coat that came in his way.

"But this is not mine," "Not yours? I am very sorry. It is the best one left." "But mine was new; perfectly new." "Oh! the new ones have been all gone since 12:30."

PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

Henry Guy Carleton is paying alimony to two wives.

Seven hundred live larks constituted the queer present lately sent by the king of Italy to the German emperor.

Lieutenant Otto E. Ehlers, the German explorer, made an Asiatic journey of 7,000 miles on a Himalayan pony.

General Nelson A. Miles was a clerk in a Boston store and familiar with a yardstick before he took hold of a sword.

The senior alumnus of Harvard college is Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, the only surviving member of the class of 1829. He is 91 years old.

In his reminiscences of Dickens, G. A. Sala says that the novelist had an almost morbid fondness for talking to police officials and entertaining them at his home.

The Shakespeare society of Germany has sold 20,000 copies of a cheap edition of the dramatists works within a few months, and 10,000 additional copies are being printed.

George Gould has been a good telegrapher for a number of years and does his own telegraphing from his summer home, and he does it much better, too, than the general run of operators.

The oldest officer in the French army is General Mellinet; he is 95 years of age. The officers of the garrison of Nantes, where he resides, visited him the other day in a body and gave him an ovation.

In his address at the dinner of the Artist's Benevolent fund Henry Irving said that "of all the will-o'-the-wisps that ever lead men astray, the maxim that genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains is the most delusive."

The litigation in which Miss Lole Fuller recently became involved in Paris has developed the fact that the sinuous serpentine dancer was guaranteed a yearly salary of \$20,000 for three years by the manager of the Folies Bergeres Music hall.

Austin Dobson does not look like a writer of daintily romantic and musical verse. He is stout and of medium height, and has a florid complexion, a pair of shrewd, kindly, bluish-gray eyes, an aquiline nose, a moderate quantity of dark-brown hair and a thick, bushy mustache.

Andrew Carnegie has rented, besides Cluny castle in Scotland, Draig-dhu-House, two miles from the castle, on the banks of Loch Ovia, near the rocky recesses where Prince Charlie took refuge after the battle of Cullodun. John Morley once described this house as an ideal Highland residence.

Mrs. Anna L. Pierce, a sister of the poet Longfellow, has recently given to the Maine Historical society the old Longfellow homestead in Portland, Me. It was the first brick house erected in the city, and was built in 1785 by the poet's grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, adjutant general of the Massachusetts militia during the revolution.

The late Senator Stanford was at times a very absent-minded man. Once an old servant, named Jane Wallace, possessed with a vague idea that Mr. Stanford owned two or three railroads, asked him to send her back to California from the East.

So the senator wrote on a sheet of note paper: "Please pass Jane from New York to San Francisco. Leland Stanford." The pass was honored, the first conductor to whom it was shown telegraphing to headquarters for instructions before accepting it.

THE BETTER HALVES.

Women like balls and assemblies as a hunter likes a place where game abounds.

He—"Don't you think you could love me just a little?" She—"Oh, yes; I can love you just as little as you like."

Young Mr. Skidds—Miss Fosdick—Ella, dear—can you love me? Miss Fosdick—Quite likely. I've loved lots of men.

The "strongest woman on earth" is being sued for divorce in New York for having eloped with a cannon-ball thrower.

A woman and a charmer lives near Frankfort, Ky. She is said to be able to charm the wildest animal by the sound of her voice.

The king of Siam is attended by a body-guard composed exclusively of four thousand of the prettiest young women in his realm.

Mrs. Jack Gardner, a social leader in Boston, has a string of diamonds nearly a yard long, which she wears around her neck like a boa.

Twenty-five different branches of instruction are open to women in Pratt institute in Brooklyn. Of these, fourteen are self-supporting.

The engaged girl is seldom known by the company she keeps. As a rule he doesn't get thoroughly acquainted with her until after they are married.

Mrs. Poindexter, horrified—I heard to-day that Mr. Collingswood leads a double life. Miss Forty, with a sigh—That's much better than a single one.

"Did you hear that Charlie had been jilted by Miss Moneybags?" "Yes; and I told him there were just as good fish in the sea." "But Charlie's hunting for gold fish."

Mrs. Stannard, the writer, who is best known by the name of John Strange Winter, says she knows of one happy marriage that was the result of a proposal made on the fourth day after the couple met. It is her own.

The white of an egg, with a little water and sugar, is good for children who are troubled with an irritable stomach. It is very healing, and will prove an excellent remedy for diarrhoea, as well as a simple preventive for bowel disorders.



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The Elkhorn Railway, "North-Western Line" is now running a through sleeper daily to Hot Springs. Low round trip rates given. Call or write for full information. A. S. FELDING, City Ticket Agent, 1133 O street, Lincoln, Neb. W. M. SHIPMAN, Gen'l Agent.

CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW.

The other day, in speaking of the improved facilities for luxurious travel in this country says:

"We are abandoning the old system of lighting the cars with kerosene lamps, and more than half the coaches have already been equipped with the most improved and the safest system of lighting known in this country or Europe. With the new Pintach lamps there can be no possibility of danger from explosion or otherwise, as the apparatus is all out side and under the car, and in the event of mishap, the fixtures become detached and the gas escapes into the air."

The brilliant Pintach light, the finest car illuminant in existence, now in use on the Union Pacific system fulfills all the requisite conditions so happily noted by Mr. Defew.