

## RANDOM NOTES.

The judgements of Time are just and they are inexorable. Time, the great avenger, the only righteous judge, sifts out the real from the sham. To a few men it assigns the rewards of an enduring fame; to many a man who held a conspicuous place in the theatre of events it metes out a swift forgetfulness. The years have sat in judgment upon Ulysses S. Grant and they have decreed that his fame shall last. The mists are clearing away from the war period of the republic, and out of them looms a larger figure than the age in which he lived had understood. Men know now that he who sleeps beside the Hudson was one of the great men called by Providence from obscurity to do great deeds, and that in him a mighty epoch struggled to its expression. He fills a larger angle in history as his day recedes, and whatever the mutations of the nation which his sword redeemed, history shall say of him, for all time to come: "In him a great man lived."

It is fortunate that the fame of Grant had not reached the mythic stage. It is not shrouded in those vapors of deificaton behind which the lofty spirit and determined temper of Washington are hidden forever from succeeding generations. To his countrymen he is still Grant the man, with a simple and very human heart beneath that imperturbable exterior. Some time they know him as "the Silent Man of Destiny," but before his death they learned to know him better, not as the cold interpreter of a blind fate, but as a strong-souled, simple-minded American, in whom the majestic will of his people found its perfect embodiment. That he was slow to realize his own supreme mission, and that from beginning to the end of his career he would have been content with the humblest of lots, they are glad to remember, for it links him in feeling with every man who is living out a modest life under the single inspiration of duty.

Duty draws a straight path through events, and the character that walks by it is ordered in all simplicity. The modesty of its unconscious greatness is lost upon small minds; they are slowest to realize its colossal stature. It is dimly remembered that there was once an unnamed American who thought he was "a bigger man than old Grant." It is probable that if, in the nature of the great commander, there had been the least evidence of show or pretense, the world would sooner have awakened to a full knowledge of his imperial qualities. At first only the large minds of his era understood him. It is significant that the deference to him of the men who, in the popular comprehension, were often ranked before him, was instant and instinctive.

The resourceful Sherman, the impetuous Sheridan and the sagacious McPherson never showed such wisdom in council and such ardor in battle as when they were directed by the captain-general of all the armies of the North. And his great antagonists, Lee, Johnston, Longstreet and Buckner, against each of whom he had drawn a victorious sword, attested by their friendship and admiring tribute at once his generalship in war and his magnanimity in peace. So was it also when from the directions of armies he succeeded to the guidance of affairs of State. Despite the betrayal of Grant's confidence by unscrupulous men, it was the great leaders of his party who pledged him their perfect fealty and thrice rallied around him with an enthusiasm at once touching and inspiring. For the magnificent support of the 306th "Old Guard," in the convention that nominated Garfield, it is necessary to turn to the accounts of desperate battle struggles, would one find a parallel.

Grant's career: from its opening scenes

upon the banks of the Ohio to that last moment of pain and victory on the slopes of Mount McGregor illustrates the romance and compulsion of fate. He is seen passing his youth amid the obscurity of a log cabin home, living to more than half his days the unregarded life of a small farmer in a border state, of a tanner and trader in a provincial community of the middle west. Suddenly, in the breath of civil war, that gray sky of ill fortune and sordid care that hung over him is rolled up like a scroll, and out of the tanneries of Galena issues the commander-in-chief of the armies of the republic, the author of its destiny.

Thenceforth from Donelson to Appomattox he writes history in a succession of thunder crashes, and the continent shakes with the shock of legions. Then the long years of unparalleled honors as president of his people, as the guest of the nations of the world and suddenly the sky darkens again and misfortunes crowd the old soldier. That last campaign against death and dishonor in which he had back one grim enemy while he routed the other—can it ever be forgotten? It is partly in the valley of the shadow, and it is partly on the hilltops of hope, but when it is ended and he has capitulated to the Destroyer, he has made such terms of peace that the mourning people who saw the end may inquire as one did of old: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Grant might propose "unconditional surrender" for another, but he would not accept it for himself.

Seen from the distances of time, Ulysses S. Grant will be remembered chiefly as the central figure in the greatest civil war of the century, as the soldier whose magnanimity consummated what his sword had achieved. He came to the front at a time when the Union arms had faltered, and he turned them toward victory. He impressed his irresistible will upon the movement of the Northern columns, and gave to the military operations of his government an all-embracing purpose. So it befell that this one man was enabled to stem the tide of events at Donelson with the first important Union victory, to turn the fortunes of war by the siege at Vicksburg, to crush the Confederate hopes in the West by the battles about Chattanooga and to conclude armed resistance in the South by the capture of Lee's army at Appomattox. His mission was not ended when the returning armies he had commanded filed in review up Pennsylvania avenue. A little later he stood between the hand of vengeance and the lives and liberties of his foes. Again, as president, he was to interpose his strong arm for a lasting peace between the North and South, for the return of harmony between the great English-speaking nations.

His mission did not end then. It was not to end until beside the open grave at Claremont the surviving Union and Confederate generals mingled their tears and North and South joined hands in the fulfillment of good will. In the moment of triumph twenty years before Abraham Lincoln was struck down by an assassin's blind frenzy and his patient lips could not pronounce the message of reconciliation with which his heart was full. It remained for the simple soldier on whom he had leaned to utter in his first State paper the pleading and prophetic words, "Let us have peace." The sunrise of that coming time fell upon him as he sat and wrote in mortal pain upon the porch at Mount McGregor, and it made a glory about his dying bed. When that sultry August day of twelve years ago died behind the barriers of the Palisades there passed with it the inherited bitternesses of a hundred years, and in the sacrament of the dust the peace of sections was made abiding.

W. MORTON SMITH.

## FATHER AND SON.

"What do the senators do papa:  
The United States senators do?  
They are patriots all, my good little Paul:  
They are patriots tried and true.

"But what do the senators do papa:  
The United States senators do?  
Oh! talk and debate for the good of the state:  
They are statesmen real and true.

But what do the senators do, papa:  
The United States senators do?  
Each talk in turn until they adjourn:  
They are workers stern and true.

"But what do the senators do, papa:  
The United States senators do?  
Oh! their speeches are sound and very profound.  
They are senators wise and true.

"But what—but what do they do, papa:  
Oh! what do they do, I pray?  
Oh! they draw their pay in the regular way;  
In the old immemorial way."

WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

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Maude—Bessie says she's engaged, but she wants it kept a secret.

Lena—Why.  
Maude—There probably isn't any truth in it.

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