

ASSES AND CLASSES

Combinators of Capital Inciting Anarchy and Fomenting Lawlessness

Money Changers Compel Patrons to Put Up Their Citizenship as Collateral.

Corporations Dominate Party Machines and Sap the Foundations of Justice.

Shall we Have Honest Government.

To the people of this commonwealth: A recent letter from an intelligent gentleman living in a neighboring city asks, in apparent sincerity, "Why is it that the business men of Omaha, regardless of party, are combining to defeat the election of the Populist candidate for governor?"

LOOK HERE, UPON THE PICTURE. What about the railroads? Go to the sitting of our legislature, and what do you find? You find their lobby organized to corrupt.

The people are slow to anger and to move. When public affairs get so rotten that they stink then the people clean their house.

THE NAMES OF CITIES. The word Minneapolis is a compound of an Indian word meaning curling water and a Greek word meaning city.

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY. I believe that the civilization of Nebraska is better than the civilization of Wall Street.

General Francis Nash of the revolutionary army gave a name to Nashville, Tenn. It was first called Nashville, which was objected to on account of being hard to spell.

throne of power, or the people shall do so in the purity and simplicity of the fathers in which our foundations were laid.

TIME FOR THE GIANT TO AWAKE. To our best citizenship: It is not time you turned round and stopped this anarchy? What anarchy is there so hateful, so destructive and ruinous, as that of the banks and railroads who corrupt our legislatures and defy our laws?

This is what makes the red flag and bomb anarchists. Are our best citizens—our great middle class—going to follow the lead of the corporations because they appoint themselves the guardian of our good name and credit only, to consummate the ruin of both?

A Maryland Negro Brute Lynched. UPPER MARLBORO, Md., Oct. 22.—Stephen Williams, the negro who assaulted Mrs. Hardesty Wednesday night and confessed, was taken from the county jail at 3 o'clock this morning and hanged.

Pittsburg was originally called Fort Du Quesne, then became Fort Pitt, in honor of the great British premier.

Albany is named from the second title of the duke of York, afterward James II. The title is Scottish, from the Celtic word Albain, a native name for Scotland.

Boston was originally named Tremont, or Trimountain, from being built on three hills—Beacon, Copp and Fort hills.

Cincinnati was originally called Lantiville. The present name was given by General St. Clair as a reminder of the Cincinnati society, an association of the officers of the revolutionary war.

Baton Rouge, La., was named from the fact that for many years after the town was established a gigantic cypress, the bark of which was red, grew on the site.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF LITTLE WOLF AND YELLOW HEAD.

An Episode of Border Life in the Southwest—A Novel Way of Saving a Vessel on Fire—What I Could—Here's a Queer Game.

Little Wolf. "Keep close to the house, Frank." The little pioneer mother smiled fondly at the pretty boy, who was already brown with tan and glowing with health, though only a month had passed since they ventured into the wilderness.

She watched the sturdy little fellow with pardonable pride as he bounded away down the slope towards the spring. A cluster of laurel-bushes almost hid him from sight, when he was there, but every day his mother looked down that way whenever she passed the door, and could always catch the glint of the sunshine on his tumbled curls.

But here, in this great wilderness, what reason there might be for fear! They said that all the wild animals had been cleared out of the country long ago, but she was not so sure of that. And as for the Indians, who knew when they might swoop down upon the settlement, as they had done upon others? They were barely twenty miles to the north, and though they were friendly and in a reservation, why—Indians were Indians in Mrs. Grey's eyes.

Horses feet sunk noiselessly into the soft earth and Mrs. Grey did not know that any one was near until a long shadow fell across the floor.

But the brave little woman did not utter a sound. Her first thought was of her boy, and so she controlled herself. If only she could keep them from seeing the child.

One of the most brilliant pieces of ocean-wrecking seamanship on record, whereby the vessel, far out in the Atlantic with her cargo on fire, was saved and brought safely to port, was performed on board the American ship John Jay, commanded by Captain Samuel Jackson.

Wildly Mrs. Grey ran after them. Her home and everything in it was forgotten. She was crazed with fear. The river was not more than half a mile away and they were going straight towards it.

Little Wolf teach Yellow Head to swim," he said, and at once set out in a sharp trot down the slope, followed by the others.

And such a scene as met the mother's eyes. There was Little Wolf standing on the bank with Frank in his arms, and he swung the child as easily as though he had been a rabbit, and flung him far out into the stream.

Then Little Wolf and his companions leaped in and dived, and as Frank came to the surface, struggling and spluttering, the four Indians rose around him. Merrily as Tritons they sported about him, sometimes holding a hand to him and keeping just out of his way when he reached for it; but always taking care that he kept his head above the water.

After a little while they scrambled out with him, only to toss him in again. Surely more fantastic sport was never seen. The mother watched as though turned to stone, yet she could not help seeing that the child was not frightened, and she heard his laugh ring out merrily when he had rarely learned to strike out boldly for himself.

"Did you see that mamma?" he cried when they brought him out. "I swam! I sure enough swam! Little Wolf taught me!"

they were roused from sleep by a hand's shaking the rude door and a voice that cried:

"Wake up, white woman! Little Wolf come to save Yellow Head!" There was something in the voice that made Mr. Grey unfasten the door and let the Indian in.

"Come!" he cried. "Injuns be here soon—they on the war-path—come hide with Little Wolf!"

Soon in the deep silence they heard the wild whoop with which the savages surrounded the house. Then there was a pause and the sound of heavy blows—the door was beaten in. Then came a hubbub of angry voices as they discovered that they had been robbed of their prey, and amid the shrieks and imprecations, the glare of torches began to light up the scene.

Then something else happened. Suddenly the road the Indians had come resounded with the tread of galloping horses; and through the patch of moonlight galloped a company of rangers. A fusillade of gunshots roused the startled echoes, and away swept the Indians to the West, with the rangers in fierce pursuit.

When Mr. Softheart rang the bell, he found the field quite clear at the Belloves'. Miss Belinda had artfully contrived that it should be so. That perfidious young person had actually purchased tickets for a concert; requested young Spooney, who was half mad with joy at the idea, to accompany Angelina and herself and on the evening in question was smitten with a terrible attack of neuralgia; but, after all, Mr. Spooney should not have his trouble for nothing—mamma and Angelina would go.

When two weeks out the cargo was discovered to be on fire. The captain determined upon his course of action. He had the carpenter lowered over the rail, and instructed him to bore several holes low down by the water-line. The vessel was then put on the other tack so that she would be heeled over on the side where the holes had been made.

Belinda wept, as we have said, and went to bed in the dark. Of course she did not see the letter in the workbasket, and no one else saw it until the 1st of April dawned.

Now, in their normal condition, with no love affairs on the tapis, the Belloves were merry people, who indulged in practical jokes, and April Fool's day was always religiously kept in the family.

But this year the three particular Belloves with whom we have to deal were not prepared with any practical joke, though each suspected the other. And when Angelina, sitting up in bed beside her sister, saw the glittering white note in the workbasket she immediately made up her mind that it was a trick.

She crept softly toward it and read the inscription—"Miss Belinda Belloves"—and retired to her pillow again. "What a flat trick!" she said to herself. "Why, Bell will guess at once unless she forgets that it is the 1st of April."

And Angelina tiptoed back to bed. But Belinda was awake this time. "She is going to try to fool me, I know," said she to herself, with her eyes shut and in a very cross mood, and awaited the denouement.

"Are you sure you took laughing gas when your tooth was taken out?" "Mercy, yes! I cried the whole time I was under the influence of it."

HIS PROPOSAL.

Mr. Softheart had always been a romantic man, and he was still.

Mr. Softheart had never desired to be a bachelor. He admired the other sex too much, but although he had been in love with four blonds, three brunettes and five young ladies who were neither one nor the other he had never been able to pop the question point blank, but delicately insinuated it in such a way that his meaning would have been a riddle to the sphinx, and was, naturally enough, never successful.

Now, at 40, and growing extremely stout, he was as romantic as ever. Mr. Softheart was very well off and not ill looking.

For six months Belinda Bellows had been waiting for Mr. Softheart to propose and growing every day more certain that he positively intended to place his brownstone mansion and bank account at her disposal.

"I'll do it by letter," he said to himself after long consideration. "Women, so far, have misunderstood me. I'll do it in black and white now."

When Mr. Softheart meant anything, he should say it; if he did not, she would accept young Spooney.

She did not even hear Mr. Softheart's ring and started in sweet confusion on his appearance.

"I'm all alone," she said. "Mamma and Lina won't be home until 11 o'clock," and the two talked together in very low voices, sitting very close to each other on twin chairs.

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linda. "You know Miss Angelina gave it to you."

Biddy was confounded. "He gave it to me last night, miss, as true as I hope to go to heaven," she said.

That evening Spooney called to inquire after Miss Belinda's health and found her well enough to walk out with him, and Angelina and her mamma began to compare notes. Then, and not till then, the letter began to be a mystery, and Biddy, being sent for, explained that, to the best of her belief, Mr. Softheart gave it to her to put in Miss Belinda's room the night before.

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