

for personal ends and the same disregard for party.—Chicago Express.

LITERARY NOTES.

MacMillan & Co., are about to publish a work on Agriculture, Practical and Scientific, by Prof. James Muir. The next volume of the Economic Class edited by Prof. Ashley will be England's Treasure by Foreign Trade. Also, Mr. Zangwill's Children of the Ghetto will be issued in a new edition. The Columbia University Biological Series is continued by work on Fishes, Living and Fossil.

A German translation of Kidd's Social Evolution is about to be put out at Jena. Socialism will soon have another addition to its literature in An Experiment in Altruism. Out of a list of books from 237 libraries of New York and other states conceded by the librarians to be the best twenty-five books of 1894 to be added to a village library, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Marcella was in the lead and Benjamin Kidd's Social Evolution was next.

Number 75 of Houghton, Mifflin & Co's. Riverside Literature Series is George Washington—An Historical Biography by Horace E. Scudder. The book has for a frontispiece an excellent reproduction of Stuart's portrait of Washington.

Mr. Cary's Life of George William Curtis was one of the best books most in demand during February. Dr. Justin Winsor has prepared a volume entitled "The Mississippi Basin" to follow his Cartier to Frontenac.

CURRENT MAGAZINES

The School Review for April opens with a portrait of Hon. Chas. B. Skinner, superintendent of public instruction of New York. Paul Hanus then discusses a Recent Tendency in Secondary Education: Rigid Courses Versus Optional Studies is good by Samuel Thurber. Roman Education by S. S. Laurie is concluded. There is an interesting account of Non-enclature in Secondary Schools by Fredk. E. Partington. Then comes, Why Not More Academies in New York State? The Book Reviews are good, as is the whole number.

The April number of the North American Review is one of the best numbers recently issued. It opens with A Last Tribute by Ex-Speaker Reed. Admiral P. H. Colomb then discusses in an interesting article, The Future of the Torpedo in War. Two years of American Diplomacy, by Senator Gray, is excellent and shows up the disputed diplomatic questions in a correct light. The Position of Judaism is a remarkable piece of writing and yet shows how a man may live in the present and draw his life from the distant past. Cyrus Edson, M. D. makes, aptly to Lady Somerset and others on Nagging Women.

The Hawaiian minister writes on The Growing Greatness of the Pacific. Then follow The Physician and the Social Question by Paul Gibier, M. D. Does Fire Insurance Cost too Much? by George M. Crocker; and the Outlook for Parliamentary Government by Hon. Harris Taylor, minister to Spain.

The Personal History of the Second Empire is continued by Albert D. Vandam.

The Notes and Comments are good and altogether the number is to be commended to readers.

The Express has not been over enthusiastic in regard to keeping People's party headquarters located at Washington, D. C., and it has been a question with us whether or not they should be maintained at that point, but all doubts are now removed and we can unhesitatingly say that it's time to move.—Chicago Express.

Requisition for Lamb.

Governor Holcomb has issued a requisition on the governor of Nevada for the return of Mike Lamb, a convicted cattle thief. Lamb was a resident of Boone county at the time the crime was committed, but on a change of venue was tried in Platte county. The verdict of the jury in the lower court was sustained and a new trial refused. This was two years ago. Lamb jumped his bail and fled. He has just been located at Battle Mountain, Nevada, and Sheriff Kavenough has left with the papers to bring him back.

Arrested for an Old Murder.

Fairhaven, N. Y., April 13.—Robert E. Wright, Jr., 22 years of age, was arrested by officers from Emporium, Pa., for the murder in 1888 of Christian Drum. Robbery was the motive of the crime.

Store and Warehouse Burn.

Fairhaven, N. Y., April 15.—Robert E. residence, general store and warehouse of Benjamin T. Stanley, at Berlin Center, ten miles northeast of this city. Loss, \$12,000; insured for \$4,000.

Illinois Creamery Destroyed.

Alliance, O., April 15.—Fire destroyed Mount Morris, owned by Robert McCredie, burned early with a loss of \$8,000, partially covered by insurance.

New Catalogue of Buggies, Etc.

One of the most elegant and complete illustrated catalogues of Carriages, Harness, Saddles and Bicycles it has ever been our good fortune to examine, has just been issued by the ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., of Cincinnati, O. It is quite beyond our comprehension how such beautiful and stylish goods can be manufactured and sold for the remarkably low prices named. This free book will certainly be appreciated by every horse owner. Our readers should send for one at once, if they have not already done so. Please mention the name of our paper when you write.

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Every farmer to be his own painter and absolutely pure paint for sale by the Standard Glass and Paint Co., Corner 11th and M St., dealers in paints, oils, painter's supplies, glass, etc., Lincoln, Neb.

Personal.

IF ANY ONE who has been benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will write to J. H. Dobson, 1120 M St., Lincoln, Neb., they will receive information that will be of much value and interest to them.

How everybody may have money. See "Money Found," for sale at this office. Send 25c.

SCRIBES AND PHARISEES

(Continued from 1st page.)

breathe it there and his children and his wife wet their feet every time they pass it, breathing its nasty malarial exhalations every time they open their windows. It is not removed for him. His streets are not cleaned. His water tax is 200 percent; his coal is \$15 a ton; his banker is the pawnbroker and charges him 50, 60 and 80 per cent. This is the state of things that goes on in our great cities and this is the lot of the unskilled laborer. Now, gentlemen, we have got to face these things. The sooner we face them the better. And I am not simply speaking of New York. I know something about Pennsylvania. I have been over those coal and coke fields in Pennsylvania, and I can tell you the very same story only the illustrations may be different. I have seen those narrow, little walled houses—you can scarcely call them anything else, only hovels; and I have seen the people's poor furniture pushed right out in the mud there, when there was no such thing as sidewalks or anything else; pushed out in the mud; those men not even allowed to own those hovels as homes, if you could venture to call them homes.

The foregoing by a man whose wide experience and sympathetic observation qualify him to judge correctly, and whose word cannot be impeached, may, perhaps, open Dr. Brown's eyes—unless he willfully shuts them—to some of the methods by which rich men like the Astors and other tenement house landlords prey upon the poor.

Of course Prof. Herron "means that interest is robbery," and that King Solomon was right when he said: "The rich rule over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender." And did not Brother Brown's Savior mean about the same thing when he scourged the money changers from the temple and when he said: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon?" And did not Moses and the prophets, without exception, regard usury in precisely the same light, and does not Rev. Brown look upon all these as authoritative if not infallible guides, whom to repudiate or disregard is infidelity, if not eternal damnation? In short, does he or does he not believe that Christ meant what he said in the parable of the rich man and in the sermon on the mount? Or does he, like the puzzled red man, consider himself right and all these landmarks and mile stones of the ages lost?

In fact, is not Rev. Brown in reality denying his Master in order to warm his own hands and feet at the high priest's fire? It looks thus. But perhaps the crowning item in the bill of indictment drawn by Dr. Brown against Professor Herron is the one that involves the terrible social heresy that the party of the second part actually "believes that the people should own the means of production."

This overwhelmingly awful proposition seems no less novel, startling and "anarchistic" to the loyal, law and order loving soul of Brown than was to the court of King George the Third the equally revolutionary and reasonable one that "All men are created free and equal and endowed with an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

But if the producers themselves do not, by mutual inheritance and "the law of natural selection" possess the first right to the instruments of production, who, in the name of heaven does? If Mr. Brown succeeds in solving this conundrum to his own satisfaction, perhaps he will then be able to reveal to the world what outside party has a lawful right to own the paper, ink, desk, fingers and brains through which are evolved Dr. Brown's sermons. We can now account for the origin of the proverb, "Afraid to say his soul is his own."

Finally, the most withering blast poured out by Brown upon Herron is the charge that Dennis Kearney and the Grinnell professor agree on certain cardinal principles of social and civil economy. Allowing this to be true, is it not just that much better for Dennis, while none worse for Herron? Or, to make the matter clear to Brother Brown's vision, is a good thing or a self-evident truth any better or any worse because said and letters, or what Mr. Brown styles the "mob," discern and enjoy it in common with millionaires and their clerical champions? Because Dennis Kearney walks up and down Market street on his feet will Mr. Brown reverse the order of locomotion and walk on his head and hands, or slowly hitch along over the pavement in a sitting posture?

Rev. E. Pullen, in his defense of Professor Herron before the Congregational club last Monday, speaks to the point when he says:

"Dr. Herron is regarded by some as a monster who is seeking to devour all that is good in the present order of things," said Mr. Pullen. "I know something of the difficulty of seeing clearly while the scales of prejudice are still clogging the organs of the soul-sight. But this is a time for clarified vision. Dr. Herron has been accused of pressing into foolish literalism the language of the sermon on the mount and at the same time showing no signs of literal obedience to it himself. Yet does anyone who has read him dare to say he is not ravenous for righteousness, private and public; in spirit and in society? Perhaps Dr. Herron is nebulous in expressions. Nebulae are not the least interesting objects to astronomers. Some of them have been resolved into star clusters and some are set down as glowing gas. So Dr. Herron's writings appear to the critic. Nebulae are far away from our sphere—so is new thought sometimes beyond our range. Nebulous bodies must be hot—Dr. Herron's words are not icicles; they made some of the members of this club pretty hot last Monday. A great hope is beginning to grow that out of the 'glowing gas' of such men as Herron will come a solid system unlike anything our present Christian civilization has yet known."

"If I read Dr. Herron as he desires to be read, he believes in a living God, in the righteousness and love of God and in Christ. He believes in the awful fact of human sin and he does not stop to make distinction between individual sin and socialized sin; he believes in sin done by sinners and sin done by saints; he believes in redemptive love."

"What has condemned Dr. Herron in so-called judicious minds is his thrusting the pointed staff of his polished rhetorical thought into the slime that lies at the bottom of the muddy stream of social existence. "Brief statements of his which more than squint toward socialistic theories were quoted here last week. It is true Haymarket bomb-throwers and nihilistic assassins voice utterances too about the

people's control of the instruments of production, but do not the political economists of high rank do the same? I hear the same sentiment in the San Francisco Half Million club, as well as in the intelligent unions of those who have appropriated the word of labor for themselves. It is time for somebody to think, for somebody else is thinking. This is not the time for saying nobody shall think except he thinks as we do."

Upon which Rev. Brown arose and remarked:

"The paper was a study. It is really a revelation to me how Brother Pullen, with all his culture and good sense can be led off by a man like Herron."

He then condemned Herron's socialistic utterances, saying "Herron is worse than Debs. The striker said last week in this city that if his wife needed clothes he would steal. Herron would not steal one garment, but a whole factory. Herron's utterances are those of an anarchist and I want to meet him where I can tell him that I believe him to be an anarchist."

How awfully shocked Dr. Herron would feel if he should learn that Brother Brown regarded him as an anarchist! Nevertheless I rejoice that the heaven is at work in the church, where it was bound to work at last. Rev. Mr. Roumiger is right. Ingersoll and other agnostics, who deny Christ in their heads but frequently honor him in their hearts and daily lives are by no means the worst of infidels.

The most deplorable and destructive infidelity of christendom may be sought and found right in the church, and on the part of Pharisaical preachers who are tenaciously clinging to the Son of God in creed and profession, but treating as an alien and outcast the Son of Man who stands outside the door of civil, commercial and social institutions vainly knocking and pleading for entrance, while the priest and the Levite are unconcernedly passing by on the other side, as though it were none of their business. It is the old, old story reappearing in the modern familiar phrase and platitude of the Browns, and the strong, healthful and heroic utterances of the real doctors of divinity and of humanity, like Herron, and yet as ancient as the walls and Temple of Jerusalem, or the words of Him who said: "O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!—thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens together under her wing, and ye would not."

And the end is not yet.

JAMES G. CLARK.

After The Bawl Is Over.

How dear to our purse, is the state legislature Which this week, Thank Heaven, will vanish from view. With its "full line of samples" of weak human nature, And more than a spool of wickedness too, How proudly they gathered, we all well remember.

With what flourish of trumpets they rushed to the fray, Bright gleamed the new passes of old party members For which the dear people, most dearly must pay.

The long-talking Solons, The brass-collared Solons, The Pecksniffian Solons who gathered that day.

That moss-covered body called into our treasure And enlarged illegal helpers galore. They found it the source of an exquisite pleasure To grab all in silent and a little bit more.

How rarely they seized on a chance to vote bounty On cheery bitter, or sugar so sweet, And the members from every republican county Showed a kindly regard for all kinds of bet(a)l.

But the long-talking Solons, The brass-collared Solons, Voted never a bounty on live stock or wheat.

They sat down, ker plunk, upon vile bogus butter, But also bogus coffee, protected, you see. On one crowd they great maledictions still utter For the other lay taxes on you and on me.

They pass bills to cherish Mongolian pheasants: They make law to call this a tree-planter state But do not protect the American peasant From paying the railroad four prices for freight.

A dog law, a Day law, A bad A. P. A. law; But for good legislation the people must wait.

At this point the poetry machine got to jumping cogs, but we rise to remark that you will not only have to wait two years, but you will have to do something else besides waiting; if you are sick and tired of a party that in the midst of poverty and misery caused by bad laws, makes no effort to better them; does not try to enact anything to benefit the workers; looks away its high priced time limiting the number of dogs a man can own; naming Nebraska the tree state; adopting the golden-rod for a state emblem; encouraging Mongolian pheasants and counterfeit coffee companies; providing new offices and relieving the people by increasing salaries; if you grow weary of working your life away for railroads and alien sugar corporations. If you are disgusted with congressmen who to relieve your afflictions insist on your paying for work they did not do and have the same round of putting bills for forestry and reindeer culture; if you are ready too repudiate once and for all in state and nation, this useless body of political fakirs and faith-healers do a little wise and reasonable voting as you wait.—Hamilton County Register.

The Cats Have a Show

New York is to have a cat show. Not the kind that can be observed any moonlight eve in a city backyard, but a spick and span, nobby, genteel, aristocratic cat show, where the petted and pampered darlings of New York's most exclusive sprinters can be viewed to the best advantage. Mice in all forms, roast, boiled, stewed, fried, fricasseed and on the half shell will be served at all hours. Toms and tabbies, Tortoise shells, Maltese, silver, blue, red, black and white, Manx cats, Angoras, long haired and short haired cats will all be there. The only cats not admitted will be those of the Kilkenny variety, which are tabooed for obvious reasons, and no cat will be admitted who cannot show proper credentials of good breeding. A cat orchestra will play every night from twelve o'clock till dawn. Bachelors will be admitted free of charge. All dogs must be left in the ante-room in charge of an attendant. Old maids, unaccompanied by cats, will have to obtain special permission before entering. The Concocted Order of Associated Sprinters will hold a convention during the progress of the show.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

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A book that will create a profound impression throughout the United States. —Chicago Times. It mercilessly scourges the money changers in the Temple of the Republic. —New York Recorder. This book is to the people of the present day, what Tom Payne's Common Sense was to the Colonies. —Chicago Searchlight.

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