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GEORGE M. MULERTZ ASHLAND, NEB





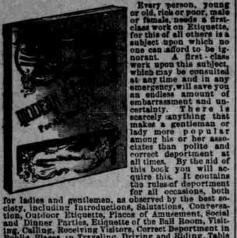


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or old, rick or poor, make
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omergency, will save you
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embarrasment and un-

Cut this adv. out and send with tencents to NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT, Lincoln, Neb.

Banana King.

Something over twenty years ago a New England skipper used to make several trips a year from Boston to the northern ports of Jamaica, and would return to Cape Cod Bay, his fleet schooner laden with bananas, for ch he found a ready and remunerative sale. Other vessels were added to the business, which grew and prospered, and soon became too import-ant longer to depend upon the uncer-tain winds, and steamers replaced the schooners. Bananas were offered in quantities greater than our Yankee mariner with his limited means, could handle, and a company was formed 12 1877, with a capital of \$200,000 and two steamers, and the business of systematically growing the banana for export to the United States commenced. From such small beginnings sprang the American company, which now practically controls the fruit export trade of Jamaica. Its present port trade of Jamaica. Its present capital is \$500,000, and it has a surplus of \$1,000,000, and employes twelve steamers. It ships to the United States every year about 4,000,000 bunches of bananas, beside upward of 6,000,000 cocoanuts and quantities of pimeno (allspice), coffee, cocoa and early vegetables. It employes nearly 2000 men. More than 600 mules are daily in harness engaged in drawing to ports of shipment its in drawing to ports of shipment its varied products. It owns and controls more than twenty estates, comprising nearly 50,000 acres. Free schools are provided for the children schools are provided for the children of its employes. It has brought great prosperity to a languishing country and practically created an industry; and its president, the man whose fore-sight began all this great work and whose energy is now pushing it onward, is commonly known among the Jamaicans as the Banana King.

Plying Machines,

It has been so frequently stated of late that the problem of the flying machine has been solved, and investiga-tion has proven that most of the claims are without practical foundation, that the majority of people need not be blamed if they express themselves as exceedingly incredulous on the subject of aerial navigation. It is amusing to note the curious forms that flying machines have taken. One model strikingly resembles an enormous grasshopper. There is a long cylindrical body and wing-shaped side pieces. The feet and antenns are tolerably well represented by the rods and braces that work and strengthen the machine. There are also models with everlap-There are also models with overlap-ping sections resembling the siding on a building. A quaint and curious model is dome-shaped and worked with pedals. The problem of flying may be solved at some time in the fu-ture, but so far as has been made putlie, there is little yet invented that gives reasonable assurance of flying, at least during the life of the present generation.—New York Ledger.

Festivities Cost \$100,000.

LONDON, Dec. 1.-The Daily Maistates that the fetes of Blenheim castle in honor of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough cost £20,000 \$100,000).

FOR SALE---

I HAVE THE BEST LOT OF

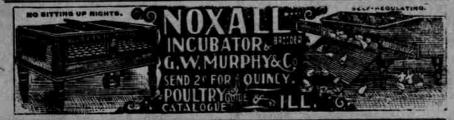


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a complete guide to correspondence.

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Lincoln, Nebraska.

GOD'S GARDEN,

With buds and blossoms and all sorts of

And once among the roses and sheaves
T' Gardener and I were there alone.

He led me to the plot where I had thrown The fennel of my days on wasted ground, And in the riot of sad weeds I found The fruitage of a life that was my own.

My life! Ah, yes, there was my life, indeed, And there were all the lives of human

And they were like a book that I could read! Whose every leaf, miraculously signed, Controlled itself from Thought's eter

Love-rooted in God's garden of the Mind. -Edwin A. Robinson

HIS RIVAL'S MUSE.

LAUDE MORAIN WAS putting the finishing touches to his fiveact romantio drama written in the purest blank verse. As the

author's mind con-inxnry and princely prodigality he became unmindful that his own room became unmindful that his own room was a little attic apartment, with no carpet, one chair, a rough table, a narrow couch and a tallow dip. Now he grouped the characters together—three pairs of lovers, juvenile lovers and elderly whimsical lovers—and the curtain amid such witty lines as delight a Parisian audience. The play was completed and Claude was—hungry. It is one thing to be hungry and another thing to be able to appease hunger. Claude ruminated mournfully upon the felicity of all the characters of the piece, blessed with abundance, and upon his own misery.

Poet and dramatist! Had he known what was in store for him he would have learned a trade. "All the same I shall go to bed without any supper," commented 'Claude, casting hungry glances at the candle and being in a frame of mind to appreciate all the marvelous tales he had read of ship-wrocked mariners and their appetites for all manner of miscellaneous articles, such as a bit of shoe. This train of thought was interrupted by a knock at the door.
"Come in," said Claude, and a stout

man, with a rather florid face, fashionably dramed, entered. He bowed
politely, surveying the room with considerable surprise.

"M. Claude Morain?" he seked.

"Yes, sir," answered the post.

"I come on a business matter, sir."
"Very well; be seated."
And Claude handed him the only chair, sitting on the couch himself. The visitor dusted the chair carefully and then proceeded to occupy it gin-

gerly.
"What can I do for you?" asked the young man. "You are a poet, I understand?"

"I have written poems, sir."
"Well, I want to engage your services. I want you to write me one poem a day and I'll pay you well for it. Let me see; I'll pay you ten france

Ten france a day! Claude thought he wa- dreaming. But he strove to conceal his joy and inquired as coldly

as possibly:
"What magazine do you own, may

"None." "What newspaper?"

"None."

"But I don't understand." "I want the poem for myself. They will not be published." "Will you explain further?"

"Well, you see, M. Claude, the matter stands just like this. I am paying attention to a certain young lady; that young lady is sentimental, ro-mantic, full of moonshine and nonsense. I must win her, for she is not only beautiful and aristocratic, but has a considerable fortune. Now, 1 dog't seem to have made as much progress as I should have done, so I've made up my mind to feed her mood upon rhymes, iambics, verses, stanzas, lyrics and so on. I can't write them myself, but that doesn't matter. One can always buy what he wants in this world if he has money. So my proposition is this: (Taking out his purse.)
You are to write one poem a day,
such as a lover would address to a romantic girl just out of school. These

poems I propose to send."
"And she will conclude you wrote them?" asked the amused and yet annoyed poet.

"Really, sir, you are a novel kin of lover.

"Confess that it was a good stroke of diplomacy," laughed the visitor.

"To deceive a girl?"
"Pooh! She'll get over her romantic fancies. All women do. You hes-itate? Think of what ten francs will do for you every day. It will buy you plenty to eat and plenty to drink. Besides, if you don't do it, someone else will, for I'm bound to carry her off from all my rivals."

"Well, I consent. The first poem will be ready to-morrow. Now what is she like?"

"Rather tall, good looking, yes, a stunning girl !" "But," said the poet, "I must have

further details. What color are her eyes?" "I don't know."

"And her hair?" "A sort of a brown, I think."

"I never asked her."

"What flowers does she prefer?"
"How can I tell?" "What books does she like?"

"What is her favorite sonata?" such absurd questions?" angrily de-

manded the visitor. "I desired to learn her tempera-"I desired to learn her tempera- upon his heart. And by her side was ment more exactly," replied the poet his patron, the man for whom he had humbly. "However, it doesn't mat-

you. The poem is addressed by me to her. Won't she be surprised when she gets it? She thinks I'm a comace sort of a fellow. I'll make ber think there's more to me than ap-pears on the surface. Good night, Mr. Poet; if you do your work well

I'll give you steady employment". He bowed himself out, leaving a ten franc piece on the table, and Claude heard him stumbling downstairs with many an imprecation concerning the darkness and steepness of the starway. Claude called the landlady's daughter and soon there was set before him an and soon there was set before him an appetizing meal, such as he had not tasted for months. He also indulged in the extravagance of another candle. He felt nich, indeed. Ten francs a day? Enough to keep the wolf away. Enough to keep body and soul together. Enough so that he would eat three times a day instead of once in three days. His spirits arose as the nourishing dishes disappeared. He lighted a cigar.

"Julie," he repeated softly. "How her face comes back! The little coun-

tess! Happy days? Yes; it is to her, my love, my lost love, I will speak. Oh, Time, what a revengeful old fellow thou art. Who could have imagined bankruptey would have ruined a noble house and that I who had blenty in the heyday of life, am now but a sourcy scribbler in an attic chamber, addressing madrigals to another's charmer at so many sous per rhyme! Yes, between the past and the present is a yawning chasm, but I, standing on the brink, may look across and see my old love who has forgotten, who remembers no more the happy days of childhood.

"Now, away with such faucies! Let the poet assert himself; not the lover. Yet to this ideal I must ever appeal." His pen sputtered and the words

ran trippingly across the paper. He gazed thoughtfully at the wall where the plastering had fallen and again the pen tripped across the paper, back again and then across once more. He again and then across once more. He eyed the broken window pane with a towel picturesquely thrust into the aperture and the pen fairly flew merrily to and fro. He glanced at the place in the ceiling where the rain had dr.pped through and then he gaily punctuated the verses. He read them over and something like a tear appeared in his eye. He passed his hand across his brow. "This is melancholy work playing with the shadows of the past," he said, as he blew out his candle and went to bed.

The next morning his visitor reap-

The next morning his visitor re peared and Claude handed him the em. He read it carefully.

"Very good," he said; "it must be good; I don't understand it. That last turn is especially fine. To-day will be a day of surprises for her. I will send it with flowers by my cor-vant. Good, day. Remember, tomorrow morning at ten o'clock I will call for the goods—I mean the poem, and expect to find it ready."

For several days the poet pursued this occupation. One morning his petron called, in high glee, waving a letter.

(Tell him I am busy to-day," said

"See what diplomacy may accomthat. Am I going to win her? Well, I think I am. I'll double your salary, that's what I'll do. There's nothing mall about me, and on the wedding day I'll write you out a check. But look at this." And he pointed to a passage in a letter. "Your words have touched me very much. I never gave you credit for such depth of feeling. How we are apt to misjudge! Your words touch a secret chord in my na-ture, dear friend, shall I confess it? When I see you, alas, it is different!
Have a little patience with me."

"There, what de you think of that?"
shouted the lover. "Isn't she already

won? Keep right on. These roman-tic girls can't fool me. Grind out the poetry. I'll provide the wherewithal."
But as Claude worked his heart be-

came dark and clouded. It oppressed him constantly to be bringing up an image from the past. He struggled manfully but determined to break his contract with the lover as soon as possible. He had the joy of learning that his romantic play would soon be produced and he trusted it might be successful so that he could devote himself solely to his dramatic work. He had been so filled with old memories that he incorporated them in the poems, disguised it is true. He resorted to such fantastic devices as concealing his name and that of Julie, his old love, in these effusions. Subrosa there were many tender messages to his ideal which his patron could not observe. He brought up many a childhood incident in which the Countess Juhe and he figured.
Once when lis patron expresses some doubt regarding one of these vagaries, Claude silenced him imperiously with something about poetic license. The poems were a perfeat cryptogram, telling in cypher the story, or other-wise, by intimation or hint, the love of his life, his boyish adoration for the young Countess, the downfall "I did mean those words. I did of his father's fortunes and the rain of not know you would see them. I am the family name, his struggles in sorry your paris, his aspirations for fame and renown. The sad consciousness that he "Stay." had lost the young girl breathed through the lines and resignation of a noble soul to the inevitable, made the pathos more apparent. But one thing that puzzled the poet's patron was that while his beloved became colder in her manner toward him she the pathos more apparent. But one thing that puzzled the poet's patron was that while his beloved became colder in her manner toward him she seemed more anxious than ever for your plays together."

No; that is—
"Then you must take me to the theatre; I will expect you here, and, perhaps, Claude, we will see many of your plays together." The night drew near when the poet's

play was to be produced. The author was among the spectators. Chancing to cast his eyes at one of the boxes he "How do you think I can answer saw there a face that made him turn pale; the features of his child love, which had been indelibly impressed passed like a dream. Claude was called were published in Germany in 1895, out and bowed with embarrassment, This does not include periodicals.

here's ton france in advance to inspire, wondering if she remembered him and dimly conscious that she sat there like a statue, paying no attention to the man with the florid face and appar-ently oblivious to the performance. Sick at heart that she should belong to another. Claude left the theatre, feeling that it mattered not to him whether the play was successful.

The next morning a handsome

The next morning a handsome equipage stopped before the building and a footman mounted the stairway, sniffed haughtily as though the neighborhood was little to his liking, inquired "upplishly" of the landlady where M. Claude Morain was to be found and then proceeded on his up-ward journey with a grunt of discatis-

"Come in," shouted the poet, who

The footman strode arrogantly through the doorway and gazed con-tempuously at the shabby surround-

"Is this M. Claude Morain?" he

"It is; what do you want?"
"What do I want? Well, I have to
deliver this message."

"Why don't you, and be quick about it, for I'm busy."

The footman became more haughty, but handed to the poet an envelope. The poet opened it and read a brief message. He became red with confu-sion and remeined standing there in ecstasy. The footman shifted from oot to foot. Who was this shabby ellow who kept him waiting so long? "Well, the answer?" said the foot-

man, finally. "Oh, you're still here, are you? I had forgotten about you. Just tell your mistress I will call at the hour

"Tell her what?" repeated the

mazed servant.
"Tell the countess what I have said

"Tell the countess what I have said and go, as I am busy."

When the footman had departed, Claude gazed at the note with rapture. "Will you not come and see your old friend, Julie, at 8 o'clock this afternoon?" At first he thought of refusing, remembering the florid man, his patron. Besides, he had entered into a base conspiracy with his rival. These poems! And then he told himself he would see her at all hazards. He counted what money he had and. self he would see her at all hazarda. He counted what money he had and, donning his best clothes, went into a general merchandise establishment, where he purchased new gloves, a new neektle and sundry other articles of attire of which he was in urgent need. He hired a carriage at the appointed hour and repaired to her home.

She seemed like the same Julie he had known ten years ago, She greeted him with a blush.

"It is long since we have met." she

"It is long since we have met," she said. "I saw your play last night." For an hour Claude was in Elysium. She had grown very attractive and he saked himself if this could be his old playmate, the little Julie whose parents' estate had adjoined that of his father. Claude's rapture was broken

"Tell him I am busy to-day," said the little counters. "You are a post, I understand?"

I understand?"

Claude began to stammer when she opened an enameled box and took therefrom a large package of poema.

"I sent for you to sak you if these verses are sincere?"

"Really, I am no judge."

"Oh, I don't care for the poems themselves, but what they conceal. Take this one, for example. As I read down, the first letter of each line I find what? "Claude and Julie." That find what? 'Claude and Julie.' That is what it spells. Strange, isn't it?"
"It is rather peculiar," murmured

the embarramed poet. "Now here is another. The same test and I find: 'I leve Julie.' Is that a coincidence? It might be, but that the letters of the last six lines spell what? Why, 'Claude,' So we have: 'I love Julie, Claude.' So all have: 'I love Julie, Claude.' So all through the poems I find secretive love messages from a certain Claude. Again, he tells me his full name in this Ode to the Midnight Wind; 'Claude Morain, Julie's boy lover.' I find ciphers everywhere," laughed the Countees. "Your poems are regular puzzles. Now what I want to know is what do you man by 152"

what do you mean by it?"

"Nothing, I assure you, absolutely nothing," stammered the poet.

"Why, you. Claude—a deceiver," said she, merrily. "Then those were more words—mere nothings! Alas, whom are we to believe in this world?"

"No, no," protested the poet. "I did intend them of course—I could not forget—so you see—"
"A lucid explanation, truly," she

exclaimed gayly and he became more confused.

"It is the only one I have to give," he said humbly. "I can only ask your pardon for—" The countess now faced him with

fishing eyes and determined mien.
"Did you, or did you not, mean what you wrote?" He became just as defiant. All his

embarrassment vanished. sorry you have. And now, good-

"Julie !" "Are you engaged this evening,

Free Press.

Claude?' "No; that is-"

As he entered his carriage he saw her gazing out of the window. She blushed and drew back; then impulsively threw him a kiss with her hand, as she had done when they were children. And the old hansom became as a chariot of the gods. — Detroit

Twenty-three thousand six hundred written the poems. The performance and seven scientific and literary books

BUDGET OF FUN

HUMOROUS SKRTCHES PEON VARIOUS SOURCES.

Off the Stump-The Land of Li -Correct-A Salaguard-Ra Explained-Indulging Herself, Rtc., Etc.

Tis sweet, good orator, to note The prospect that appears; You'll have a chance to rest you For four delicious years.

Grace-"I never saw any one will

"No; he's always thinking of him-self."—Puck. Teacher-"Tell me a few of then

important things existing to day which did not exist a hundred years ago."

Tommy—"Us."—Answers. A GUMBS. Jones-"Who was it that said The

unexpected always happens?"

Jenkins—"I don't know. Wesn't it
somebody connected with the Weather
Bureau?"—Pack. Tounger Sister—"What are you going to do on your birthdey, Eva?"

Eva (a belle of some sessons)—"Ob, I don't know. Take a year off, I suppose,"—Punch. INDULOTED RESSELF.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY. Barber (out West)-"Your head in

Cowboy (showing revolver)—"Eh?" Barber (hastily)—"Very clean, sir."
-New York Weekly.

BARRET BEPLATERD

Barber—"You say you have been here before? I don't seem to remember your face."

Victim—"Probably not. It is all healed up now."—Tit-Bits.

"Don't you think Chollie Blim an Anne Spatts would make a goo

"First-rate. He'd be the stick and the the brimstone."—Harper's Bauer.

Mr. Poorly—"This 'ere well'il to flown of ye don't fix it; th' creeks a Landlord—"All right. I'll have in papered at once."—Atlanta Constitu-tion.

Balderton-"Your hair is like

stroke of lightning, old man—such as awful shook, you know."

Bussfuss—"And yours is like a fool and his money—soon pasted."—An

"Did you hear how Spissher made oig hit in posters?"
"No; how did he do it?" "He tinted up a lot of photograph out of old family albume."—Cham-

AND HE WOULDN'T DO THAT. "Hubly, what in the dence did you seen by letting that note I undersed

for you go to protest?" "Why, man, there was no other way unless I paid the thing."—Detroit

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO VALOR Smith—"I see that a bullet from one of those new rifles will kill six men, standing one behind another."

Thompson—"You don't say? In that case, a man might just as well go to the front."—Puck.

NO INDUCEMENT TO STRAIL "Say, Tradeley, why does your floor walker never watch the bargain

"Because things are so cheap that thieves prefer to buy and have the goods delivered."—Detroit Free

HIS WANDERING WITS. "Do you think that druggist is

really deranged?" "Yes, crazy as a bicycle rider. He sold me a nickel's worth of pepper-mint and didn't stick his own label over the one already on the bottle."-Chicago Record.

TREEPRAGABLE PROOF.

"Sprockett is in love with Ethel Gadsby."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, but he has replaced the ploture of his bicycle he used to carry in his watch by her photograph."—
Washington Times.

- A QUESTION FOR PROPRETE. Gazway--"Speaking of the world being round, there's one thing that

bothers me." Jizney-"What's that?" Gazway-"If it's true that it's

round, how is it possible for it to come to an end?"—Roxbury Gazette.

ON THE PORCH. Waggleton-"That's a fine looki girl you have just engaged,

Briggs-"She's as fine as a firb-Mrs. Briggs - "Well, just tof-mind, Mr. Briggs, that you'vneas-for music!"—Cleveland Plaistery-

DEPARTMENT STORE .WQ be "Great sensation in the on of the ment store." ent store." | appear to "An elephant fell owtop the com-partment through se-ruined the ice in the week.)

rink department."