

Nebraska Independent
Consolidation of THE WEALTH MAKERS and LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
Independent Publishing Co.
At 1190 N Street, LINCOLN, - NEBRASKA. TELEPHONE 538.

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Address all communications to, and make all drafts, money orders, etc., payable to THE INDEPENDENT PUB. CO., LINCOLN, NEB.

CIVIC REFORM MOVEMENTS.
The municipal government of the city of Chicago, according to the claim of the civic federation, has reached a degree of rottenness, and the public officials have fallen into such a stage of hopeless depravity and boodlesism, that the good people of that great city must hold their noses of the stench and hide their faces for very shame.

The trouble which will confront the civic federation in their herculean task of cleansing the Augean stables is occasioned by the fact that their activity in behalf of municipal cleanliness is spasmodic rather than continuous, so that the results have heretofore been, and doubtless will continue to be, temporary and not permanent.

The history of civic reform movements reveals the fact that the reformers have acted by spurts and spell, sometimes mustering enough strength to seriously annoy or perhaps temporarily dislodge corruption, and then, as if exhausted, they relapse again into a comatose state, deserting those whom they have placed in power to care for themselves and leaving the dislodged boodlers to lay their plans for another successful attack upon the citadel.

ADVERSITY'S USES.
Every day it becomes more apparent that the election of Mr. Bryan without a congress in accord with him would have been a misfortune to the cause of bimetalism.

There have been more failures of banks and business houses since election than before, and no one suspects that failures have stopped. Thoughtful men of all parties tremble for the future, immediate and remote.

When the president betrayed his party and followed the dictates of Wall street and the boards of trade, the democratic party had the manhood within its ranks to repudiate him and his administration, and to proclaim anew the true principles of which democracy was born and

by which it must ever be guided. It was a glorious victory for democracy when it turned its back upon plutocracy and reasserted in unmistakable terms the great principles taught by Jefferson, and went out to battle under its own proud flag, challenging the trusts, corporations, syndicates, arrogant affluence, foreign domination, greed, avarice, selfishness, corruption, coercion and deception, arrayed under the standard of republicanism, to the struggle.

Thousands of men who believed in the principles of democracy were beguiled by false hopes; thousands were directly or indirectly bribed, and many thousands were coerced by cruel masters to forsake their principles and stifle their own judgment.

The cause of true democracy was never so strong as today. The rank and file of the party, instead of being disheartened by its recent defeat, is more confident today of the justice of democracy's cause and of its certain triumph four years hence than have ever been the advocates of any cause.

Democrats will go into the next quadrennial conflict with no traitorous administration for whose sins they must answer and whose power as a patronage dispenser is being used to compass their own defeat.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.
Outside of its remarkable length, the message from Governor Holcomb to the legislature is a model state document. With a candor that must command the admiration of every Nebraska property owner, the governor points out the evils that have infested the various branches of state government and recommended such remedy as in every case commands itself.

A notable feature of the message is the governor's stinging arraignment of those who, from partisan disappointment and out of partisan spite, have sought to create the impression that the state government has fallen into the hands of those who would not legislate for its best interests.

THE INDEPENDENT will have occasion to hereafter refer, as it has referred to some of them heretofore. The message is one which ought to be carefully read in every home and office in the state. It should be circulated wherever rabid republicanism has sought to discredit populism and democracy.

SILAS A. HOLCOMB.
All had the unassuming man whose aim is duty as he sees it, heedless of the plaudits or the blames of fickle throngs.

THE MATE OF THE HINDU

By Captain RALPH DAVIS.

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CHAPTER XI. THE MUTINY.

The captain's decision was carried forward to convicts and crew, and I looked for an outbreak within an hour. Perhaps the reason it did not take place was because they feared the whaler might show up again.

The ship was never more quiet than during the remainder of that day and all through the night. The sailors were prompt to respond to every call, but moved quietly and spoke in low tones.

When I was relieved by the second mate at midnight, I had a bit of a talk with him. His name, as I don't remember to have told you before, was Cortrite.

"Mr. Tompkins, if I hadn't known that you were watching the run of things I should have posted you a bit. It's my opinion that the two women have been over and that they have also made a tool of the doctor.

"I'm as sure of it as that I stand here. I understand that we have arms aboard. If I might be bold enough, I'd advise you to make ready for what is to come."

When I went into the cabin, I found Captain Clark up and dressed and waiting for me. I told him what Mr. Cortrite had said, and he replied: "We can't begin too soon.

It was a quiet night, with only enough wind to give the craft steerage way, and fortunately for us the dolt of a man Hawley was at the wheel from midnight to 2 o'clock.

"Ralph, we cannot only make a good fight for it if attacked, but I think the advantage will be on our side. Our greatest care now will be to guard against any sudden rush aft."

Neither of us turned in that night, and both of us were on deck at daylight. At sunrise a man was sent aloft with a glass, but he swept the sea in vain for sight of sail.

When the passengers gathered for breakfast, all were surprised to observe that the cabin had been put in a state of defense. I may add that Dr. Haxton and those who sided with him were also cynical and inclined to joke about it.



We saw Roberts knocked down, privately told Mr. and Mrs. Williams

and Mary to remain below, and the other women somehow got warning and gave up their usual morning promenade, though the weather was beautifully fine.

As Dr. Haxton went forward to pay his morning call Roberts accompanied him. There were three children on the poopdeck, and I sent them below just as Haskell came aft, bringing his musket with him and working away at the lock as if it was in need of repairs.

"Gentlemen, please step below for a minute, and don't stop to ask questions. Go now—at once!"

Something in his tones warned them of peril at hand, and they were out of sight before you could count 20. Ten seconds later a sound came aft which I can only compare to the confusion in a menagerie when the animals become excited.

When sailors and convicts saw us disappear in the cabin, they realized that we were prepared for the revolt and could not be surprised and overpowered at a dash.

There were only seven men of us in the cabin—the captain, both mates, Haskell, Williams, Saunders and Smith. Mr. Williams was an old man and counted for nothing.

The exception was in the case of the two single women. They had certainly been very foolish to strike up a romantic attachment with such villains, but it was plain that they had never contemplated a mutiny and the horrors that might follow.

The mutineers gave us about half an hour in which to prepare for them. During this interval they got their breakfasts, passed about bottles of rum, which must have been smuggled aboard at the Cape, and sailors and convicts fraternized in a way to prove that they were not strangers to each other.

The first move aft was made by York and Ben Johnson, one representing the sailors and guards and the other the convicts. They could not have known how well prepared we were in the cabin, but York displayed a flag of truce as the pair broke away from the crowd around the fo'c'st.

"Hello, in the cabin! Captain Clark, I have a few words to say to you!"

"Go easy, captain!" called York, while Ben Johnson laughed his contempt for the threat. "You know what has happened for'd, of course. We are in possession of the bark. As we are not a crowd of lambs, we thought you might prefer to take the boats and go voyaging on your own account."

"Yes, I know you have got possession

of the craft," said Captain Clark as he choked back his anger, "but if there is any taking to the boats, you'll be the one to go! If at the end of 15 minutes the convicts are not under lock and key and the sailors down on their knees and praying for my forgiveness, we'll open fire on you and sweep the decks of every living man."

"That's big talk, captain," sneered York, while the convict shrugged his shoulders and laughed loud and long.

They seemed to feel that it was the captain's ultimatum, however, and turned and walked forward. Five minutes later the doctor and Roberts were sent aft to talk to us. They had their hands tied behind their backs, and to prevent them from making a dash into the cabin each had a rope attached to him and the free end held by two mutineers.

"Captain Clark," he said as the pair halted within speaking distance, "the sailors have mutinied, and the convicts have been turned loose. I have been told to say to you that if you will consent to go away in the boats the two of us can go with you. If you refuse, we are to be put to death, and they further declare that not one of you will be spared."

"You see what you have brought us to," replied the captain, though his voice was more kind than reproachful. "It is all my fault," continued the doctor, "and I am here to tell you to fight to the last, no matter what becomes of me."

The doctor was about to speak again when the ropes by which the pair were held were viciously jerked by the mutineers, and they were pulled down and dragged forward. They would have been killed at once but for Johnson and York, who had sense enough to realize that this was but the beginning and that they might be made useful later on.

As was to be expected, York and Johnson lost all control of the men before the mutiny was an hour old. There were singing, shouting, laughing and dancing, and of course they must hoist up water and provisions with reckless hand. Everybody had a plan for getting at us in the cabin, and everybody wanted to be boss, and long enough before noon there had been hard fighting among them and no little blood spilled.

(Continued next week.)

A New Life-Saving Device.
An interesting device for insuring the safety of lives at sea has lately been tried with an encouraging measure of success. It is a new bulkhead water-tight door. This door is globular in form, and can be made any size, while it is fitted on a casting formed in two parts bolted to the bulkhead.

Wit and Satire.
Gibson Girl—Why are so few of your members of the nobility present? I came over expressly to meet them.

Mr. Dunn (unpaid bill in his hand)—When shall I call again, Owens? Mr. Owens—Well, it would hardly be proper for you to call again until I have returned the present call.—London Tid-Bits.

Willie—Papa gave me a dime to put in my dime savings bank. Gimme two nickels for it, ma? Ma—What for? You can't put nickels in your bank.

American girl (at Windsor castle)—Porter, is there any chance to get a glimpse of the queen? Gentleman at the gate—I am not the porter. I am the prince of Wales. American girl—How lucky I am! Is your mother in?

Teacher—Suppose, Johnnie, your mother cut a pound of meat into eight parts, what will each part be? Johnnie Chaffie—One-eighth of a pound. "Correct. Now, suppose she cuts each eighth in two—what will each part be?" "One-sixteenth of a pound."

MYSTERY OF THE DOWSER.

Streams Four Hundred Feet Beneath the Earth's Surface Located—Employed by Land Owners.

PSYCHOLOGICAL sharps have been deeply stirred the past few weeks, says a London letter in the New Orleans Picayune, by attempts made to fathom the mystery of the "dowers."

You may not know what a dower is, and when you do know, you will probably discredit the existence of such a person. A dower is a man, or woman, who is possessed of some curious occult force which gives the owner the power to locate hidden streams of water flowing 200 or 400 feet beneath the surface of the earth.

Dowers are scientifically termed hydroscopists. The presence of subterranean water has a peculiar effect upon their nervous systems. The dower, when prosecuting his work, always carries a hazel twig in his hands. When he reaches a spot where water is flowing underneath the hazel twig bends and points downward.

There are five or six professional dowers in England, and the leader of these is a young man of thirty, named Leicester Gataker. He is accumulating a fortune by his curious work, and he is kept so busy that he employs forty assistants, who complete the work his strange faculties map out.

It is practically agreed among those who have studied the matter that the gift is not only racial with the British, but sectional, as all of the dowers come from the west and south country of England. This is accounted for by the fact that dowsing has existed in the Cornish mine sections for centuries.

More than a score of books have been written on the subject, several of them by American students of the art, and from some of these it is learned that in olden times wielders of the divining rod used it for a variety of purposes, often times with success.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries dowsing was evidently an extensive industry. There is a book written in 1643 by the Baroness of Beausieil, in which she gives a list of 150 mines discovered by herself and her husband by use of the divining rod. From 1550 to 1700 no less than forty-six separate works on the subject of dowsing were published, and when it is remembered that book writing and printing in those days were rare things, the importance of the subject can be imagined.

NOT A BARGAIN.
"You want as much for this thermometer," said the woman who had arrived before the store opened so as to be the first at the bargain counter, "as you did for those you showed me last August."

Ho For Colorado.
Would you like to own a Fruit Farm, a Berry Farm, a Vineyard, a Potato Farm, a Melon Farm, an Alfalfa Farm, a Stock Farm, a Dairy Farm, a Bee Farm, a Farm or Country Home, for profit, health and independence, with the best soil, best climate, best irrigating canal, best water supply, best railroad facilities, best markets, best titles, and the most rapidly growing country in America?

Prices on fine irrigated farm and orchard lands were never so low as today, and those who take advantage of the opportunities now existing will never regret their change.

Wanted—An Idea
Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.