EDITORS' IDEAS.

Now, who lost? A banker sauntering home for his dinner saw a ten-dollar bill lying on the curbstone. Of course he picked it up and took the number of it in order to find the owner. While at home, his wife remarked that the butcher had sent in a bill amounting to $10. The only money he had with him was the bill he had found, which he gave to her and she paid the butcher. The butcher paid it to a farmer for a calf; the farmer paid it to a merchant, who in turn paid it to his clerk, and the clerk, owing the banker a note of $10, went to the bank and paid off the note. The banker recognized the bill as the one he had found and which up to that time had settled $50 of debts. On careful examination he found the bill was counterfeit. Now, will some one of our financial friends tell us what had been lost in this transaction, and by whom, if any?

You may elect the people to office, you may yell for 16 to 1 and free silver, you can talk hard times or prosperity, but you will never have a government of the people, for the people, and by the people until you get the initiative and referendum, or, as it is now called, direct legislation.—Burwell Journal.

The land no longer belongs to God for the use of his children; it belongs to the Godless for the abuse and oppression of the people. The mineral wealth of the earth is no longer an auxiliary for the comfort of mankind; it is one more highway robber to despoil the people at the signal from organized wealth and speculative greed. The tools of industry, evolved from the brain of labor and fashioned into forms for labor-saving use by labor's hand, have become the tools of capital through which the worker tramps and the worker starves, while the idler rolls in luxury. The giants of commercial exchange—the telegraph, the railroads, the ships—belong not to the people who formed them and paid for them many times over; they are controlled by the few who wrested them from you in order that you shall be slave and they master.—Independent-Era.

It looks now as though Senator Allen would have no trouble in being elected his own successor. He will have no opposition in his own party, and the goldbugs have not yet found the man who is fool enough to make the race against him.—Chase County Tribune.

"The advocates of a protective tariff have been assuring the toilers in all departments of industry that the Dingley bill was absolutely necessary to save them from competition with the pauper labor of other countries. Thousands of workingmen voted for McKinley," says the Cincinnati Enquirer, "with the assurance that their wages would be increased if the Dingley bill became a law. The terrible poverty and destitution of the toilers in the old world were painted in glowing colors. The most striking characteristic of republican prosperity is the inauguration of pauper wages among American workingmen. One of the results of the adoption of the Dingley bill is a sharp reduction of wages in every sphere of labor. The prospect is that before McKinley's term of service is ended the working masses will know by actual experience what pauper wages are. There is a reduction of 10 per cent at least all along the line, with a prospect of a still deeper cut.

Frankness and candor compel us to admit that the reduction in wages is not wholly due to the tariff, but is chiefly due to the disfranchisement of one of the money metals. Experience is a good schoolmaster and is everywhere engaged in teaching.

Why should we refuse to accept our own paper? England accepts it when it has an interest clause on it. Why shouldn't we then accept it without the clause and save to ourselves the interest we pay the Rothschilds? Yet it is only a piece of paper. Strange how good it becomes as soon as it mentions interest.—Holt County Independent.

Bryanism is a bigger thing than Bryan. And Bryanism will continue to grow, whatever Mr. Bryan may do. Bryanism is also a bigger thing than any newspaper. It is bigger than it's eastern critics and opponents. It is bigger than the bolters, bigger than any element of opposition. It is bigger than all these and is growing all the time.—Atlanta Constitution.

WOMANS' DRAWBACK.

Business Men Cannot Depend On Women for Work.

They are Ill too Often Because Negligent of their Health—A Busines Woman's Telling Words.

From the Free Press, Detroit, Mich.

The greatest drawback to-day with the women that work in the stores and factories is, that they do not take the right care of their health. Business men frequently say they can't depend on women because they are ill too often. If every young woman would take the right care of herself this complaint would never be heard.

Many thousands of young women are working, suffering agonies that would have a man to a sick bed. They bear their torture in silence because of their inborn modesty and blame their mother for not advising them.

Mrs. C. W. Mansfield, of 58 Farrar street, Detroit, Mich., is a business woman and a successful one too. Employing many young women and having years of experience in the business world, she is in a position to speak of women who earn a livelihood.

"For years" she said "I suffered in silence and was so worn out at night that I could not sleep. I visited a female specialist who said I had a complication of ailments peculiar to women. I could not find relief from her remedies and had tried so many kinds of medicine that I had given up all hope of ever getting better.

"I was given a box of Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People by a young lady in my employ. The first box gave me much relief and I was able to rest at night for the first time in many months. I then bought more pills and think I must have used a dozen boxes in my own case, but have given away to suffering women double that amount. Without a doubt these pills are good medicine for they cured me, and have cured several people to my knowledge.

I think that if you should ask any of the druggists of Detroit, who are the best buyers of Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People, they would say the young women.

These pills certainly build up the nervous system and many a young woman owes her life to them.

As a business woman I am pleased to recommend them as they did more for me than any physician and I can give Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People credit for my good health to-day."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

For the growing girl they are of the utmost benefit, for the mother indispensable, for every woman invaluable.

Everywhere Dr. William's Pink Pills are recognized as a specific for diseases of the blood and nerves. For paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and other diseases long supposed incurable, they have proved their efficacy in thousands of cases. They are one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind.

Post Office "Profits."

The postal authorities recently decided to cut down the number of free deliveries in the residential parts of New York from seven to four daily. Very naturally, and properly enough, a great outcry followed. But some of the reasons advanced to show the injustice of cutting down the mail facilities are quite unworthy of the newspapers of a great metropolis. The cutting down of these deliveries was made on the ground of economy. And on this much ado is made. We are told that the government has no right to economize in a post office centre that yields a great profit, that if the postal deficit must be cut down by introducing economies, the economies should be made at the "backwoods" post offices that do not earn expenses. Thus we are told that last year the receipts of all the post offices included within the present city of New York were $9,182,000, and that the total expenditures amounted to $4,137,000, thus leaving "a net profit of more than $5,000,000." But of the postal expenditures of the government, full one third or over $30,000,000 are for transportation and surely a share of these expenditures ought to be charged to the New York post office before we go to summing up any profit.

And then we wonder if New Yorkers do not send a letter now and then to "backwoods" post offices maintained at "a loss" to the government. And if they do, do not those New Yorkers reap the benefit of that "back woods" post office just as much as such "back woods" office benefits the receivers of the letters, and if so is it not fair that the cost should be divided between them? The New Yorker should disabuse himself of the idea that he is being taxed to make up the deficit of the "back woods" post offices, for he uses and profits from the use of such post offices just as much as any one else.—The American.

The Poor Man's Prayer.

We thank thee Lord, that thou hast sent affliction to the rich—
Dyspepsia, gout, insomnia, and other troubles which
Disturb their souls by day and night and cause as much or more
Of real distress than by the ills which thou has sent the poor.

We may not have enough too eat. They eat too much, and so
It's just about an even thing which hath the most of woe.
We have no time to rest by day. They cannot rest by night,
So, all in all, it seemeth things are pretty nearly right.

We can't afford to ride, but there, again, their joy we balk,
For, O, thou sendest them the gout, and so they cannot walk.
Thou sendest them rich food and drink, weak stomaches, headaches, wealth,
To us thou sendest poverty, plain living, toil and health.

O, glad are we the rich must have, while living off the fat,
Hay fever, likewise paresis, and lots of things like that.
And so we're thankful for our joys, the greater part of which
Is thinking of the many woes thou sendest to the rich.

NIXON WATERMAN,
in "Good Health."

Many People Cannot Drink

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer today. Try it in place of Coffee. 15 and 25c.

You will find the date at which your subscription expired marked on this week's issue of your paper. Take notice of it and if you are in arrears you should make a payment at once.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Klondike.

What does it cost to get there? When and how should one go? What should one take? Where are the mines? How much have they produced? Is work plentiful? What wages are paid? Is living expensive? What are one's chances of "making a strike?"

Complete and satisfactory replies to the above questions will be found in the Burlington Route's "Klondike Folder," now ready for distribution. Sixteen pages of practical information and an up-to-date map of Alaska and the Klondike; Free at Burlington Route ticket offices, or sent on receipt of four cents in stamps by J. Francis, Gen'l Passenger agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Alaska Gold Fields.

If you contemplate a trip to St. Michael's Circle City, Ft. Cudahy, or Forty Mile or in fact any point in Alaska let me quote you rates and sailings. I have the very latest advices from Portland and Seattle. G. W. Bonnell, C. P. & T. A., corner Tenth and O streets, Burlington Route, Lincoln, Nebraska.

BREVITIES

PERSONAL CHATS.

Miss Virginia Montgomery of New Orleans is the designer of the Confederate monument to be erected at San Antonio.

Professor F. A. Young of Newark, N. J., who holds the record of 11 hours and 6 minutes, has challenged all comers to a long distance fiddling match.

When Mme. Albani sings before the queen, she is always requested to finish with the "Blue Bells of Scotland," which is a special favorite with her majesty.

Benjamin F. Allen of Grafton, W. Va., who has just celebrated his one hundred and seventh birthday, says that he fought in the British army against Napoleon.

Borasjeno Koloman Tiszo, Hungary's greatest statesman, has not taken any active interest in politics since he resigned the premiership. He is said to resemble Bismarck in many points of personal character.

The will of the late Henry Barnhart, one of the wealthiest pioneers of California, consists of only 18 words and says simply, "I direct that my property shall be disposed of according to the laws of the state of California."

Miss Frances E. Willard, who was reported by an Indiana paper to be opposed to coeducation, has written a letter denying this report and declaring that she believes women should have all the privileges that men have.

The dean of St. Asaph delighted a London crowd recently by sprinting after a pickpocket and catching him. The thief had stolen the dean's wife's pocketbook in church while she was watching her husband perform a marriage ceremony.

Major General Bengough of the British army, who died recently, became famous in India for a divisional order commanding the medical staff to pare the corns and cut the toe nails of the men in order to improve the marching efficiency of the division.

Professor Theodore Mommsen, the famous historian, is a man of small stature, with long, snow white hair hanging down to his shoulders and a frame almost emaciated, but he still has the energy and the power of work that one might expect in a man half his age.

Jules Massenet, the French composer, has announced that he will write no more operas. Massenet has a cigar between his lips almost all the time. He never accepts social invitations, never attends performances of his own works except at rehearsals and is of an exceedingly nervous habit.

Prince Oscar of Sweden, who some time ago gave up his royal rank to marry Miss Ebba Munck and is now known as Count of Wisborg, has decided to go to Africa as a missionary, together with his wife. They have been practicing on savages who have visited Stockholm with traveling shows.

Mr. Nansen, the arctic explorer, is quite exacting and exorbitant in his terms. For a lecture in Washington he demanded a bonus of $1,000 cash in advance, that all his expenses and the expenses of his lecture should be paid, and that he should have 60 per cent of the remainder of the proceeds, if there were any.

APHORISMS.

Kindness out of season destroys authority.—Saadi.

It is never wise to slip the bands of discipline.—Lew Wallace.

God alone can properly bind up a bleeding heart.—Joseph Roux.

Age is a matter of feeling, not of years.—George William Curtis.

Only evil grows of itself, while for goodness we want effort and courage.—Amiel.

If a man cannot be a Christian in the place where he is, he cannot be a Christian anywhere. — Henry Ward Beecher.

Nobody can give you wiser advice than yourself. You will never err if you listen to your own suggestions.—Cicero.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is the most strongly united by the fiercest flame.—Colton.

There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble.—Washington Irving.

Insincerity in a man's own heart must make all his enjoyments, all that concerns him, unreal, so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic representation.—Hawthorne.

Other blessings may be taken away, but if we have acquired a good friend by goodness we have a blessing which improves in value when others fail. It is even heightened by sufferings.—Channing.

IRONICAL IFS.

If time were money, tramps would be rolling in wealth.

If kisses were intoxicating, lovers would never favor prohibition.

If it is true that poetry runs in the blood, it must be in the poetical vein.

If a man is at all sharp, no other man ever tries to sit down on him more than once.

If delusions would make a man happy, what a jolly world this would be for married men!

If the wife would practice all her husband preaches, there would be few matrimonial failures.

If the railway ticket agent were paid according to the fool questions he has to answer, it would keep him busy swing his salary.—Chicago News.

HUMOR

THE STORY WAS SPOILED.

And No Wonder the Girl With the Theater Hat Was Angry.

"It was about the neatest skin game, if it was a skin game at all, that I've ever been up against."

The man in the orchestra seat was talking between the acts to his companion in tones so clear that they were quite audible to the girl with the theater hat in the row behind if she leaned forward a little. And she did so lean.

"Happened to me last time I was in Washington," continued the man. "I went into a restaurant there—very nice looking sort of a place—and ordered a lunch. My table was one of those small ones with a seat on each side of it. Pretty soon in comes a young female, puts her shopping bundles on the window sill and takes the seat opposite."

"Pretty?" inquired his companion.

"Oh, well, I don't know! Didn't notice particularly, but"—

"She wasn't," observed the other. "Go on."

The girl behind smothered a giggle.

"Any way," continued the narrator, "she ordered some things to eat and finished 'em before I finished mine, for I was taking things easy. Then she got up and went away, leaving her bundles on the window sill. By and by the waiter comes with a bill for her lunch as well as mine. I kicked. He insisted; said the lady had lunched with me and I must pay. By that time I was beginning to suspect that I was being worked, but rather than have any row I paid both checks and took the satisfaction of telling the manager he was running a blackmailing joint. 'I'll take these with me anyway,' I said, gathering up the bundles which my mysterious vanishing companion had left. At first they kicked on that, but I was firm. I put 'em under my arm and went down to my hotel."

"What was in 'em?" asked his companion.

"That's the queer part of it, the part that makes me uncertain if it was a game or not."

The girl behind leaned forward so eagerly that a feather of her big hat tickled the ear of the speaker. He paused to brush it away. The girl bobbed back hastily.

"No sooner," continued the man, "had I opened the first bundle than there fell"—

Bang! went the orchestra in the tumultuous opening of the prelude to the last act.

"Darn!" said the girl with the theater hat violently and looked daggers at the young man in the adjoining seat because he laughed.—New York Sun.

Wouldn't Think of It.

First Tramp—I had a chance wunst ter go into de burglary line, but dat wuz agin me principles.

Second Tramp—Yer wouldn't do dat, eh?

First Tramp—Naw! T'ink of fellers workin t'ree an four hours tryin ter open a safe.—Town Topics.

Bathos.

The art of bathos is tolerably well illustrated by the exclamation of a French critic before an English artist's canvas: "C'est superbe! C'est magnifique! C'est pretty well!" — London Household Words.

Very Deceptive.

"Appearances are very deceptive," remarked the tenor.

"Yes," replied the prima donna, "especially farewell appearances."—Boston Traveler.

Same Thing.

Politicus—Senator Gamble is the luckiest man. Why, he's in clover.

Correspondent—Huh, I thought he was in sugar. — New York Sunday World.

The Editor Is Rewriting It.

How about the poems sent some time ago? M.

One of them is now in process of preparation to appear in public.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Only a Voice.

First Telephone Girl—Do you know Mr. Ringer?

Second Telephone Girl—Not by sight, only to speak to.—Brooklyn Life.

Her Remark.

He—What would you say if I should kiss you?

She—Let the good work go on.—Town Topics.

A Mascot.

Rastus—Say, Julius, wot yo' want ter keep company wif dat homely ole widdah fob?

Julius—She's a mascot, chile. She's been married 4 times, got 11 children, and she's 44 yeer ole.—New York Journal.

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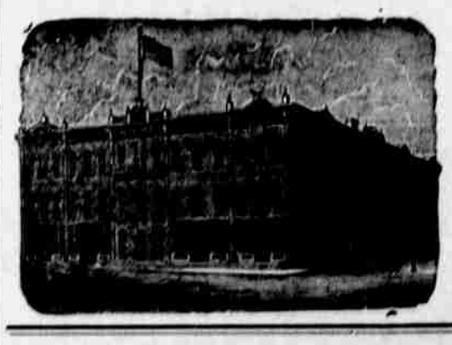

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