

PLAYING AT ECONOMY

Republican Party Vainly Seeking Salvation by a Petty Subterfuge.

RIVER AND HARBOR HUMBUG

Champ Clark's Defense of Local Papers in Opposition to the Loud Bill.

A Tribute to the Country Editor.

(Special Washington Letter.) The devil was sick, The devil got well, The devil was sick, The devil got well.

The first two lines of this quatrain are descriptive of the present predicament of the Republican party. The last two are prophetic of its conduct should it recover. It is sick, perhaps sick unto death.

Pretends to Reform.

But, being sick, the old prostitute pretends to repent. A new life is to be led—a life of abstemiousness and economy. It is really comical to see Uncle Joe Cannon and Mr. Payne, "the gray haired mandarin" et id omne genus, "play economy" for everybody knows that their economy is only make believe.

A Startling Fact.

In pursuance of this scheme of pretended economy—good for this session only and not a day longer—it is now given out that the committee on rivers and harbors, after incubating for months, will report no bill at all. This is an astounding proposition. Now, one of two things is true—first, either some sort of a river and harbor bill is needed this session, or, second, none ever is needed.

Every vote that the Republicans get next fall by reason of "economy" will be obtained under false pretenses, and if dollars instead of votes would land the beneficiaries in the penitentiary instead of in congress.

A Difference With a Distinction.

When Samuel J. Randall was speaker and Jim McKenzie of Kentucky was a member, a very amusing thing happened. McKenzie was a brilliant, eloquent, dapper sort of statesman who always carried his nerve with him. One day he arose and solemnly said, "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of highest privilege." "State it," replied Randall. "I call up house bill No. —, making an appropriation for a public building at Paducah, Ky.," gravely answered the audacious Kentuckian. "The gentleman is trifling with the chair!" roared Randall, white with rage. "That is no question of privilege!" "Oh, Mr. Speaker, the chair is mistaken!" said McKenzie, arguendo. "That is a question of highest privilege, involving a member's right to his seat. If I don't get the appropriation for that custom house, I will never be re-elected in this world."

FOREST TREES

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ROBT. W. FURNAS, Brownville, Neb.

florid, ornate, persuasive, supplicatory, pathetic and bathetic. All fell on dead ears. He vowed that the \$150,000 he wanted would diminish freight rates 6 cents a bushel on all Oregon wheat, but nobody seemed to care one whit. He intimated that he needed it in a political way. Nobody hearkened to his cry. He suggested that all the money the Oregonians got hold of they sent back east to buy supplies of coffins and such stuff, but the hardened sinners only grinned.

A Missouri Economist.

Dockery of Missouri ran amuck on Oregon, so to speak, and by use of oratory and perspiration saved to the people \$150,000 that day and more than \$1,000,000 ultimately, a pretty good day's work, permit me to say, to be credited to Democracy generally and Dockery particularly. Somehow Democratic Dockery of Missouri manages by hook or crook to save a considerable quantum of the people's money every once in awhile. Such men as Dockery beat the deuce—they really do. Actually stingy with the public money! Why, bless my stars, since I come to think, that's the very same identical, historic charge they brought nearly a century ago against a certain redheaded Virginian named Thomas Jefferson, who loved to play the fiddle and farm and philosophize. "Oh, damn him!" the prodigals of that day cried. "He spends his own money like a thoroughbred, but he's a regular skinflint when it comes to the public money. He's a queer duck." And so after nearly 100 years Alexander Monroe Dockery of Missouri, an unwashed Democrat, actually follows in Jefferson's footsteps and tries to save the public money, which disgusted Mr. Tongue exceedingly.

But if Tongue had looked ten feet from where he was standing and had let his eye rest on Governor Nelson Dingley of Maine he would have been dumb though his name is Tongue, for while he couldn't get a nickel for Oregon \$350,000 was appropriated right off the reel for a little port called Rockland up in Governor Dingley's district. The governor assented solemnly with his hand on his heart that he never asked for that sum or any other, and for fear this amazing statement would not be swallowed he brought as purgators Uncle Joe Cannon and Hon. William A. Stone of Pennsylvania, manipulator of "the hog combine" and candidate for governor of the Keystone State. When they were through purgating, Jerry Simpson, who has a sink in his head where the bump of reverence ought to be, phrenologically speaking, hopped up and declared that the appropriations committee had to run after Governor Dingley, catch him vi et armis, throw him down and ram the money into his pocket. But the fact remains that the governor's little port was well provided for, and Mr. Tongue wagged his tongue in vain and got no pap. Wherefore? For three reasons—first, Governor Dingley is chairman of the ways and means committee; second, he has been in congress nearly 20 years; third, he lives in Maine. Now, if Mr. Tongue will duplicate these persuasive environments he will stand a much better chance to gobble a fat appropriation.

"The Loud Bill"

Signs of disintegration in the Republican party in congress multiply. By three days of hard hand to hand fighting we killed the notorious "Loud bill." It was done by an almost solid vote of Democrats, Populists and Silver Republicans, together with a few Republicans who, living in rural districts, could not be whipped into the support of this oppressive measure, which in its effect was deleterious to a free press. It was a distinctively anti-Republican victory, but could not have been won save for the weakening of Republican discipline. The truth is certain Republican congressmen are beginning to bolt the leaders and heed the people. On our side Moon and Richardson of Tennessee, Bell of Colorado, Lenz of Ohio, Simpson of Kansas, Cochran and Loyd of Missouri deserve special mention. I took a hand myself. I said inter alia:

The Main Objection.

The great objection to this bill is that it is detrimental to newspapers and diminishes the diffusion of information, and I repeat now what I said before—that Democrats are in favor of the widest possible diffusion of knowledge. I have such implicit faith in the proposition that truth is mighty and will prevail that were I as rich as John D. Rockefeller I would publish a popular edition of Jefferson's works and put a copy into the hands of every voter in the United States, absolutely certain that it would make the country Democratic for all time to come.

The Country Editor.

Having once been a country editor myself, I entertain a most kindly feeling for my old confederates. I am willing to make affidavit that the 11 months I spent editing a rural journal were the most beneficial of my life to myself and perhaps to others. I am proud to have belonged to the editorial guild. I am unalterably opposed to anything that will injure the country editor, curtail his profits, circumscribe his usefulness or place an additional thorn in his pathway. The rural editor—God bless him—is the most persistent of teachers. Like charity, as described by St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, he "suffereth long and is kind," which

cannot be said of the men who got up this bill. He "envieth not," in which he does not resemble some people over on this side of the house. He "vaunteth not himself," in which he is unlike the leaders on the other side of the big aisle. He "is not puffed up," in which he does not resemble a good many of us. He "does not behave himself unseemly, seeketh not his own, is not easily provoked." In this last respect he does not at all resemble my friend from California (Mr. Loud).

He "thinketh no evil," in which he is vastly superior to a great many of us, "rejoiceth not in iniquity," in which he is totally unlike the Republicans, "but rejoiceth in the truth," which proves that he is cousin german to the Democrats. He "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," and in that respect is very much in the predicament of the minority on this side of the house under the Reed rules.

He is the pack horse of every community, the promoter of every laudable enterprise, the worst underpaid laborer in the vineyard.

Counting his space as his capital, he gives more to charity, his means considered, than any other member of society.

He is a power in politics, a pillar of the church, a leader in the crusade for better morals.

He is pre-eminently the friend of humanity. Line upon line, paragraph upon paragraph, day by day, he is embalming in cold type the facts from which the Heroditus, Tacitus, Sionon-di or Macaulay of the future will write the history of our times.

He joyfully chronicles our advent into this world, briefly notes our uprisings and downittings and sorrowfully records our exit from this vale of tears.

As a creator of beauty he double discounts Mme. Ayres, who professes to increase feminine pulchritude only in particular instances, while the country editor, exercising plenary power, beautifies impartially all women whose names appear in his columns. By a touch of his magician's wand he converts paste into diamonds sparkling upon beauty's neck, and with a skill of which ancient and ambitious alchemists only dreamed and with politeness which Chesterfield might have envied he transmutes brass trinkets into golden jewels when worn by members of a subscriber's family.

He is the greatest and most ingenious of manufacturers, for while others manufacture perishable stuffs he is engaged in manufacturing immortal statements out of raw—sometimes very raw—materials, an industry which even the Dingley tariff cannot protect. He is

To our virtues very kind, And to our faults a little blind.

We are all more or less—generally more—his handiwork, and the creature should not be ungrateful to his creator. Without his generous and enthusiastic labors most of us would never have been here, and when he tires of us most of us will return to private life amid rural scenes propitious for secret meditation and silent prayer.

Working night and day during the campaign, often without money and without price, when the election is over and the time comes for the distribution of the loaves and fishes—now vulgarly called "pie"—by some strange lapse of memory he is generally forgotten.

Greeley's Letter to Seward.

Horace Greeley was certainly one of the greatest editors the world ever saw. His letter to William H. Seward in 1854 "to announce the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley with the withdrawal of the junior partner" is one of the funniest, most caustic and most pathetic epistles in American literature.

Horace's wrathful statement, part of which I quote, would easily fit many another rural editor. After stating that in 1837 Weed and other friends of Seward asked him to run a campaign weekly paper he continues: "They asked me to fix my salary for the year. I named \$1,000, which they agreed to, and I did the work required to the best of my ability. It was work that made no figure and created no sensation, but I loved it, and I did it well. When it was done, you were governor, dispensing offices worth \$3,000 to \$20,000 per year to your friends and compatriots, and I returned to my garret and my crust and my desperate battle with pecuniary obligations."

I commend that entire letter to politicians and to editors. It is what Greeley himself would have denominated "mighty interesting reading"—in light of Greeley's revenge by aiding to defeat Seward for the presidency at Chicago six years later. "The junior partner" evened up the score on that occasion.

His Perfect Fidelity in 1896.

He is faithful to the people as the needle to the pole. I can never forget—how can any man on this side of the chamber forget so long as memory holds her away, so long as gratitude finds a lodgment in the human heart—that in the momentous campaign of 1896, when the vast majority of the great Democratic metropolitan dailies—not all of them, mark you, but a vast majority—hastily deserted their colors and went bag and baggage, horse, foot and dragons, into the camp of the enemy, the country weeklies, with rare exceptions, stood by the cause of Bryan, Democracy and humanity with unshaken fidelity, superb courage and heroic self abnegation, thereby vindicating the patriotism, wisdom and independence of the American press.

Upon this same country editor we must depend largely for honest, fearless, patriotic press service in the campaign now impending as well as in that of 1900, and surely upon the Democratic side of this house we would be acting with unspeakable folly to deprive him of any of his prerogatives.

CHAMP CLARK.

War and the Gold Bond Issue.

When it comes to war we are all in for war, pops, democrats and republicans, but when it comes to issuing bonds then the republicans separate company with us. Now in the event that this country has war with Spain there is no reason why we should issue any bonds. If we issue bonds we will get gold for them and as soon as the gold is put in circulation it will hide and that will be the last you will see of it until the war is ended. No matter how many bonds this country issues with which to get the yellow metal it will hide as soon as it gets into the people's hands. There is no way to keep gold or silver in circulation during a war. Then it is readily seen by the reader that some other kind of money must be issued to take the place of either one of the metal moneys. Let the government issue greenbacks as Lincoln did in the sixties; and if the government will say that they are good for all debts both public and private they will circulate all the time. But if the exception clause is put on them they will depreciate as they did once before. Give us the good old greenbacks with no exception clause, but say that it is full legal tender for all debts both public and private, and issue no bonds, but let the gold gambler invest his filthy lucre with some other country than this free America. If the gold shark is successful in fastening his gold bonds upon this country during a little controversy of this country with Spain which seems to be sure to come, the next generation will live in a time when they will be able to see that the money gambler was a worse detriment to the common people than all the wars put together. The money class care but little whether there is war or not; what they are looking for is the best chance to invest their money, and little they care for the common people who fight the battles.—Red Cloud Nation.

Georgia Populists.

The Georgia Populist Convention has adjourned having named the following state ticket. Governor, Thomas Watson; Secretary of State, Z. O. Jackson; Treasurer, J. H. Taylor; School Commissioner, B. M. Zettler; Chief Justice, Walter B. Hill; Attorney General, Carey Thornton. Gen. Phillips, W. D. Hawkins and Chas. E. McGehee were elected National Committeemen. The Nashville conference and the action of the National Organization committee were endorsed. The immediate election of a new National Chairman in the place of Senator Marion Butler was demanded of the National Committee.

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ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE.

Dr. Powell of Wisconsin Offers Himself as a Substitute for Senator Mason.

A few days ago Baron el Cardo, marquis of Alta villa of Madrid, Spain, sent a challenge to mortal combat to Senator Mason, naming swords as the weapons. The Spaniard was enraged at Senator Mason's speech in support of Cuban independence. It is not customary for the challenging party to name the weapons, and Senator Mason made no reply. Dr. George Powell, of La Crosse, Wis., an enthusiastic patriot and admirer of Senator Mason, has emboldened the following acceptance in Senator Mason's stead: "To Baron el Cardo, Madrid: Through the press dispatches I am informed that you have challenged Senator Mason to mortal combat for words spoken in defense of his position as the champion of the patriotism and principles of his country and its people in the United States, with usual Spanish generosity selecting your own weapons. "Now, as Senator Mason has spent a lifetime in the pursuit of a more humane calling, and in the walks of a civilization that has but poorly fitted him to meet a bully at arms, as one who has admired and now endorses the objectionable words and patriotism of Senator Mason, I, a plainman, a westerner, one of a class known as typical American, patriotic because it holds principle, as patriotism, above price—because it believes that murder in the first degree cannot be paid for with gold, hereby accept your challenge and name the army pistol, the old forty-four, the organ of civilization, the instrument with which the American pioneer measured justice to assassins. "And while earnestly assuring you and all your kind that thousands of men of my type stand ready to step in my tracks and pick up my pistol if it should fall, I sincerely thank the representative of a thousand years of barbarism for the opportunity to fire the shot in revenge for the Yankee sailors who fed the sharks in the bottom of Havana bay. "LaCrosse, Wis."

Dr. George Powell is a noted western plainsman and Indian fighter, who followed the fortunes of the army for thirty years in the capacity of scout and guide in the numerous Indian wars, serving with distinction under every general of the army west of the Mississippi river during that time of service. So valuable to the army were the services rendered by him that he has been the recipient of many mementoes from his commanders, among them being a magnificent silver mounted revolver, costing \$150, and presented by the late General George A. Custer. Dr. Powell is about fifty years of age and a well-known physician of LaCrosse. He is of a modest and retiring disposition, but when once aroused becomes a perfect lion in battle. Dr. Powell is a boon companion of such frontiersmen as Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, Texas Jack and others of equal note.

Mr. J. W. Hartley, formerly connected with the Farmers Alliance, Eleventh and M streets and J. W. Mussetter, is now located and manager of Farmers Exchange, 221 North Tenth street, Lincoln, doing a general grocery business. The special prices on flour, both wholesale and retail, attracts the attention of the multitude. Flour making good bread at \$1.30 and the highest patent at \$1.35 per sack needs only one trial to convince any one of its superior merits. Mr. Hartley wants to meet and wait on all his former customers. Flour and all other groceries exchanged for country produce.

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