

NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT.

Omaha, April 16, 1898.

From Chicago

Nebraska Clothing Co., Omaha—Gentlemen: Please send me your latest catalogue. I have bought some suits in Chicago but they have not worn near so well as the suits I bought of you when I lived in Omaha, and they are much dearer. I have always got good satisfaction out of your goods. Please send at once.

Yours Respectfully,
H. KLOPPING, Evanston, Ill.

This is not the first nor the twentieth letter of this kind we have received this season so far. Every season it is the same thing. It simply corroborates what we have told you time and again that nowhere on this continent can you get more wear in your clothing and that nowhere can you get as good clothing for the money as clothing which bears our tag. We have something like fourteen thousand letters on file from people in various parts of the country telling us that they have never been able to equal the values they have bought here. We did not ask for these letters. They came unsolicited and unexpected by us. They are the voluntary expressions of people who are pleased with our goods and who have found out that in other places they cannot do nearly so well. That's the kind of advertising that very few houses can boast of. It is the kind that ought to be the most convincing to you.

Nebraska Clothing Co

OMAHA

Monopolistic Monologue.

Let us corner up the sunbeams,
Laying all around our path;
Get a trust on wheat and roses,
Give the poor the thorn and chaff.
Let us find our chiefest pleasure,
Hoarding bouquets of the day,
So the poor will have scant measure,
And two prices have to pay.
Yes, we'll reservoir the rivers,
And we'll levy on the lakes,
And we'll lay a trifling poll tax
On each man that partakes;
We'll brand his number on him,
That he'll carry through his life,
We'll apprentice all his children,
Get a mortgage on his wife.
We will capture even the wild god,
And confine him in a cave,
Then through our patent process,
We the atmosphere will save;
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother
When he tries his lungs to fill,
Put a meter on his windpipe,
And present our little bill.
We will syndicate the starlight
And monopolize the moon,
Claim royalty on rest days,
A proprietary noon,
For right of way through ocean's spray,
We'll charge just what it's worth,
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes,
In fact we'll own the earth.
—New Time.

Governor Holcomb has declined to be a candidate for a third time. The populist party must see to it that a capable and worthy successor is placed at the head of the populist ticket this fall and elected. Begin early and select the best man. Sometimes a "dark horse" gets the nomination and is elected. Sometimes he makes a good officer and sometimes he doesn't. The safest plan is to nominate men who are known to be honest and competent. This is not a time for experiment. The populist party is making history. To make history that it will never be ashamed of, it must proceed honestly, cautiously and fearlessly. Bad men, bad candidates, will not make good history.

NEBRASKA'S COTTON MILL.

Some facts about Nebraska's cotton factory are of interest. The factory is at Kearney. It has 16,000 spindles. It uses from sixty to seventy-five bales each week, or about 3,640 bales a year. The grade of cotton is low middling. The annual output of cloth is about 775 tons. That is to say, the mill consumes annually sixty-two carloads of 30,000 pounds each of raw cotton, and ships about fifty carloads of cloth, or 60,000,000 yards. The average product weighs about 30,000 pounds to 32,000 yards. These shirtings, as they are called, sell for from 4 to 7 cents a yard at the mill. Striking an average of about 6 cents a yard, the annual product of the mill is about \$3,500,000. Kearney paid \$200,000 bonus to get the factory.

It is well known to the student that the chancellor of the university writes the reports of the meetings of the board of regents for the daily papers. He is, therefore, responsible for the statements of fact in those reports. The intentional deception of his account of the late meeting are characteristic of the man, and are in themselves sufficient cause for the lack of confidence which is so plainly manifested by students and faculty.

The chancellor says there are 1,901 students enrolled and that "1,701 are in the university proper." How exact this statement seems! It would not be correct to make it an even 1,700. It is the peculiar misfortune of some people that everything appears gigantic to them. A mouse is as big as an elephant and, in deed, the prejudice is often apparent. Every one acquainted with university affairs knows that in this number of 1,901 students are included 340 from the summer school, 400 from the music and art departments, 30 from the short winter of agriculture, and that none of this 1,901 has ever paid the necessary fee, without which no one calling the university. Thus it is

HARDY'S COLUMN.

Justice Delayed—Prosperity, Increases
Value of Gold—Dummy Editors—129
Leaders—Yellow—Governor's De-
claration—Bryan the Man—Basis of
Taxation.

Another week of delay and another thousand Cuban women and children are starved to death. The two houses of congress have agreed and another opportunity of delay is given the president. Our motto is the independence of Cuba if we have to fight for it and the quicker the better.

Well, prosperity has struck me," said an old rock grounded republican. "I have sold my house or rather sold the lot for what I paid for it and threw in the house which cost me \$3,000. The last year," said he, "I have been reading both sides of the money question and I am convinced property has got to go lower yet, if they stick to the gold standard, or in other words property increases faster than gold so the increase demand for gold will raise the price of it. Everything I have is for sale, and if I can put my money into school, county or state bonds at 3 per cent I shall do it. I see clearly our government is run in the interest of the money lender, and I am determined to stand with the ruling class."

Any fool can see that gold alone has increased in value, and it is because the demand for it has increased faster than the supply. As money it has to fill the office that both gold and silver filled a few years ago. A horse will sell for as much grain or cotton as he ever would, but only half as much gold. The eastern money power begin to admit that the gold standard party has got another and a harder battle to fight in 1900. Gage is the only man in their party who stands up to the gold standard ruck. He asks congress to make the gold standard more complete. Others tread softly.

Editors, without any opinions of their own, are all the go today. They must write and publish just what will be for the interest of their party and they must change whenever the east end of their party changes. The current news must be sifted and only that part printed that is favorable to their party. A good, smooth lie made out of whole cloth takes first rate many times and crooked truth is better than straight goods.

Where have all the reliable editors gone, those like Greeley, Bennett and Weed? Why have they all, with two or three exceptions flopped over on the side of the money and corporation powers? Hundreds of editors are to be found who voted for Bryan and bimetalism and yet all the time print a gold bug jajer. What kind of educators or leaders do such men make?

He that can print newspapers for the acre is on top of the heap and if he is more enterprising than his neighbor his goods fall under the head of yellow journalism.

It is well that Governor Holcomb has decided not to be a candidate for a third term. The third term prejudice would lose us many hundred votes. We want a candidate for governor who has not entered the state house as an office-holder for at least two years last past. Give us a new man who will give us all new appointments so far as he is concerned. In two years more we should elect all new state officers, excepting governor and demand of them all new appointees under them. It will not do to keep the same lot of suckers around the state house from generation to generation. It was the old republican suckers that succeeded the life out of the republican party. They have been transferred to Washington and are known as the Nebraska gang. There was not half government appointments enough in the state for them.

We read with satisfaction that we are not alone in the belief that W. J. Bryan is our man for governor. The republicans cannot ring the charges of recount, contest, house riot, bartley bond or spotted cow on him. Joe Johnson's republican mud and tar would stick to his own fingers. It is also believed that electing him governor would be a long step toward the white house.

The basis of assessment, and taxation should be the same with all kinds of property. The first and about the only consideration that should enter into the assessment is the selling cash value of the property or franchise. What the property cost twenty or thirty years ago, under the gold and silver standard should not be considered in making up the assessment. A large proportion of our property has depreciated one-half an dollar value, under the gold standard, while railroads and other corporate property that have a fixed income by law and by the courts have actually increased in value. The selling price of property takes into account the income and the expense of running. If stocks have been watered half and are still selling at one hundred cents on the dollar the water part should be taxed as much as the other part. Stocks of all kinds are unreasonably worthless for taxation but of great value for incomes and dividends. If farms that are selling one dollar are taxed ten dollars then the railroad, the stock of which is selling at the rate of ten thousand a mile, should be taxed one hundred dollars a mile. Even then, taxation would not be equal for the farmers and property holders pay all the internal tax, and the most of the import tax. Notes, mortgages and money should be taxed according to selling value, the same as merchandise, and they should be taxed where filed or recorded. That we may know the amount of notes held, make a law that no note or debt shall be collected by law that is not registered in the county clerk's office within six months after the indebtedness is incurred. Then make another law similar to that of other states that no mortgage or judgment hereafter made shall be valid against a family home.

Me. H. M. Matthew, the well-known attorney at Leup City, was in this city on business this week.

The Housekeeper's Corner.

Samantha Allen says that we Americans are a "dretful anxious lookin', hard-workin', long-faced, ambitious, go-ahead race, and we tackle a holiday as if it were a hard day's work we had got to get through with just as quick as we could; and we face enjoyments with considerable the same countenance we do funerals." And she is about right. Are we going to a picnic? At once we begin to plan the lunch. We will make one of those elegant "brownstone front" cakes that won so many compliments at the reception given for the new minister last winter; and one of those delicate concoctions called "angel's food"—although angels are not supposed to need food—will go nicely with it. For, of course, we must have two kinds of cake. There must also be the proper quota of pies, some pressed chicken, dainty salads, and all the et cetera that go to the making up of an elaborate picnic dinner. We scout John's suggestion that sandwiches, coffee and some fruit would do just as well and make less work with such fine scorn that he is silenced at once and goes meekly out to catch the chickens. Go to a picnic with such a lunch as that, indeed! Not we! Why, what would Mrs. Cruttle say? And Mrs. Jones is sure to take one of her marble cakes that she thinks so fine, and they are very nice, but they don't begin to compare with our "brownstone front." And no one else in the neighborhood can make such salads as ours. What could John have been thinking of! And we set to work briskly to keep up our reputation as a cook. From early morning till night of the day before the proposed holiday we mix and stir and bake; and wash and iron, for tablecloths and napkins and dresses must be ready as well as food, and our table linen must be of the whitest and our dresses the daintiest and prettiest, until by night we are "just dead tired." In the night we wake up and wonder how the weather will be, or if that dress shrunk in the washing, and worry for fear the pressed chicken will not "set" firm or the angel's food not be as light as light can be, and how in the world we ever can get the things all packed so that nothing will look mumbled. "And truly," I quote from Samantha again, "if anybody's goin' to set up in the worry business, night is the best time for it in the hull twenty-four hours; middlin'-sized troubles swell out so in the dark; tribulations that ain't by daylight much bigger 'n a pipe's tail, at midnight look bigger 'n a barn. I declare for 't," she says, "I've had bunnets before now that didn't suit me—was trimmed up too gay, or come over my face too much, or sunthin', and when I'd wake up in the night and think on 'em, they'd look as big to me as a bushel basket, and humbler; and I'd lay and sweat to think of ever wearin' 'em to meet in'; but at daylight they'd kinder dwindle down again to their natural shape." And so in this case. At daylight the pressed chicken and angel's food seem to be all right; we get the things pretty well packed and give John numberless cautions about handling. The dress is not too short, and altogether we are fairly well satisfied in mind, though weary in body as we set out for the drive to the picnic grounds. The morning air is delightful and we could enjoy the drive, but the roads are not as smooth as they might be, and the horses are fresh and lively, so that the lunch basket is getting more of a shaking than is good for its contents. There we go, kerchug! into a rut, and are sure that the jolt has thrown the pickle jar over onto the cake. Well, we are soon at our journey's end, thank fortune, and put the pickle jar where it ought to be. A short time spent in greeting friends and neighbors restores our equanimity. At the proper time we, with the others, begin to spread the luncheon. And this is our hour of triumph. With secret pride, though outwardly disclaiming credit, we receive the compliments of admiring friends on our handiwork, and answer their requests for receipts readily enough, well knowing that the mere following of a receipt will not insure such excellence.

Luncheon over, the fight with flies, ants and bugs, and efforts to dodge the rays of glaring sunlight that find their way through the openings in the trees having taken up much of the time, we turn our attention to cleaning up. No light tasks, the table linen, dishes and the linings after a picnic dinner presenting about as discouraging an aspect as can well be imagined.

THE DOGS OF WAR



Are about to be turned loose. We will make old Spain howl like a whipped cur, and she deserves it. By the way, if you have not seen our spring catalogue and heard of the war we are waging on clothing prices, you have missed something. The woods are full of clothing houses, but there are absolutely none which offer better styles or lower prices than "The Hub." We are selling good wool suits for men in nice stylish patterns at \$3.35. All wool Scotch Cheviot suits in nobby plaids, at \$3.95. Strictly all wool black dress suits as low as \$5.00. Men's black cheviot pants, \$1.00.

FREE With each purchase made by mail, provided you mention the INDEPENDENT, we will send a fine colored map of Cuba or Alaska free of charge. Don't fail to send your address for catalogue.

"THE HUB"

104-106 North Tenth Street
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Traps, Harness
Buy direct from factory at Wholesale Prices. 30 per cent saved.
Guaranteed for two years. Write to-day for new beautifully illustrated Catalogue, send 3 cents in stamps. Highest awards given us at World's Fair, Atlanta Exposition, Nashville Centennial Exposition.
Alliance Carriage Co. 292 E. Court St. Cincinnati, O. Price \$60.

But the things are gathered up finally and the baskets packed for the return home, when we have a little more time for rest and visiting before we are off. As we prepare for bed and review the missed something, somehow. We re-day we are vaguely conscious of having member a little nook near the picnic grounds that has associations which make it dear to us. How pleasant it would have been to have visited it, wandering leisurely under the trees along the woody paths. Then there is a view from the hill near by which is well worth the time to climb to see. But, pshaw! there wasn't time for such things, and then we were too tired to walk so far; and with a sigh, in which is a mingling of weariness, satisfaction and regret, we go to sleep. If there is a moral in this I leave it for the reader to find.

cleaned should have a strip of thin muslin or some washable material basted over each end. This may be removed and washed whenever necessary and it saves the comforts. With closets, bureau drawers, boxes and pantry shelves cleaned, the main work is not so much of a bugbear, and if undertaken room by room, and no more commenced in a day than can be completed before night, will not cause serious inconvenience.

Now is the time for the preliminary work of housecleaning. The contents of trunks, boxes and closets should be overhauled and sorted, many of them burned, others cleaned, and put away again. It is a mistake to save too many old clothes. Each article should be examined, and unless one knows definitely some use to which it may be put, something that it is good for, it should be discarded at once, unless it is something exceptionally good. Those things which are to be saved should be ripped apart, the worn and worthless portions cut out and thrown aside, the others cleaned and laid away for use when needed. It is often well to save the backs of old trousers legs. They will be found useful in corn-bruising time to protect good clothing, as they may be sewed on over such parts as are exposed to much wear and tear. A woman whom I once knew used them to mend other trousers at the knees, and really they did not look so bad. She would select pieces to match in color as nearly as possible, rip the long seams on both sides of the worn part, and for some distance above and below, and cut it entirely out, cutting across from seam to seam. Then a piece from the mending goods would be cut to fit the opening, allowing for seams at the ends, and sewed in, the end seams being sewed and pressed before the long seams were closed, and the trousers were patched neatly and speedily, the sewing machine being used in the operation.

"There is no idea more wantonly erroneous than that it requires a liberal expenditure of money to have a comfortable and artistic home," writes Edward W. Bok in the April Ladies Home Journal. "The very essence of elegance lies in simplicity. It is not art to make a parlor the duplicate of an exhibition room in a furniture store. That simply calls for an outlay of money and a failure to exercise taste. There is no tone to such a room—no air of repose, no comfort, no individuality. It speaks for what it is—an exhibition. True art in furnishing is found in allowing a home to slowly develop under the tastes of those who live in it—the adoption of an idea here, another there. The development of taste requires time and cultivation. No house worth living in can be complete at one time. A home of comfort unfolds itself, so to speak, and unfolds slowly. True, improvement comes in this way, and only in this way. Young married people cannot bear this fact in mind too strongly when furnishing their homes."

Hon. C. M. Lomar of Saunders county was a capital visitor this week. He says that his farm is doing nicely and declined to be interviewed on the political situation.

Auditor Cornell made a trip to Topeka, Kans., last week. While there he secured a charter for the fraternal society known as The Star of Jupiter to transact business in that state. This society has its headquarters at McCook, in this state, and was organized several years ago.

You will find reliable foot wear at low prices at Webster & Rogers 1043 O street Lincoln.

THE IMPROVED VICTOR Incubator
Hatchlings Guaranteed by Return. Absolutely self-regulating. The simplest, most reliable, and cheapest incubator. In the market. Circulars FREE. GEO. FETTEL CO., QUINCY, ILL.

Bedding also calls for attention at this time. Bed comforts after being

A Mother's Experience

From generation to generation the taint of impure blood is transmitted, and in the same way the beneficial blood-purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla are spread through families.



If the life stream is purified at its source, or immediately when evidence of impurity first appears, much suffering will be avoided. The beneficial work of Hood's Sarsaparilla for young women, wives, mothers and little ones of all ages has won the highest praise, and is another gem in its crown as America's Greatest Medicine. For illustration, please read this letter:

"The end of one of my fingers began to fitch and soon there was a collection of watery blisters under the skin, which broke and discharged a watery substance, and the flesh became inflamed around my finger nail. It kept getting worse and spread toward the knuckle. Then I began doctoring for poison, using carbolic acid for a wash and putting on poultices. The sore did not get any better, however, and soon it appeared on the next finger and continued to spread. It pained me so much I could not do my housework. I was given a prescription for salt rheum, but found it hurt my nursing baby and I stopped taking it. The disease then appeared around the nails on every one of my fingers and my suffering was terrible. I could not attend to my boy and was advised to wear him, but I hesitated about this as he was puny and his digestion was poor. At this time I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. Before I had finished the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see a difference in my boy; he was more

quiet and getting better. When I had taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and a box of Hood's Pills I found my hands getting better. I kept on with



Hood's Sarsaparilla and my hands continued to improve and now they are perfectly healed. My little boy is strong and healthy. Hood's Sarsaparilla has given me strength to do my housework. My husband has taken Hood's and says it is as essential in the family as flour." Mrs. PROCTOR ANTOINE, Box 23, Justus, Pa. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine, because it cures when all others fail. Be sure to get Hood's.