

Gentle Hint.

Mr. Giglamps (who had been caught by keeper with some fish in his basket under taking size) "Oh, er—well, you see, my glasses—er—magnify a good deal. Make things look larger than they really are!" Keeper (about to receive smaller tip than meets the occasion) "Ah! Makes yer put down a shillin' when yer means 'alf a crown sometimes, I dessey, sir!"—Punch.

Tennyson's Sympathy with Animals.

The poet Tennyson's sympathy with animals is shown by a little story told in his "Memoirs." A beautiful setter was given him. At midnight it suddenly struck him that the new dog might feel hungry and lonely, so he went downstairs and stole a chicken for "Dear Old Don." Great was the consternation in the kitchen next morning as to what had become of the chicken.

Red Cross Expenditures.

During the American Civil War the United States Sanitary Commission expended about twenty-one million dollars for the relief of sick and wounded Federal soldiers. The Red Cross Society is said to have expended in the Russo-Turkish war seventeen million dollars and in the Franco-Prussian war thirteen million dollars.

The One Exception.

"No man," the Cumminsville sage said, "can make a failure if he concentrates all his energies for the attainment of one object—unless, of course, that object be wedding some girl who does not want him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It pays to read the newspapers.

Spanish Use Brass Bullets.

The Spaniards in Cuba use a nasty bullet in their Remingtons. This is shown by the condition of some of the men wounded in the gallant fight of Sevilla. There is a brass sheathing over the lead. This brass splits and tears the wounds and has a tendency to poison. Then, too, there is a way of cutting the end of a Mauser ball so it will mushroom when it hits a bone, making an ugly wound.

Where He Could See Better.

"Why has that blind beggar shifted his position, I wonder? He stood at one place for nearly seven years, until about a week ago, when I noticed that he had moved about half a block down this way." "Yes, he had to do it. He couldn't read the war bulletins from where he stood before."

From Motives of Economy.

Wall Paper Dealer—Something to paper the walls of a sleeping room? Yes, sir. What shade would you prefer? Customer—I think I'd like something that won't show a spot when you mash a mosquito on it.

National Currency Convention.

The national currency convention to be held at the exposition grounds in Omaha next September 13, 14 and 15 is attracting widespread attention.

The discussion will be free, and speakers of diverse opinions will be welcomed and given attentive hearing.

The first day will be known as gold day, the second as silver day and the third as paper money day.

Distinguished speakers from all over the nation are expected to take part in the proceedings.

Upholders of government paper money are expected to rally in large numbers so as not to be outdone in zeal by the advocates of metal money.

The exposition management will do their utmost to promote the success of the convention.

The reform press association, which favors government paper money, has appointed a committee to prepare for the convention.

The members of this committee are L. D. D. Reynolds, chairman, 267 S. Lincoln street, Chicago, Ill.; Paul J. Dixon, Chillicothe, Mo., and W. S. Morgan, Hardy, Ark., who will take pleasure in giving all possible information concerning the convention to all who apply for it.

This committee also solicits suggestions as to speakers who can be given a place on the program.

Those upholding the metallic standards are taking a great interest in this discussion and it is a grand opportunity to place before the world the arguments for a true monetary system.

It is expected that all arguments will be carefully prepared and a full report published.

The importance of this movement should not be overlooked.

Communications should be addressed to the Reform Press Association at once, so that a complete program may be arranged at earliest day possible.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

Great reforms are not secured by sitting down at home and waiting, like Mowbray of old, for something to turn up. Action is an essential to success. The fight is on. Help to spread the truth. Get a load of doubtful voters to read The Independent from now until the result is known. We will send the paper from now on November 15, to new subscribers, for 50 cents. Don't wait. Strike now. The time is at hand.

LOOK!—We have lowered the above to the and will mail a copy of Warren's Money Chart to any one sending us a list of five names.

Send this paper to some friend in the east.

A LESSON IN REVENGE.



SEATED in the bay window of Mrs. Darsey's spacious drawing-room, Cyril Delmar was telling Helen Darsey that he loved her and wanted her for his wife. And just outside the window, through whose open, lace-trimmed casement, the odor of night jasmine crept like incense, and the moon shone down in a flood of silvery light, Vivian Ames listened to his words with a crushed and bleeding heart; his love words to another. For, until to-night, Vivian believed he loved her, and that "some day—some sweet day"—he would tell her so, in words, even as his eyes had already spoken. Love needs no spoken assurance; a glance of the eye—swift and soulful—a touch of the hand—all speak with mute tongues; but Love knows and comprehends, and is glad.

Two months ago, Cyril Delmar had made the acquaintance of the Darseys, and the poor relation, Vivian Ames. It had been quite a romantic affair. He had come to this suburban place one beautiful June morning—had ridden on horseback—for the purpose of visiting a certain estate adjoining the Darsey place. It was a fine property, and, being in the market, Cyril had made up his mind that it was just the home for him, whenever he should see fit to take to himself a wife. He was twenty-eight, handsome, and would eventually be quite a matrimonial catch. For his uncle, Richard Clyde, was a millionaire and a bachelor, and Cyril was reputed to be his prospective heir. The old millionaire was past seventy, and made no secret of the fact that his nephew would some day inherit his fortune.

Now, that fair June morning, as Cyril Delmar rode gaily along the straight smooth road which led past Mrs. Darsey's house, he did not dream that his fate lay in ambush beyond.

Right in front of the high-arched iron gates, his horse took fright and threw him violently to the ground. It was just like a scene from a novel, so Helen Darsey had declared, with her big blue eyes full of delight, not at the thought of the young man's sufferings, of course, but because it was all like a story or a play. The handsome hero was carried into the Darsey house by two men-servants, and placed upon a sofa, while Mrs. Darsey, a tall, elegant woman, dressed in a fashion plate, sent at once for their family physician. Arrived there, that dignitary soon pronounced the young man's injuries painful. He must have rest and care for a week or two.

To say that Cyril Delmar took an unfair advantage of the situation to remain an invalid as long as possible, would not be quite untrue. Who could blame him? For both Helen and her cousin Vivian were constantly at his side, to read to him, sing to him, converse with him. Somehow he seemed to prefer Vivian's society. A slight, pale girl, with great dark eyes, and a low, sweet voice. And as time



IT WAS BITTER, IT WAS HARD. went by, there grew up within her heart a love which soon was strong enough to crowd out all else. She cared nothing for the wealth; she loved him for himself alone.

But Helen Darsey had "an eye to the main chance," and had been poor, Cyril Delmar would have had a small prospect of success.

The days passed and Vivian's love grew and increased in depth and strength until it was her all. She lived for nothing else.

In the meantime old Mr. Clyde had frequently called upon his nephew, and saw with satisfaction that he was greatly interested in Vivian. For somehow, poor and dependent though she was, she touched the old man's heart, and he preferred that his nephew's choice should be Vivian Ames.

Cyril led her on, and on, to believe herself beloved; he had said everything that a lover might say except to ask her to become his wife, when, all at once, a change came over him. He seemed to avoid Vivian. There were no more love-letters—no more tender looks and words.

Cyril was quite recovered now, and the coveted home had been purchased, but though he and his uncle resided there, Cyril passed most of his time with the Darseys.

Vivian grew thin and pale, and there was a look of sadness in her dark eyes which had never been there before. And now to-night—the night ay story comes—she had received the blow which broke her heart. At least, she thought that it was broken; but hearts are, fortunately, not so easily crushed, or most mortals would be condemned to heart-break. For we all get a blow sometime; and well

it is that the average human heart is elastic, and springs back into place again, even after a heavy sorrow has crushed down upon it.

Standing outside the window that night Vivian listened, because she could not help it. She heard Cyril's words:

"I love you, Helen! Will you be my wife? Understand me—this is not the first, best love of my heart that I offer you—but—you know my sad story, and if you can overlook all that, and help me to forget, and be my wife, Helen, we will try to be happy!"

And Vivian's heart had grown cold, but she whispered to herself that better no love at all, than a half-hearted love like that. He had deceived her. It was bitter, it was hard, but it was true. With a heart swelling with indignation she turned away. And there, right at her side, she saw old Mr. Clyde, gazing down into the small, pale face, with eyes full of sadness. He, too, had overheard the interesting love scene.

"Vivian!" he said, softly, taking the girl's cold hands in his own, "we have unintentionally played eavesdroppers! I am not sorry, for I have thus learned the truth and my nephew's real nature. He is a dishonorable fellow! Vivian, listen! Do you want revenge for his treatment of you? I acknowledge that I am burning to punish him, for he has been guilty of a cruel wrong to you. Everybody has believed that you and he would marry, until lately, when he has devoted himself to that wax doll, Helen Darsey. Do you want revenge, Vivian?"

She glanced into his face, all a-tremble. Her eyes shone like stars. Did she? Would any woman in her place—cast aside, made light of—as she had been—wish revenge for her wrongs?

"Do I?" she faltered, "tell me, tell me—how?"

He clasped her trembling hands. "Marry me!" he whispered. "I am old enough to be your father, dear; but I would be good and kind to you, and I shall not live long. When I die you will have all—all! Vivian, do you hear me?"

She started and turned pale. "And—Cyril?" she whispered.

The old man smiled grimly. "That is my affair. I have an idea that there is a surprise in store for you, Vivian. Only say yes, and I will do the rest."

"Yes." That was all. The old man's face wore a satisfied look; he bent his gray head and touched the girl's forehead with his lips.

"Heaven bless you, my dear," he said. But Vivian was not happy. She had accepted the offer of revenge upon Cyril Delmar for his perfidy; accepted it when thrust in her hands in this strange way; but her heart was heavy and troubled. "Revenge is sweet," says the old adage, but Vivian did not find it so.

The next morning old Richard Clyde called upon Mrs. Darsey, and identified that lady by asking her sanction to his marriage with Vivian Ames.

"Mr. Clyde!" gasped Mrs. Darsey, almost unable to speak—"why! this is overwhelming! I thought you would never marry, and that Cyril is—"

"My heir in prospective? Ay, so he is—in case I do not marry. All men reserve the right to change their condition, Mrs. Darsey."

"Then, of course, if Delmar is not to be your heir he cannot marry my daughter!" stormed Mrs. Darsey, wrathfully.

An odd smile touched the old man's bearded lip. But he said nothing.

In the meantime, out in the grounds, Vivian had encountered Cyril Delmar. She walked straight up to him, and extended her hand.

"Allow me to congratulate you," she was beginning; but something in the sad, dark eyes fixed upon her face made her hesitate.

"Vivian!" (in a choked voice), "do not mock me! I would not have asked Helen to be my wife but for your cruel conduct."

"Explain yourself!" she demanded, haughtily. He grew pale.

"Why! are you not engaged to be married to a gentleman in the West?" he asked. "Helen told me so, and—"

and—Vivian—

He stopped short, surprised at the look upon her face.

I see, she faltered. "Oh, Cyril, it is false! Helen has told you a wicked falsehood!"

His face grew dark.

"And she has inveigled me into asking her to marry me!" he groaned.

"Oh, Vivian! I have loved you—you alone—ever since the first day I met you!"

Just then, Mr. Clyde appeared. His face wore a look of satisfaction.

"My little plot has worked admirably!" he cried. "As soon as Mrs. Darsey and her daughter learned that I had asked Vivian to be my wife, and thus virtually disinherited you, Cyril, the engagement between you and Helen Darsey ceased to exist."

Cyril fell back amazed.

"Have you asked—Vivian to be your wife, Uncle Richard?" he faltered. "Why, Vivian loves me!"

"I know it! And I know that there was some underhand work going on, on the part of Helen Darsey. I got Vivian's consent to marry me while she was piqued and half wild over your conduct. I knew that when I announced my engagement, Helen Darsey would throw you over and at the same time all the hidden plot which has parted you and Vivian would come to light. I can only say, 'Bless ye, my children!'"

And so Cyril Delmar won his wife. And Vivian, remembering how she had grasped at the proffered revenge, felt a deep feeling of remorse. Revenge may be sweet, but Vivian Delmar cares naught for its sweetness. There is nothing in the world, she says, one half so sweet as love.

Give the Children a Drink

called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because, when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant, but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1/4 as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

A STRONG BOOK.

"Money Chart" Endorsed by the Independent State Central Committee.

Editor Independent:

I have received the following letter from the chairman and secretary of the people's party state central committee: Lincoln, Nebr., April 26, 1898.

Mr. Marvin Warren, Fairbury, Nebr. Dear Sir:—We have examined your book, Money Chart, with Part Eighth addition thereto, and with pleasure endorse the same. And will add that your book fully and clearly defines the true system of money as we believe, and in harmony with the platform put forth by the People's Party, and we recommend it to all persons in search of the true basic principles of money.

Respectfully yours, J. H. Edmisten, Chairman, M. Howe, Secretary.

In Money Chart and on the outside of the back cover thereof is printed the following formula:

"The Bulwark of Freedom," "The Money Basic Truth."

If all our money, gold, silver and paper is made a legal tender to pay all debts, it will thereby all be held firmly and constantly in parity without redemption in coin or anything but government dues.

"The Trio of Cardinal Measures." No. 1. All money must be legal tender to pay all debts.

No. 2. Money must be redeemable in government dues only.

No. 3. A just and constant amount of money circulation."

If Money Chart is true, and if the provisions of the foregoing formula of the bulwark of freedom be enacted into law and faithfully executed the control of the quantity of the money circulation will immediately pass from the British American oligarchy to the people of this country, and the people will pass from bondage into an ever increasing freedom and prosperity. And the invisible empire of "Judpath's Arena" will perish to the extent of the United States.

But on the contrary, if the provisions of the "Bulwark of Freedom" aforesaid, be not in every particular enacted into law, the control of the quantity of our money circulation will remain where it is, with the British American oligarchy the people of this country will remain in their bondage; and there will be no halt on to the interminable death of bondage down into which they will be forced deeper and deeper and deeper, without remedy.

I think the "Independent" a better paper than ever before.

M. WARREN, Fairbury, Nebr.

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AN ECHO OF OTHER DAYS.

That old romance of Slavery days, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," played an important part in our political history, and like an echo of other days comes a new political story called "The Success of a Failure." Its author is Judge Lincoln, of Stockville, Neb., and he has woven a strong and interesting story into a treatise on existing political conditions. It's worth the price—25 cents, or we send it free to every new subscriber who sends \$1.00 for one year's subscription to THE NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT.

Excursion to Boston.

The Nickel Plate road will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to Boston and return for trains of September 16, 17 and 18 inclusive, at rate of \$19.00 for the round trip. Tickets will be valid returning until September 30 inclusive. On account of heavy travel at this particular time, those desiring sleeping accommodations should apply early to J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

REDUCED RATES

To the Grand Encampment Mining District, Wyoming.

The Union Pacific will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip, plus \$5, from all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Utah to Rawlins, Wyo. Dates on which tickets will be sold are 1st and 31 Tuesday in May, June, July, August, Sept., Oct., and Nov. Stage bus only except Sunday each way between Rawlins and Grand Encampment.

For full information call on or address E. B. Stinson, Gen'l Agt., Lincoln, Neb.

Dr. Ketchum

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Spectacles Carefully Fitted. All Fees Reasonable

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Advertisement for Battle Ax Plug. Features an illustration of an admiral in uniform sitting in a chair, holding a pipe. Text includes: 'Give the Children a Drink', 'Columbus discovered America—but I have discovered BATTLE AX!', 'Remember the name when you buy again.', 'It is an admirable chew fit for an Admiral. In no other way can you get as large a piece of as good tobacco—for 10 cents.'

Advertisement for Shaw Schaffer Shiller piano. Features an illustration of a piano. Text includes: 'IF YOU... WISH To purchase a piano and wish to get the best value for your money you want one of our "Three S's"', 'SHAW America's Greatest Piano, the greatest in the world.', 'SCHAFFER Very fine, good tone quality, beautiful case designs.', 'SHILLER A good Piano at a price that will come within your reach', 'Sold on easy terms at cash prices by the MATTHEWS PIANO CO., 130 South 13th St., LINCOLN, NEB.'

Advertisement for Kansas Lump Rock Salt. Text includes: 'Use Kansas Lump Rock Salt For Stock. Purest, Healthiest, Best.', 'Address WESTERN ROCK SALT CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.', 'See our exhibit of stock salt at the Trans-Mississippi International Exposition—Omaha, Neb., Main Building.'

Advertisement for Candy Cathartic Cascarets. Text includes: 'CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS', 'ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal laxative and booklet free. At STEWART REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Que., or New York, N.Y.'

Advertisement for Dr. Ketchum's eye medicine. Text includes: 'WEAK MEN CURED AND BROUGHT TO PERFECT', 'SYNOPSIS OR BAD BLOOD.', 'Mention the NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT when writing to our advertisers.'

PATRONIZE OUR PATRONS!