

WANTED TO BE A MAN.

The Young Woman Who Went to Chicago in Men's Clothing. Miss Hettie Dickey, the young lady from Delaware who recently visited Chicago in men's clothing, has told the complete story of her adventures. It appears that for years she has had an overwhelming desire to be a man. The impulse to see the world as a man sent it grew upon her to such an extent that she finally decided to leave home. She procured a suit of her brother's clothes in the woodshed, and soon after noon on March 24 she slipped quietly into the shed and put on masculine attire. Then she walked calmly out of the yard in front of her home to the road leading to Kiammeni station on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. It was then about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. She followed the tracks three miles without meeting anyone. Then two men came in sight, and for fear of detection, she turned aside into a field and made her way to Newark, where she took the 3 o'clock train for Baltimore. By this time her parents were searching the country for her in the immediate vicinity of her home. Reaching Baltimore, she stopped for an hour. Then she bought a ticket to Chicago, and left on the 7 o'clock train over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. All the money she had on leaving home was \$20. She reached Chicago on the night of March 25 with \$2.45 in the pocket of her trousers. Her original intention was to go to Denver or San Francisco. In both of those places she has relatives. After her arrival in the Windy City she was at a loss to know where to lay her head. She was afraid to go to a lodging-house, so she concluded to walk the streets rather than run the risk of being detected. For two nights she tramped the sidewalks of Chicago before finding a place of shelter. At last she found a big lumber yard near the lake, and there she spent five nights among the piles of lumber. What little food she ate during this time she purchased at cheap restaurants. In all of these she seated herself at tables alongside men. For three nights she occupied a corner in a box car standing on a side track of the Illinois Central railroad. One of the employees discovered her and demanded an explanation of her presence. She maintained her fortitude and succeeded in escaping arrest. She went on in this way for two weeks until, overcome by exhaustion, she fell ill, and was removed to the Cook County Hospital. The incessant tramping and the stumbling of her brother's shoes caused severe injuries to her feet. Upon removal of the shoes at the hospital flesh came off with them. A diagnosis of her case was made by the physicians in charge. While making an examination of her lungs he discovered her sex. She told him her name was Hettie Dickey, but subsequently admitted that it was Hettie Dickey, and that her home was in Stanton, Del. After listening to her narrative the doctor notified her parents. On April 24, one month from the time of her disappearance, she wrote to her mother, describing her sufferings and asking forgiveness. She reached home a week ago, and with the exception of a slight feebleness, she was none the worse for the experience.

LANGUAGE OF THE FLAGS.

What They Are Supposed to Represent in Death or Life.

To strike the flag is to lower the national colors in token of submission, says the School Journal. Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners. A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation. The white flag is the sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead, under the protection of a white flag. The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder. The black flag is the sign of piracy. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, and is the sign of contagious disease. A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men. Dipping a flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again, to salute a vessel or fort. If the President of the United States goes aboard, the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.

Was in Regular Order.

The report of Nasrullah Khan's impression that, as the first race he saw at Epsom was won by the prince of Wales, while on the second the premier was triumphant, they arrange matters in this way on the turf in this country seems to be borrowed from what actually took place at the races near the monastery in the Crimea during the war there. A purse was given by the executive to be run for by a horse the property of our French allies. Some fifteen started and finished in strict accordance with their army rank—the race being won by the general, the colonel being second and the major third, but the subalterns nowhere—London World.

A Judge of Faces.

Cecil Rhodes is a man of very simple tastes, remarkably unaffected, and plain-spoken. He has an iron will, but is soft-hearted, and is a philanthropic dreamer as well as a man of deeds. Mr. Rhodes judges men very quickly, and by their faces. By merely looking at a man once he can make up his mind what sort of a character he has to deal with. Once a friend wrote to him asking him to do something for a young man who was anxious to go to South Africa. The King of the Cape replied to this effect: "Send me his photograph and I'll let you know by return mail whether I can do anything for him or not."—Ex.

The Banking Power.

Recent statistics show that the total "banking power," as it is called, of the world is \$1,000,000,000, or 10,000,000,000 of this North America, mainly this country, controls \$1,500,000,000, while all Europe, including Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands, all the great "capitalist" nations, control but \$1,500,000,000.

SPAIN'S FEW MANUFACTURES.

They Are Unimportant and Are Growing Weaker Constantly.

No European or American country of like or similar population has so few manufactures as Spain. Moreover, the Spanish manufactures, few and unimportant as they are, outside of the province of Catalonia, seem to be on the decline, and the total number of operatives in the entire kingdom is no larger than in half a dozen of the chief manufacturing cities of New England. With the exception of the dearth of coal Spain has many natural advantages, and its mineral wealth, particularly iron, lead, copper, zinc, and quicksilver, is extensive, but it imports from other countries in a year cotton goods to twice the value of its exports of cotton goods and silk goods in value four times greater than the silk fabrics which it exports. These exports are chiefly to Spanish colonies a market which the home country has lost in part, and the balance of which is likely to be wrested from it soon.

In some European and American countries manufacturing interests (this is notable of Germany) are increasing in a very rapid ratio; in some European and American countries the increase is small, but sufficient to be marked, and in a still fewer number there is no increase, but, at the same time, no decline. Spain is literally falling behind, and attention is called as instance of this to the fact that Seville had 16,000 silk looms in the sixteenth century, while at present there are only 3,000 in all Spain. Toledo, famous for its swords and cutlery, has one factory with 300 workmen. Cotton mills were introduced so far back as 1769, yet the whole number of operatives in this industry, outside of Catalonia, does not exceed 30,000. Few in number as are the manufactures of Spain, their importance is exaggerated by the inhabitants, and it has long been a matter of public knowledge that the government figures concerning Spanish manufactures published in Madrid are altogether misleading. Moreover, it is thought needful by some Spaniards to augment the importance of their manufactures by artificial means. Thus in the Toledo weapon factory referred to, stated hours are fixed officially for the "admission of visitors." These are permitted to enter between 8 and 12 in the morning and 1 and 6 in the afternoon, except on holidays, and there is a patrol of soldiers between 12 and 1 (the hour of "quick lunch" in the United States) to prevent strangers from entering, the assumption of the Spaniards being that if too much freedom were accorded to such visitors they might not be sufficiently impressed with the importance of the manufacture of guns and swords. No satisfactory answer has ever been given to the question, apart from the characteristics of the inhabitants, why Spain, which is admirably located for commercial purposes, with a number of seaports on the Mediterranean, and with comparatively little competition from Mediterranean countries, either in Europe or Africa, has not utilized the opportunity of supplying them with manufactured goods.

HE WANTED A UNIFORM.

Vermont Boy Has His Toes Cut Off to Go to War.

Since the news of Dewey's victory reached the green hills of his native state, the fires of patriotism have burned fiercely to the breasts of the boys of Vermont. The enthusiasm of sacrifice for Uncle Sam reached its height the other day in St. Albans. One of the boys from that town went before the army surgeon to be examined, with a view to enlisting. He was a strong fellow, and the surgeon found him all right till he got down to his feet. There he discovered a defect which made him hesitate. The little toes on both feet were crooked under so that in walking the boy's weight fell directly on them. "I'm afraid I can't pass you with those toes," said the surgeon. "You would find them very troublesome on a long march. Don't they ever hurt you in walking?" The fellow admitted that they were sometimes painful when he walked many miles. The surgeon shook his head. "Very sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid you can't go." The boy from Dewey's state threw back his head and his upper lip stiffened. "Doctor," he said, "supposing I didn't have the toes. Would you pass me then?" The doctor said he thought he would. Thereupon the boy walked over to the hospital and told the house surgeon that he wanted his little toes cut off so that he could go to war. This operation was performed, and the brave volunteer now lies up at the hospital with bandages around his feet, minus two toes, but full of valor, and determined to wear the uniform of Uncle Sam, toes or no toes.—New York Herald.

Illnesses.

If you have a son the best way to insure his future well doing is to have him learn some regular business or occupation. He who knows not any means of living is most apt to fall victim to temptation. It is well said that "the devil's best workshop is an idle brain."—Rev. R. F. Sprecher.

Mercies of Christianity.

We are on the borders of greater mercies than those of physical science. Christianity asserts today, in the face of the world, its eternal vitality.—Rev. Henry Hopkins.

See Notice.

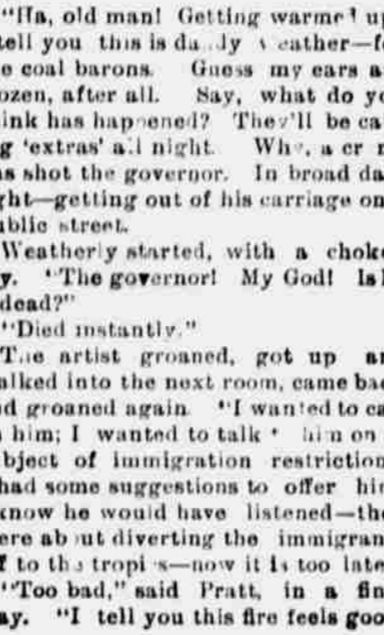
Nibbel—Just look at that beautiful engagement ring Tom gave me; but it's a little small. Maud—Very pretty, but it was too large for me.—New York Herald.



It was too dark for him to work in the middle room where the fire was, and the other rooms were so cold that his fingers grew numb and dropped the brushes. He made numerous futile attempts to warm his hands at the grate and rush off to paint while the warmth lasted. But these were slow, discouraging results. Being an artist was far from a joy-producing condition under the existing circumstances, he reflected. He wanted to finish the picture he was doing—a mere something which would contribute to keep the kettle simmering while he awaited developments in other directions—but somehow the task was not easy. His friend Pratt had been more than kind to house him gratis so many weeks, but Pratt was only a clerk inhabiting a cheap apartment from which he was absent all day, and it was too bad imposing on his good nature. Weatherly, as dusk came on, felt that terrifying sense of desperation that comes over all ambitious young artists when they have to confess themselves defeated by inertia or lack of inspiration or even unpropitious surroundings. Recurring on this latest occasion it sickened him almost beyond endurance. He put away his brushes with a savage movement and threw himself down in a rocking chair before Pratt's pleasant fire. Moodily regarding the flaring flame he asked himself if it were not folly to continue the struggle.

But now? Well, he wished that he had never left the tropics to come North for the great exposition. What had he gained by coming? A little more knowledge of art—and of misery. What had he achieved? Ted had hand and foot by lack of money; frozen in body and stagnant in mind; his ideas dulled, his inspiration dead. A door opened and shut; a voice, common-place and contented, aroused him. "Ha, old man! Getting warm? up? I tell you this is a daily weather—for the coal barons. Guess my ears are frozen, after all. Say, what do you think has happened? They'll be calling 'extras' all night. Why, a clerk has shot the governor. In broad daylight—getting out of his carriage on a public street.

Weatherly started, with a choked cry. "The governor! My God! Is he dead?" "Died instantly." The artist groaned, got up and walked into the next room, came back and groaned again. "I wanted to call on him; I wanted to talk to him on a subject of immigration restrictions. I had some suggestions to offer him; I know he would have listened—they were about diverting the immigrants off to the tropics—now it is too late!" "Too bad," said Pratt, in a final way. "I tell you this fire feels good."



A QUANT APPARTITION.

I'm glad to get home to it. Been doing a lot on that picture to-day, Clyde?" "Weatherly looked at him unseeing. "Anything wrong?" asked the clerk, stretching his long limbs comfortably and throwing back his broad, neat head. In a mirror across the room the artist caught sight of his own contrasting disheveled black locks and hollow eyes in a clear-cut melancholy face. "No," he answered, slowly. "Nothing wrong. Things move slowly in my line—that's all. There are a great many hinderances. Had a bad sort of light to-day and I didn't get on very fast. I'll make up to-morrow—I'll work on those pen and ink drawings." Pratt laughed lazily in the firelight. "That's right. Never saw a fellow who had more iron in the fire. You'll strike luck one of these days. Rich, too."

"I hope so. Did you have your dinner, or shall I go out to buy the things? I think I'd like a little outdoor run."

"No, I haven't dined. I brought a parcel, but we really need some coffee. I'm afraid you'll find it pretty bitter outside."

"It won't hurt me." He hardly minded the air that stung his forehead and numbed his other features as he hurried over to the closet where the steamer was. The loud creak of the newspapers rang jarringly in his ears.

Assassinated! The great and liberal-minded governor shot down? Was there news so interesting? Why had not some one been there to strike the murderous hand? He would have done it—he, if only fate had willed that he should be at the spot.

Like an electric flash the scene flashed through his brain and was beheld by his soul's eyes. The distinguished man stepping from his carriage with perhaps a single attendant; the assassin at one side, silent, betraying no purpose; then suddenly the quiet drawing of the weapon, the deliberate aim—but even at that moment the darting movement forward of another human shape, that flings itself upon the assassin, and wrenches the terrible struggle of those few seconds the discharging of the deadly weapon, but, thank God, only into empty air! Voices and faces closing excitedly around in an impenetrable wall; shouts of courage and splendid presence of mind; the word hero! It was the chance of a life—for fame and friends!

Clyde Weatherly stood in the small grocery, gazing vacantly at the white-aproned clerks. Perspiration was starting from every pore. He had dropped back to earth from a momentary heaven of imagination. The chance of his life had not yet come to him.

"A pound of your best coffee," he said, faintly, "and you may grind it, if you please."

A fortnight had passed. The young artist seemed to walk in a dream. The cold had lessened, and by day he went constantly about the streets. The picture on the easel had been hurriedly finished; he had not begun another, but worked only at his pen and ink drawings by gaslight through the long evenings. To his friend Pratt he appeared moody and queer.

The clerk at length questioned him. "I say, old fellow, anything serious occurred? You don't seem quite yourself."

Weatherly looked at him with bloodshot eyes. "I am waiting for something—the chance of my life. It comes to every human; it's got to come to me. If it doesn't come between now and the New Year I'll give up. I won't wait any longer."

Pratt looked puzzled, but said no more. But the artist went on walking the streets. It was not utterly new—the fantastic desire, the frenzy of expectation. From early youth he had dreamed vague dreams of his insufling himself, of leaping to sudden glory by a single unhesitating, heroic deed. Down there in the tropics it had come to him at odd moments in cloudless afternoons, when he had sought to catch the tint of the enchanting mountains' haze and fix it on his canvas. Perhaps it had even lurked among the plans that had led him back to the North. But never with anything like the definiteness of now. For now it was no longer the pale phantom of a desire, but rather a something certain in the near future. The chance of his life would soon arrive. And thus it was he walked the streets in the bitter December weather, hollow-eyed, gaunt, with serious, almost frowning brow, but ever alert of bearing. Waiting, waiting!

The clerk's curiosity was a grain too strong to be suppressed one morning when he saw the other breathing hard over a paragraph in the newspaper just brought in.

"What is it?" he asked, and Weatherly stammered some half-coherent reply about "danger" and "protection." Later on Pratt was surprised to find his friend had been exciting himself over the report that a well-known millionaire of this city had been visited by a stranger of seedy aspect—presumably a crank—who had declined to wait or state his business. Weatherly next started him by inquiring the nearest way to the house of the millionaire in question.

The last week of the year had slid away—all but a single day. With his sons at home from school on their holiday vacation the millionaire was too well occupied to think of danger to himself. Nor had the servants' eyes for any forlorn figure in shabby overcoat passing and re-passing in the avenue. It was a cold, dull day, there was not even snow.

Pratt had gone to the office with just a tingling uneasiness in his mental condition. Weatherly had shown him a revolver the night before, newly purchased, it appeared.

And when he had ventured to ask what it meant, the artist had replied gravely that thieves and murderers were committing crimes everywhere and that no house seemed secure.

"What if he should mean suicide?" the good-hearted fellow asked himself. "He has grown so despondent. I'll coax him to put it aside to night, when I have a chance."

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE

Independent Sewing Machine Indorsed By All Who Use It.

For some time the INDEPENDENT has been offering to its readers a sewing machine and a year's subscription to the paper for \$19.50. The machine is warranted first-class in every particular. All who have purchased these machines are pleased with them.

A lady in this city desiring to purchase a machine called at the INDEPENDENT office and asked for the names and addresses of parties who had purchased machines. She stated that she wished to write to them and learn if the machine was "exactly as advertised." She was given the names and addresses of thirty persons from which she selected seven, to whom she wrote a letter similar to the following:

LINCOLN, NEB., March 1, 1898.

MR. S. WOLFORD, Vesta, Neb.: Dear Sir—I hear that you have received one of the "Independent" sewing machines, advertised in the NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT. As I am thinking of purchasing one of these machines I write to you for information concerning it. How does it compare with the Singer, White, Wheeler and such machines; is the wood work nicely finished; is it supplied with full set of attachments; is it high arm and drop head; is it easy running and of simple mechanism; is the machine all that is claimed for it in the advertisement, and is there any additional expense to the receipt of it not outlined in the advertisement of the machine? Will you be kind enough to answer these questions and give me your opinion of the machine? An early reply will greatly oblige. Respectfully, ETTA SAFFER, 825 North 16th St.

THE REPLIES.

The replies which she received to the seven letters were as follows: VESTA, NEB., March 2, 1898. In reply will say that the machine referred to, is all that the advertisement guarantees. Finely finished, and in all respects complete. You are safe in buying it. Yours, S. WOLFORD. DAVEY, NEB., March 3, 1898.

ETTA SAFFER, Lincoln, Neb.: In answer to your letter we received last evening concerning the "Independent" sewing machine, I can say I like the machine very much. It does good work. I have had my machine three weeks and like it better all the time. One of our neighbors had a Singer and last fall got an "Independent." She says they work a great deal the same. My mother also has a \$65 Singer and we have compared the attachments and find mine equal to hers and also a full set. The woodwork is nicely finished. It is high-arm and easy running. I think it is all that is claimed for it in the advertisement. There is no additional expense to the receipt of it. I hope you will be as well pleased with the machine as I am. Yours truly, MRS. A. L. SCOTT.

OAK, NEB., MARCH 5, 1898. MISS ETTA SAFFER, Lincoln, Neb.: In regard to your letter of March 1st, I would say that the machine is just as described in the INDEPENDENT. We are perfectly satisfied. It has full set of attachments, and is high arm. It is noiseless, light running and a perfect machine. The woodwork is highly polished. It will compare with any other machine I know of. The machine is all the advertisement claims, and more. There is no additional expense to the receipt of the machine. Yours respectfully, O. M. JONES. DAVEY, NEB., March 4, 1898.

Dear Madam: Your letter received, and in regard to the "Independent" sewing machine will say it is something like the New Home machine. It is a very good sewing machine, does splendid work and has a full set of attachments—everything that is needed in that line. The wood-work is nicely finished. I believe it is as good as any high priced machine. It is high arms but no drop head; and there isn't any more expense to it only what is mentioned in the advertisement, so it is not expensive, and is a very good machine. We have had ours eight or nine months and are greatly pleased with it. I have done a great deal of sewing on it. I have had two machines before this one, both expensive ones, but neither of them as easy as this one, nor they didn't look any better to look at, as this one looks very nice. I don't think there is any fault whatever to be found with this machine. I am sure you will be well satisfied with it if you get one. It is as good as any machine you can get. Well, I think I have answered all your questions, and said all I need to. Sincerely yours, MRS. ALFRED PETERSON. LEBANON, NEB., March 3, 1898.

Dear Madam—I will say in regard to the machine that we have, that it is complete in every respect; it is all that is claimed to be; it is nicely finished; the woodwork is oak. I do not think it necessary to answer all the questions you have asked, for we think it a grand machine for the money—\$19.50—freight paid. No extra charges in any way. I think if you purchase one of these machines you will surely be pleased with it. Respectfully yours, MRS. C. A. ADAMS. GILTNER, NEB., March 5, 1898.

Dear Madam—Your letter of March 1 received; and in reply will say, that we have had the machine only a few weeks. Did very little sewing with it. But I find it a very light running and neat appearing machine. The only machine I compared it with was the Singer, "latest improved." The wood-work is as nicely finished as that of the Singer, the same kind of wood. I have the light color. Its mechanism, in general, is as simple, and in some respects more so than that of the Singer. Perhaps the only possible advantage is that the Singer has the drop head and the "Independent" has not. "Independent" has a high arm the same as the Singer, and a full set of attachments, except etching and Kensington embroidery attachment, which is 75c extra. There is no additional expense on receipt of the machine. They send a certificate of warranty good for ten years.

Yes, I think it is all that they claim it to be. And I am of the opinion that the "Independent," with proper care, which all machines should have, will last as long and do as good work as the machine which I just compared it with, which would cost me \$55 cash in Aurora, Neb. Yours respectfully, D. E. BURKEY. PAWNEE, CITY, NEB., March 5, 1898.

Dear Madam—Replying to your inquiry of the 1st inst., regarding the "Independent" Sewing Machine, I will say: It compares very favorably with the Singer, which we have always considered the "best." The wood-work is nicely finished. It is supplied with a full set of attachments; is high arm; drop head; simple in construction; easy to run, and is all the advertisement in the INDEPENDENT claims for it. There is no additional expense to the receipt of it, except what is indicated in the advertisement. Very respectfully, JOHN M. OSBORN.

If you need a Sewing Machine you will find "The Independent Machine" satisfactory in every particular. It's a bargain. See advertisement page seven.

OUR OFFERS

- FIRST—Our "Independent" Sewing Machine as above described and Nebraska Independent one year for \$19.50. SECOND—Our "Independent" Sewing Machine given as a premium absolutely free of cost for a Club of 50 Subscribers at \$1.00 each. THIRD—Our "Independent" Sewing Machine for \$14.00 each and a Club of 25 Subscribers at \$1.00 each.

FREIGHT PAID—All machines shipped direct from factory at Chicago. Freight charges prepaid to any point in the United States on a railway, except to points in Washington, California, Nevada, Oregon, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Arizona and Wyoming, to which states we will prepay all freight charges for \$3.00 additional.

Persons ordering Machines will please state plainly the point to which the Machine is to be shipped, as well as the postoffice the paper is to be sent to. Give shipping point as well as postoffice address, and both Machine and paper will be promptly sent.

INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING CO., Lincoln, Nebraska.

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Second Hand Store in the city. Cook Stoves, Heaters, Beds and Springs, Dishes, Tinware, all kinds of Tools. See us before you buy. No. 132 South 10th St. Phone 581. W. C. VANANDEL, Proprietor.