

LITICAL SCOUNDRELS

An Old Pop Who Felt so Badly About It That He Went to Bed and Cried.

THEN PUT ON HIS WAR PAINT

How They Hired the Ignorant to Stand on the Street Corners and Hoot.

Filled Full of Lies. Editor Independent:

Readers of the Nebraska Independent and I are probably somewhat acquainted by this time. I must have made some mistakes in former writings, as you did not get my meaning in full. Probably some of you have formed the opinion that I am very radical. As an old pop, I have been through some terrible experiences. Some years ago I got acquainted with a republican and tho't him to be a nice fellow—a good business man—honest in every way, and an every day nice, jolly fellow. He would greet us with a smile and a good word of encouragement. He was a republican and I a pop. We used to go into some pretty hot political discussions; he made us feel bad often; he used to say all manner of mean things about the 'pops, and I, believing him to be honest, tried to reason with him, but to no avail. I used to feel so bad that I would go home and cry myself to sleep. One day in 1894 he called me into his place of business. He explained what a mean lot the democratic party was. It had passed a tariff bill for the benefit of trusts and greed, that the tax on sugar was an absolute robbery. He accused me of helping the democratic party in 1892 by voting for Weaver and thus trying to defeat the republican electors of this state. It was a very serious charge, and I was questioning myself as to the right of my position. He assured me that the republican party would at all times do everything in its power for the greatest good to the greatest number.

But I was still unconvinced. I believed that he was mistaken. He remained a republican and worked for the republicans with all his might up to the year 1897, when the republican party passed a new tariff law and I supposed I then had my republican friend with a cinching argument, remembering the argument advanced by him in 1894. He had changed his tune, and declared that the tariff law of 1897 was a protection to American labor. I reminded him of doubling the tariff on sugar. He declared that the tariff on sugar was all right. It, too, was a protection to American labor. Then he began to abuse the pops, saying the pops were always suspicious; they thought everybody thieves. It began to get pretty clearly into my mind that my friend was a political scoundrel and a liar. Yes, I have discovered many things since. He is a bribe taker. He is hired to lie.

Now do you wonder that I am radical? Undoubtedly, Mr. Editor, there can not be very many such political scoundrels. Your experience, Mr. Editor, is different. Undoubtedly the republicans of Lincoln are all honest and consistent.

When the people's representatives assembled at Washington in 1894 and passed a tariff law, the republicans in Lincoln said it was a good thing. Undoubtedly the State Journal and Omaha Bee wrote long editorials praising the tax on sugar as a protection to American labor. It was probably not as large a tax as they would like, but it was a law in the right direction. Undoubtedly they are all honest, conscientious, and consistent?

Yes, I suppose there is not another pop in this state who has had such an experience as I have had. If there is one I hope he did not have to go home and cry himself to sleep, like I did. I do not cry now; I do not argue; I 'defy him.' We have no respect for this political scoundrel, we care nothing for what he thinks of us. If we can get along in a business way, all right; politically there are no quarters. He has done a great many mean things, and the meanest thing is his lying. You meet a poor, ignorant fellow and you ask him if he knows the name of the governor of the state of Nebraska. He does not know. Or you ask him if there are any daily newspapers printed in the state, and he does not know. But there is one thing that that fellow knows, and that is when the pops have a political meeting in town. He will stand around on the street corner and hoot. That political scoundrel has filled this poor fellow so full of lies that he must think of me as a disgrace to God's handwork. We hate this unspeakable scoundrel. We wish he would die like Judas of old, go and hang himself. Judas learned it was a great lesson by the side of this man. Judas had a conscience.

The political scoundrel receives money every year that is stolen from the tax payers of the state of Nebraska, or taken from the corruption funds contributed by the trusts. I would like to get advice from some good old pop as to how we can make the surroundings of this political scoundrel so unbearable and so disgusting that he will go and hang himself. If we could only do that we are like George Washington. We cannot do. We are not like the saint who said he would not sin, but when questioned a little more closely admitted that he would sin but did not want to. We are just the other way. We want to be a sin, but cannot. If we could only do that, and should meet some poor, ignorant fellow who had a horror of grave robbing, we would tell him that all republicans are grave robbers, and that our friend across the street is the saint of them all, and we would impress it upon his mind in such a manner that when he would see a republican he would hoot. Then we would be partially avenged. Pops, what do you advise?

JOHN NELSON, Kearney, Neb., Dec. 15, 1898.

Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once for bronchitis and gripes. It has stood the test and is positively a reliable remedy. Life is too short to experiment with non-sensical "new cures." Bull's Cough Syrup costs but 25 cts.

THE CHRISTMAS BRIGADES.

Blare o' the trumpet and roll o' the drum. A glitter of little tin blades, And led by their cute little captains, they come— The curly haired Christmas brigades! Was ever an army so fair to view, And its marching straight to the hearts of you!

—F. L. Stanton.

BRAVE LITTLE BORRIBOOLA GHA.

It wasn't so very happy to begin with. Christmas eve was a little dreary. Maggie only hummed a carol because it was more her way to sing than to cry, and the carol was the only thing she could think of just then. It was the first carol she had ever learned. She could remember just how sweet her mother had looked while teaching it to her and Jimmie, the brother, who would keep his seventh Christmas tomorrow—keep it in heaven, she thought, with a gleam of sorrowful joy. The dear mother who was in the hospital now, whose Christmas would be spent in a whitewashed ward, clean, bright and tender, with kindly care, but still not so bright as the little attic room would have been if only she could have been there. Maggie's song grew very queer at this point of her reflections, and her voice was a trifle unsteady, but she persisted in humming "It came upon the midnight clear," and even smiled a little as she laid down the cheap little doll she had been dressing for Sweetie, the dear little sister who was her darling, and who was now being cared for by kind friends of her mother's youth.

In another moment she was dashing down newspaper alley at full speed, elbowing her way a trifle more gently than the average habitue of that far famed locality, but pushing to the front with a dogged resolution none the less, and no sooner had the bunch of papers which came in answer to her warcy of "Twenty-five specials—throw 'em along quick, Jimmie!" reached her arms, than she was off with a bound, and a cry of "Papers! Papers! Here is yer extry!" which sounded startlingly loud and harsh to come from that girlish throat. Down Mason street she flew, anxious to reach the "stand" which the boys of that corner had unanimously ceded to her with rough civility when she had first appeared upon the scene, timid, nervous, afraid to cry her wares. She was the first of all the crowd to reach State street. "Paper, paper! Here is yer extry! All about the accident at Borriboola Gha!" she shrieked in the voice which would have been sweet and clear but for its hard treatment and out of doors, or rather abuse, and a queer little smile curved the corners of her mouth as she gave vent to her peculiar "trademark," as the "other boys" were wont to call the odd name which invariably closed her exhortation to buy an evening paper.

That exclamation had quite a history. When Maggie had been driven by her mother's illness and the want of food in the home cupboard to try paper selling, she had been afraid to cry loudly, and her conscience, home taught and tender, had forbidden her to invent news announcements after the fashion of others of her "perfesh." For some days she had sold very little in consequence, and the capital she had each morning invested in papers seemed in a fair way to be lost, when Irish Pat, the toughest boy in the gang, had taken her to his heart and shown her the mistake which spoiled her sales.

"Yer don't know nothin, yer don't," he had said contemptuously, striding along by her side with an exaggerated imitation of the walk of the last actor he had admired from the "peanut heaven" of the Academy and keeping level with her as she dejectedly started homeward, crying softly and wiping the tears away with her ragged but clean handkerchief.

"Yer too blomin' scared," he said, again copying the Academy actor, both in speech and gesticulation, "an yer'll never do no good till yer makes yer roar more like a better feller than yerself."

He paused and looked at Maggie expectantly, but Maggie had no idea that the "better feller" was Pat himself, and she never dreamed that the pause should have been filled with a compliment, well deserved, in Pat's opinion, as she said nothing, and the boy took up his parable again.

"Now, this yer's the way yer calls," he said, imitating her weak little cry to the life, "an this yer's the way yer oughter yell." And he let out a shout of "Paper here! Paper! All about the great fire on the west side! Many lives lost! Nineteen firemen got down in the ruins!" which startled Maggie and rang down the street for a block or more.

and, having read "Bleak House," she chose the words "Borriboola Gha" as her "roar." She said nothing to her mother of all this, although the struggle in her mind was long and severe, and she longed sorely for sympathy and advice. She had grown so accustomed to using the "yell" that she no longer thought of it at all. She called out the long word as she did that "Paper!" and it had no more significance to her.

But on this particular day, this dreary Christmas eve, as she stood mechanically repeating it, thinking meanwhile of the added pleasure for her mother and Sweetie which every penny meant, she was startled by a light touch on her shoulder and turned her head to see a kindly face looking down into hers.

"Where do you say the accident happened?" queried the tall, pleasant faced man who owned the hand which still lay on her arm. "Did you say Borriboola Gha? I have heard a great many queer cries used by newsboys," he said with a whimsical smile at the pretty face, which bent away from him, "but yours is the most peculiar I have ever known. Did you borrow it from Dickens?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered, blushing still deeper, and hurrying breathlessly for his explanation. "Yes, sir. You see, the boys said I'd have to make up a roar if I was going to sell papers, and I thought that was honest anyway."

"Poor little kid!" he thought later, as he heard her cry ring out under his window as he sat in his comfortable room at the hotel. "Poor little kid! I wish I could do something for her. She reminds me of Jennie, somehow. Poor Jennie!" And in reveries of his dear, lost sight of sister he forgot all about Maggie, and thought no more of her until he heard her again the next morning—Christmas morning.

"Not a cheerful day for a fellow who's got nothing but money to help him enjoy himself, and no one to share that with," he thought as he dressed slowly, drearily, for the day promised to be long and barren. "I only had Jennie and her babies to help me out. By Jove!" and he quickened his movements with a look of sudden interest. "I'll hunt up Little Borriboola Gha and give her a jolly Christmas. She looks as though it wouldn't do her any harm, and I can 'play pretender,' as Jennie's baby used to say, play that she is one of Jennie's children."

Hastily completing his toilet, he disposed of a hearty breakfast, his pulses quickening as he thought of the pleasure which lay before him, the pleasure of giving happiness to another, the one pleasure which neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil has the power to mar or spoil.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts had finished selling her papers the night before and gone slowly homeward, resisting the temptation to stay out in the brilliantly lighted streets because of her mother's well remembered request to this effect, and after buying as much candy and fruit for Sweetie as was consistent with saving a few pennies to buy a flower to go to the hospital with her and the baby tomorrow afternoon and laying enough away to buy her stock the next day she had got straight into bed.

When she awoke, it was broad daylight, the shining light of Christmas day, which has never seemed quite like that of ordinary days since that first wondrous dawn nearly 1,900 years ago, and she sprang up with the sweet Christmas joy in her heart and face, in spite of her aching toes and lonely condition.

"Now for a cup of coffee and a doughnut," she thought as she hurriedly fastened her garments, "and then for my papers."

"Well, Little Borriboola Gha," said the same kindly voice which had greeted her the day before, "merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you, sir," she answered shyly, glancing up at him with the eyes which reminded him so forcibly of his sister. "Paper, sir?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," he responded, reaching in his pocket for a \$1 bill. "How are you going to spend your Christmas?"

"I'm going to the hospital to see mamma after I get through selling," said Maggie, who, with a child's quick intuition, had divined that this was a man to be trusted. "And I'm going to take Sweetie with me."

"Who is Sweetie?" was the next question, asked with a sympathetic intonation which somehow expressed all the kindly words he did not say about her mother. And Maggie, whose heart opened easily to any one who used the key of "Sweetie" wherewith to unlock it, grew talkative at once.

"Sweetie's my sister," she prattled, forgetting her wares in the joy of telling her love to some one. "My baby sister. And she's been specially mine ever since mamma got sick and had to go to the hospital. Auntie and Uncle Stewart have got her now," she went on, not noticing the start the gentleman gave, "but I'm going to get her back to live with us just as soon as mamma can come home."

Why, I've taken care of us for nearly a year now, and Sweetie would rather stay with me than with Auntie Stewart. I give her such nice things to eat," she finished innocently.

"To say nothing of the love you evidently lavish upon her," murmured the gentleman to himself. "Well, Little Borriboola Gha, what do you say to a change? I think you must be my niece."

"Oh, then you must be Uncle Jack," said Maggie, accepting this new and wonderful state of affairs with a child's innocent faith and belief in all things wonderful and bright and good. "Yes, you do look like mamma. She's talked of you so much that I feel I quite know you," she added quaintly.

"You're not going to sell papers any more," said her uncle, as they crossed the street to his hotel. "And now for a merry Christmas. It won't be possible to do anything about clothes today," with a rueful look at Maggie's garments, "but we'll do something nice anyway. What hospital did you say your mother was at?"

"St. Luke's," answered Maggie, smiling as happily as though the griefs of the morning had never troubled her.

"Are you going to see her too?" "Yes," said Uncle Jack, smiling down at the eager face, "we're going there right away, but we'll stop and buy some flowers first."

And they set forth, only to find disappointment awaiting them at the hospital. Mrs. Brownell had left the hospital that morning in the care of a strange gentleman who had brought a carriage for her.

"Was it Uncle Stewart?" asked Maggie, and the kindly girl hesitated before replying, catching the busy nurse as she turned away.

"Uncle Stewart!" she said at length. "The old gentleman who came here with her and sometimes brings the little girl? No, it was a much younger man."

"Did mamma know him?" asked Maggie, with a shade of sadness darkening her expressive face in a manner which did not escape her uncle's notice, and again the good natured nurse staid her steps to reply.

"Yes," she said, with a pleasant, if haughty, smile, "she was delighted to see him and went with him at once."

Maggie turned away sadly, a tear falling on her shabby frock, and she did not refuse the comforting pressure of her uncle's hand as they walked down the long ward together.

"Let's go to Sweetie," suggested her uncle, with a view to distracting her. After making inquiries and finding that Mrs. Brownell had left no address Maggie, who felt that all the world was sad and her doll stuffed with saddest with a vengeance, lamented drearily.

"Maybe she'll be gone, too," she said mournfully, her lip quivering with a pitiful sorrow, as they stepped into the carriage again, and she did not speak again until the horses drew up at Mrs. Stewart's door. Her uncle lifted her out. She sprang up the stairs and rang the bell, and then—the world revolved its normal course, and her doll was once more worth loving, for Sweetie had leaped to her arms, and there in the hall behind was mamma.

"Jack!" she said softly after kissing Maggie frantically. "Well, this must be Easter day instead of Christmas. Two resurrections from the dead!" and she drew his attention to another man who had seized upon Maggie as she released her and was embracing her as though he would never let her go again.

"My darling! My own little girl!" he kept repeating, and it suddenly dawned upon Maggie that it must be her papa, alive again in some wonderful, mysterious, Christmas kind of way and come back to care for her and mamma and Sweetie.

"We won't waste time upon long explanations now," said this gentleman as he put Maggie down at last. "I have been prostrated by an accident which caused me to lose my memory until a week ago and my name was mistakenly sent to Jennie here," indicating his wife by a tender glance, "as among those killed by the collision which only injured my brain. When my memory returned to me, I made all speed to come back to her, and not being able to find the smallest trace of her I thought of dear old Aunt and Uncle Stewart. I knew they would be kind to my poor darlings. And then I went to the hospital and brought her away. We never thought of Maggie going there so early, and I was to wait for her there this afternoon. We hardly knew how to reach her sooner."

"Well, I lost all trace of you all while I was out west," said Uncle Jack, taking possession of Maggie again, "and I only found this little girl by the merest accident." And he lifted Maggie lovingly to his knee, for they had reached the parlor by this time.

And after that! Well, it was Christmas day, and all the stores were closed, but money will do a great deal, and it wasn't long before Auntie Stewart's scantily filledarder was plentifully supplied, and an immense turkey was roasting in the oven.

EIGHTH YEAR OF SUCCESS.

Plenty of Evidence at Hand That the People of Omaha and the Whole West Endorse the Application of Business Methods to the Practice of Medicine—The Success of the Shepard Medical Institute a Clear Proof of This Fact.

In the fall of 1891 Dr. Shepard came to Omaha to engage in the practice of medicine as a specialist in chronic diseases. Leaving a busy practice in another state, he chose Omaha as a favorable center for a new and enlarged plan of work. He decided to place himself in close touch with the people by offering competent medical service, with medicines, at about one-fourth the fees usually charged. With full faith in the merit of his work, and a firm belief that the community would heartily endorse his plan as soon as it became thoroughly known and understood, he has placed his Medical Enterprise upon a sure footing. The object of the Shepard Medical Institute is to give the people of this city and the broad western country surrounding Omaha professional services as good as the best and at such low fees that no one need be afraid to apply. The rich and the poor alike are availing themselves daily of the opportunities for the cure of disease by this institution, which is now firmly established in the Exposition City.

NO COCAINE. No hurtful drugs are employed by Dr. Shepard. Many patent medicines for catarrh and many prescriptions of doctors contain deadly cocaine. Better suffer all your life from the fifth and deadliest of catarrh than acquire the deadly Cocaine Habit. Better eat morphine, better become a drunkard, than snuff the deadly Cocaine.

Bronchial Catarrh— Might Have Passed Into Consumption.



Mrs. F. M. Erskine, 8519 Charles St., whose husband is city salesman for S. F. Gilman, wholesale flour.

"I was never able to take a full breath of air into my lungs and always felt a heaviness and obstruction in my chest. I coughed and spit up matter streaked with blood. My lungs were always sore and my breath was so short I could not speak a floor or use my arms to knead bread. I was miserably thin and weak. I got quick help from the healing vapors administered by Dr. Shepard. As soon as I bathed my lungs with the Medi-

Such statements as the above are daily received at the Shepard Medical Institute, 311, 312 and 313 New York Life Building. The Home Treatment is as effective as that at the office. Write for Home Treatment, Symptom Blank and Book. Consultation free. Office hours, 9 to 5; Sundays, 10 to 12; evenings, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, 7 to 8.

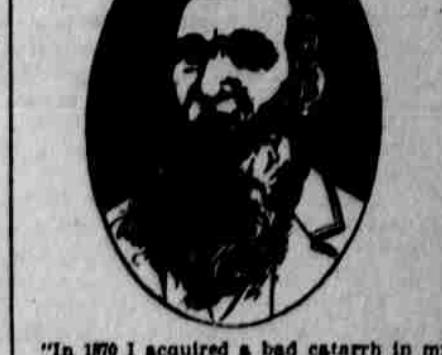
Years of Deafness Caused by Taking Cold in the Ears.

Lon Davis, Georgetown, Neb., farmer and stock dealer, writes Dr. Shepard as follows:

"Years ago I became deaf from cold settling in my ears. My deafness came on suddenly and became serious in a very short time. Both ears were affected. I was tormented by ringing sounds, from which I was never free. I held a clock close to my head I couldn't hear its tick. Both ears were about the same. I could hear no conversation. If I watched people closely when they were talking I could sometimes guess their meaning, but I was practically deaf to all sounds. I now make the definite statement that Dr. Shepard's Home Treatment has rid me absolutely of all the distressing head noises, has restored my hearing entirely, and has given me a much higher degree of general health than I have enjoyed for years."

Typical Instance of Long Suffering from General Catarrh.

George H. Davidson, Rushville, Neb., is a citizen of high standing and is moderator of the school board in his district. He writes:



"In 1870 I acquired a bad catarrh in my head, which went to my throat and finally to my bowels. I believe this was the cause of all my troubles. My symptoms were bloating of the bowels, causing pain with distension, pain in the left side under the short ribs, extending to the heart and left shoulder; coldness and numbness of feet and legs; oppression in head that sometimes seemed that it would produce insanity. There was ringing and puffing noises in the ears, with a marked degree of deafness. I could not hear common conversation at all. There was also partial paralysis of lower part of the bowels."

"I took treatment from you one year ago for three months with splendid results. I am enjoying excellent health and am practically free from every ailment above named. The hearing of my left ear is fully restored. As a result of my course with you I am enjoying excellent health for a man 74 years old."

Such statements as the above are daily received at the Shepard Medical Institute, 311, 312 and 313 New York Life Building. The Home Treatment is as effective as that at the office. Write for Home Treatment, Symptom Blank and Book. Consultation free. Office hours, 9 to 5; Sundays, 10 to 12; evenings, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, 7 to 8.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Don't complete arrangements until you have secured information regarding the personally conducted excursions to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland via the Union Pacific. These excursions leave Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul every Thursday, and Omaha every Friday in elegantly upholstered Pullman Tourist Sleepers; illuminated by Pinch light; heated by steam. Baggage checked through from starting point to destination. Prompt and satisfactory service. Many hours quicker time than any other line.

For full particulars call on or address E. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agent.

XMAS IS COMING and the UNION PACIFIC will sell tickets on its lines at GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

For dates of sale, limits and points to which tickets will be sold, apply to 1044 O street or depot 5th and O. E. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agent.

HALF RATES FOR THE HOLIDAYS VIA MISSOURI PACIFIC.

On December 24, 25, 26, 31 and January 1st and 2d, the Missouri Pacific will sell tickets to all points within 200 miles at one fare for the round trip with a minimum of 50 cents, good until January 4th 1899. Don't forget that the two trains each way between Lincoln, Kansas City and intermediate points run every day in the year.

Further information at city ticket office, 1039 O street. F. D. CORNELL, C. P. and T. A.

TIME IS MONEY.

When you are traveling, due consideration should be given to the amount of time spent in making your journey. The Union Pacific is the best line and makes the fastest time by many hours to Salt Lake City, Portland and California points.

For time tables, folders, illustrated books, pamphlets, descriptive of the territory traversed, call on E. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agent.

TAKEN UP—On October 26, 1898, one roset stock, 4 years old, left horn broken off, partly chased brand on left side—On section 14, town 9, range 7, Grant precinct, Lancaster county. E. S. CUMMINGS, Cheney, Neb.

RATES.

Fare and third for round trip. Tickets sold December 24, 25, 26 and 31, and January 1 and 2. Limit January 5th. Distance limit 200 miles. City of fee 117 South Tenth street. Depot corner Ninth and 8 streets.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 1, 1898. TROYER & GINGERY, Undertakers, City.

Gentlemen: Allow me to extend to you my heartfelt thanks for your work in taking care of Mr. Hayden, and of your kindness to me. I must say that your mode of conducting funerals is of the highest character. Also that Mr. Hayden's remains were in excellent condition and natural, of which a great many spoke in the highest terms of your ability. You certainly are well qualified in the profession you follow. You will long be remembered by me and my children. Signed, Mrs. KENT K. HAYDEN.

[Mr. Hayden was well known throughout the state, and his funeral was largely attended. The above letter is worthy of notice. They are located at 316 South Eleventh street, Lincoln.—Editor.

DR. O. C. REYNOLDS, SURGEON.

Rooms 17, 18, 19, Burr Bldg. Phone 655 & 656. Lincoln, Neb.

WHY NOT SPEND CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS AT HOME?

The Nickel Plate Road will sell tickets to any point on their line at a fare and a third for the round trip, account of Christmas and New Year's holidays, on December 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1898, and January 1, with return limit to and including January 7, 1899. Students upon presentation of proper credentials, can obtain tickets at the same rate, good to return until school re-convenes. Full information can be secured by calling on or addressing J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams Street, Chicago.

REDUCED RATES FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

The Nickel Plate Road will sell tickets December 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1898, and January 1st, at rate of a fare and a third for the round trip to any point on their line, good returning to and including January 2d, 1899. Address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams Street, Chicago.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS TO EUROPE SOLD—STEAMSHIP TICKETS FROM EUROPE SOLD.

If you are going in the old country or intend to bring friends from there to this country, please call on me for figures, information, etc. A. S. FIELDING, C. T. A. Northwestern Line.

Patrons our advertisement.