

NO IF'S OR BUTS.

You can have your money back, sir, if the clothes don't suit. You can have it because that's the way we deal. Its a safe place to trade where they "swap back." It's the cheapest place, too. A merchant would never make such an offer unless he knew his prices were as low or less than his neighbors. We know our prices are less for same quality than elsewhere—sometimes \$1.00 perhaps \$2.00, more often 'tis \$3.00 or \$4.00 less. We are not so greedy as some,—our way of doing business doesn't demand the profit some stores have to make. Our men's suits at \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, and \$9.00, are from \$1.00 to \$4.00 less on each suit than you find elsewhere. The better the business is done the more business one will do, of course. This store does its business as well as any store in the world. We've hammered away for years on the one idea, good clothing cheap. The cloth and work are the best—no better in the world. We give the best we can for the least we can. That's our clothing principle. Do you think our hammering has been in vain? Nay—but the echo of the ring goes out from customer to customer who heralds it on to his neighbor, that this is a safe store to trade in. The changing seasons once again brings back the same old question to every man, yourself included. Of course you're going to spruce up a little this fall, just as everyone else does—nothing extravagant—a new suit that will be more comfortable and appropriate. The only question remains is who will sell you your clothing?

Nebraska Clothing Co

OMAHA

Will some of these republican editors who have become so excruciatingly faintly after being paid tools of the railroads all their lives, please tell us why it is, if Silas A. Holcomb, candidate for supreme judge, has been bribed with passes or anything else, by the roads, that these same roads are putting up the biggest campaign that they ever ran in this state in the effort to beat him for supreme judge? Are the roads for Holcomb? Every one of the lying curs who do not know any other way to carry a campaign than to publish slanders, knows that the corporations will fight Holcomb to the bitter end. Their story would not fool a year old baby.

The heathen Sulu sultan and his polygamous chiefs and slave-owners are given self-government, the only condition being that for a certain sum, which McKinley agrees to pay them annually, they shall hoist the American flag, while the Christian and educated Filipinos are told that they must make an unconditional surrender and submit without conditions to the will of Boss McKinley. It seems that the administration likes a heathen polygamist and slave-holder much better than it does a Christian monogamist. The mullet heads say: "That's all right."

The Outlook gets somewhat excited over "the appalling growth of pauperism." Ten years ago the populists called attention to it, but the Outlook has just found it out. What it then considered the wild ravings of long haired lunatics it now concedes to be the truth. It now says that in 1850, New York with a population of 515,000, paid \$9,800 for the support of paupers. In this year of trusts, the 1st, and A. D. 1899, New York with a population of 3,438,000, pays \$3,131,000, or nearly one dollar per capita of the population to support paupers. How is that for prosperity?

Mr. Collins, the Associated Press correspondent in the Philippines, declares that the censor refused to let the correspondents send a copy of a petition signed by all the business men in Manila, asking that the present silver currency system be continued. The censor replied to the request of the correspondents: "That will help Bryan and hurt McKinley and it can't go." Is it any wonder that all the correspondents declare that the state censorship is maintained solely for political purposes? But then that is imperialism and the mullet heads declare it is just the thing that we want to make us prosperous.

Pilate said to Jesus: "Know you not that I have power to crucify thee?" In that sentence there is embodied the same principle that McKinley would apply to the Filipinos. He says to them: "Know you not that I have the power to crush you? The question of free government by the consent of the governed will not be considered. The justice or injustice of my demands will not be discussed. I demand your unconditional surrender, that you lay down your arms and submit yourselves to my will. I have power to enforce my commands." That is the modern Caesarism. We know what was the final result of that policy of ancient Caesarism.

The Independent is under great obligations to the proprietor and editorial force of the Lincoln Freie Press. They took us in out of the cold when we were homeless wanderers on the streets of Lincoln and gave us the use of their editorial rooms, their presses and their typesetting machines. It is wholly owing to their courtesy that we are able to get out this issue of the paper. Long live the Freie Press.

The London bankers are beginning to prepare for the coming storm. They declare that their fate depends on keeping the production of gold up to the present standard. Tested by the cash gold held in the banks, they are in no position to stand pressure for one day. Including their balances at the Bank of England, they probably do not hold 6 per cent of their liabilities to depositors in gold, as an able correspondent points out in the Investor's Review. But it is just their capacity to pay gold that may soon be put to the proof. The Transvaal is the principal source of supply, almost the only present source, since the Indian government proposes to buy the output of the Indian mines and Australian production is taken partly to the United States.

Now that the bankers are all demanding paper money and say that business can not be transacted without it, we shall see the professors of political economy in our colleges make a flop instant. One of them who was in the habit of writing screeds on the walls of his lecture room denouncing paper money will now do it no more forever. The banks are all for paper money these days. All they ask is that they shall be allowed to issue it instead of the government. Paper money is the thing. No more will the professors of economics talk about "hard money." Those words will never be heard in his class rooms hereafter.

Gen. Otis' order excluding Chinese from the Philippines has brought a vigorous protest from the Chinese government which has been presented by the Chinese minister at Washington. McKinley has another row on his hands now and what the end of it will be no man can tell.

The editors of the Gazette object to the title of "mullet heads" which we adopted from the Nebraska Independent account of its convenience. The "mullet head" is one who can reason and think but won't begin to believe like some people do that he don't like. A mullet head will make the most astounding assertions and when called to account will simply look wise and go right on lying just as before. Arguing with a mullet head is like coaxing a hog to go through a gap. The hog can go through if it wants to, but it won't, notwithstanding it would be better for it if it did. So a mullet head won't think, no matter how much you try to persuade it, notwithstanding it would be best for it if it would. The mullet heads are a queer fish.—Jefferson County Journal.

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THE EARTH.

With gathering years the earth has not grown tame. In man's firm grasp a mere imprisoned ball. Though conquering feet have trodden nearly all. And even the uncharted seas beyond a name. There still loom heights deserving man's aim; Forlorn islands still lie beyond his trail; The silent polar doors heed not his call. And inmost tropic wilds as scarce dare claim.

Yet, when at last the globe is mastered quite, And prying man has left no inch unscanned, He still must pause before earth's moods of might That lift the sea and toss the desert sand, That set the dread volcano's torch alight; And send strange tremors through the startled land.

—Meredith Nicholson in New York Sun.

THE LATE MR. KNAPP

A STORY WHICH GOES TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL WHAT PEOPLE MEAN BY WHAT THEY SAY.

You see, she was such a queer little thing that we couldn't help taking her to our hearts at once. But there, that's just the way with me. It always seems to me as if everybody ought to know the people I know, without any particular explanation.

Well, it was just this way: That summer that mother and I wanted to paper the sitting room, though father would have given mother his head if she had asked for it, heads didn't count. It was money we needed, and of that he had none. Then after much hard thinking I devised a plan, and though it was a great shock to father and mother at first, I carried the day, and the upshot of it was that we advertised for a summer boarder for our spare room. Unless you have done the same thing at some awful crisis in your life you can never for a moment imagine, O reader, the awful mixture of hope and fear that held place in our hearts until we received a neatly written, briefly worded note signed "Phoebe Knapp."

Mother was taken with it at once, and as she delights in all things miserable because she can make them feel better, she was especially captivated by the closing sentence, which ran, "Having recently met with a bereavement, the rest and quiet you offer will be a great boon to me."

"Widow, likely," said father as we read this note aloud in his presence for the fifth time.

"Miss or Mrs. Katie?" asked mother, although we both knew the signature by heart—"Yours sincerely, Phoebe Knapp."

"I'm sure I don't know. I can't read between the lines," I answered, rather flippantly, I fear.

This unknown was beginning to take a sort of weird possession of me. It seemed uncanny that everything should turn upon the movements of a stranger whom we had never seen, and wherever I turned I could not help seeing a silent figure in a long craps veil lifting its hand and commanding me to do this or that, upon which I was already engaged.

However, we were all ready for her at last, and when father came from the station and deposited upon the front piazza a tiny little woman of about 50 years of age, with big, frightened gray eyes, and delicate, sensitive features, a creature that would have looked small alongside a robust child of 10, the contrast between this little object and the commanding figure of my imagination was so great that I almost had a fit of hysterics on the spot. I took refuge in flight, while mother cooed and coddled the "poor dear" and took her up to her room. You see, mother was just in her element, while I had all my notions to readjust to existing circumstances. My flights of fancy will be the death of me some day, father says.

I caught mother on the stair a moment as they were coming down and breathed softly into her ear, "Miss or Mrs."

"I don't know. I couldn't find out," answered mother in that awful stage whisper of hers that sends me nearly into fits whenever she tries it. But our boarder did not seem to notice. I made a venture on a bold stroke. "I shall call her Mrs. Knapp, and then she can correct me if she doesn't like it. I've always heard that it gives a middle aged married woman much greater offense to be called 'Miss' than it does to address a single sister as 'Mrs.' so here goes."

"I hope you had a pleasant trip down, M-m." I said pleasantly, allowing my voice to die away on the last syllables as I found my courage oozing out at the tip of my tongue. I couldn't say Mrs. Knapp after all, to save me.

I noticed with much amusement that father and mother avoided the pitfall as successfully as I did, during that first meal, and we all went out on the piazza after supper to enjoy the sunset. Here our guest set our minds at rest.

"How James would have enjoyed this!" exclaimed she softly, as if half to herself. Mother nodded so vigorously and triumphantly behind her back that I was afraid she would notice it and so hastened to nod in reply. We knew now. She was a widow. "He loved to sit beside me and watch the setting sun, even in the city," she went on softly. "It seems terribly lonely without him. Oh, if I could only have brought him out into such a peaceful place as this, he might be alive now! That last hot spell was so hard on him. I thought perhaps he had a sunstroke, but I could not tell."

Mother's eyes filled with sympathetic tears, and as she laid her hand gently ever that of Mrs. Knapp she inquired tenderly, "How long is it since he died, dear?"

"Six weeks," answered the widow. "He was all that I had in the world, and I have been so lonely ever since. But, please, Mrs. Curtis, I cannot talk about it quite yet."

Nevertheless, she did "talk about it" quite a good deal in the days that followed, with the effect that I, who was a wide awake girl at that time, peculiarly susceptible to first impressions, imbibed an impression of the late Mr. Knapp's eccentricities that was not altogether complimentary to the departed gentleman.

"Poor dear!" said she one day. "He tried so hard to speak. If he only could have told his wants!" We never asked her any questions. We just let her talk on, feeling that this was the kindest and best. I inferred from this last remark that her husband had been affected by paralysis, particularly as she had said on another occasion: "I used to sit at my window, and James sat at his, I sewing, he looking out of the window at what was going on in the street. He seemed perfectly happy as long as I was there. But then we can never tell. I often wish now that I had done more for him or could have learned better what he wanted."

"What did the physicians say or do?" I asked.

"They said it was the breaking up of the system by old age. I never felt that they quite understood the case."

Poor little thing! Married to an aged paralytic and yet regretting his death as the breaking up of the one tie on earth! What desolation—what utter desolation her case seemed to me! I was moved to take her in my arms and weep with her, which was a great deal for me.

Not only was the late Mr. Knapp old and imbecile and paralytic, but he had other traits which must have rendered him highly objectionable as a daily companion.

"Just about this time every afternoon I always gave James a bowl of cream with fresh sponge cake in it. He would not touch it unless it was in a certain bowl nor unless it was fresh from the baker's. And yet they tried to persuade me that he didn't know anything!"

From which I inferred that, added to his other peculiarities, the late Mr. Knapp possessed an extremely unpleasant temper.

"And, oh, Mrs. Curtis!" she wailed, "after the poor dear was dead and gone, they wouldn't let me bury him in the family lot." From which I inferred that the dear departed had come of a family of unpleasant tempers. Such heathenish doings I never heard tell of. Surely, however they felt toward him during his life, nothing but a dead would deny him the family resting place after he was dead!

But I forgot my interest in Mrs. Knapp and her affairs by reason of some of my own. I had a delightful letter from Tom Dixon, saying he would be with us for a week. Now Tom was a favorite cousin of mine, and I spent a good deal of time furnishing up my little belongings so that I might look my very best when he came. And then, I was putting finishing touches to Tom's room, too, until the minute he arrived, so that I really had no time to talk to Mrs. Knapp or to listen to her if she wished to talk to me.

Dear old Tom! How good it was to see him that day with his blithe ways and "honny brown hair!" We talked and talked till supper was called, and then we still talked all the way to the dining room door, and yet we found time to say nothing about any one but ourselves.

As we seated ourselves at the table I saw Mrs. Knapp's vacant place (for she was a little late) and realized that I had not mentioned her presence in our household.

"Why, we have a boarder, Tom," I began, in answer to his look of inquiry in the empty place. Just as I spoke she glided in.

"Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you here?" and he shook her hand in a grasp so hearty that I could see it was painful to her.

She colored faintly and said a little unsteadily, "This is indeed a surprise, Mr. Dixon," and I read between the lines that the surprise was not an altogether agreeable one.

But Tom didn't seem to notice anything (most men are dumb about such things, you know), so I kept my eyes and ears open and waited for developments.

At last they came and in a most startling manner.

"So I hear poor Jim is gone at last?" said Tom, turning to Mrs. Knapp as he buttered his seventh biscuit (Tom always was rather a greedy youth and enjoyed most heartily the good things of this life, mother's cooking among them).

"Oh, Mr. Dixon, how can you speak of him in that way?" exclaimed the widow, hurrying from the room in a fit of sobbing.

Tom stared.

"Well, I'll be darned! What under the sun is the matter with the woman anyway?" he exclaimed.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied I severely. "No wonder the poor woman is shocked to hear you speak of her husband in that way after he's dead and gone."

Tom stared again. And then he broke into such spasms of laughter that I thought he had suddenly lost his mind. I had heard of such things, but I had fortunately been spared the sight of them so far.

"Her husband!" he exclaimed, when he could catch his breath, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Her husband! She hadn't any husband. She never was married. Jim was her old black cat!" And then he went off again into spasms.

No wonder the hard hearted relatives had objected to having all that was mortal of "the late Mr. Knapp" laid in the family lot!

Mother and I looked at each other and said nothing. What was there to say? But we thought things. I don't know whether they were the same things or not, but we certainly thought things.—Chicago Times-Herald.



THE SILO.

Fast or Slow Filling—Latest Fancies in Covering.

Fast or slow filling of the silo is debated, but the only difference amounts to about this: With slow filling there is more time allowed for the material to settle and one gets more material into the pits if he is a week about it than in two days. In Ohio we use the rapid filling. Where one fills two silos and can do so it is a good plan to fill into one a half day and then the other. The carrier of our machine carries over one silo and throws into No. 2, so by simply removing a trap slide in the carrier over No. 1, or replacing it, the silos can be alternated in filling without changing the machines. We know of no tests that place greater feeding value upon a slow rather than a fast filled silage. In a fast filled silo there is a greater overlap of space after it has settled. To overcome this loss of storage, some silos are provided with a top rack some 3 feet high, about the top of the silo, and this rack is filled, and as the silage below it settles it finds its place in a few days in the pit, which when settled will be brimming full.

How shall the silo be covered to protect it from the air? Does it need any cover at all more than the roof above it? Some silos now are even denied this protection. Certain it is that no one now covers silage with plank, paper and weights. The most simple cover, and extensively used, is no cover at all, simply putting the litter about the cutter upon top of the silage, making it firm by treading and leaving it, allowing the top layer of a few inches—three or four, possibly six—to mold and rot and seal itself away from the air. A few (the third or fourth day) after filling and some treading) sprinkle 20 pails of water on the surface of the silage and thus hasten the molding and sealing.

As good a plan as we know of is to copy the last method and add to it a bushel of oats, raked into this warm wet surface, and grow a cover of oat roots mixed with the decayed silage. The growth will soon fall down and die, making a cover we have never seen excelled and so matted that it is easily taken off. Others put on wet, old straw, and some use sawdust wet down, and yet others commence at once to feed from the silo as soon as filled, and hence need no cover.

In the winter, on approach of very cold weather, it is a good plan to put some boards over the silo and cover with a half ton of straw. This holds in the heat, keeps out cold air, and more germs find in the warm silage 3 pretty good home to colonize in, and then in cold weather the cows get a warm breakfast, instead of now and then an ice meal.

John Gould discusses silo methods in the foregoing words in the Ohio Farmer and also affirms that reports from all sections of the country this year (1899) give to the silo greater prominence than ever.

Fall Gardening.

If onion sets are put out in October, they will furnish slender white stems for the table about two weeks from the beginning of growth in the spring. One-third ounce of seed or quart of sets goes to 100 feet of row.

Parsley is a biennial. If wanted in early spring, parsley may be sowed in September in moderately fertile soil. During the cold weather the plants should be covered nearly to the top with leaves, held in place by brush. One-fourth of one ounce of seed will sow 100 feet of drill.

If sowed in the fall, spinach can usually be wintered under a mulch, which should be removed early in the spring. The drills should be a foot apart and the seed covered about an inch deep. Thin to 6 inches apart and finally, as the plants grow, to 12 inches in the row. New Zealand is a new variety, quite different from the common, and the plants should stand three feet apart. Perpetual spinach is sown in rows a foot apart, in very rich soil and thinned to give room. Half an ounce of ordinary seed is right for 100 feet of drill. Twenty-five plants of New Zealand are enough for a family.

These suggestions occur in the very useful farmers' bulletin, No. 94, on vegetable gardening.

The Turnip Flea.

The turnip flea is still alive and shows this season that he has tastes for all sorts of meat, although henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*) is his favorite food. The leaves of young sugar corn he attacked this season, in force, causing the young plants to grow slowly and the outer ends of the leaves to turn brown. I used a dilution of whale oil soap, but found that frequent stirring of the soil every day or two and one or two visits a day and brushing them from the leaves were of the most service. This insect is very fond of the tobacco leaves all through the growing season, from the small plants in the bed until frost comes in the fall. All plants of the night shade family, this insect is found feeding on; and it is almost impossible to grow the eggplant in this neighborhood without using paris green freely," writes a Missouri gardener to Meehan's Monthly.

A Covering For Tree Wounds.

Best of all coverings for all ordinary purposes for wounds and bare places on trees is common linseed oil paint, according to an Orange Judd Farmer writer. It is easiest of all in application, it lasts for years on the dead wood, it does not kill the tender bark or check its growing.

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A PART OF HIS STORY

ONE CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

A Dramatic Incident in a Career Which May Have Ended Behind Prison Bars or Which May Now Be Brimful of Happiness and Hope.

"These little detached passages in other people's stories that we are continually running into by pure chance," said an old reporter off duty, "are the most fascinating and tantalizing things in life. Sometimes we get a whole chapter, sometimes we get nothing more than a scrap of dialogue, and as often as not it's only a glance of the eye or a gesture of the hand, but we realize all the same that we have accidentally intruded upon some poignant human document of which we are never to know either the beginning or the end. I have often amused myself by taking such fragmentary morsels and attempting to reconstruct around them a logical sequence of events, just as naturalists build up fossil monstrosities from small sections of their big toes, and I may add that the invariable results of my efforts has shattered my faith in comparative zoology. I am forced to believe that the naturalists are faking us. However, when—"

"Oh, well," said somebody in the office, "go ahead and tell the story and have done with it!"

"The incident I had in mind," continued the old reporter, looking somewhat injured, "was narrated to me by a gentleman of this city who is now manager of an extensive orange grove, with offices in New Orleans. Eight or nine years ago, before he assumed his present position, he had charge of a large sugar plantation up the river, and one day during the grinding season a young Englishman came to his office and applied to him for work.

"The young fellow said his name was John Mason, and his shabby clothes and a hungry look in his eyes confirmed the statement that he was badly in need of a job. The manager liked his face and manners and put him at light work with a gang at the cane carriers. Mason proved a very good hand. He was steady and sober, but he attracted no special attention, had no intimates and never let drop a word about his history. At the end of the season he drew his money and went away.

"About a month later the manager received a letter from a lady in England inquiring about her son, John Mason, whom she understood was working on that plantation. The letter went on to say that he had left home

believing he had killed a young woman to whom he was engaged. He had struck her with something in a fit of insane jealousy. The woman was dead, and the trouble had been made up. Meanwhile the young man had come in for a legacy of \$2,000, and his mother wanted him to return at once.

"The letter was evidently written by a person of culture and refinement and seemed sincere, but, having no idea of Mason's whereabouts, all the manager could do was to reply to that effect. That closed the correspondence.

"One evening next grinding season a very ragged, trampish looking man came to the office window and asked for work. Dirty, privation and a heavy beard had changed him considerably, but the manager recognized him as Mason at a glance. 'Didn't you use to work for me?' he asked. 'No,' replied the man. 'I was never south before in my life.' 'Well,' said the manager, 'I have no work for you, but you reminded me at first of a fellow I want to see, a fellow named John Mason.'

"The applicant stood for a while irresolute. 'I used to have a partner by that name,' he said finally; 'may be it was him. What was it about?'

"The manager looked him in the eye. 'I wanted to tell him that that woman was not dead,' he replied.

"Mason grabbed hold of the window sill and turned white as a sheet under his dirt. His jaw trembled for a minute, and then he began to blubber like a child. The manager came out and led him in kindly, and as soon as the Englishman saw the letter he admitted the story of his flight was true. The reaction was so great that he became half hysterical, but at last he was persuaded to go to his old quarters for the night, and the manager assured him that he would make arrangements next day for his immediate return to England."

"Well," asked several listeners.

"That's all there is to the story," said the old reporter. "Next morning John Mason wasn't there. His bed had not been slept in; nobody had seen him; nobody has ever seen him since. Where he came from, what became of him, who he really was, nobody knows. The manager wrote to the mother and got no reply, and the question arises, Was it his mother after all? Might not the letter have been a decoy? How did the writer learn his address? Was the girl actually alive or dead? True, the manager might have settled some of those problems by further inquiries at the English end, but he is a wise man and has learned that it is not well to meddle with detached chapters. It is an excellent rule."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SATURDAY WILL BE THE LAST DAY

of the street fair. If you come to the city Saturday we invite you to our store. We are making this one of the great weeks of the season.

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 - COTTON BLANKETS
 - CURTAINS
 - LINENS
 - GLOVES
 - MITTENS
 - DRESS GOODS
 - ETC., ETC.

If you can't come this week, come as early next week as possible.

Miller & Paine