

Forgot.  
 These gleams across the nation's sky  
 The ruddy flash of a great and lust;  
 The flag of might is raised on high  
 Where once the flag of right did fly.  
 And justice grows in the dust,  
 And freedom grows in the dust,  
 Forget the ends the Fathers sought,  
 Forget the ends the Fathers sought.

The monster grim of haughty greed  
 Has throttled love of human weal;  
 Has made the heart of justice bleed,  
 Has profit plucked from human need,  
 And freedom ground beneath its heel,  
 Forget the watchword of the street—  
 Forget the freeman's altar fires.

The shriek of shell in sullen fleet  
 Sounds 'round the world with demoniac;  
 No longer men are ruled by right,  
 But ruled by bow down to rule of might  
 By masters strong against the son,  
 Forget the paths the fathers blazed—  
 Forget the altars that they raised.

The sword of last has left its sheath  
 And gleams aloft with threatning might;  
 And cannon smokes in sultry wreath;  
 Hides luminous hope and faith beneath  
 Its sulphurous fumes and awful blight,  
 Forget the way that stirs made plain—  
 Forget—their work they wrought in vain.

Has lust of empire grown so strong  
 It can shall rule by cannon grins?  
 Nay, God will light the freeman's wrong,  
 Though hope seem lost and time seem long.  
 Hold fast the faith and trust in Him,  
 Forget! Nay, God will vengeance wreak  
 On the oppressors of the weak.

WILLIAM M. WATKINS.

HE WAS DISCHARGED

He had Two Wives but he Pleaded McKinley and the Right of Religious Rights—that Saved Him.

It was "arraignment day" in the criminal court, and there waiting a long list of prisoners, each waiting his or her turn to be called up and interrogated.

"You have been indicted for the heinous crime of bigamy," said the judge to the prisoner. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty of any moral crime, judge," said the accused, "whatever the law may say about it."

"Not guilty of any moral crime? Why how is that? Do you admit having two wives at one time?"

"Yes, your honor, I admit that I have two wives and am living with both of them. Also that I was about to marry two more, when I learned that I was to be arrested, and I decided to await the result of this religious persecution. I wished to see whether I was to be punished for exercising my sacred right to have as many wives as I please. If this is a free country, why should I be persecuted for what my religion and my conscience both sanction?"

"Your religion? Do you consider marrying and living with two or more wives at one time a part of your religion?"

"Indeed I do, your honor. And I know that no civil law can properly interfere with any man's religion. I believe in polygamy as much as I believe in praying, or singing or preaching, or taking a collection. And I have the best authorities for declaring my arrest and imprisonment in this case unjust and unconstitutional. May I mention the authorities?"

"Well, I am willing to permit you to quote authorities, absurd as is the position you assume."

"Thank you, judge. My authorities are the president of the United States and the sultan of Sulu—who rules one of our new possessions, where our glorious flag is now waving as an emblem of civil and religious liberty. Hip, hip, hurrah! for—beg your pardon, judge, you see I always become enthusiastically patriotic whenever I see or even talk about the dear old flag. Well, now, if a man living in one of our new possessions, thousands of miles from here, but part of us, is permitted to enjoy religious liberty to the extent of pluralizing his wives, why may not a man living right here and paying tribute to the landlords in one of our old possessions, exercise the same natural religious right? Don't the constitution apply everywhere the same within the jurisdiction of our great and expanding country, Judge? Then again, to make my defense still stronger, let me say that I recently read an editorial article in the San Francisco Chronicle explaining why President McKinley, when he made his famous treaty with the Sultan of Sulu promised to pay him ten thousand dollars a year to acknowledge our sovereignty and keep our glorious flag waving over his territory and his wives, politely and wisely declined to interfere with the institution of polygamy there. He did so because it was a religious institution of the country and shall therefore be held sacred. The Chronicle also declared that if the President had attempted to interfere with that institution the treaty would not have been made. Then where would we, as a nation be now? I shudder to think of it. Religion, your honor, is my best hold. Anything that cramps me in the region of my religious principles fills my soul with indignation. I am for the constitution, expansion, and as many wives as any man's religious appetite may require. Wherever our glorious flag!"

"Mr. Sheriff," sternly interrupted the Judge, "this man knows too much. I order him discharged. Now suppress this laughter among the spectators, and bring in a prisoner who has only one wife and who never heard of any such country as Sulu."

RALPH HOYT; in S. F. Star.

OTIS IS TYRANT.

An Ohio Boy Sent to the Penitentiary for Writing a Courteous Letter and McKinley Will Not Pardon.

Gov. Altgeld in his speech at Omaha read some letters and other documents concerning an Ohio boy who had enlisted for love of country and gone to Manila in the defense of the old flag. The facts of this case should be known to all the people of these states, as it is only an example of the work that Otis is doing under the orders of McKinley in the effort to establish militarism in this country. What this Ohio boy has suffered, thousands of your sons will suffer and worse, when we have a great standing army. This part of the speech should be printed in every paper in the land that is opposed to imperialism.

McKinley has pardoned a great many national bankers, but this patriotic boy who never committed any crime he would not pardon. It is not at all unreasonable that a boy brought up under our free government should not know that under militarism, it was a crime to address a letter to an officer. He may

not have known that he made himself liable to severe punishment to even speak to a man wearing shoulder straps. That is the law and in the regular army and it is enforced to the letter. That is what your sons will have to submit to if the republican party succeeds in downing the declaration of independence and the constitution and establishing a great standing army. Gov. Altgeld said:

"The American people were shocked at the revelations of the recent Dreyfus trial. Yet, my friends, the conditions existing in France as disclosed in that Dreyfus trial, are the natural and the legitimate outgrowth of militarism. It rests on brutality and force. No set of men who are permitted to eat bread that is earned by the sweat of other men's brows understand free institutions or are safe guardians of liberty. It was a man swaggering in a glittering uniform who recently declared that we had outgrown the constitution. Brushing the constitution aside with brass buttons and a sword is a performance that the world has become familiar with, and it always signifies the same thing. Do not delude yourselves, my friends, with the idea that militarism in America will be different from what it is in the countries of Europe. The spirit of militarism is the same everywhere and always produces the same results. According to military law a private is not permitted to speak to a commissioned officer and under no circumstances can he speak or write to a commanding officer. There is an impassable gulf between the man wearing shoulder straps and the man carrying a gun. Any system based upon such a principle as that is in deadly conflict with our institutions, I do not wish to reflect on all officers, but to show you how far military snobbery and intolerance has already gone in our army, I call your attention to an incident that lately happened at Manila. An Ohio boy named Lawrence F. Hoon, the son of respectable parents at Belle Center, Logan county, Ohio, when barely of age, enlisted in company L, Fourth United States Volunteer Infantry and was sent to Manila. He seems to have been a bright, steady and ambitious boy, of whom any father would be proud. While at Manila he heard that there were to be some promotions from the ranks and that they were to be based on competitive examination. He wanted an opportunity to compete, and not knowing that it was against the rules for a private to write to the commanding officer, he wrote a polite note to General Otis asking permission to participate in the competitive examination. Now, my friends, if there is anything that is laudable and commendable about the American character, it is the disposition to stand on merit, it is that spirit of self reliance that has made this republic great. That young man showed that he had in him the metal to make a successful man and a useful citizen.

There is not a father in this audience but what would feel proud over having such a son. What do you suppose General Otis did with that letter and with that young man? Sent him for one year to the penitentiary, then to be dishonorably discharged from the army. He would not even touch it, but had it returned to the young man. A letter from a private was something that this military snob would not touch. The young man was arrested and thrown into prison and after lying three months, he was tried by a commission of six officers and was condemned to one year imprisonment in the penitentiary held back \$75 of the pay that was due him. While in prison the young man wrote a letter to his father who was dying of consumption at his home in Belle Center, O. This letter was smuggled out of prison and got into the mail. It is one of the most pathetic stories that I know of in all literature, and I will read it:

"Manila, P. I., Aug. 7, 1899.—My dear father: It is a painful task I am now endeavoring to perform, not for myself, but the thought of causing you pain. In your condition it is madness, but I cannot for the world refrain from telling you the crises of my life and the death of fond hopes. I came here as patriotic soldier as ever donned the blue, ambitious and enthusiastic. An order came for the promotion of one from each regiment. Like the moth and fire, I longed for the star that was my doom and forwarded a letter to General Otis asking to be granted an examination. His secretary burned it and I was arrested, the first time in my life as you know, charged with addressing a superior officer without consent of a terminate officer.

I did not know it was a crime and not fifty of my regiment knew it. My captain told me I would be fined \$1 or \$20. But I was one whom they made a warning of to others. By a court of six officers I was dishonorably discharged and sentenced to one year in Bilbil military prison. One year for an act I knew not was wrong. No one had a better record than I for faithfulness. Never tasted wine nor missed a call. And, oh, that discharge! I left a good home, God bless it, good prospects for a future, you an invalid and needing my help, came over 8,000 to serve my country in burning sun and blinding rain, and God, to what an end! But in the eyes of my angel mother, whose love we cherish, I know I am as guiltless of criminal intention as I was at birth.

I faced the bullets and even the sting of a Mauter without a murmur; and, worse, my health has been sacrificed in time of duty. And then confined three months without trial; sentenced to one long dreary year, then thrown upon a scornful world in disgrace, a physical wreck and dishonor to the flag I fought to shield. They even retained five months of my hard-earned pitance, \$75. I am confined with all classes, the coarsest brutes. I never was used to it and it galls me sorely. My lesson is very severe and fifteen months of my life a blank. A starved intellect, you on your deathbed; I, scourged by the lash of an instant's folly. I am unable to be with you. I would ten thousand times rather serve my time in innocence than to have my liberty and a guilty soul. When the wheel of fortune is lowest it then slowly begins to rise. This is my only hope. Were I a criminal I would never face you again. I cannot for my life tell of what avail it is to keep me here. I can no longer be a soldier, but their will is law and I hope God will spare us till we meet again. God keep you and bless you, my loving father. From your only son,

LAWRENCE F. HOON, Company K, Fourth United States Volunteer Infantry.

On receiving this letter the father wrote the following letter to Governor Bushnell of Ohio:

Belle Center, O., Sept. 13, 1899.—Gov. error Asa Bushnell, Columbus, O.—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed letters from my son in the Philippine islands. Please read them carefully and if you can do anything for him my thanks will be everlasting to you. You will probably understand his case better than I do. If my health would permit I would seek a private interview with you. I have tubercular trouble and am afraid if he stays until May we will never meet here on earth. He is my only child. His mother died with consumption ten years ago. He is of a frail constitution, tall and slender, 22 years old and as patriotic a boy as ever lived, but I think his desire for promotion made him do what he did. I feel the disgrace of a dishonorable discharge worse than his confinement, and if you could only do something to shorten his stay and let me see him again you can't realize what a favor you would confer on a sick father. Please do what you can. I enclose stamped envelope, addressed. Please let me know as soon as possible what you can do. Yours truly,

L. G. HOON.

And Governor Bushnell wrote the following letter to President McKinley: Columbus, O., Sept. 14, 1899.—To his excellency, William McKinley, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir: I send you herewith a copy of a communication from one of our boys at Manila, a private of company K, Fourth United States Infantry, who seems to have been a victim of ignorance, rather than a willful desire to commit crime. He is the son of a worthy citizen of Ohio, who is an invalid and feels very keenly the disgrace of his son. It does seem as though this young man had been too severely punished, and that his is a case deserving your clemency. Will you not intervene in his behalf by sending a cable to the military authorities to have his sentence revoked and him given an honorable discharge? I also enclose a copy of a letter from the father of the soldier, which I am sure will appeal to your sympathy and sense of justice. I have felt that this case was one that would justify my coming directly to you and making the request I have. May I not hope for your early interference in this case and notification that favorable action has been taken? I have the honor to be very respectfully yours,

ASA S. BUSHNELL.

My friends, I do not wish to do the president an injustice, but I have watched the papers since the publication of these letters to see if McKinley would rebuke this military snobbery and set that boy free, and as an American citizen I am sorry to have to say that up to this time the president has been so busy delivering himself of platitudes about the flag and about the glories of patriotism that he has not had time to do this simple act of justice to an American young citizen who, in my judgment, is worth more to the republic than a thousand uniformed snobs who eat bread that is earned by the hands of the American laborer. My friends, this is militarism. This is imperialism. This is McKinleyism. Do you want it?

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures over night the most stubborn cold as well as all its complications—tickling in the throat, husky voice and violent coughing. It is the most wonderful medicine science has produced.

Chaplains and Pugilists? Editor Independent: What a cruel age we live in. Civilization has advanced in some ways, but in religion it must have gone back. Bishop or clergy who advocates war without a cause cannot be a good citizen. You may have your fighting chaplain as they did of old. What is the difference between a pugilist and a fighting chaplain? Is it not for the almighty dollar? That is not religion. It may be of the upper four hundred kind, who need something to stir their sluggish blood as in the old Roman days of Nero. Life was cheap in those days. Extravagance pervades all society. They want more gold and woe weak nation must furnish it to keep the capitalist moving.

The capitalists of this great republic set the people this evil example. The men with one idea who are in London as well as in New York, whose hobby is the gold standard, think it will double their wealth. Then the farmer can leave his plough, the merchant his store, the lawyer his office, the clergyman his study and the craze for the gold standard will burst in the year of our Lord 1900. He who has no money will borrow, beg or steal and the capitalist who has it will think that he makes a generous sacrifice if he lends it at a 100 per cent. The capitalist well knows that the people are blinded by this "McKinley prosperity," those republican leaders know how to fool the people.

FARMER JOHN.

Trumped Up Claims. The so-called Transvaal question has been purely trumped up. There has been no real ground of dispute on Great Britain's part with President Kruger's government. England has demanded a variety of things to the internal administration of a country which had the fullest right to order its internal affairs according to its own preferences. Without acknowledging the right of England to raise any questions as to internal taxation, naturalization, school administration and the like, the Transvaal has nevertheless permitted itself to discuss such questions for several years, and has made very considerable concessions for the sake of avoiding, if possible, a conflict with an irresistibly powerful opponent: But Mr. Chamberlain as British colonial secretary, has ingeniously changed his demands from time to time. Certain large stock market interests also have systematically maintained a propaganda for stirring up the English people. Their theme has been the suffering of British subjects in the gold-mining districts through the oppressive conduct of the Boer government. We have repeatedly discussed these alleged grievances and have pointed out their absurdity and their falsity. The British subjects in the Transvaal are there temporarily for the most part. They have never had the slightest idea of giving up their British citizenship and becoming naturalized subjects of the Transvaal republic. Yet England for months has been preparing for war on a most elaborate scale, with no pretext that any one could give except that President Kruger was not willing to make the term of years requisite for naturalization quite as short as Mr. Chamberlain thought it ought to be. Never before has so preposterous an excuse been given for military preparations, so far as we have read history. From "The Progress of the World" in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November.

Bugler in the Rear. TO HEDYARD KIPLING. Strong Bugler, whose deep-chested strain Has cheered the march of man From Sinai to the coast of Maine, From Cork to Kordofan. Oh, tell me, while your rhythmic flow Still fascinates my ear, Why is it that you choose to blow Your bugle in the rear? Know, then, that man shall not return And seek the British past. The jungle he has left—to learn To scale the heights at last. And this shall ever be the sign To mark the leader true: The post is the man divine Who tells us something new— The man who tells us something new. And points the road ahead; Whose tent is with the forward few. And not among the dead. Then come, strong bugler of the rear, And lead us in the van And blow this blast as pioneer, "The Brotherhead of Man!" New York. ENNEST H. CROSBY.

Five Little Pigs. The news of the consolidation of virtually the entire railway business of the country under one management suggests that parents who are tired of the old nursery rhyme "This little pig went to market," as played on the toes or fingers of the baby, may now vary it to adapt it to the incalculable of the principles of modern American political economy into the minds of the future citizen. The rhyme so adopted might read: This little pig (Morgan) works the coal mines; This little pig (Armour) packs the meat; This little pig (Pillsbury) turns the flour mills; This little pig (Frick) sells the iron; And this little pig (Vanderbilt) runs all the railroads. In this way the future American citizen might learn even in his cradle that in his favored country the control of the great necessities of civilized life—bread, meat, fuel, iron and transportation—rests with a list of captains of industry not more numerous than the "little pigs" represented by the fingers on one hand or the toes of one of his infantile feet.—N. Y. World.

Three Leaders. The three campaign orators who have attracted most attention this year are Bryan, Roosevelt and Hanna. The only genuine orator of the trio is Bryan. An imperial view of our public affairs for the last three years must result in the conclusion that a real orator has been developed in him. Bryan has eloquence, readiness and persuasive power in a rare degree. It is idle to deny him the possession of these qualities. If we may take the testimony of those who know him, he is honest, pure and sincere in his character. He has shown not only a sweet and forbearing disposition under abuse, but a remarkably sound judgment in his manner of meeting it, and an unusual fairness toward his political opponents in his method of argument.

Roosevelt is a man who had something of the same traits as Bryan in the beginning of his political career. He, too, was honest, able and upright. We are sufficiently charitable toward him to suppose that he means to be so still. But he is very different from Bryan in other respects. He is lacking in the quality of moderation and fairness in meeting an adversary, and he is conspicuously deficient in discretion. He has abandoned independence and gone into the unqualified service of party. There has been no man on the stump who is more intolerant toward political opponents, none less disposed to do justice to a political adversary. It may make him more popular with the extreme men of his party as a candidate for the presidency, but his deficiency of discretion, which he does not seem to have overcome, will, we think, be a serious obstacle to his availability.

Of Hanna less needs to be said. He is the type of the unscrupulous politician in oratory. He seems to feel no responsibility beyond producing effect for the moment—no care for the verification of what he offers as facts in his speeches. No oratorical reputation of value was ever attained in such a way.—Boston Herald.

Why does Wheat Fall? The Philadelphia Press says: "Broomhall's estimate of the world's wheat crop is 2,496,000,000 bushels, a decline of 390,000,000 bushels as compared with the yield of last year. Other European experts made the decrease as against last year's crop from 281,000,000 bushels to 377,000,000. It may be taken for granted that the yield this year will be below 2,500,000,000, or, say, 350,000,000 bushels below 1898 and 225,000,000 bushels below 1897. The falling off in the Americas is about 170,000,000 bushels as compared with 1898."

That being the state of the facts, will some gold standard, McKinley prosperity man please tell us why wheat continues to slowly decline in price all the time? No. 3 spring wheat is now worth on the Chicago market only a little over 60 cents a bushel. Is it possible that the pops have told the truth all the time about this matter? There are no famines in India or crop shortages in Argentina, but there is a general shortage, taking in the whole world. Why then does wheat and corn constantly decline? Even the increase in the output of gold has not been enough to hold it up. The shortage of money in New York still continues and the crops cannot be moved at the present prices. That's all there is to it.

RAILROADS IN POLITICS. When Bryan spoke at Tacoma Park in this county in June, the Milwaukee refused to run a special train from Eureka unless a cash in advance guarantee of \$400 was put up by the Park managers. When he spoke at Madison, the company required a like guarantee for a special train from Sioux Falls and then charged \$1.00 per ticket more than the regular fare. Now that McKinley is to speak in Aberdeen this company will run specials from North, South, East, and West, at half fare and require no guarantee at all from anybody. Who said the railroads were not in politics?—Dakota Ruralist.

Sympathy. A large crowd of the unemployed got together in Chicago the other day and by a unanimous vote passed the following preamble and resolution: Whereas, Misery loves company, therefore Resolved, That we welcome the retail merchants and small manufacturers to the ranks of the unemployed.

Mr. H. N. Warner, of Kearney, Neb., says:

"In 1894 I was attacked with paralysis in my left side. You might stick a pin to the head into my left hip and I would not feel it. I was unable to do any kind of work, and had to be turned in bed. I fully made up my mind that I could not be cured, as I had used all kinds of medicine and had tried many doctors. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I very reluctantly commenced their use last September. Before I had finished my first box I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used six boxes the paralysis disappeared; and although two months have passed since I finished my last box, there has been no recurrence of the disease."

From the Advertiser, Astell, Neb.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

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