

STUPIDITY OR DEATH, WHICH

The tame indifference everywhere seen while congress, president and courts strike down all the old landmarks of liberty would seem to indicate that all the manly and heroic qualities of the fathers in 1776 have nearly ceased to be. The fact that traitors appear is not new. We had a gross of that kind of creatures in 1860 and earlier. They bowed meekly before the slave holder and slave driver, but there was all the time a remnant which refused to bow the knee. Feeling was intense, something vehement. The indignation meetings were hot with thrilling excitement. Street talk had a certain sound and breathed the spirit of daring. Blood was hinted at, but was welcomed and defied. John Brown was a hero and a martyr with the masses. Courts were defied and men went to prison. Now's worse danger confronts us and all is quiet. No mass meetings of indignation and outraged Americans are taking place. Every county ought to be seen in line with flags and banners and tens of thousands of voters, but not a single instance of the kind is occurring. The Independent would have more than fifty thousand paying subscribers if one-half the Holcomb voters paid in a dollar, instead of that it is small in size and crippled for want of money. This is the present American element—our present day type of manhood. Can such a people be free? Will liberty survive? I confess to fears and doubts. I am not in despair, but assurance is impossible, and hope sees no rainbow. The darkest day I ever saw in the slavery struggle was always had a vigorous resistance in sight. Now when millions of men ought to be seen in line and make themselves felt, there is not one meeting, and scarce a petition to congress. I think I now see how Demosthenes felt when he saw Greece dying. Jeremiah and Jesus wept over the Jews, was their case worse than ours? Who can answer? Lysander destroyed Sparta and the grand work of Lysander with gold, and we are to have gold for a God—a chief God. The work of Lysander was anteceded by ambition and territorial extension. Our Hanna and McKinley duplicate their Lysander and ambition. Alas, alas, our voters know it not, or if they know they care not.

Most of your readers, perhaps, will toss this off as dogma from an old man. Be it so, but my dogma is safer than their cool indifference. What nation ever saw its disgrace before it was too late? Not one, no not one in four thousand years. How then, can we repeat the very things which planted grave yards from Egypt to Rome and Lisbon, and the republic live? If we can do it, then history will be reversed, and the United States will be the first to reverse it. But an old man does not believe that history can be or will be reversed, and when that old man sees the serpent of all ages coiling his slimy folds around the dear goddess of liberty he feels that it is time to fight, and therefore populists enough to make a vigorous fight if their temper was up to white heat. We may be the Boers of America, but Boer is a healthy name to conjure by these days. J. M. SNYDER.

Two Farms for Sale

I have two nice farms for sale five miles from Mt. Clare, Neb. For particulars address box 13, Mt. Clare, Neb. S. HUNZIKER.

Against the Boers

Editor Independent: Is it not understood to be the legitimate field for a newspaper to report all important events transpiring and leave the readers to form opinions and draw their own conclusions? I did used to be, but I fear that is passed.

The active brains, who control the press, will jump to the front and earnestly aim to control opinion, and if a assumption to be regretted in some instances at least.

I called to this conclusion by the strong position you take on the Boer question. As an American citizen I have no sympathy with Irish and Dutch fanatics, who have some imaginary cause of away back, for hatred towards a friendly nation who is not doing anything to injure American citizens, but who takes millions of dollars worth of our products, throws open her ports to all manufactured goods, and interferes not with our unjust war in Asia, and yet, who commenced this war? Who is the aggressor? The Boers would not have been allowed to amass armor for wars and secretly prepare for this offense, if they had been indebted to the United States for their very existence, as she is to England. The Boers have no use for English or American law. They desire political rights and privileges for a few and the old testament rule for foreign subjects. What would you say if any other nation on

SOME BARGAINS

NEBRASKA FARMS FOR SALE. No. 151. One of Lancaster county's finest farms, 100 acres, six miles from Lincoln. Very finely improved. Has been, and will be a money making farm. Unusually good orchard of best varieties of fruit. The purchaser of this farm can get the best at very profitable prices. Address Nebraska Independent, Farm Number 151, Lincoln, Nebraska. No. 220. Whole improved section within 12 miles of Lincoln, at \$15.00 per acre. A regular map. Address Nebraska Independent, Farm Number 220, Lincoln, Nebraska. No. 426. Highly improved 160 acres in Oton county, splendidly located. One of the choicest farms of Nebraska. Can be bought right or will trade for a larger body of land suitable for stock raising. Address Nebraska Independent, Farm Number 426, Lincoln, Nebraska. No. 448. Fine combination grain and stock farm in 36th Iron county, 250 acres, mostly valley land, very rich. About 100 acres in cultivation—20 acres hay land. Lively water, timber. Remarkably cheap. Address Nebraska Independent, Farm Number 448, Lincoln, Nebraska. No. 460. 3,000 acres splendidly improved land in Republican Valley can be bought at a bargain price; also 400 acres alfalfa farm in Morgan Co., Colorado. Address Nebraska Independent, Farm Number 460, Lincoln, Nebraska. No. 475. First class quarter section in Lancaster county for sale; the place is the best of the kind, and the cheapest in the West, being going out of business. Address Nebraska Independent, Farm Number 475, Lincoln, Nebraska. No. 483. A stock and feeding farm. Every facility provided for convenient and economical milking, including sidetrack and part of the kind, and the cheapest in the West, being going out of business. Address Nebraska Independent, Farm Number 483, Lincoln, Nebraska.

BEAUTY, THE CONQUEROR BELLAVITA

Arsenic Beauty Tablets and Pills. A perfectly safe and guaranteed treatment for all skin disorders. Restores the bloom of youth to faded faces. 10 days' treatment 50c; 30 days' \$1.00, by mail. Send for circular. Address: BELLAVITA BY DR. CAL. CO., Chicago & Jackson Sts., Chicago. Sold by Harley Drug Co., Cor. O and 11 St., Lincoln, Nebr.

earth were to encourage and foster all hot headed demagogues to active participation against this government, for some old grievance that occurred during the civil war.

There is no business in publishing three columns of your one-sided Dutchman's letter and carefully exclude so many able reports and letters that have been written on the British side. It is due to your readers that they hear both sides.

The fact of your able handling of the financial questions and deserved exposure of the evils likely to accrue from the bank bill now under discussion, holds me to your list of contributors. This African war, is of no national importance to us, and should not induce any American citizen to take any offensive partisanship in it. England knows what she is about, and South Africa is taught enough to bring him up to date in law and equity. JOHN HARRIS.

Arachos, Neb. That the facts of current events should be presented in a newspaper goes without saying, but that the expression of opinion should be suppressed is a proposition this editor cannot endorse. He supposed that after culling the news that was the main reason that he was put in charge of this paper.

For the English people the editor of the Independent has the most profound regard and the kindest feelings. He is proud to number among his dearest friends some who live on the tight little island. But for the English government, being as it is, in the hands of hereditary dukes and lords and a lot of sycophants who want to be lords, he has no sympathy at all. The liberty of all the world has come mainly from the English people but these same people have had to fight for hundreds of years against the dukes and lords. Every privilege that that people now enjoy they have wrested with bloody hands from their kings and aristocracy. These same untitled British people are as much opposed to the Boer war as is the Independent. All the great minds of England, men of the people who have become famous the world over by the brilliancy of their intellect—mostly men who have no taint of royal blood in them—have put themselves on record against it. The Independent is bound to oppose it for it is waged upon the same principles that the unholty war against the Filipinos is waged.

About the Lanterns

The winter days are so short that a great many chores are done on the farm by the light of a lantern. It is no unusual thing to see the lamps kept in excellent condition, cheering and brightening the rooms, while the lantern burner is so filled up with gummy accumulations from the oil, that it gives very little light, and the globe is so dingy that little light can scarcely find its way through.

Get a good lantern to begin with. Many a cheap lantern is worthless and even dangerous after using a few weeks. Have a place to hang it up while it is not in use, so no time will be lost in looking for it. Wash the globe every morning when you care for the lamps, rinse in clear water and polish with a dry cloth. Keep the oil receptacle well filled, boil the burner once a week in a strong suds and the tubes will remain open, enabling it to give a bright light. Keep the tin frame clean and shining. Your husband will be pleased with the result, and surely that will be an ample reward for the small amount of labor required. E. J. C.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Mrs. Wu's Receptions

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28. (Special Correspondence.)—Owing to the illness of Madame Wu, the Chinese legation usually so gay, has remained closed to society until this week. Now that the little lady's health has mended, she has resumed her informal Friday receptions, to the especial delight of visiting strangers whose curiosity concerning the home which was transplanted almost intact from the flowery Kingdom, is never satiated.

Mr. and Mrs. Wu are the most hospitable of Orientals. Their legation is in the heart of the fashionable part of town, and besides being one of the largest and handsomest homes in Washington, is gorgeously furnished in the Chinese fashion, making it a shining mark for sight-seers. Mr. and Mrs. Wu dress as always, in their native costume, receive each guest—invited or uninvited—in the most cordial manner, though frequently the crowd is far too great for two pairs of hands to "shake" with all those extended.

The minister speaks and understands English perfectly, but his little wife is not so proficient; and therefore a number of American ladies usually assist her in receiving and pouring out the tea which is a prominent feature of the Chinese receptions. And what tons of tea must be consumed in that legation! It makes one blush for American manners to record that last Friday's reception was literally jammed with strangers who made no effort to conceal the fact that they had come for the most curiosity, who engaged the furniture and hangings and bric-a-brac as they would not be permitted to do in any public museum, and treated the members of the legation exactly as if they had been wax figures set up for their inspection. Some of the boldest and rudest even commented audibly upon their dress and style of wearing the hair, and the

size of Madame Wu's feet. The minister's wife is learning English and speaks what she knows in the delightful pigeon fashion. One of her favorite remarks is, "I likee Amelia because of her freedom for China lady." She must feel, sometimes, that the boasted "freedom" of American women should be checked with a little Oriental seclusion, if not occasional salutory treatment with "something lingering, like boiling oil."—Fanny Brigham.

Millions of Bonds

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26. (Special Correspondence.)—They say at the treasury department that upwards of 100,000 strangers have been shown about the treasury building this year.

The place which excites most wonder and comment is the bond vault, on the first floor, near the treasurer's office. In it are stored \$407,000,000 in bonds, \$67,000,000 of which, however, are unregistered. These bonds belong to the national banks of the country. They are deposited with the treasury, to secure the circulation of the national bank notes. Every visitor is shown a little package of bonds, and if he looks perfectly honest, is sometimes allowed to hold it for a minute—five million or so them.

The vault, containing upwards of \$400,000,000 worth of paper is quite small, for so large a building as the U. S. treasury and so rich as Uncle Samuel. But they it was built nearly forty years ago, and at that time answered all requirements. Now every available quarter inch of space is occupied and more is badly needed.

It is claimed that the vault is absolutely burglar and fire proof. There is such a network of electric wires connected with the door leading into it that any attempt to drill a hole in it would set off alarms, not only all over the treasury building but at police headquarters, the wires being connected with the admirable burglar alarm system of the district.

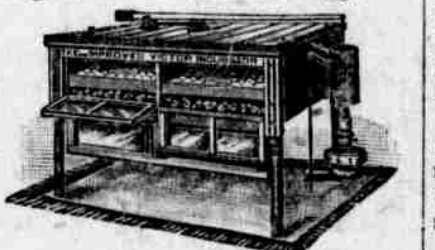
The bonds of the national banks are kept in file boxes placed in rows on wooden shelves and properly numbered. The vault is illuminated by electric lights, the wires being specially protected, so there is little danger from that cause.

Looking at this vault the other day, with some friends from the country, I was struck with what seemed to me the inadequate protection of such a vast amount of money in paper form. The official who was showing us about replied, "You are right, madame, it is the strangest thing in Washington."—Fanny Brigham.

A PERFECT INCUBATOR

Good Results in Hatching Hat With the Ertel Improved Victor.

How to hatch the greatest percentage of eggs with least loss and trouble is one of the important problems in the mind of everyone who embarks in poultry raising. For many thousands this problem has been solved by the Ertel Improved Victor Incubator, which with the least amount of attention hatches the greatest number of fertile eggs.



With the Victor Incubator and Improved Victor Brooder the man or woman who hatches eggs for profit has a large part of the battle fought and won. The patented heating arrangement of the Victor Incubator is a marvel of efficiency and simplicity as well, and all poultry folks who have struggled with any of the complicated and unreliable machines that are advertised will fully appreciate these merits. There is a lot of interesting and valuable information in the illustrated catalogue, which is sent free if you will request it, by the makers of the Victor goods, the George Ertel Company, Quincy, Illinois.

Ask Mark Hanna

Editor Independent:—Before the ink got properly dry signing that gold standard bill in the lower house of congress, a crash was heard in Boston and New York. So much for the gold standard. The chickens are coming home to roost. That McKinley gold standard pill soon took effect. Who will be the next, please Mr. Banker? Do not come too thick or you will frighten Gage and McKinley. Mark Hanna is too stupid to be affected by it. Oh, what a dose! Wall and Lombard streets will soon get tired of shelling out the gold. Well, how do you like it? You got what you voted for. There will be an eastern earthquake one of these days, so be prepared for it. Do not call on the earth to hide you from another piece of good republican statesmanship. They never make mistakes. Ask Mark Hanna. FARMER JOHN.

Walk in... to the Merchant's Dining Hall at 11th and P streets, Lincoln, and get a Square Meal for 10c. Then go into the basement and get a shave, shampoo, and shine—also latest papers and periodicals.



AN OLD SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE

A Grizzled Veteran Who Never Forgot the Anniversary of Gen. McPherson's Death.

A faded rose lay between the forefeet of the horse of bronze on which sits the heroic figure of Gen. McPherson in the square which bears his name. It was found there one Sunday morning, shriveled and dead, with nothing to show whose hand had placed it at the foot of the man who fell before Atlanta in defense of the union, a mute evidence of remembrance. On Saturday night a young man was passing through the park. In a moment of abstraction he turned aside from the path and read the inscription on the granite base of the statue. He was turning away to continue his walk across the park when a voice called to him. Turning, the young man saw seated on a bench, directly in front of the statue, a bent figure, with a slouch hat and an old army blouse. Gray-haired and bearded, clad in army blue, a crutch beside him, the old man was a



"NO; DON'T CALL ME CAPPEN, BOY."

typical veteran of the time "which tried men's souls."

"Come over here, boy, and sit down," said he, in a voice wheezy with asthma. "I would like to talk to you."

The young man hesitated and then walked over and sat down beside the old soldier. "What is it, captain?" he said.

"No; don't call me cappen, boy, 'cause I ain't nothing but a private soldier, and never was. I saw you a-looking at that monument there, and I wondered if you knowed much about the gin'ral. Did you know him? Course you didn't, though, 'cause you're too young. I knowed him, boy—God bless him—and that's the reason you see me here tonight. I wouldn't miss being here tonight for all my pension, and I've been a-coming on the 22d of July for the past six year, boy—every year."

The old fellow stopped speaking and gazed at the towering figure on the horse above his head. Suddenly he laid his withered hand on the sleeve of the younger man and said:

"Here, boy; don't mind me a-calling you a boy, but you are a boy to me; take this and put it up there on the monument. I brought it for the gin'ral," and he handed the stranger a red rose.

Wonderingly, the young man took the rose, and stepping over to the pedestal, tossed it lightly up between the feet of the war horse. Turning again, by sudden impulse, he seated himself once more beside the veteran and said, gently: "Tell me about your general, won't you, please?"

"There ain't much to tell, boy. Everybody knows he was the finest officer we had when we started through Georgia with Sherman. I loved him like all the boys did, and I love his mem'ry yet. I saw him a-riding along cheering the boys up that day at Atlanta, and there never was a finer-looking soldier on a horse. It want more'n a hour after that till I saw him lying on the ground wounded to death. It was a bad day for his boys, and we all felt like it was a brother or some near kin when we heard he was dead. There want no jokes around the fire that night."

"Well, it's been a long time ago now, but the old man ain't forgot it. Seven year ago I got into the soldiers' home out here, and I've been there ever since. I don't trouble them out there much, and I only ask for leave once a year. That's on the 22d of July, and I just come over here where they have put up the monument and sit down where I can see the gin'ral and think about the last time I saw him cheering up the boys at Atlanta. I won't be here next year, 'cause I'm about ready for 'taps.' I wonder who will remember the gin'ral then?"

"Somehow a lady that lives close by the home found out where I went every year, and to-day when I passed by her house she came out to the fence and told me to come in and get some flowers from her garden. They was mighty pretty, and I thought I'd take a big bunch at first, but then I told her I was beholden to her and would take one of them pretty red roses over in the corner. That's the rose you jest put up there. I wish I thought somebody would put one there next year," and there were tears in the old man's voice. "Now, that's all," he continued. "I must be going. Good-by, boy. You will never see the old man again, but I'm thankful to you for putting the rose up there."—Washington Star.

Sure of His Standing. The polite man is always sure of his standing in a crowded car.—Chicago Daily News.

Domestic Woes. A bride of three short weeks is she, and yet her heart is sad. For she has troubles of her own, and she has them mighty bad. To-day she sought the kitchen, and an effort made to bake. A wondrous thing from a recipe that called for angel's cake. But the cruel words of hubby brought tears to her dark eyes.—Said he: "Why it's called angel cake, I can readily surmise."—Chicago Daily News.

The True Significance. Daughter—Yes, Henry calls here three times a week, but I don't think of means anything by it. He says he doesn't take any stock in matrimony, thinks a man is better off single and is exceedingly apathetic and inattentive to me! Father—Great Scott! That shows he wants you the worst way! He's a horse dealer, you know.—Puck.

Willing to Assist. New Son-in-Law—Ahem! You remember, Mr. Oldchapp, you said that after we were married you would assist me in the matter of furnishing a house. Mr. Oldchapp—Certainly, my boy, certainly. Come around the corner with me and I'll introduce you to a friend of mine who is in the installment business.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not an Incendiary. "Mr. Slocum, just little Tommy to Sister Mary's young man, 'you never play with matches, do you?' " "What makes you ask that funny question, Tommy?" " 'Nothin', only pa says he guesses you won't ever set the river on fire."—N. Y. World.

Had to Be at First Sight. "I understand it was a case of love at first sight," he said. "It was," replied the dearest friend of the woman in question. "It had to be. If he had looked a second time he never could have fallen in love with her."—Chicago Post.

Something Worth Knowing. Book Agent—If you'll buy this book, sir, I'll guarantee that you'll learn one thing that will save you lots of money. Man of the House—I'll take it. What will it teach me? "Never to buy another book from a book agent."—Harlem Life.

The Target Safe. Old Lady—Shame on you, boys! Now, you never hear of little girls throwing stones and killing birds. Bad Boy—Course yer don't! We ever saw a girl dat could throw a straight ernut to kill a bird?—Chicago Daily News.

A Noble Object. "What," asked the young woman, "is fame?" "Fame," answered the author, with a weary look, "is what causes a man to discover that the ladies are making their pug dogs after his favorite character."—Washington Star.

No Chance for 'Em. With laughter lurking in each face, and folly never asleep. This earth is but a sojourn place. For those who fail would weep.—Washington Star.



"I tell you, old man, I was where the shells were the thickest!" "Where was that? Under the ammunition wagon?"—St. Louis Republic.

To the Kicker. If you ever know that happy day, this earth is but a sojourn place. Where you can have things just your way. The world will all be dead but you.—Detroit Free Press.

Missed His Vocation. Patient—You should have gone into the army, doctor. Doctor—Why so? Patient—Judging by the way you charge your friends you would be able to completely annihilate an enemy.—Chicago Daily News.

High-Priced Man. Bilkins—I am told that Ward Heel never took a penny as a politician in his life. Gilkins—I believe every word of it. Ward Heel is a highly-priced man.—Ohio State Journal.

Frank. Lawyer (speaking of prisoner at bar)—I can say on oath, sir, that I have seen this man in places where I could be ashamed to be seen.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

An Ideal Union. He—Was it a happy marriage? She—Happy? Why, they've been married five years and they are still flatterin' each other!—Puck.

Too Good to Last. Briggs—When I buy cigars by the box the trouble is that they don't last. Griggs—You don't buy 'em right kind.—Jodge.

Explained. "My wife never complained of 'Bore her sufferings in silence, eh?' " "Dot's right. She had a jaw."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Kind They Keep. Jack—Remember, darling, that this diamond is a secret. Ida—All right, dear; rest assured that I will keep it.—Chicago Daily News.

SCHOLARS AND THINKERS

Very Many Read the Independent—Secured of College Men Behind the Flow in Nebraska.

Editor Independent:—I do not wish to impose upon your good nature, which is being given for so great a cause, but noticing your reference to the hesitancy with which you presented the Del Mar article to your readers, I wish to say that the Independent is read by both thinkers and scholars. Nebraska having, with Kansas, the lowest rate of illiteracy of any other state in the union, has more college bred men behind the pen than any other state. Besides, these men are, a large per cent of them, of the best families of our Puritan forefathers, and, therefore, can appreciate such scholarly arguments, and we wish that you were in a position to give the readers of the Independent more like it. Most newspapers contain so many misleading articles and statements, so that the truth is only obtained by careful sifting and then comparing with our own observations and that of our friends and correspondents in various localities. Therefore it is a pleasure to have one of a few papers that set out the truth for their readers. Every copy should be carefully read and then handed to some doubting neighbor or mailed to distant friends. In this way we can help the good cause.

Success to the Independent, its editor and the populist party. L. S. Ashland, Neb.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup invariably cures promptly all catarrhal affections. This wonderful medicine performs to lay, and has performed in the past half century, the speediest cures of colds in the throat, chest and lungs.

Democratic Pops

The Kings county, N. Y., representatives of the Chicago platform democracy declared against bimetalism and came out last week for paper money. Those at the meeting were formerly strong adherents of William J. Bryan. Indeed, they were of the 81 Jefferson birthday dinner crowd.

These men met last week at the residence of Eugene Brewster, No. 396 Monroe street, Brooklyn. Mr. Brewster told them that from information obtained by him from Chicago platform democrats in different parts of the country there was a wide spread feeling in favor of the substitution of greenbacks for bimetalism, which he said was not the true solution of the money question.

The meeting agreed with Mr. Brewster and it was decided to side-track bimetalism and to have a democratic party to declare for a paper currency.

Advertisement for \$2.75 Box Rain Coat. Features: A regular \$5.00 water-tight coat for \$2.75. SEND NO MONEY. Guaranteed to keep you dry. Includes a hat and gaiters. Address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

Advertisement for \$19.75 Sewing Machine. Features: A high quality machine with many improvements. Includes a cabinet and iron. Address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

Advertisement for \$1.00 Hat. Features: A stylish hat with a wide brim and a ribbon. Address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

Advertisement for \$2.75 Hat. Features: A fashionable hat with a veil. Address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

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