a special whack at the funds of the government on account of "what was done in the canvass last year?" Last year was 1896, of course.

Out in Nebraska the Bryan followers have charged that there was this sort of an alliance between the present administration and the National bank combine, but the republicans who blindly follow their party leaders have scouted at the idea. It remained for the Allen resolution to bring out of the the private office of the secretary of the treasury of the U. S. this bit of evidence confirmatory of the charges of the fusionists of the country. The best evidence of the fact that vice president Hepburn of the New York bank knew what he was talking about when he made this demand on "account of services rendered," was that his bank was afterwards given what he asked. In the language of a populist senator, "the senate is not through with Mr. Gage yet," and little things like this Hepburn and similar letters will help along.

The present week will see the financial bill taken up in the senate and the republican whips are driving their forces to its support. The minority will try and see that it is discussed and its bad features laid before the country in all their nakedness. Coming as this does on the heels of the recent attempt of Gage to establish a grand central bank, in which he holds stock, as the financial ruler of the country, this finance bill's similarity to the old United States bank plan will be of interest.

Recently there have been several prominent Nebraska republicans in Washington. One of them was G. M. Lambertson of Lincoln, who gave out an interview in which he confidently predicted the success of the republican ticket in Nebraska this fall. The pipe dreams of Nebraska republicans when they get away from home have come to be a never ceasing subject for merriment among politicians. Judge Lambertson was equally as confident in his public declarations just before the last election in Nebraska. He is either laboring under the impression that it is his duty to try and keep up the courage of the wavering, at the expense of conversational divergence from exact facts, or his judgment of political conditions is bad. The recent crossing of swords by Mercer and Thurston over the appointment of census supervisor for the Omaha district looks to people here as if Mr. Lambertson's own party had some very virulent sores to heal up before they are in good condition to talk about carrying Nebraska. These interviews by over-confident republicans are not expected to have effect in Nebraska, but they are given out here and at other points away from the state with the object of influencing the republican national committee to not overlook the home of Mr. Bryan when it comes to distributing the sinews of war for the next campaign.

In the house last week all of the Nebraska members delivered eulogies on the late W. L. Greene. Colonel Stark was called away by the death of a relative and on request of Judge Robinson his remarks were allowed to be printed. It was memorial week in the senate also and Senator Allen delivered a speech in eulogy of the personal character of the late vice president.

With the majority in both branches so largely against them the democrats and populists are confined to making the record show what the republican majority is pledged to do. In this they are causing a great deal of worry at the other end of the avenue. The republican declaration that they are not in favor of fostering trusts is made for the consumption of the workers and western people who are ground by the trusts. The faith of those blind republicans who swallow anything which has the party brand on it was rudely shocked when the republican majority in the senate the other day voted down an amendment offered by Senator Allen to the census bill, providing that information as to the formation of trusts and the business done by them be collected by the census bureau. The republican senate killed it and killed it quick. They did not want any such information given to the people.

D. H. BRADLEY.

At Sanderson's sale, 1213 O street they are selling lots of shoes for less than one-half their cost.

Puzzle Answers

No. 1—REBUS—"The old lady of Threadneedle street." (The popular name for the Bank of England.)

No. 2—CHARADE—"In-gathering."

No. 3—RIDDLE—"The eyes."

No. 4—ANAGRAM—"Preposterous purposes."

No. 5—PALINDROME—"Niagara, O roar again."

No. 6—REVERSAL—"Dongola, a log nod."

No. 7—The Honest Fisherman:

Chubb's land	3
Mrs. Brown's (his sister's)	2
Mr. Robinson's (his cousin)	5
Mr. Smith's	2
	12

No. 8—PARADOX—Caper.

Chess

[Devoted especially to disseminating a more thorough knowledge of this most instructive of all games among the readers of the Independent. Address all communications intended for this department to—Chess Editor Independent, 2646 Garfield street, Lincoln, Neb.]

A word regarding our plans: The Independent goes to many thousand country homes in Nebraska and other states each week. In a great majority of these homes are young people—yes, and older ones—who hail with delight an opportunity to engage in some game to while away an occasional hour during the long winter evenings. The Independent, having faith in the old adage that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," desires to provide for its readers an opportunity to learn and engage in a game that has no superior.

A well known clergyman has this to say regarding chess: "Naturalness is one of the tests of art. Chess is the most perfect miniature of nature; and space, force, time and obstruction (matter) are the elements of nature; and space, force, time and obstruction are the elements of chess. Human life, which is so full of contest that it has been called a battle, is more perfectly represented in chess than in any other thing. The principles of good chess playing are the principles of good living: A wise conservativeness, energy, self-reliance, economy of time and strength, application, concentration, tenacity, hopefulness, quickness of perception, invention, decision, courage, caution and above all, balance—these are the elements of success in both chess and life. A man with the abilities that make a fine chess player has in him the possibilities of a successful man in almost anything to which he will devote himself.

"It follows that the educational value of chess must be very great. I have found it incalculable in my own experience. It has taught me the limitations of my own powers; it has taught me to respect but not to reverse the established opinion; it has taught me to "look before I leap;" it has taught me that "my competitor is only a man;" it has strengthened my memory, and disciplined my reasoning powers, cultivated my imagination. If it is possible to make a man modest, the hard bumps of chess will do it. If it is possible to teach him to think, the practice of chess, when he must think for himself, will do it. If it is possible to get him to balance facts, to get things in their right proportion, their right perspective, the practice of chess, in which he must be continually balancing and comparing absolute and relative values in force and time, will do it. For its mental and moral discipline, chess is probably more useful than any other single study, such as language, or mathematics or physics.

"But the dangers of chess correspond with its value. The fascination is intense. Especially in large cities where there are chess clubs and always opportunities for playing, the temptation to make a dissipation of chess, instead of a discipline, is very great. Chess is likely to become a mental vice, an appetite of the imagination, which craves its excitement as a drunkard does his cup. Every one learning chess should resolve to keep the game in its right place, resorting to it only for rest or mental training. Thus used, it will prove a benefit to anyone."

HOW TO LEARN CHESS.

"There are many books which teach the elements of the game for absolute beginners. One can learn from any of these books. It is much better to have a chess player explain the moves of the pieces over the board. Each learner should, however, get a book, and learn to play over a game from the printed score. After the moves and the notation by which they are recorded are learned skill will come rapidly. Let the student take a chess periodical or a chess column, and play over the games. Let him practice across the board as much as he has opportunity. He should have a board and men of his own, and should make it a rule to study a little each day, rather than study much one day and none the next."

DO YOU WISH TO LEARN?

In order that the Independent may have some definite knowledge as to how many of its readers really desire to learn this noble game, and how many, who having learned the moves, would join in making this column a success, the chess editor requests each interested reader to write him a postal card or letter answering the following questions: 1. Name and address and distance from postoffice. 2. Are you a subscriber to the Independent? 3. Do you know the moves in chess? 4 Do you know the notation describing chess moves? 5. Have you a board and men? 6. Have you any book on chess? 7. Will you take an interest in this chess column if it is properly conducted? Address, Chess Editor Independent, 2646 Garfield street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

HON. W. L. GREENE

The Eulogy Pronounced in Congress by Congressman Sutherland January 10th, 1900.

Mr. Speaker, it is with a deep sense of sorrow and of loss that we meet here today to talk of the life and services of our friend and colleague, William L. Greene. He was a man splendidly endowed and superbly equipped by the creator for the struggle of life. A strong man physically and mentally, he was ready to meet any emergency and enter any conflict. For more than twenty-five years he was in public view, either holding positions of trust and honor, or on the platform battling for principles and truths as he understood them. Absolutely fearless in standing for what he believed to be right, he possessed none of those hesitations and doubts that less ably equipped mortals have in enunciating and defending well matured convictions on public questions.

For years prior to his election to congress he was a leading character in the political history of our state. During the early alliance days and in the organization of the reform movement he was a power. Gifted with all the attributes of the orator, and with a singular power over the minds of men, his services were in great demand. In the senatorial contest of 1893 he was a leading candidate for that high office, and for many ballots by the legislature he came within two votes of the election, but, voluntarily withdrawing, he threw his votes in favor of the one of his choice, who was elected.

In 1895 he was elected Judge of the Twelfth judicial district of Nebraska, holding that important office until his election to congress. The lawyers and litigants of the district were unanimous in his praise as one of the best and fairest judges that ever presided over the court of that district. He dearly loved a debate on the questions of the day, and to him it was happiness in the extreme when some one crossed swords with him. His devotion to his family and the manner in which his children at home crowded around him and took possession of him but indicated the tenderness of the parent and the reciprocal love of the child.

In his platform work his style was felicitous. How often have I heard him tell a story that clearly illustrated a point, with a humor that was irresistible, and then almost instantly the whole question would be reviewed with a pathos that would touch the roughest heart. But death is an inexorable tyrant. He comes at his own appointed time, whether we are ready to greet him or not. He says to the mother that her little babe must go, and although the mother's heart breaks with sorrow, the flower that is the joy of her life is transplanted to bloom in fairer fields. He casts his dart at the strong young man, just ready for life and its opportunities, and although his plans and those of his friends comprehend magnificent conquests, yet in sight of them all he falls. He came to my friend and colleague, strong in his power and manhood, in the midst of his work that a great people had commissioned him to perform, and with a sigh he joined the ever-increasing multitude that are passing over to the other side. The old man whose hair is whiter than snow and whose heart has sung nothing but psalms his whole life long gladly meets the king of terrors and lies down to sweet slumber. It is one deep mystery and unsolved problem to us all. The veil that separates us from the knowledge of the unseen is thin, but it cannot be penetrated. The longing for immortality has possessed every heart from Plato's age to our own. In good time it will be made clear to each of us. My hope is that when we come to lay down our burdens and to render unto nature the things which are due her, that we leave behind us as many loving hearts and true friends as did William L. Greene.

Asiatic Horrors

The horrors that McKinley has annexed in Asia are beyond description. The bubonic plague is making terrible havoc in the Sandwich Islands and has invaded Manila. How long before it will reach San Francisco through some of our troop ships that are constantly going to and fro, no one can tell. But we have annexed a worse thing than the bubonic plague. That will run its course and disappear. The leprosy of the Philippine Islands is chronic and permanent. That is one of the things that McKinley has taken in. Mrs. Schwichtenberg, the agent of the White Cross, describes what she saw in the following words:

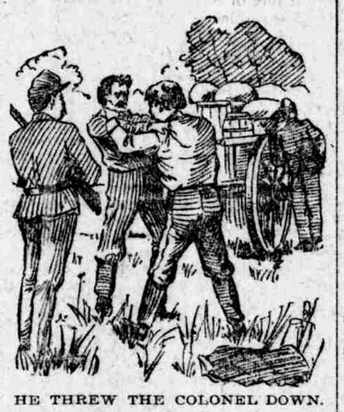
"The most distressing sight of all was that of the lepers at Cebu. The situation there is frightful. Not only in the city, but in the country, these lepers swarm about one's carriage. They are allowed to go everywhere, and in this way their numbers are enormously increasing." Mrs. Schwichtenberg estimates that out of a population of 36,000 at least 5,000 are lepers. "They are in all stages of the disease, from those whose fingers have fallen off to those whose condition is too revolting to describe. They beg constantly for money, and when one flings them a penny they cross themselves and express thanks in a most heartfelt manner." Mrs. Schwichtenberg feels that in Cebu is a great field for missionaries. She says "the church is taking no measures to stop the spread of this horrible disease. I fear that, with American troops there, it may be brought to our country."

A WAR-TIME SCRAP.

In Which a Teamster Showed His Colonel Something About the Manly Art.

"The Tennessee regiments that were in the union service," said the major, "had more fight to the square inch in them than any other regiments in the army of the Cumberland. Many of the Kentucky regiments in the union service were built up on the same plan. This was particularly the case with the cavalry. The officers and men had a devil-may-care way about them that seemed indifferent. But when they went into a fight they meant business. Col. Robert M. Kelly, of one of the Kentucky cavalry regiments, was a character. On one occasion he had spent the night, or a good part of it, playing poker in the tent of Col. James S. Jackson, who also commanded a Kentucky cavalry regiment.

"Kelly left his pipe, a favorite one, in Jackson's tent, and he was very much concerned about it. The next day, as Jackson was galloping along at the head of his regiment under orders to attack a given point, Kelly rode after him in a state of great excitement, and Jackson, supposing that he carried most important orders, halted the



HE THREW THE COLONEL DOWN.

whole command. Kelly rode up and said to the expectant colonel: "Did you find my pipe?" Jackson burst into a roar of profanity, ordered the regiment forward, and to ride over Kelly if he did not get out of the way, saying to the colonel that he might go to a very warm place and smoke his blamed old pipe to his heart's content.

"When the regiment was near Bowling Green in the early part of 1862, Jackson was very much annoyed because his regimental train was stuck in the mud. He took his revenge by abusing a teamster, who seemed to be in part responsible for the trouble. The teamster took this abuse quietly for a time, but finally turned on Jackson with the remark that the colonel was safe simply because he wore shoulder straps. He declared further that no man, shoulder straps or no shoulder straps, could insult him as Jackson had done, and that the time might come when Jackson was not protected by shoulder straps, and then he would lick him as sure as he was alive.

"Jackson sprang from his horse, threw off his coat and shoulder straps, and turned on the teamster, saying: 'Now I have no shoulder straps, what are you going to do about it?' The teamster threw off his blouse, and, after a pass or two at the colonel, clinched, threw him down, and pummeled him until the colonel said 'enough!' The old-fashioned rough and tumble fight was witnessed by a good many officers and teamsters, who wondered what would happen when the colonel got up. Knowing how violent he was when in a passion, they expected to see him shoot the teamster. Instead of that he put on his coat, mounted his horse and rode away without saying a word. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Where is the English Flag

North, south, east and west;
"Wherever there's wealth to covet
Or land that can be possessed:
Wherever are savage races,
To cozen, coerce and scare
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign;
For the English flag is there!

"Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets,
Or to wretchedly starve and die;
And where the beachcomber harries
Isles of the southern sea
At the peak of his hellish vessel
'Tis the English flag flies free.

"The Maori fall oft hath cursed it,
With his bitterest dying breath;
And the Arab has hissed his hatred
As he spits at his folds in death.
The helpless fellah has feared it
On Tel-el Kebir's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'e the fell marauder
As he vanquishes with sword and flame,
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter
And massacre dire and grim;
It has heard the shriek of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the flag of England?
Seek the land where the natives rot;
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot
Go search for the once glad islands
Where disease and death are rife,
And the greed of a co'ony's commerce
Now fattens on human life.

"Where is the flag of England?
Go sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,
And beer and bibles and rum;
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair;
And your question will find its answer,
For the flag of England is there!"

—Henry Labouchere, in London Truth.

About Dining Cars.

The verdict given by the general public that the great Rock Island route has the best dining car service in the world will not be disputed by patrons who have used this line. Thousands of letters testify to this fact. A better meal cannot be secured in any hotel or restaurant in the cities of New York or Chicago than is used in the Rock Island Dining Cars. A la carte on all cars; a splendid lunch served on Colorado trains for 50 cents. 4

CERTIFICATE OF PUBLICATION

OFFICE OF

AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS

STATE OF NEBRASKA

Lincoln, January 11, 1900.

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED THAT THE

Munich Re-Insurance Company, of Munich, in Bavaria, Germany,

has complied with the Insurance Law of this State and is therefore authorized to transact the business of Fire Insurance in this State for the current year nineteen hundred.

Witness my hand and the official seal the day and year above written.

JOHN F. CORNELL,
Insurance Commissioner.
W. B. PRICE,
Deputy.