

CLARK'S LETTER

A Mighty Labor Confronts the People.

OUT REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Totally Deprived, It Menaces Our Institutions.

IT SCOFFS AT PUBLIC OPINION.

Hobbery and Murder Are Its Handmaidens and Burglary Thrives Under Its Administration - Postal Friends in Cuba - The Talves Are Hanna's Minions - The Wauwauker Exposures in Philadelphia - Honest Senator Tillman - Boer Sympathy.

The story of Hercules and his cleansing of the Augean stables is familiar to the ears of men. Though old and threadbare, it still possesses a strange fascination for the human mind and remains to this day a performance with which to compare all things difficult of accomplishment. But a greater task than all the labors of Hercules confronts the American people and that is to rid the republic of the Republican party, which is riding it as another Old Man of the Sea.

It seems determined by its capers in this year of grace to illustrate all that is forbidden in politics or vicious in morals.

Early in the year the country was startled by the fact that Kentucky Republicans had added assassination to their other methods of political warfare. Whether Governor William Goebel was a paragon of virtue and a paragon of brains, as his eulogists assert, or a monster in human form, as his enemies maintain, has nothing to do with the total depravity manifested by Kentucky Republicans in "the deep damnation of his taking off." They murdered him in cold blood for the base and sordid motive of holding on to a few paltry offices. The deep and humiliating stain upon the party which falsely arrogates to itself all virtue, all learning, all purity, all patriotism is the fact that the de facto Governor Taylor is supposed to have been a participant in the foul and cowardly assassination of his competitor. The Boers never did a more criminal and abhorrent thing than that. The papers say that Taylor has been indicted as an accessory before the fact. It has always appeared to me that a capable and courageous prosecuting attorney could convict him as an accessory after the fact. Perhaps he was both. For the sake of the fair fame of my native state and the credit of human nature, I hope he may be able to demonstrate his innocence clearly—seven beyond the shadow of a doubt. Not that I care anything for Taylor—all his acts prove him to be a poor creature, utterly unworthy of the high place which he holds—but because his innocence would remove a foul blot from our political system. If guilty, I hope he will be hanged on a gallows 40 cubits high, as an example and warning to other offenders.

The Postal Theives. Just as the country was recovering its breath after its astonishment at the introduction of assassination as a means for securing and holding office came the disgusting and startling revelations of the thievery of Neely and his gang in Cuba like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. It is extremely questionable as a matter of law whether they can be convicted. Not that the theft is in doubt—there appears to be no cavil about that, except the amount, which already exceeds \$100,000 and is still growing daily—the trouble will arise in court on two points: 1. Whose money did they steal? Was it Cuba's or did it belong to the United States? 2. The question as to jurisdiction. What law did they violate, Cuban or American? What court has jurisdiction over them? The chances are ten to one that they had studied all these questions thoroughly before committing their series of crimes, and that they will through technicalities go unwhipped of justice and in some quiet nook will enjoy the fruits of their crimes.

In the meantime the Washington Post endeavors certain things which make it reckless. It is mentioned of McKinley and McKinleyism, but it works all concerned that breakers are ahead in the following vigorous editorial:

IS THIS SLUNDER POSSIBLE? Nothing thus far, either hinted or expressed, suggested or pronounced, has caused us to revise our opinion that the possibility of a Cuba should be mentioned without regard to any political interest. We will maintain that the administration owe it to the country to the American people of all classes and party affiliations to ask the matter to the bottom and to expose and punish the guilty, no matter what may be their continuance or their influence. Putting the question on the lowest and most avoidable basis, the fact remains that to use our word to the Republicans party just in proportion as that party commits itself to the ways of robbery and the obscuration of public virtue.

To our great satisfaction, no doubt—now we detect what seems to be a disposition on the part of the government to suppress disclosure in Havana and to envelop the whole incident in a cloud of mystery and obscurity, and to keep the public in the dark as to the facts of the case. We are sure that the people will not be so easily deceived and that the truth will eventually come out. We are sure that the people will not be so easily deceived and that the truth will eventually come out.

Blackmail in Philadelphia. The public had not ceased to wonder at that colossal piece of Republican thievery before John Wauwauker—"Phon" John—startles the country by a circumstantial account of how one Abraham L. English, a high Republican official of Philadelphia, undertook to blackmail him into silence in the North American by threatening to run a smack on John's private character. John now poses as a martyr and is receiving lots of encouragement. So that in quick succession we have

as manifestations of Republican party and light assassination in the dark and bloody ground, grand larceny in Cuba and blackmail in the City of Brotherly Love. Senator Benjamin R. Tillman, like Collins' ram, is a man of his own head. A great character is Benjamin. Honest as the day is long, plain as an old shoe, with a head full of common sense—which, after all, is the best sort of sense—with a lion's heart in his breast, with perfect confidence in and deep sympathy with the masses, he is the inevitable foe of jobbery and hates a sham as he hates his satanic majesty. A most useful public servant is Benjamin, and a most valuable instrument for prodding and killing unsavory schemes is his famous pitchfork. Lately Tillman has brought down on his defiant head the hatred of jobbers of every degree by exposing the huge armor plate frauds. He has a blunt, almost brutal way of stating the truth, and he made it red hot for the armor plate agents in the galleries and the armor plated senators on the floor. What Tillman lacks in grace he makes up in emphasis. He could not write so good a handbook on rhetoric as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, but no man of this generation can send a fact straighter to the mark than this great South Carolina tribune of the people. He can't be wheedled, bullied or coaxed from doing the right for right's sake. He is a man of vast mental force—of the order of dynamite. He loves the plain people, God be praised, and the plain people love him.

Senator Tillman. Privately he is the most genial and companionable of men—full of kindly humor and rich in reminiscence. I have been a guest in his house, and it was a genuine pleasure to be there. He selected his guests—public men, newspaper men, army officers—because they were his friends, and we got more enjoyment out of the acceptance of Senator Tillman's invitation "to help eat two South Carolina hams" than we would out of a dinner in any palace in Europe or America. It is a pleasure to know that his re-election to the senate is absolutely certain.

Since Mark Twain shed such copious tears at the tomb of Adam nothing so pathetic has happened as the interest manifested by Republican newspapers as to Democratic candidates for the vice presidency.

For many months they gave us advice in great and imposing chunks as to whom we should nominate for president. They warned us against the monstrous folly of nominating Bryan, with whom they solemnly averred that we cannot win, and begged us piteously to nominate some good lord, good deed sort of fellow with whom we could win—though Democratic success were the one thing dear to the average Republican heart! That was offensively stupid enough to please Old Horn himself. But we paid no attention to his lips or their suggestions as to the presidency, and we still cling to Bryan.

Then they turned their attention to making a platform for us. They vociferously assured us that certain victory was within our grasp if we would only discard the Chicago platform, especially the financial plank, and get us up a new platform meaning all things to all men and nothing in particular to anybody anywhere. We were besought by these friends of Democracy, the aforementioned Republican editors, to run with the hare and hold with the hounds—otherwise we were rushing headlong to the demitition bowwows. Still we paid no attention to these modern gift bearing Greeks, and it is now an assured fact that the Chicago platform will be readopted at Kansas City on the 4th of July. Now, having been despitely used by the Democrats as to presidential candidate and platform, learning nothing from their repulses, they handily come forward and offer to name for us a vice presidential candidate. They are persistent in this matter, but will make nothing by their motion, for the Democrats who will be in charge of the K. C. convention will do as they please.

McKinley Up Against It. The probabilities are that the McHanna administration is up against it at last in the Boer-English affair. It is difficult to see how they can any longer refuse to show their hand. It is well known that the Boer commissioners are not only in the country, but in the capital of the nation. It is also well known that nine-tenths of the American people, without reference to political affiliations, sympathize with the Boers, and what's more, they want that sympathy officially and emphatically expressed.

There is also a deep seated suspicion that the administration sympathizes with England in its murder of the two heroic little South African republics. If this suspicion grows into positive knowledge, William McKinley will stand no more chance of being re-elected president than of being translated in a chariot of fire after the manner of the prophet Elijah.

It is hinted that the powers that be have conveyed a hint to the Boer commissioners that they may be seen, but must not be heard in this land of the free and home of the brave. Nons verons. Yes, we will see whether these commissioners can be muzzled in any such unceremonious manner. If it can be done without the certain overthrow of this pro-English administration, then we have indeed sunk to a low and pitiable condition. Free speech has been considered one of the priceless jewels of American Liberty ever since the 4th of March, 1801. It will be an astounding commentary upon our decadence if the American people are willing to surrender under it now without a struggle.

An Exception. Little Ethel—Mr. Rich, we're not all made of dust, are we? Mr. Rich (benignly)—Yes, my dear. Little Ethel (triumphantly)—Oh, well, you aren't. 'cos papa says you sprang from nothing!—Gunc.

Wearing the Purple. Senator Lodge attempted to wear the imperial purple for the purpose of helping out the contractors. It is an old trick of theirs to raise a loud alarm whenever they see congress hesitating over their bills. At the time of the Chilean excitement in 1891-92, a well-known naval contractor was asked if he thought there would be war. "No," he said, with a wink, "only just war enough to get us our contracts." On Friday the armor people put up Lodge to threaten Germany, as a means of persuading the senate not to look too closely into the cost of the plates. Politically, it was a grievous blunder, for which he was properly rapped over the knuckles next day by Senator Spooner, speaking for the administration. Strange as it may seem to the war-breathing senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Spooner and the President would actually like to win a few German-American votes in Wisconsin and Illinois next November. But Mr. Lodge's speech was, after all, merely symptomatic of the tendencies of Expansion. It is a policy of commercialism, pure and simple, which we are to go into only for "what there is in it for us;" and with the big fish rushing at the bait of millions in Washington, why should we be amazed at the sight of the small fry in Havana gulping down their thousands?

The revelations have come at a critical time. It cannot be denied that they cast a cloud of suspicion over our whole insular service. Why should the looting have been confined to the Havana post-office? People will suspect rottenness all along the line, and their fears will not be allayed by the unaccountable delays of the War Department in rendering a full accounting. Details of insular expenditure were requested of Secretary Root last January, by senate resolutions, but have not yet been furnished. Why not? Secretaries will never do in this business, it will only make the public suspect the worst. The policy of hush will simply be fatal. What we must have is the fullest exposure and the swiftest punishment. And with them should come an open, or at least tacit, confession from the President that he has innocently delayed the extension of civil-service safeguards in the case of appointments to office in our new possessions. The shame brought on his administration is of his own making. He has turned over the minor offices to the spoiler. This necessarily comes back to the one ultimately responsible if he does not want the worst that has been dreaded of Expansion—as the policy that naturally and historically invites exploitation and corruption—to be confirmed in his own venture upon it, he must lose no time in reforming and safeguarding the whole service from top to bottom, as he has ample power to do.—New York Post.

Success. All people are desirous of success, especially when they have invested a large amount of money, and know that their ability is good, and the time spent in their preparation for their special work. So we can say that we are only meeting with the success that is above requirements merits, and while we feel gratified at our success, we are not egotistical, but expected just what has occurred.

Our preparation for the work has had no small effect on our success, for we furnished our rooms up with the best of what we believed to be the best to good for the sick, and we believe every single person who has been here will testify to the fact that everything is first class, and that we have spared no expense in our endeavor to make them feel that they were at home, as it is really a home for the sick.

As to our success in the treatment of the sick, we will say, that is where our success comes in, we have had in the few months we have been located in Lincoln, nearly every kind of ailment to treat, and we have not "succeeded" in keeping a person in one of our beds longer than ten days, they insist on getting well and going to their business, and that is where we meet our success again, and every one we treat speak the "glad tidings" to their friends, that is more success, we are getting a good supply of canes, crutches, etc., to show of our success in treatment of disease, for we keep canes and crutches of those we cure.

We are prepared to receive people at our institute for treatment that needs a bed and best of care, we have the best trained nurses, and prepare the food in the institute for the sick, and while we give them plenty, and of the best quality, we give none that will disagree with them.

Our treatment consists of medicine, baths, magnetism, electricity, and surgery, in fact anything that each individual case needs, and our being prepared for all kinds, or combination of treatments is the "main spring" of our success.

We are making some wonderful cures and treat successfully the following ailments: Diseases of Women, Diseases of the Nose, Throat, Catarrh, Head, Bowels, Stomach, Eyes, Ears, Lungs, Heart, Paralysis, Stricture, Varicose, Nervo-Sexual debility, Rheumatism, Piles, Kidneys, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Syphilis, and all private Diseases, Liver, and Rupture, and while we do not claim to cure everything we do claim we can cure if a cure is possible.

If you have any of the above ailments call or write us, and should any of your friends be troubled send us their names so we can write them, for it may be the means of saving their lives, we will commence a three months course of lectures on Magnetic Healing, on September 3, 1900, if you desire to learn the art in all its fullness write for announcement. Address all letters to THE LINCOLN MEDICAL & MAGNETIC INSTITUTE, Lincoln, Neb. Consultation free. 1725 O St.

County Fairs and Schools. Education receives much attention from all classes of citizens. Every one is interested in the cause, and provision is made in every community for placing educational advantages within the reach of all the children.

In addition to the usual incentives held out to the young to secure an education, many agricultural societies offer

A MUSICIAN'S ADVENTURE

At one time the celebrated musician Logier was organist of the parish church of W., where his family resided. This church was at a considerable distance from any dwelling house and was approached only through an extensive burial ground. To add to its loneliness, it stood near the seashore. It was also reported to be haunted by the ghost of a suicide who was buried without the fence of the graveyard and who nightly frequented the church to sue for Christian burial. It was even whispered by the peasantry that the bell had been heard to toll at midnight.

The noble proprietor of the estate, the Marquis of S., had just presented to the church a fine new organ, and on the coming Sabbath it was to be opened and performed on for the first time.

Logier had been on business to a city at some distance and did not return home until late on Saturday night, when, learning that some of the arrangements were still incomplete, he determined, in spite of all dissuasion, to proceed to the church himself. So, taking with him a lantern, he set forth.

Such a night! The elements seemed combined to deter him from his rash enterprise, but on he went, "boldly whistling aloud to keep his courage up." "Tis true, now and then some wild German legend would cross his mind, but he only shook the feeling of the thunder. He reached the lone graveyard and, through the lone graveyard, the church, whose gray tower was occasionally visible amid the flashes of lightning. Its usual noisy inhabitants, the rooks, were ominously still, only uttering at intervals a distressing caw as if suffering from bronchitis, and the hands of the old clock pointed to half past 11.

Still, Logier was not afraid. Oh, no! It was chilly, and any one's teeth would chatter. Besides, the organ would take but a few minutes to fix, and then to think of tomorrow's laundress! So he just glanced carelessly toward the side of the graveyard where the suicide was said to be interred and, opening the door with a key that he kept himself, entered, closing it after him, and ascended to the organ loft.

The interior appearance of the church was not more cheering than the outside. The lantern he carried did little more than "make darkness visible," but the lightning discovered many a monument and grim old effigy and many a coat of arms with its banners pendent.

As the clock struck 12. It seems to him that every toll calls up a spirit. The storm increases, the drapery and banners are flapping, and low moaning sounds seem to issue forth "from the low vaults, the mansions of the dead." His whistle suddenly becomes minor and very pathetic, with a close shake. But hark! What shriek is that? It is followed by another and another. Logier's hair stands on end, his whistle faints away in a false cadence, great drops of perspiration stand on his forehead, and his candle flickers—flickers in its socket—and goes out.

This was too fearful. As he crept to the stairs, with the intention of making the best of his way out, a blow in the face from some spectral hand somewhat accelerated his pace. And, horror of horrors, just as he opened the door the shirt in his coat was seized with frantic energy by an unseen hand. Logier tore himself away, leaving the skirt behind, banging the door after him, and dashed out into the graveyard, followed by the despairing shouts of the specters and the wild, mocking laughter of the suicide's grave. He could see through the paling that it looked disturbed. Ah, then its tenant had indeed left it for his nocturnal watch and might be even now returning!

Here was a dilemma. There was no time to lose. Logier quickly resumed his eccentric gymnastics in another direction, found the gate and, making use of the vehicles most in demand, set out for home at a good round rate, which home, drenched, forlorn, minus one coat, plus sudry rents in other garments, the consequence of aforesaid gymnastics, and with a firm belief in ghosts, he reached as the clock struck 1.

Save to his wife, who, of course, was blessed with an inquiring mind, Logier said not a word of his adventure, for the subject was too serious to mention. Besides, ghosts do not like to be made a common subject of conversation, so he went to church.

Nothing could exceed in sublimity the effect of the organ under his command. The singing, too, was exquisite. All were enchanted. After divine service the attention of the assembled wiseheads was called to the fact that a robbery had been attempted the night previous, the goods corroborating the fact with a stray coat, which he had found fastened on a nail near the front door. He also had found a lantern in the organ loft, which the sacrilegious villains had probably left behind on some sudden alarm. Some of the windows were broken, but whether by the robbers or storm could not be ascertained. Some owls' feathers were likewise strewn around, and a dead bat was lying near them. The blow of a bat's wing does very likely feel similar to that of a spectral hand.

Logier held his peace and as soon as he reached home that night he might be as well to say nothing of that last night's visit to the church, particularly as the ghost might not like it.—New York News.

Neuralgia Cured. Not eased, but cured. Not quieted for a short time, but permanently cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cure Neuralgia by revitalizing the nervous system and restoring the life-giving elements of the blood. Women who have been tortured for years with Neuralgia and Nervous Headache, who have exhausted the skill of eminent physicians, have been permanently cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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 the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Neuralgia Cured

Not eased, but cured. Not quieted for a short time, but permanently cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cure Neuralgia by revitalizing the nervous system and restoring the life-giving elements of the blood. Women who have been tortured for years with Neuralgia and Nervous Headache, who have exhausted the skill of eminent physicians, have been permanently cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Mrs. William Cotter who lives at No. 42 Windsor Street, Hartford, Conn., says: "I was taken with neuralgia several years ago and suffered untold misery. I tried a great many doctors and several remedies, but I found only temporary relief. About three years ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I did so. I thought that the first box gave me some relief, and my husband insisted that I keep on taking the pills. I did, and I can truly say that the pills are the only medicine that ever permanently benefited me."

"I used to have to give up entirely and lie down when the pain came on. My face would swell up so that my eyes would close. The pills cured all this, and I have had no return of it for the last two years. I keep the pills constantly on hand, as I believe they are a wonderful household remedy."

"To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I owe all the comfort I have enjoyed during the past two years in being free from neuralgia, and I am glad to be able to recommend them."

SULPHO-SALINE BATH HOUSE AND SANITARIUM

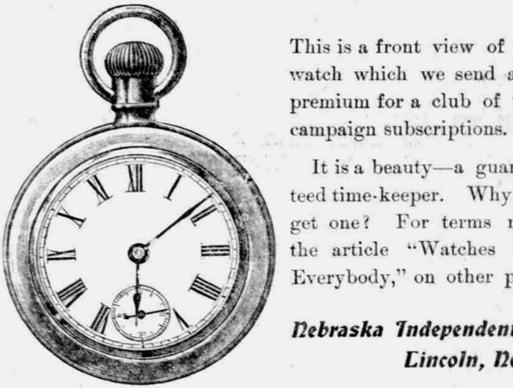


All forms of baths—Turkish, Russian, Roman, Electric—with special attention to the application of sulphur water. It is stronger than sea water, Rheumatism, Skin, Blood, Catarrh, Stomach, Nervous, and Heart diseases; Liver and Kidney troubles; diseases of women and chronic ailments treated successfully. A separate department, fitted with a thoroughly aseptic ward and operating rooms, offer special inducements to surgical cases, and all diseases peculiar to women.

DRS. M. H. AND J. O. EVERETT, MANAGING PHYSICIANS

With Compliments.....

To the Readers of the Independent.



This is a front view of the watch which we send as a premium for a club of 12 campaign subscriptions. It is a beauty—a guaranteed time-keeper. Why not get one? For terms read the article "Watches For Everybody," on other page Nebraska Independent, Lincoln, Nebr.

A Smith Premier Typewriter

will do better work for a longer time, with less exertion, than any other writing machine. Thousands of satisfied users pronounce it.... Perfectly Simple and Simply Perfect.

Let it lighten your business burden. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

The Smith Premier Typewriter is especially adapted to the "Touch System" of Typewriting.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. 3333 Further information and catalog—Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Omaha, Neb.

premiums for school work. Below is given the amount of premiums offered by a certain agricultural society, to competitors in the different classes. The arrangement is made in the order of the magnitude of the amounts offered, and should not be considered as made in the order of relative importance.

- Trotting and racing.....\$25.00
Horses and mules..... 400.00
Cattle..... 400.00
Farm products..... 200.00
Swine..... 150.00
Poultry..... 125.00
Education..... 45.00

In the county there were, at the time this list was proposed about 4,500 boys and girls of school age. The premiums offered amounted to about one cent for each pupil, which after entrance fees were paid was reduced to about four-fifths of one per cent.

I protest against this condition, and assert that the children ought to be placed at the head of the list. Shall we say that a pumpkin should have a greater premium than the handiwork or brainwork of a boy or girl? Is it possible that a crazy notion of more interest than a practical drawing? Is a peck of "calico" corn worthy of more consideration than a well written essay? Do tactics displayed on the race track by jockies have a higher value than an address upon some educational subject? This is food for thought. Let teachers everywhere insist that the schools be given better recognition in premium lists for the county fairs.

In many counties gambling devices are kept away from the fairs on the ground that they are demoralizing. This has been brought about by public sentiment. The managers of the agricultural societies endeavor to get attractions that will please the people. The people are largely responsible for what the managers furnish. If the sentiment is strongly in favor of horse racing, then it may be expected that horse racing will have a prominent place on the program. What is needed is effort to create a sentiment in favor of exhibitions that will not only entertain, but that will be instructive and uplifting in their nature, as well.

Educational Day at the county fair, should be the day of all others. Calling one day "Children's day" and admitting them free, for the primary purpose of increasing the attendance of adults, thereby increasing the receipts so that their premiums for horse racing may be paid, may be good management from a financial standpoint, but it is a question whether it is best from other standpoints.

It has been my observation that, if you would interest the parents and older persons of a given community in any undertaking, it is well to interest in getting the boys and girls interested in any matter, they will soon arouse an enthusiasm that will make itself felt. Acting on this hint, let managers of agricultural societies, so make up their premium lists that the boys and girls of our public schools may become interested. Make premiums liberal enough to stimulate effort, and make them commensurate with the importance of the work.

My plan is for the boys and girls first, then if there is any surplus energy let it be displayed in other lines. C. F. BECK.

Mrs. Gosper is making a reduction on nice trimmed hats—a large line of school hats at cost, 1201 O street, Lincoln.

Champ Clark