



"President McKinley is bigger than his party."—Hanna.  
—New York World.

TIME TO CALL A HALT

All the Republics of History Lie Buried in the Ashes of Empire—Will That be Our Fate?

After an existence of a century and a quarter as a country where the government derives its authority solely from the consent of the governed, the United States is turning its back upon its own history and traditions. From a free democracy it is in danger of becoming a tyrannical, imperialistic oligarchy. The adult republic seems to be entering its second childhood as a baby empire.

As a sign that it has deserted the principles of individual freedom upon which it was founded it is at this present moment trying to cram its rule, at the bayonet point, down the throats of the people—Filipinos, Cubans and Porto Ricans—whom the declaration of independence declared were "created equal, with certain unalienable rights," among which are "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

As far as the Filipinos are concerned the United States is doing its "damnedest" to alienate all three of these "unalienable rights." Their lives have been taken, they have been robbed of their liberty, and instead of pursuing happiness they are being pursued like wild beasts into the savage interior of their native islands; and all because they believed, like the American colonists of 1776, that they were justified in trying to institute a new government in conformity with their legitimate desires and needs when the old one imposed upon them by Spain had become intolerable.

It is about time to face the situation squarely. The United States cannot, will not allow the war to continue much longer. In the first place, it does not pay eight or nine hundred thousand dollars a day for military and naval expenditure more than the job of grafting the American constitution upon the Philippine islands is worth. In the second place, the national passion for freedom in the United States is violently opposed to the forcible subjugation of a people, as they Malay or those that have back home enough to fight for their independence.

In the period immediately following the close of the Spanish war it may have been impossible to withdraw from the Philippines. The islands have been bought and paid for, both with blood and treasure, and as Spain was unable to deliver the goods the United States was perhaps compelled to prove title by force of arms; but now that this has been done, now that the opposition in the islands has been reduced from an active stage to little more than a salient submission to the power of the purchaser, the time seems to have come to let the wayward sister go in peace. At any rate no reason exists why a very large measure of autonomy should not be offered to the Filipinos. Indeed, common prudence dictates that this should be done, and quickly, too.

It would be the first step on the home trail to the true and noble tradition of the American people. It would indicate a healthy recognition of the unhealthy "colonial expansion" phantasmagora. The refusal to shoulder the responsibility of possessing colonies is the beginning of national wisdom, for colonies are vulnerable spots in a country's cuirass. Spain found out this to her cost.

It is high time the United States woke up and pulled out of the imperial business. The game is not worth the candle, for that way ruin lies. The real national mission of the United States is a pacific and commercial one. Such a mission is the worse running mate in the world for imperial aspirations. Imperialism is a military, not a commercial ambition, and is one that, by a strange fatality, destroys those that cherish it. The republics of history lie buried in the ashes of empire. Is the United States getting ready to be added to the heap?

The Harveized armor plate of the American republic up to the present has been its complete freedom from the necessity of directly participating in the quarrels of the outside world. There is no advantage to be gained by abandoning this policy now. On the contrary, there is absolutely nothing to justify the American people in starting off upon a career of imperial and colonial adventure. The United States cannot afford to be a baby empire. It can afford to stand off and watch the baby empire of England, the baby empire of Germany, worry with their troubles.—New York Herald.

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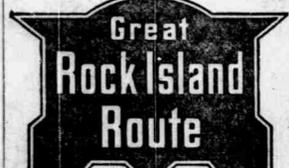
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MAM SEPHNY'S QUEST

By FRANCOIS LYNE.

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"Is you all de cap'n of disyer railroad, suh?" Russell looked up from his desk. It was not the omnipresent negro venter of persimmons or muscadines. It was a woman, gray, bent and wrinkled and with the pleadingest old eyes that ever looked out upon a masterful world. She wore a knotted bandanna on her head, and her dress was of the coarsest, but Russell, whose glance was that of a trained summarist, remarked that everything about her was scrupulously neat and spotless. "I am the passenger agent," he said. "What can I do for you?" "Yes, sur; dat's whut dey tole me, an I des climb up dem sta'rs ter see ef you all couldn' help de po' ole nig-gar 'ooman git back ter ole Firginny. I ze dis nigh home, mahsteb, but dese ole laigs dey ain' gwine eyar me dah-no, suh. Dey des mek out lak dey couldn'."

"Where are you from, aunty?" Russell was new to the south, and all negroes of a certain age were yet "aunties" and "uncles" to him. "I ze 'om Alabama, suh, dis las' time, yes, suh. Done troump all de way 'om Montgomery, suh." Now, a railway passenger agent, being stationed at a principal junction point of human desires and disabilities, must needs harden his heart, but it is a long walk from Montgomery to Chattanooga.

"What will you do when you get to Virginia? Have you relatives there?" "Kinfolks? No, suh. But dah's wha' I ze bo'n an rais'." "How long have you been away?" "Ain' been dah sence de wah time, suh." "Since the war? Why, you won't find anybody there now that you know?" "No, suh; I don't 'spect ter. But I ze lak ter lay my ole bones on de ole mauneh fahm wha' de mahsteb an de missis is sleepin'; yes, suh, I would."

Russell put business aside and with it the stereotyped rule in such cases made and provided. An application for half fare "account charity" should have come from the proper official of the county court, but he waived the formality. "What is your name, aunty?" he asked, dipping his pen. "Sephny" Dickson, suh—yes, suh. Thank you kinly, suh. "Dickson?" It was a family name in which the passenger agent was deeply interested for cause.

"Yes, suh; Sephny Dickson." Russell filled out the order for half rates, but when the money stage of the small transaction was reached the little heap of nickels and dimes which the old woman took from a knot in the corner of her kerchief was all too small, and the charitable causeway broke down in a new place. "Is that all you have, aunty?" "Yes, suh; ev'ry las' picayune, suh." "It isn't half enough, even for the half fare."

The dim, old eyes filled with tears. "Dat's—dat's des wha' I ze skeered of, suh. 'Spect I ze des got ter troump it after all. How fur is it, mahsteb?" Russell's hand sought his pocket, but something in the old woman's manner made him withdraw it empty. "It's too far for you to walk. Can't you stay here till you've earned money enough to pay the half fare?" "Dat's whut I ze layin' off ter do twel I tried, yes, suh; but I ze mighty ole an no 'count, an de white folks dey wants de young ones nowdays—yes, suh, dey does."

Russell recalled something which had been said on the occasion of his latest visit to a certain hospitable household on the hither slope of old Lookout. "Can you cook, aunty?" he queried. "I kin dat, shobly, suh." "Would you like to get a place in a good family here for awhile?" "Deed I would dat! Mo' 'specially ef dar's any chillun'."

Russell smiled under his mustache and wondered if a certain young lady he wotted of, a young woman who had recently attained to the dignity of be-

ing her father's housekeeper, would consent to pose as a child for Aunt Sephny's benefit. Then he took his courage in both hands and wrote a note: "Dear Miss Lois—I heard you say the other evening that you would be glad to get one of the old time, before the war 'mamies' for a house servant. Here is one who stumbled into the office a few minutes ago, and I hope she will impress you as she has me. She will if you'll give her a chance to work upon your sympathies. Will you pardon the liberty I'm taking 'Prizes for Everybody.'—See Page 4.

and send her back to town if you do not want her?" When it was written and inclosed, he found his hat and closed his desk. "Come with me, and I'll put you on the street car," he said. "I think I know of a place for you." The shadow of Chattanooga's great sentinel mountain was marching out across the valley when Russell boarded the incline car at St. Elmo that evening. He was to be a dinner guest at the Dicksons', and when he dropped from the ascending car at the end of the white paved battlefield-boulevard the major's daughter was there to meet him. She was a sweet faced young girl of the type known to our forebears as winsome, and to the young Illinois-ans the four mile pilgrimage from Chattanooga to the mountains was long only in its retracing. None the less there was a ray in his pot of ointment in the shape of an old fashioned pearl ring worn on a suggestive finger of Miss Dickson's left hand, the gift, some one had told him, of a cousin gone to fight the Spaniards. The ring was in evidence when he shook hands. "Thank you for coming to meet me," he said when they had faced about for the walk to the cottage.

She laughed softly, and Russell thought of gurgling brooks and whispering leaves and such like lyric smiles. "Don't thank me. It was I who couldn't wait to thank you. You don't know what you've done for us. How did you ever happen to think of it?" "If you'll tell me what 'it' is, perhaps I can explain."

"Why, Mam' Sephny, how did you ever come to send her up here, of all places in the world?" "She got next to the sympathetic side of me, and I didn't know what else to do with her. And I happened to remember what you said the other evening about the old time negro women. What have I done?" "If you had been our good angel, you couldn't have done a lovelier thing. Do you know who Mam' Sephny is? She is papa's own old 'black mammy.' She was a house servant in Grandfather Dickson's old home in Virginia."

"Well, I'll be blessed! You don't say! Why, it was the merest chance in the world! As I say, I didn't know what else to do with her." "It was an inspiration, I think," declared Lois impulsively. "Papa can't make enough of her, and she—well, I just thought she would die with the sheer joy of it. Poor old woman! She has had such a dreadfully hard time of it."

"Has she? I guessed as much—from her eyes, you know." "Then she didn't tell you her story?" "No."

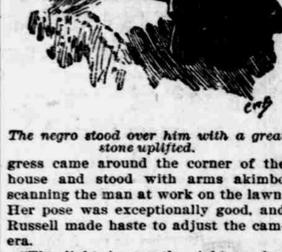
"It is fairly heartrending. She had a child, a little boy who was 3 years old when she lost him. It was in the last year of the war, and Wyrte county was overrun with negro stealers, making the most of their opportunity while it lasted, papa says. They stole the boy, and Mam' Sephny could never learn anything more definite about him than that he was sold south with a lot of others, old and young. Wasn't it pitiful?" The young man nodded. He had abolition blood in his veins, and it made him glad to the finger tips to know that a daughter of slaveholders could also sympathize with a black mother bereft.

"Of course there was nothing for her to do at the time," Lois went on, "but when grandfather and grandmother died and papa was reported killed at Petersburg she was free, and she started out to hunt for her baby. Did you ever hear of such a hopeless task?" "Never," said Russell, trying to imagine himself seeking a loved one, say, a sweet faced young woman with star-like eyes, under like hopeless conditions. "Did she find the boy?" "Oh, no; it wasn't to be expected. She has spent her whole life going from place to place all through the southern states, looking and asking and always hoping. But she has given it up at last, and she was trying to get back to the old home place in Virginia."

"Yes; to die and be buried beside her old master and mistress. She told me that. It's very pathetic, and—and, Miss Lois, you don't know how glad I am that you can sympathize with her." He said it because it was in him and clamoring for speech, but he was quite unprepared for her half reproachful protest. "Glad, but surprised—is that it?" she queried, with a little note of antagonism in her voice. "I suppose I ought to be polite and say 'No,' but I'm going to be truthful and say 'Yes.' I've always been led to believe that your attitude—that is, the attitude of the southern people—toward the—er—the negroes was—a— He stumbled, not knowing just how to put it in the least offensive phrasing, but he needed not to go on. "I know," she laughed, and the little whiff of antagonism was gone. "But after you've been here longer you will understand. They are men and women to you yet, I suppose, but to us they are simply good natured, overgrown children. And we are kinder to them than you will be until you know them as well as we do." The young man suspected that he was getting upon thin ice and made haste to go back to Mam' Sephny and safety. "Will you tell me what the old aunty's name is?" he asked. "It's been puzzling me all day."

"Mam' Sephny was the purest bit of haphazard and so quite thankless. "But our obligation is the same," said the major. "Why, bless my soul, seh, I couldn't feel no' gratified if somebody had made me a present of the old home place in Virginia—I couldn't, for a fact! Being from the north, you cyahn't quite appreciate our feelings toward these old black mamies of ours; you'd have to be southern bawn for that. Will you walk out to your dinner, seh?" Under the circumstances the table talk was inevitably of faithful old servants and the patriarchal system of bygone days, but later, when they had all adjourned to the veranda, the major with his long stemmed pipe, and Russell with his camera, the young man made good his promise to induct Miss Dickson into the mysteries of the mad photographic. Lois proved an apt pupil, and when they had taken snap shots of the valley, of each other and of the negro man working on the lawn the young girl sighed for fresh subjects.

"I wish we could get Mam' Sephny. She's a type, you know, and one that is nearly extinct. Is there light enough? Shall I call her?" Before Russell could reply, and as if the wish had evoked her, the aged ne-



The negro stood over him with a great stone uplifted.

gress came around the corner of the house and stood with arms akimbo scanning the man at work on the lawn. Her pose was exceptionally good, and Russell made haste to adjust the camera. "The light is exactly right on her face," he said. "Tell her to stand just as she is for a moment, please. It's a chance in a thousand."

Lois called to the unconscious posee: "Stand still, Mam' Sephny—don't move. Mr. Russell is going to take your picture." The effect of the warning was altogether unexpected and not a little disconcerting. The old negroess threw up her hands, shrieked and disappeared, and the man on the lawn caught up his scythe and made as if he would charge the group on the veranda. Lois laughed merrily.

"Dear me," she said, "I quite forgot that Mam' Sephny might object." And then in explanation, "It's a foolish superstition among the older ones; somehow connected with the 'evil eye,' I believe." "She didn't object soon enough," said Russell, laughing. "I got her before she moved." He said it in an ordinary tone, but the stalwart negro overheard. With a quick thrust of his boot heel he knocked the scythe blade from its socket, and it became a sword to slay. Catching up the weapon, he made a dash for the veranda.

Russell saw him coming and realized dimly that he might presently have to fight for his life with a superstition crazed maniac. But at the critical instant the artistic prompting was stronger than the self defensive. The man on the steps, with his weapon swung high, became for the moment a camera subject not to be duplicated in a lifetime. The rays of the setting sun, streaming over the shrugged shoulder of the mountain, fell full on his rage distorted face, and a livid scar, invisible at other times, gashed one black cheek from temple to jaw angle. If there had been certain death in the biting of the scythe blade, Russell could not have resisted the impulse to photograph the man as he stood.

The click of the camera shutter broke the spell for all of them. Lois shrieked, her father sprang from his chair and the negro dropped his weapon. It was the major who first found speech. "Why, David, you black rascal, you! What are you about, seh? Put that scythe back on the snath and go to your work! Do you heah me?" The man turned and went back to his grass cutting without a word, and when he was out of earshot Russell laughed good naturedly. "You've been telling me all along that I've a good bit to learn about the brother in black, major, and I'm beginning to take it in slowly. 'Pon my word, I believe that fellow really had it in mind to kill me!" From that talk drifted easily to obism and racial characteristics and things atavistic, and it was late when Russell rose to take his leave. Lois rose, too, and went around to the side veranda to look for the incline signal at the Point hotel. It had disappeared. "The last car has gone down," she announced, going back to the two men at the steps, whereupon the hospitable major made instant offer of bed and breakfast, but the young man would not fray his welcome. "I shan't mind the walk in the least," he protested. "It will do me good. I don't have enough exercise anyway."

So it was concluded, and Russell shook hands with his host. Lois walked to the gate with him, and since there was now no car haste to be considered, the leave takings were prolonged until the light in the upper windows of the cottage warned Lois that her father had gone to bed. "Really, I must go now," she said across the gate for the tenth time at least. "Do be careful, and be sure to take the road. It's longer than the path, but it's much safer." The young man laughed and was glad. What he would fain have said could never dare say itself while she still wore the old fashioned pearl ring, but it was worth something to have her anxious for his safety. "Don't borrow trouble on that score," he rejoined, slinging the camera over his shoulder. "I doubt if I could find the path in the dark if I should try. When may I come again?" Her blush made him thrill with pleasure. He could not see it, but he knew it was there. "When do you want to come?" "Tomorrow and the next day and the day after that and—"

"Hush!" she commanded. And then by way of reprieve: "I'm glad you like our mountain. Come whenever you please. Papa is always glad to see you." A sudden access of daring filled his soul. "And you?" he queried. "Et moi aussi, toujours," was the laughing concession as the fluttering draperies disappeared up the path. The music of the words sang itself over and over as he went his way down the starlit lane making shift to forget the dull luster of the pearls on Miss Dickson's finger—temporarily, at least.

Lois stood at the edge of the porch until the shape of him was but a dark blur against the shadowy background of the forest at the lane's foot. Then she turned to go in. In the act she had a glimpse of a shadow darting quickly across the lawn. It disappeared in the blacker shadow of the cedar hedge, and something impelled her to go back to the gate. She was just in time to see the figure of a man glide through an opening in the cedars. It crouched for a missile in the dark, and then ran swiftly down the lane. Lois saw and needed no explanation. It was the negro David, and his superstitious rage had again got the better of his fear of consequences. In the catching of her breath she understood that Henry Russell's life lay in her hand, and the next moment she, too, was flying down the starlit lane.

She came upon the two men at the first turn in the main road, and at the sight her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and her bones became as water. Russell was down, and the negro stood over him with a great stone uplifted. "David!" Speech and strength came back to her in a tidal wave of conflicting emotions, and she flung herself between them.

The man dropped the stone, as he had the scythe blade, but he was loath to abandon his purpose. "Doan' yo' git en de way, Miss Lois. I ain't gwine ter bur' him none. I ze des aimin ter smash dat debbil's hoodoo box of his'n!" "You've killed him!" she sobbed, kneeling beside the killed one. Then, with a sudden upblaze of authority: "Run—run to the house and call my father! Tell him what you've done and bring him quickly! Go!"

When Russell opened his eyes, he thought he was on a train which was roaring through an interminable tunnel. Not otherwise could the din and clamor drumming in his ears be accounted for. Then the imaginary train shot out into darkness and starlight and silence, and he remembered. None the less, there was a gap and things unaccountable in it. Something had struck him fairly between the shoulders, and he had fallen face downward. Now he was lying on his back, with his head pillowed. He groaned, and the hallucination returned. It was a train, after all, and he must be in a berth in the Pullman, with the roof of the car gone and the stars twinkling sleepily overhead. Undoubted stars they were, and in a clear sky, and yet it was raining. He felt a drop plash on his cheek and was vaguely conscious of a prompting to get up and seek shelter. But when he would have essayed it two soft arms went about his neck, and a pair of tremulous lips touched his forehead. As a half stunted man might, he said the first thing that suggested itself, "I don't care if it rains pitchforks!"

"Oh, I am so glad!" said a voice with a sob in it. "I was sure he had killed you! Where are you hurt?" Russell came to his own in the matter of self possession with gratifying celerity. "As long as I lie perfectly still I'm not hurt anywhere. Don't move, please. Was it the crazy headed negro?" "Yes; it was David. He thought you had 'hoodooed' Mam' Sephny, and he was trying to smash the camera." "Where is he now?" "He has gone to the house for help. Oh, I do wish they'd hurry!" "Don't. I'm quite comfortable." Then in a spasm of reluctant thoughtfulness, "But you'll take cold sitting on the ground."

He made a shameless pretense of rising, and the two arms held him down, as he had hoped they would. One of them was unheeded for a little way, and he kissed it. "Oh, I don't believe you are hurt at all!" "Yes, I am—dreadfully. How did you come to be here?" "I saw David following you." "Then you were not in such a hurry to go in as you said you were." "I—I was going in when I saw him." "Oh! And then you ran after him and tried to save me, like the brave little girl that you are. Lois, my darling, I suppose you've got to be true to the other man, but I love you—love you a thousand times better than he ever could if he tries till doomsday!" "The other?" There was a whole

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