

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West and Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Bigger and better than the Barnum Show."—N. Y. Sun.

WILL EXHIBIT AT
**TUESDAY,
LINCOLN
JULY 31.**
THE COMBINED
**ADAM FOREPAUGH
AND
SELLS BROS.
GIGANTIC CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES & HIPPODROMES**



Captain Woodward's FAMOUS SEA LIONS A truly wonderful and MARVELOUS PERFORMANCE

**3 GREAT HERDS of ELEPHANTS
1,000 PEOPLE, 500 HORSES**

HASSANALI—The Tallest Man Ever Born

GRAND IMPERIAL HIPPODROME. HEROIC RACES OF EVERY LAND

25 FAMOUS CLOWNS—25

19 Champion Bare-Back Riders—19

UNDER THE BIGGEST TENTS ON EARTH.

3 CIRCUS RINGS. 2 STAGES.

DARING MID-AIR INNOVATIONS

ADMISSION To ALL 50c Children under 9 years of age 25c

Grand United Street Parades Tuesday Morning, July 31.

Reserved Seats for Sale on Day of Exhibition at RIGGS PHARMACY.

Cut Rates on F. E. & M. V.

Special Excursions Northbound, The Northwestern Line, F. E. & M. V. R. R., St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas, Wausau, Minn., and The Superiors, on June 21st, July 7, 8, 9, 10 and 18, and August 2, at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Good until October 31, 1900.

Call for tickets and other information on J. D. JACKSON, C. P. & T. Agent, 117 So. 10th St.

Special Westbound Excursions, Northwestern Line, F. E. & M. V. R. R., Leadwood, Hot Springs, Rapid City, S. D., Casper, Wyo., Denver, Colo., radio Springs, Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, and Ogden, on June 21, July 7, 8, 9, 10, and 18, August 2, 1900. At one fare plus two dollars for round trip, good until October 31, 1900.

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The Independent makes the most liberal offer yet announced by any paper in Nebraska—campaign subscriptions 15 cents each, and elegant premiums to those who send in clubs.

Phone 600 is that of the Nebraska Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.

Sharples Cream Separators—Profitable dairying.

KNEW HIM TOO WELL.

Why the Efforts of a Belated Husband to Square Himself Fell to the Ground.

The little hours had crawled up to the comb of the roof of night and fallen over until three of them were rolling down the far side toward the eaves of morning, when a solitary footman might have been seen slipping into his own house with his shoes in his hand.

How needless, oh, how needless, are oftentimes the devices of man. How nugatory and void, reflects the Wash-



WIFEY WAS WAITING FOR HIM.

ington Star, are oftentimes his most painstaking efforts.

His wife was wide awake and waiting for him when he entered the sanctified seclusion of their apartment.

"I was so afraid of waking you, dear," he stammered, as he let the shoes fall from his nerveless grasp to the floor with a couple of dull thuds so close together they seemed as one. She asked him in a stone cold voice where he had been to be getting in at that time of night.

He thanked heaven for an opportunity to explain, and he told her a harrowing tale of business and delayed trains and telegraph wires down and messengers that would have moved a heart of marble.

She never said a word as she looked straight at him.

"Do you doubt me?" he said, as if indignant at the implied suspicion of her silence; and then pleadingly: "Do you doubt me? Oh, Mary, how can you?"

Her face softened and the fixity of her eyes relaxed.

"No, William," she responded, almost gently. "No, I do not doubt you. At first there might have been some doubt in my mind, but now, thank heaven, there is none. Not a shadow, William, and I'm as sure that you are lying as that you are standing before me."

Then William bowed his head in shame and turned up the gas—at her request—so she could get a better look at him.

THE WORM TURNED.

Mrs. Gary's Divorced Husband Wouldn't Split Wood and Then She Had Him Arrested.

Mrs. Martin Gary, who was divorced from her husband a year ago, caused his arrest because he would not go home and split wood for her, says the Chicago Evening Post.

"The nerve of the man!" she said to Justice Kersten. "Because we are divorced is no reason he shouldn't split wood for me when it's cold. It was cold Tuesday and I sent for Martin. He used to be a good woodchopper. Well, when that husband who once was mine came to the house and looked at the woodpile waiting for



"NOT FOR ME, AGNES, NOT FOR ME!"

him, he said: 'Not for me, Agnes, not for me.' Judge, that conduct is enough to break my heart."

"When she got her divorce from me last year," said the defendant, "she led the right to boss me, and I did perfectly legal when I refused to split wood for her."

"It might have been perfectly legal," but it was not gallant," Justice Kersten told him.

Detective Jackson told of arresting Gary and of Gary's willingness to leave the house in which his former wife and three children lived.

"Willing? I should say I was. A woodpile is no magnet to me," said Gary.

"We were happy for seven years," said the wife.

"Before you got your divorce, and had to hire a man to split the wood. Now if you had not gone into a divorce court I would still be out in the backyard cutting the wood for you like a loving husband. But now, woman, no more."

Justice Kersten fined Gary for some of the rude language he used in telling his wife she had no claim on him, and then the man who wouldn't split the wood, and the woman who wanted him to, left the courtroom together for their house at 173 North Paulina street, where their three children waited for somebody to get breakfast.

THE PRESENT CENTURY.

It Has Seen the Largest Number of Great Men Ever Living at One Time.

It is certain that there is no period to rival the first years of the nineteenth century in its number of great men, no period even to compare with it except the fifth century before the Christian era. In the year 1821, the year in which Napoleon died, the following were alive: In literature, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, De Quincey, Wordsworth, Lamb, Landor, Tennyson, the three Brontes, Victor Hugo, Heine, Goethe, Holmes, Dickens, Thackeray, Clough and Blake. Among soldiers were living the duke of Wellington, Napoleon and Moltke, besides a number of great generals who had either seen the Napoleonic wars or were to see the Crimea and the Indian mutiny. Among the philosophers and men of science were Hegel, Darwin, the two Herschels, Owen, Cuvier, Daguerra, Wheatstone, Faraday and Simpson. The painters included Wilkie, Landseer, Turner and Meissonier. Medelssohn, Beethoven and Wagner represented music, Lesseps, Brunel, the two Stephenson represented engineering. Among statesmen or orators were Gladstone, Bright, Bismarck, Russell, Cavour, Garibaldi, Abraham Lincoln, Thiers and Victor Emmanuel. Among historians were Grote, Niebuhr, Mommsen and Guizot; and of a countless host of men who were famous in other directions were Sir Richard Burton, Speke, Le Verrier, Rowland Hill, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Walter, Wilberforce and Macaulay.

At length the old man resolved, like the old man in the fable, to throw grass no longer. His house and his hencoop were his castle, and he resolved to defend it against thieves and aggressors. This he had been repeatedly urged to do by his old maid sister-in-law, a very belligerent female. But, being of a mild and forgiving nature, he had thus far hesitated about taking any sanguinary steps to rout these fowl proceedings. But now his revolutionary blood was up.

So one morning he went into the attic and brought down a box of muskets. He had not been loaded in 20 years, and, placing it behind the door, he told his wife and sister that he had made up his mind to shoot the first thief he caught molesting his hencoop.

But they sneered at the old man and told him that he hadn't the courage to load an old musket, let alone fire it at any one. This rather touched his pride, and he secretly resolved to show them that he meant business. So he went unbeknown to them and loaded up the old piece, but his heart relented after he had got the powder in, and he mentally resolved to give the thieves a chance for repentance by putting in a charge of dried peas instead of shot.

This compromising with his heart, he placed the old gun back again behind the door until circumstances called for its use. After the old man had gone to the field to work his wife took it into her head to load the old musket, and if her husband failed when the time came, she resolved to train it herself upon the rascals and let slip a charge of lead conformation for the benefit of the thieves.

So she put in a good charge of powder and about a handful of large shot and rammed them well down and then stood the old relic up again behind the door. She would just show her tender-hearted husband how to deal with such rascals.

After awhile the sister-in-law, Sofanisby, began to revolve the matter in her mind, and as she had lost several hens of her own that she prized very highly she at last got her mad-going and resolved to load the gun, so that her brother-in-law could have no excuse should the thieves again make a raid upon their domestic outposts.

Sofanisby was a woman of iron nerve. She had never had a husband to ill use, and consequently she was chock full of the milk of human kindness and resolved to load the gun, so that her brother-in-law could have no excuse should the thieves again make a raid upon their domestic outposts.

Whenever he told the story afterward he used to wind up impressively by saying: "And, boys, in that town after that they went around me as if I had been a swamp."

MUSIC'S GROWTH IN GERMANY

Reached That Stage Where It Supports One and a Half Million People.

The Society of German Composers has published the following curious statistics, showing the growth of music in that country, says the New York Times: Among virtuosos it places 580 singers, 240 pianists, 130 violinists, 110 various; 650 organists, 13,000 musicians of orchestras, of whom 8,000 belong to musical theaters or orchestras; 1,500 capellmeisters, 8,000 military musicians, with 40 bandmasters, 2,350 directors of singing societies, 3,500 teachers of instrumental music, 1,350 teachers of singing and 425 conservatories. Among musical societies are 420 church choirs, 840 amateur orchestras, 6,580 singing societies, 2,700 clubs with a special department for music, and 200 amateur theatrical societies.

To these must be added 270 teachers, 380 variety theaters, 1,630 concert halls, 1,500 cafe concerts and 5,800 establishments that give open air performances. In 1897, 277,100 musical performances took place, at which 2,701,900 different pieces were produced, namely, 191,800 classical pieces, 946,000 genre pieces, 1,504,000 light music (dance, etc.). Add 234 agents for concerts, 273 publishers, 1,800 dealers in music, 33 workshops for engraving, 3,000 factories to make instruments of all kinds, and 2,500 dealers in musical instruments. Music supports in Germany 1,500,000 persons.

COURT-MARTIAL.

Cases by the Drumhead Process Have Already Been Held in the Transvaal.

In the present Transvaal operations a drumhead court-martial has already taken place, the prisoners being four Natal Dutchmen named Oosthensen and Jansen, who were "weighed off," as Tommy Atkins calls it, for disloyalty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and their time will be put in at Pietermaritzburg, though their dreams may be of Pretoria.

A drumhead court-martial differs from every other form of military tribunal in the fact that it is not restricted as to the hours of sitting; in ordinary courts between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon, the proceedings being carried on at any time, provided it shall be manifest that the case is one which requires an immediate example.

During the Peninsular campaign there were not a few instances of sentences being written upon an up-turned drum, in most cases for a flogging, and in others for death.

THIEVES.

Old Farmer Smists lived near one of the many quiet towns on Long Island and was looked upon as a well to do, honest, industrious old covey. The only trouble he had was this: The negroes who lived in the neighborhood found it so much easier to raise his chickens than it was to raise their own that he found it exceedingly difficult to count his chickens even after they were hatched.

The old man and his wife had given this subject much thought. They had endeavored to conquer their sable neighbors with kindness, to frighten them collectively, so as to be sure of touching the right one, but all to no purpose. The chickens would disappear. They could not get a chance to lay for him because the negroes were continually laying for them.

At length the old man resolved, like the old man in the fable, to throw grass no longer. His house and his hencoop were his castle, and he resolved to defend it against thieves and aggressors. This he had been repeatedly urged to do by his old maid sister-in-law, a very belligerent female. But, being of a mild and forgiving nature, he had thus far hesitated about taking any sanguinary steps to rout these fowl proceedings. But now his revolutionary blood was up.

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WRAPPED IN THE FLAG.

American Woman, Now a Prisoner in Mexico, Sleeps Under Stars and Stripes Every Night.

There is an American woman in jail at Juarez, Mexico. She is charged with murder, but amid the surroundings of the Mexican prison, it is feared that she will lose her mind.

She is Mrs. Mattie Rich, who, on May 18 last, stabbed her husband, John D. Rich, at their home there and then took him to El Paso, Tex., to die.

John D. Rich was a wealthy old gentleman from the United States who had lived for some time in Mexico and amassed a large fortune. His wife, who



WRAPPED IN THE STARS AND STRIPES.

is young, beautiful—a fine type of the shapely western American girl—decided to get rid of him, it is alleged. It is asserted by some that affection for a younger man was the motive for the murder.

According to the story told here, Mrs. Rich stabbed her husband while he was asleep. He did not die immediately. The wife decided to take him out of the country, hoping that she might escape in the United States the punishment for the crime with which she was charged. Juarez is only a few miles from the border line. It did not take Mrs. Rich long to get her husband into El Paso de Tojas, on the United States side. He died the day after arriving there.

The Mexican consul in the town immediately demanded her extradition to Mexico, but Mrs. Rich set up a claim that she was an American citizen.

The government of Mexico sent papers to Washington with instructions to its minister there that extradition be granted. On July 15 President McKinley signed the papers.

Wrapped in the stars and stripes Mrs. Rich left the prison in El Paso on July 31, and on the same day entered the prison at Juarez with the same flag around her. She appeared to be brave there, but her eyes were dimmed with tears. She was allowed to take the flag to her cell, and every night she covers herself with it while asleep.

Five months awaiting trial has played sad havoc with the young woman's mind. A Mexican prisoner has none of the comforts of an American prison, and women are treated no better than men. Those who have seen Mrs. Rich lately say that her hair is slowly turning gray, that her eyes are sunken, her cheeks hollow, and from a beautiful woman she has become haggard and downcast.

No reason can be learned for the delay in Mrs. Rich's trial. It is believed that if she is not given some change in her surroundings she will have to be removed to an asylum.

On July 30 Secretary of State Hay instructed Ambassador Clayton, stationed in the City of Mexico, to watch carefully the trial to see that no injustice was shown Mrs. Rich.

ACCOMPLISHED THIEF.

Philadelphia Dog Stole a Fur Cape from a Clothesline and Escaped with the Spoils.

"Hang your wash up high, or that thieving dog will steal it," is the warning housewives in Torresdale are passing to each other, says a Philadelphia paper.

The "thieving dog" is a newcomer to Torresdale, and the folk out there believe he is the agent of a wily old Fagin, who has trained him to steal from his clothes lines. Mrs. Peacock is his latest victim, and for several days she bewailed the loss of a fur cape. The cape needed a little sponging and airing, so she hung it out on a clothesline in the yard. That was several days ago.

It disappeared as mysteriously as a prestidigitator's silk handkerchief. But she got it back yesterday. An advertised reward did it. A railroad trackwalker took the garment to her and explained that he had retrieved it from a woolly dog last Friday.

He saw the dog trotting along with the cape in his mouth, and concluded that, as it wasn't a coonskin, and the dog wasn't a coon dog, he had no business with a fur cape, even if the weather was cold.

No one knows to whom the dog belongs.



DOG THIEF AT WORK.

HEADS OR TAILS.

"Marie," I began awkwardly, for I had never preposed before, "you must know that—I love you."

"Marie" I began, venturing with much trepidation to lay my hand softly upon both of hers, "what's the matter?"

"You see, Mr. Transome told me last night what you told me just now."

"Hang Transome!" I said to myself, but to Marie I said, "Well, Philip Transome, as I first fellow, you know."

"Of course," said Marie, acquiescing a little too readily, I thought.

"And he's good looking."

"Yes."

"And rich."

"Yes."

This itemizing a rival's good points to compare with the woman you love is rather straining on your generosity. It isn't so bad if the woman rewards your generosity, as of course she should. But Marie didn't. So I stopped.

"Well, where's the trouble, then?" I asked at length.

"I don't know what to do," she replied, repeating her former wail.

I began to see. It is hard to decide between two lovers. I could sympathize with Marie, for I had once been in a similar predicament myself.

"You don't know which of us to take?" I suggested after a minute or two of silence, attempting to put some sympathy into my voice.

Marie did not notice the sympathy. She merely looked uncomfortable at this bold statement of the difficulty. But she did not deny it.

"You like me, don't you?" I ventured, with some fear in my heart.

Marie nodded. I felt very complacent. "And you like Philip Transome?" I continued.

She nodded a second time. I believe I swore at Transome again.

"But you can't decide between us. Is that it?"

"That's it," acknowledged Marie weakly.

"You have tried every way?"

"I have, and I can't"—here Marie blushed, but it was a blush I did not like, because it was for Transome as much as it was for me—"and I can't tell which of you I like the better."

The person who sits in the seat of the undecided sits not easily. This I knew. And any decision is better than no decision. This also I knew. So out of the sympathy I had for Marie I made up my mind to help her to arrive at some decision, even though I lost by it. But I did not intend losing if I could help it.

I thought for a long time, but nothing came. Then I looked up at Marie. Her eyes were fixed expectantly on me, as though she had instinctively learned of my intention to help her and was awaiting my plan.

"Well," said I, seizing upon an idea that just then popped into my head, "since you have tried all other ways, suppose you toss up for us."

"What?" exclaimed Marie, half starting from her chair.

"Toss up for us," I repeated calmly.

Marie sank back in her chair and gazed at me in amazement.

Marie's surprise at my suggestion angered me somewhat. Of course I can understand that choosing a husband in such a way may seem a little queer to some girls. But they needn't act as though it were so unusual. Besides, there are worse ways.

"Toss up for you!" Marie managed to gasp out at length.

"Certainly," I replied, with some asperity. "Have you anything better to suggest?"

A reluctant "No" came from Marie. "You'd better toss up then," I said decisively, drawing a quarter from one of my pockets and offering it to her.

She took it and gazed at it for a long time. I began to grow impatient, for the coin was an old one. Little queer to some girls. But they needn't act as though it were so unusual. Besides, there are worse ways.

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FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

With many thanks to those unselfish workers who have so largely extended the circulation of the Nebraska Independent during the last few months, the management this week, being determined to do its full part in the campaign, makes a new offer. The Independent will be sent from now until the end of the campaign for fifteen cents. This is the best offer made by any Nebraska newspaper. Some few counties during the last campaign put most of the funds raised for county purposes into sending each week to voters in their counties a copy of the Independent. This resulted in such large increase in the fusion vote of these counties that every one of them have adopted the same plan for this campaign and have sent in their money and list of names. One county subscribed last year for 400 copies. The first thing that their delegates to the state convention did when they arrived in Lincoln was to come to the Independent office and renew their offer for this campaign.

The Independent is needed, not only to send to doubtful voters, but to populists who do not take it so that they may be supplied with the facts and figures with which to meet their opponents in discussion as the fight goes on. The Independent will furnish more original and home print matter than any other reform weekly in the United States. Along with this liberal offer of the paper for the campaign for fifteen cents, go the premiums for the clubs. The premiums are just as represented and are of real value to all.

Some of us have been fighting in the reform ranks for many years. Now there seems a prospect of success such as we have never had before. There is everything to make our hearts glad. Let us work as we have never worked before, and there can be no more effective work for reform principles than sending the Independent each week during the campaign to some one who does not take it.

To ask man the enormous amount of matter that will be printed in the Independent during the next three months, will be worth much more than fifteen cents. The paper has many departments. It contains the current news of the world. It has matter for the family. It gives the markets. It contains stories. It stands up for Nebraska and the west. It fights for the common people on every issue. It furnishes much of the matter used by public speakers. Your neighbor wants it. Call his attention to this offer.

Education Wins

Education must precede reform. It is the first essential to success. The masses of the people are honest and desire to do what is for the best. They lack information. There is no better method for furnishing the information and education than the circulation of a weekly newspaper. The weekly newspaper records the progress of the campaign, discusses all the issues and reviews all the important events as they occur. It is interesting and instructive and it is read with greater care and more consideration than pamphlets, circulars and political documents issued by campaign committees during the heat of a campaign. The people when thoroughly acquainted with the facts will not support or endorse the course of the present national administration in its policy of imperialism, militarism and favoritism. They will not endorse or support wars of conquest, or the "benevolent assimilation" of the Filipinos, the "plain duty" discrimination against the Porto Ricans, the disgraceful management of the army and the defalcations and frauds perpetrated in Cuba; the gold standard and special legislation by which the issue and control of the currency of the country was placed with the national bankers; the subsidies given to the Standard Oil Co., and the fostering care of other trusts and monopolies. To these may be added the repudiation of the Monroe doctrine, the abandonment of the declaration of independence and many other indictments for the usurpation of the rights of the people. Such a policy cannot but meet with the condemnation of every loyal and patriotic citizen conversant with the facts. Will you do your part in the struggle to restore the government to the people by helping to increase the circulation of the Independent? The special rate of 15 cents for the campaign puts it within the reach of every one. Are there not half a dozen doubtful voters in your precinct to whom you can send the Independent? How can you invest 90 cents to a better advantage? Where can you get so much valuable literature for so little expense? The Independent every week from now until the close of the campaign, to six different addresses, anywhere in the United States, for 90 cents. Think of it—hardly the cost of white paper—make up your list and send it today.

SUMMER OUTINGS

As the principal western resorts are best reached via the

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