

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Vital Principle of Democratic Creed.

DECLARED BY JEFFERSON.

Acquiescence in the Decision of the Majority.

SHEET ANCHOR OF THE REPUBLIC.

Our Crowning Glory as a People is Our Absolute Submission to Will of the Greater Number—Bad Features of Our Political System—"Consent of the Governed" in Connecticut, Anne Laurie's Grave—Thoughts From a Literary Genius—Italy and Switzerland Contrasted—The Cross of Peace.

Special Washington Letter.]

When Thomas Jefferson delivered his first inaugural, which has become a classic, he enunciated the Democratic creed. Among the points of that creed is this: "Absolute acquiescence in the decision of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism." He was the chief priest, apostle and prophet of civil liberty. He knew the American people thoroughly. Their "absolute acquiescence in the decision of the majority" is the most amazing feature of our American citizenship. Had a man from the moon landed on our shores on Nov. 5 and strolled into wrangling groups of our citizens, heated with argument and enthusiasm, he would have concluded erroneously and prematurely that, no matter how the election went, we would have a revolution. By Nov. 8 he would have observed, to his astonishment, that we all acquiesced in the decision of the majority and that "here was not even a riot of any considerable proportion except where people imbibed too freely. And this "absolute acquiescence in the decision of the majority" is our crowning glory as a people and the sheet anchor of the republic. To vote one's sentiments is a great privilege. The ballot box is a great lever. Suffrage is a powerful weapon. John G. Whittier's poem entitled "The Poor Voter on Election Day" is well worthy of careful study. Here it is:

The poorest now is but my peer, The highest not more than I. Today, at the great year, A king of men am I. Today alike are great and small, The nameless and the known; My palace is the people's hall, The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list Beside the sword shall stand; Alike the brown and wrinkled fist, The gloved and dainty hand; The club is level with the poor, The weak is strong today; The dearest household counts no more Than homestead track of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense My statures right abate; I set a plain man's common sense Against the pedant's pride; Today shall simple manhood rise, The strength of gold and land; The wide world war is not weak to buy The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress Or balance to adjust, Where weight on the misshapen lies Than Mammon's vilest dust; While there's a right to need my vote, A wrong to sweep away, Up, clouted knee and ragged coat; A man's man today!

The worst feature of our system is that from the moment a man becomes a candidate until he ceases to hold office every liar in the land appears to have carte blanche to slander and vilify him. It's a real pity that the campaign liar is not condemned to have his tongue burned full of holes with a red-hot iron, as were other liars in the olden times. In one respect public opinion is in a transition period. We have progressed far enough to sneer at the duelist, but we have not progressed far enough to give a man substantial damages when he is slandered. Until the people are willing to do that the campaign liar will have full swing. Occasionally somebody shoots one of them. The more shot the better.

fixed that, should Hartford grow to the size of New York, it cannot change the plan. Two legislatures in succession must vote for an amendatory measure before it can become a part of the state constitution, and of course they will not do it. The country and the city seem to always align themselves on opposite sides, but so long as the present arrangement holds the little towns can defeat the big ones in matters of legislation. Of course the country members of the legislature will not willingly relinquish their power. Thus in Connecticut we have taxation without (adequate) representation for the inhabitants of the cities. Strangely enough, it was the influence of Connecticut which put into the constitution of the United States the provision that each state, no matter whether it be little Delaware or mighty New York, should have two senators, no more and no less. The same influence which forces Hartford's 100,000 to the humiliation of having their pet measures killed by the member from Dogville also lowers the population of New York to the same voting influence in the senate as the state of Nevada.

These facts constitute a much to be regretted commentary upon our theory of "the consent of the governed." And it is as hard to change it in the case of the United States senate as it is in the matter of the Connecticut legislature.

We are constantly being disillusioned. In our school days we were charmed by the lovely poem found in every Fourth Reader entitled "The Bobolink," by William Cullen Bryant, I believe. Now comes the information that this same Robert of Lincoln is doing great damage to the rice crops in South Carolina, where, after migrating from sentimental New England, he is known as the redbird and is such a glutton that one extensive planter alone has used 2,500 pounds of gunpowder in a year, employing men and boys to shoot them without trial.

Grave of Anne Laurie. The statement is going the rounds of the press that the grave of Anne Laurie, the bonny heroine of the sweetly lovely song, remains to this day unmarked. This is not as it should be. It seems to me that every man and woman, every callow youth or slumbering lass whose heart has been made to beat faster by that delicious "concord of sweet sounds," would be willing to contribute a mite in order that the grave might be marked with a slab bearing the name and reciting the lovely virtues of the sweet Scotch maiden.

Many doubtless imagine that "Anne Laurie" was but a figment of the imagination, as was the "Sweet Alice" of Dr. Thomas Dunn English. Not so. She was the dainty daughter of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, whose estate lay just over the river from Dumfries—and by the way, that same town of Dumfries furnished the original settlers of Alexandria, the old Virginia town on the Potomac. I wonder if any of her descendants are buried in that old churchyard in Alexandria where the newest of the gray stones are nearly a century old.

Young William Douglas of Finland wooed her and in his wooing wrote the song. They say that every lover is a poet in his heart. We sadly chronicle the fact that, while young Douglas wooed her, a country laird won her, one Sir Alexander Ferguson, who was possessed of a title and gold in place of poetic fire, all of which goes to prove that the feminine heart of that day was much the same as now. But in one way the Douglas won. He rendered his fair innamorata and himself famous, while Sir Alexander is lost in obscurity. The song as originally written runs thus:

Maxwellton banks are bonny, When early 'twas the dew, Where me and Anne Laurie Made up the promise true, Made up the promise true, And never forget will I, And for bonny Anne Laurie I'll lay me down and die.

The literary history of Scotland, the richest of the world, tells us that the fair Anne was born Dec. 16, 1682. Two centuries have passed and carried away the fleeting generations born since she was a lass of 18, but the tender grace of the lover's song is still finding warm response in the heart of every lover. Poor Douglas! Doubtless he kept the faith and laid him down and died. The musty voice of the past does not tell us much of him. Possibly some grass widow soothed his sorrow, but it is more in keeping that we should imagine him wandering like some pale ghost about the banks of the Nith, sad and dreary hearted, mourning the loss of his Anne Laurie.

The delightful air of the old song was composed by Lady Jane Scott and will live so long as music has a devotee or heart to beat responsive beats. The wording of the song has undergone several changes, the present version being the work of Lady Spottiswood of the same family as that Spottiswood of Virginia to whom Dr. Ticknor referred when he wrote the martial lines:

The kindest of the kindly band That rarely battle cease, Yet rode with Spottiswood round the land And halcyon round the sea. A Literary Genius. In the little village of East Aurora, N. Y., there is a book publisher and literary genius of the name of Elbert Hubbard, familiarly known to the thousands who know and admire him through his writings and his beautiful de luxe editions as Fra Elbertus. This man once carried a dinner pail—not at day wages. He thinks, writes his thought in vigorous and picturesque English and each month sends us a

few of them in The Phillistine at 10 cents per. In 1898 Hubbard was in Italy. He writes: To refuse to give to the beggars is to invite insult and insolence. Desperaten is written on the dark faces that beseech you, and when you remember how, not many moons ago, this supercilious Italian populace exploded in one wild yell and made a dash for the baker shop windows you do not wonder. Naples, Rome, Florence and Milan were placed under martial law, and at Milan alone in the month of May, 1860, 800 people were shot by the soldiers in the streets during my brief stay. I saw volleys fired into crowds. The living would scurry away like "lightened rabbits into alleys, houses, side streets, cellars, but there on the sidewalks and in the streets lay the fallen and tumbled dead—men, women and children. In less than five minutes' time wagons with soldiers dashed up, the dead and dying were thrown like curd curd into nose sprigles tumblers, and with a cracking of whips the horses and wagons dashed away. Some of the soldiers remained, and with hose and buckets and brooms every vestige of blood was washed away. The newspapers make no reports. Some of them denied that a volley had been fired. And now the king of Italy has gone by a quick and painless route into the beyond. He was only a man—not a great man; neither was he a bad man, only a vain, ignorant, selfish man, with transient moods of wanting to do right, whose feet had been caught in a mesh of wrong and who had let the power to get away. To kill him was absurd, for the wrong for which he stood still exists. It is the institution and policy, not the man. More volleys will be fired into the crowds that crowd the streets. The death carts will continue to dump their victims into coffinless graves.

Pity the Helpless. I shed tears for the homeless, the harassed, the oppressed, for the women who hold hungry babes in their arms, for the ignorant, for the brutal who wrench at the bonds and who by violence hope to achieve freedom. For the dead king I waste no pity. He himself caused thousands of men to be killed. He lived by the sword and died by the bullet. What else could he expect? He invited his fate. He was only a slave at the last, and death has set him free.

Italy has less than one-half the population of the United States, yet she has a navy that out-matches ours. She maintains an army of 250,000 men in time of peace. She cannot possibly advance and carry the information that this same Robert of Lincoln is doing great damage to the rice crops in South Carolina, where, after migrating from sentimental New England, he is known as the redbird and is such a glutton that one extensive planter alone has used 2,500 pounds of gunpowder in a year, employing men and boys to shoot them without trial.

Menial of the Soldier. Governments imprison men and then bound them when they are released. It is not so long as men are taken from useful production on the spacious plan of patriotism and bayonets gleam in the name of God. An Italian soldier about making a soldier of a man is not that a soldier kills brown men or white men, but that the soldier loses his own soul. In America just now there are strong signs of following the example of modern Italy. To divert the attention of men from useful production to war, waste and wealth through conquest is to invite moral disease and death. The history of nations and of the world is strewn with the bones of those who died because they did. Insurance actuaries say that athletes are very bad risks.

Switzerland today is the least illiterate as well as the most truly prosperous country in the world. She is, in fact, the only republic, for the people themselves make the laws. Her government is of the people. In Switzerland to work with your hands is honorable. Manual training for both boys and girls is a part of the public school system. Her gifted social aristocracy is either English or American.

The Symbol of Peace. Switzerland has no navy for the same reason that Bohemia has not, and while her navy is a soldier, yet three weeks' service every year is only a useful play spell. In Switzerland there is no beggarm and little vice. Everywhere life and property are safe; the people are free, prosperous and happy. Switzerland minds her own business, and the chief tenet of her political creed is, "We will attend to our own affairs." She will only fight if invaded, and fortunately she is not big enough to indulge in jingo swagger. The flag of Switzerland is the white cross—white on a red background—and this is the symbol of peace and amity the wide world over. The "gentle cross"—a red cross on a white background, designed in compliment to Switzerland—is the one flag upon which no guns are trained. And now at the parting of the ways would it not be wise for America to choose between the example of Switzerland and Italy?

America is a giant. It is well to have a giant's strength, but not well to use it like a giant. This is the richest country the world has ever known, in treasure and in men and women. If we mind our own business and devote our energies to the arts of peace, we can solve a problem that has vexed the world from the beginning of time. Shall we make our country blossom like the rose, or shall we follow the example of Italy?

Getting Rid of Rats. To learn their pet aversions and by every means show them that they are unwelcome guests, giving them freely of everything that they least desire, is the only way to keep a house free from rats. Poisons teach them no transient lessons, but they "die in the house" and cause regrets thereby outside their own circles. Among the things to which they particularly object are cayenne pepper, broken glass and chloride of lime. The glass should be pounded, mixed with dry cornmeal and placed about their favorite haunts and in their holes. Cayenne pepper and chloride of lime thrown down their holes will completely discourage them. Soap and tar stuffed into their holes will also cause them to remove to the neighbors. If these remedies are renewed occasionally, even though no intruder is seen, the place will gain a desired impurity.

Mahogany Forests Nearly Extinct. The true mahogany tree is a product of the American tropics, but has been so nearly exterminated that the wood of kindred species is now largely imported from Africa and the far east, especially the inexhaustible forests of the Sunda Islands. The Swietenia glauca of Borneo is equally fine grained, but a trifle paler, though after being soaked in oil the wood is almost indistinguishable from that of its South American congener and takes a brilliant polish. Extensive groves of the genuine mahogany are said to exist in eastern Peru, but under present circumstances are more inaccessible than those of Seugambia.—Indianapolis Press.

No. 3231--Double Buggy Harness. No. 3231--Double buggy harness. Imitation hand sewed. Bridles, 3/4-in. box loops, over-check, winker stay, nose band. Hame tugs, box loops. 7 lb. iron hames. Pads, straight skirts, single bearers, double and stitched. Turn back 4-inch scalloped; round crupper. Belly-band, folded. Traces, 1 1/2 inch, 6 feet 4 inches, raised double and stitched. Lines, 1 inch throughout. Neck yoke straps, 1 1/2 in. Choke strap 1 inch. Collars all black kip buggy thread sewed, one buckle. One hitch strap. Nickle or imitation rubber. PRICE: Without collars \$21 70 With collars 24 50

No. 33--Double Buggy Harness. No. 33--Double buggy harness. Imitation hand sewed. Bridles, 1 inch box loop, overcheck, round winker stay, nose band. Hame tugs, box loops, 7 lb. iron hames. Pads, moleskin bottom, felt lined, chain housings attached, skirts single, swell double stitched bearing strap. Turn-back, 2 inch wavy and raised, double and stitched, with round cruppers. Belly bands, folded. Traces, 1 1/2 inch, 6 foot 4 inch, raised double and stitched. Nickle or imitation rubber. 1 hitch strap. Collars, all black, 1/2 patent leather. Thread sewed. One buckle. Choke strap, 1 inch. Neck yoke strap, 1 1/2 inch. Lines, 1-inch check, 1 1/2-inch hand parts. Price - - - \$27 50 With collars - - 30 75

No. 33 1/2--Double Breast Collar Harness. Double Buggy Harness No. 33 1/2--Campbell lock stitch. Bridles, 3/4-in. overcheck, box loops, round winker stay; layer on crown piece; nose bands. Breast collars, 2-in. single strap; neck strap with single fold. Traces, 1 1/2 in. single strap stitched to breast collar. Pads, moleskin bottom, skirts single, bearers raised, double and stitched. Turnback, 4-inch scalloped; round crupper. Belly-band folded. Lines, 1-inch check, 1 1/2-hand parts. Neck yoke straps, 1-inch. Choke straps, 1-in; 1 hitch strap. Smooth round edge. Nickle or imitation rubber. Price, \$27 50 This is a first-class harness; we guarantee it in every particular.

No. 2061--Team Harness. No. 2061--Team Harness--Campbell Lock Stitch. Imitation hand sewed. Bridles, 3/4 inch sensible blinds; combination fronts and winker braces; flat reins. Hames, No. 150, iron over top. Pads, Keystone, with dees. Back straps, 4-inch; hip straps, 4-inch. Traces, 1 1/2 inch, 6 feet, double and stitched. Lines, 1-inch, 18 feet, with snaps. Breast straps, 1 1/2-inch, with snaps and slides. Pole straps, 1 1/2-inch. Collars, russet leather back and rim, russet face, metal sewed. XC. One hitch strap. Price \$22 20 With collars 26 50

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Our Exchanges Oh dear, I'm glad the cruel war of words is over, ain't you? We can again talk about the weather and the crops, about our neighbors and their weaknesses, about Nebraska and her glorious climate, about a thousand things that are really of more vital interest than many of the questions called politics. Farewell, a long farewell to politics. The annual fight for saloons or no saloons and the choosing of a few judges will be the cause of all the agitation that will disturb our peace for two whole years. The Lord be thanked for all his mercies.—Central City Democrat.

Lincoln and Vicinity The best coal for a Soft Coal Heater is the Glen Rock sold by Gregory, The Coal Man, 1044 O. One safe in the office at the Adventist college at College View was opened about 1 o'clock Friday morning. The work was done by three men who were seen by Night Watchman W. C. Osborn. He called to them to halt and they sent a bullet in his direction. The night watchman left then, and the men continued their work, getting away a few minutes later. They came toward Lincoln when they left College View, and at Twenty-seventh and E streets,

one block from the north end of the boulevard, they made another stop. There they blew the safe in the office of Deemer's lumber yard. There was no money in either safe, so the robbers secured nothing for their trouble. It is believed the work was done by local talent, and the officers think an arrest will be made in a day or two that will clear up matters. Chisels and punches were found, both at College View and at Deemer's lumber yard. The police hope to find out where these tools came from.

No. 3361--Double Buggy Harness. No. 3361--Imitation hand sewed. Bridles, 4-inch, overcheck, box loops, round winker stays, layer on corner piece, nose bands. Hames 7 lb. iron. Traces, 1 1/2 inch, 7-foot single strap attached to hames. Pads, moleskin bottom, attached skirt, single, bearers swell, double and stitched. Turnback 4-inch scalloped; round cruppers. Belly bands, skirts single, bearers double and stitched. Turnbacks, 1 inch yoke straps 1 1/2 inch. Choke straps 1 inch. Collars, No. 3, half patent leather, one hitch strap, smooth round edge. Nickle or imitation rubber. Price, \$27 50--With Collars, \$30 00

No. 31--Double Spring Wagon Harness. Campbell Lock Stitch.—Bridles, 4-inch box loops, round reins and winker stays, patent leather sensible blinds. Hame Tugs, box loop, Little Daisy hames. Pads, swell, inserted housings, leather bottoms, skirts single, bearers double and stitched. Turnbacks, 1 inch scalloped and wave stitched, round crupper. Belly-bands, folded. Traces, 1 1/2 inch, 6 feet 4 inch, double and stitched with cockeye. Lines 1-inch; neckyoke straps 1 1/2 inch; choke straps 1-inch; hip straps 4-inch; collars all black kip coach thread sewed. With hitch straps, XC, nickle, or brass band. Also with breeching, folded with layer; 4-inch single hip strap; 4-inch side straps—extra \$3 50—Also with breeching, folded with layer; 4-inch double hip straps; 4-inch side straps, extra \$4 00 Price \$24 00—with collar—\$27 00

No. 3436--Team Harness. Imitation hand sewed. Bridles, 1-inch, short checks; round reins and winker stays; flat nosebands and fronts; sensible blinds. Hame tugs, folded. Pads, our common sense. XC Moline tree. Back straps, 1-inch; hip straps, 1-inch. Traces, 1 1/2-inch, 6 feet, double and stitched. Lines, 1-inch, 18 feet, with snaps. Breast straps, 1 1/2-inch, with snaps and slides. Pole straps 1 1/2-inch; collar straps 1-inch. Collars, imitation Scotch, wool face, all thing sewed, heavy team. One hitch strap. XC. Price \$26 75—with collar—\$30 75

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State News Hog cholera is now pretty general throughout the country, and every thing indicates that the disease may become epidemic in the middle and southern states. Numerous reports are coming from the infected localities. The disease has wiped out a number of very fine herds during the last few weeks, reports indicating that it is in a violent form this year.

In the football game between the state university and the team from Grinnell, Ia., the Nebraska team won by a score of 33 to 0. Leading republicans in Nebraska say that it will be the policy of the administration to reward Nebraska for giving its electoral votes to McKinley. Many contemplate that a cabinet position will be given to the state, and that the most probable candidate for the place is John L. Webster of Omaha, "of cheap wheat fame." With Mr. Webster in the cabinet and Mr. Rosewater in the senate, Nebraska will certainly be well cared for.

James J. Jeffries, the world's heavyweight champion, has decided to re-enter the ring.