

NO HOPE FOR IT

Senator Poynter Gives the Omaha Bee a few "Poynters" on the "Path to Salvation."

ALBION, Neb., June 1.—To the editor of the Bee: In your editorial, "The Path to Salvation," you claim that the republican party must either reconvene the legislature to enact a maximum freight law or force the state board of transportation to do its duty.

In the event of the party failing to do one or the other, the party, you claim, will have poured upon it the vials of wrath of the farmers of the state, and while you do not say so, the inference may be drawn that a greater cyclone than the one last year will strike it.

In my opinion neither of the remedies you propose will avert the impending storm. "Reconvene" the legislature will not—but rather add to its fury. The people are fully apprised of the combinations during the winter, and would very justly resent the needless expense of calling an extra session to accomplish that which those combinations defeated. It would be exceedingly plain that the party leaders were trying to play the farmers for suckers, and that too at heavy expense. Then besides that the records show that not a single republican senator voted for a maximum freight bill when the opportunity was given to pass such a law.

Have we any reason to think they would vote differently in extra session? An extra session would only afford another demonstration of the utter lack of sympathy of the managers of the party with the mass of producers in the state. The failure of a maximum freight law falls with equal force upon the republican and democratic parties. Upon the democratic for its governor's veto, upon the republican for its senator voting to sustain that veto.

Upon the other proposition of compelling the board of transportation to do its duty it seems to me you would as well talk of compelling the roads themselves to do their duty. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Can men owned and controlled by the corporations do anything except in the interests of their masters?

The only salvation for the republican party is a continuation of its combination with the democratic party. By the union of their forces the two have a fighting show of success this fall. The republican leaders are smarter than the democrats as was clearly shown in the last combine during the past winter, as the republicans secured the chestnuts and the democrats the blisters. They may succeed as well again. The success of republican principles in this state would be the utter defeat and disintegration of party as it now exists in Nebraska. The republican party claims to be the party of the people. As now dominated in Nebraska it represents nothing but corporate greed. The people are awake to the situation. Consequently makeshifts, such as an extra session of the legislature, or attempts to induce the servants of the corporations to become the friends of the people, will avail nothing.

The Bee's warnings to the party managers in times past have been unheeded. The republican ship is stranded upon the quicksands of unfulfilled platform pledges. If she can be towed into the dry dock and the barnacles scraped off, and then effect a change of masters, she may again ride the billows of the political seas. But without that she is a worthless hulk not of value enough to try to save.

W. A. POYNTER.

The Alliance and the G. A. R. Farm Field and Stockman.

No class of our citizens were more patriotic than the farmers when the nation's life was threatened. They gave their sons, they volunteered in the ranks, young and middle-aged—all that the regulations of enlistment would admit. Those who were barred out of the army by age or from any other cause, were as patriotic as any class of our citizens in supplying the sinews of war. Indeed the war could not have been carried on to a successful issue had not the agricultural resources of the entire country been brought into full play to provide necessary rations and forage.

The report from one of the Kansas local Alliances, therefore, of a resolution hostile to the G. A. R. does not seem probable. Of all the states Kansas has been the most friendly to the G. A. R. It was settled largely by the soldiers, as its lands were ready for occupancy at the close of the war. The report that any Kansas Alliance denounced the pensioning of worthy veterans and condemned the G. A. R. because of its advocacy of proper pensions is pronounced false by Senator Poynter and others. We must believe the senator is correct and the report a slander.

The Party's Purpose is Good.

HOUSTON, TEX., May 24.—To suppose that the Cincinnati conference was opposed to prohibition because it rejected the plank that prohibitionists tried to place in its platform would be a grave error. Quite to the contrary is true. More than three-fourths of its delegates are prohibitionists, many of them eminent as such. The wisdom or folly of their action must appear further on in their campaign. Certainly there would be more hope for prohibition if the country should fall into the hands of a new and progressive party, whose leaders as is well known, are opposed to the traffic in human blood and souls.

A Little too Corrupt.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. All our political disaster grows, logically, out of attempts in the past to do without justice, as the sinking of some part of our houses comes of defects in the foundations. One thing is plain: A certain personal virtue is essential to freedom; and it begins to be doubtful whether our corruption in this country has not gone a little over the safety mark, so that when canvassed we shall be found made up of a majority of reckless self seekers. The divine knowledge has ebbed out of us, and we do not know enough to be free.

What is Money?

Industrial Educator. It is the stamp that makes the money, and not the material of which it is composed. These are Senator Stanford's words. He tried to pay his bill at a Washington lunch counter recently with a gold sovereign. The coin was refused. "But it's all right," said Mr. Stanford. "It's good gold. What more do you want?" But it was refused the second time and the bill was paid in U. S. silver. The trouble was that the sovereign was not a legal tender. That's exactly it. It's the stamp that makes the money. If the greenbackers were that foolish, republicans and democrats were and are also, for gold and silver is "that money" as well as greenbacks.

Talk About Justice!

Journal, Mills Co., Ia.

The hardest blow yet struck the much vaunted (by republicans) tin plate clause of the McKinley tariff act, which goes into effect July 1st, next, was given by Hon. David A. Wells, who says that the Standard Oil monopoly will thereby be benefited to the extent of \$100,000 a year in draw backs on the tin used in export packages. Mr. Wells says that notice was served on Mr. McKinley and his republican associates by the Standard Oil people that unless their interests were taken care of by the insertion of a provision allowing a draw back on imported tin-plate used in the exportation of domestic products they would defeat the bill. The provision was inserted, and under it this wealthy monopoly will get its tin-plate for about 13 3/4¢ per box, while all ordinary consumers will have to pay about 66¢ per box.

West and South.

Pres. Polk in Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

The people of the south and west have been engaged for thirty years past in hating one another with great bitterness. This hating has been most irrational. It is true now, and has been for the past thirty years, that the interests of the south and west are the same. Both these sections are agricultural, and they both will remain agricultural. The natural friends and political associates of the south are the people of the west. Whatever is against one section is against the other, and whatever helps one section will help the other. These obvious facts are just beginning to be perceived over the mountains of passion and prejudice that have been piled up between these sections. And when these facts shall come to be fully seen by the people of these sections, war will be ended, and whatever helps one section will help the other. These obvious facts are just beginning to be perceived over the mountains of passion and prejudice that have been piled up between these sections. And when these facts shall come to be fully seen by the people of these sections, war will be ended, and whatever helps one section will help the other.

Houses to rent or sell on monthly payments by J. Stevenson with J. H. McMurtry, corner of Eleventh and M.

MISS HILDA'S ROMANCE.

Miss Hilda Smith sat on the porch of her own neat cottage, screened from the sun and the observation of passersby. The luxuriant vine of American ivy that, showing here and there a scarlet leaf, or cluster of purple berries, ran riot over both porch and house.

A sweet-faced, thrifty old maid of 45 or 46 years of age, was Miss Hilda, with soft, gray hair that would have broken into light waves and crinkles above her brow, if it could have escaped the clutches of comb and pins at the back of her shapely head, to which it was drawn so tightly as to suggest the demure, odoriferous vegetable to which irreverent youngsters sometimes compared it.

Miss Hilda's eyes were still bright, and her complexion soft and clear, and as she sat busily plying her knitting needles on this crisp September morning, there was a faint flush on her unusually pale cheek not unlike the first faint color on the leaves of the maple tree in the lane beside her cottage.

Miss Hilda was alone in the world; nephews and nieces in a distant city called her aunt. She knew of their existence and they of her's, but that was all.

She had been romantic in her youth—what woman has not?—she had entertained high notions then of courtship, and love and marriage. She smiled grimly to herself over that girlish weakness now.

She was thinking of it this morning—thinking how but for those same romantic notions she had entertained—"those brief, bright guests of a happy season, she might have been a happy wife, perhaps a mother, instead of the lonely, desolate old maid that she was. For twenty-five years ago, on just such a sunny September morning, she had been sitting in the same place on the porch, and John Fletcher—who had courted her in a slow, matter-of-fact way for half a year—carried up the narrow path between the flower beds, and calmly asked her to be his wife. And Hilda had raised her eyes for a moment from her knitting and as calmly answered "No."

It was not that she did not love him, but it was all so unromantic, so different from what she had expected. She was thinking of it this morning—thinking how but for those same romantic notions she had entertained—"those brief, bright guests of a happy season, she might have been a happy wife, perhaps a mother, instead of the lonely, desolate old maid that she was. For twenty-five years ago, on just such a sunny September morning, she had been sitting in the same place on the porch, and John Fletcher—who had courted her in a slow, matter-of-fact way for half a year—carried up the narrow path between the flower beds, and calmly asked her to be his wife. And Hilda had raised her eyes for a moment from her knitting and as calmly answered "No."

John had remained single, too. They lived in the same little village still, and had been good friends all their lives—sensible middle-aged people that they were.

Now John was going to leave the village. He was going to a far country from which there is no return. Only yesterday she had met the solemn, grim, gloomy man, who was hired to care for the sick man, and in answer to her friendly inquiries he had told her that John Fletcher could not live six weeks.

John's life had been a success financially, but when his health failed, knowing that he was almost alone in the world, and with the prospects of a long illness before him, he had given his all to a nephew and his family, stipulating only that they should care for him during his lifetime, and the usual fate of those who so dispose of their wealth had fallen upon him. Ere he had been ill and helpless six weeks he was in the way, and that fact was not hidden from him. Miss Hilda was thinking of him as she sat there knitting, not with the love of a girl, but with the tender, disinterested pity of a woman.

TOUGH AND DUDE.

A Very Rash Bum Gets Put Into an Involuntary Sleep.

Probably one of the most surprised bullies that ever attempted to make of a man of manly nerves a black eye and a broken nose down on the South Side, where he lives. He was standing in the doorway of a Grand avenue store a few nights since, talking with another tough man, and leaning at every man and woman that chanced to pass that way, when under the electric light which bids the weary wayfarer welcome in front of the Plankington house he saw what he was pleased to call a dude coming in their direction, smoking a cigar.

"D'ye see the dude comin', Nibby?" he said to his companion. "Yes, an' I think it's a dirty shame dat he is spoiling dat nice cigar when he is only fit to smoke cigarettes."

"Dat's a fact, my boy, an' I'm blamin' if I intend to stand it. See?" "What you going to do about it?" "Just watch me, an' if I don't have dat cigar inside of a minute, den I'll eat me hat, gat's all."

As the young man drew near, the bully stepped from the door, and approaching the unsuspecting pedestrian, said: "Say, me lad, let me take your cigar, will you?"

The young man, thinking that the fellow desired a light, knocked the ashes off his weed, and handed it to the stranger, who, with a smile, placed it between his teeth. "What do you mean by that?" asked the astonished young fellow as he saw the use his cigar had been put to.

"Oh! dat's all right but," said the tough man, "dis is a pleasant way dat I have time hangs heavily on my hands. Run on home now or your mother will be worried, see?" "Yes, I think I'll see," replied the young man, as he stepped up in front of the loafer, "but, strange as it may seem, my mother is not in the habit of getting worried, and there is no occasion of my shortening my stay with you. Besides, I too have a pleasant little way of my own to pass away the time when the same hangs heavily upon my hands. It is something like this—"

In another moment the bully was stretched out on the sidewalk with one eye closed, and when he arose a blow on the bridge of his nose once more laid him out. The young man whom he had sized up as a dude turned out to be one of the crack boxers in the gymnasium, and two blows of his scientific fist had been sufficient to put the tough to sleep.—Ex.

The Child's Left Hand.

Why do not mothers seek to cultivate all of their little one's capabilities and faculties? Why, for instance, do you teach the child to skillfully use the right hand, and ignore such possibilities for his left? Why do you mourn if the child be naturally "left-handed" and seek to cripple his free use of the unruled member? One would almost suspect it was in the nature of a crime to be ambidextrous, so persistently are children admonished to "Take the needle in your other hand, dear!" "Why will that boy drive nails with that hammer in his left hand?" One constantly hears such lamentations from the lips of mothers and teachers. Left-handed? And why not? Either-handed, rather, as would always result from equal attention to the muscular use of both hands.

In the earlier stages of learning to write, children are apt to complain of their hand "getting tired," from the cramped attitude of the fingers; all this would be obviated by alternate use of the left hand. I know a man who has only his left hand to use, and it is wonderful what dextrous use he puts it to; carpentering, the pruning of his large orchards; in fact, all the multifarious employments of the farm are accomplished with speed and precision. It is only the left-handed greeting that one notices in our neighborhood intercourse, and even that does not, after a few times, seem either odd or unusual.—From the Ladies Home Journal.

Interest in Widows.

A pleasing proof of the general interest in widows has just been furnished by the republication in London and Scotland of Police Sergeant Oliver Tims's opinion in the matter which were communicated originally to a Sun reporter. The student policeman then remarked that history was full of evidence of the personal worth of widows, and declared the fact that Charles II. Frederick the Great, Lord Nelson, Napoleon, Disraeli and George Washington had married widows proved alike their own astuteness and the estimable character of widows generally. The notion pleased the English and Scotch editors, and they at once proceeded to lay before their subscribers the eloquent eulogies and convincing argument of the sergeant. It isn't often that what a New York policeman says finds its way into print across the ocean, and Sergeant Tims is delighted by the circumstance.

He modestly says, however, that it was not so much what he said that caught the British editors, or the fact that he said it, "but the perennial interest that blooming widows possess for all mankind."—New York Sun.

Amusing Advertisements.

It might not be altogether safe to vouch for the genuineness of the following advertisements, but they are reprinted here for what they are worth: WANTED—A steady young man to look after a horse of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

FOR SALE—A piano by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs. TO LET—A cottage in Newport containing eight rooms, and an acre of ground. LOST—A small lady's watch with a white face also two ivory young lady's work boxes, and a wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf skin.

CONSUMPTIVES! Cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, you will never cough again. WANTED—Women to sell on commission. FREEMAN & HUGGS—Academy. Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls.—Printer's ink.

MISS HILDA'S ROMANCE.

ened in Hilda's cheeks. She wondered why John's name had occurred to her just then; and then an idea popped into her head with such suddenness that she dropped a whole uncounted full of stitches, and sat still, unconscious of the fact, with the knitting needle poised in her hand while she considered.

"A quiet place to die in," she muttered to herself. "Yes, I'll do it, why shouldn't I?" "To think, with Miss Hilda was to act. Half an hour later she stood by the bedside of John Fletcher.

Hilda's heart was full of pity, but she might have faltered in her purpose, even then, but that the sight of the close, untidy room, the tumbled, comfortless bed, and the wan face on the pillow that brightened at her approach, nerved her to proceed.

"John," she said, "I am a woman of few words. Twenty-five years ago you asked me to marry you, and I refused. I give you now the opportunity to retract. I came here to-day to ask you to marry me!" John Fletcher looked his surprise.

"Do you know, Miss Hilda," he said, "that I am a dying man?" "Yes," replied Hilda, bluntly, "I've been to the doctor. If you wasn't, I wouldn't be here on such an errand." She drew a chair to the bedside, and sat down facing him.

"You have nothing to lose in this bargain," she said, "your property is already disposed of. If you consent, it will be but a change from this home to mine, and there you can at last die in peace. You will be well cared for, during the little time you have to live, and will not be begrudged every mouthful you eat, as all the village knows you are here."

"But you?" he asked, as he paused, "why do you care to take all this trouble?" "When you are dead," she interrupted, "I shall be a widow. If you know how I hate to be spoken of always as Old Maid Smith"—and Miss Hilda fairly hissed the obnoxious title through her teeth—"you would not wonder that I am willing to resort to extreme measures to rid myself of that hated name."

"The gain will be all mine, Hilda," he said. "That is my own lookout," she replied, "but I do not think it will. You consent, then?" "Yes," he answered, "I consent."

Miss Hilda arose at once. "I will make the necessary arrangements," she said, "and we can be married this afternoon."

There was a quiet wedding in the invalid's room, with the doctor and his wife and one or two friends for witnesses, two or three hours later.

The despondent, morose nurse that had cared for the sick man was discharged, and a genial, sunny-tempered man engaged to fill his place. With his help the invalid was removed to his new home, where the two were installed in Hilda's best room, through whose wide windows the breeze bore, night and day, the odors of clove carnation—nature's finest stimulant—mingled with sweetbriar and yarrow, and Hilda ransacked her wondrous store-room and garden to furnish dainty dishes to tempt the failing appetite of the sick man, and grew almost young again in the unaccustomed delight of having someone beside herself to think and work for.

The doctor's wife, who had but recently made her acquaintance, felt great interest in the bright, outspoken little woman, and very quietly began to lead her into more becoming attire.

"Do not wear those somber colors in the sick-room, Mrs. Fletcher," said this pretty plotter on one occasion, "unrelieved black has such a depressing effect on an invalid. Get something soft, as to material and color; something that will fall in graceful folds. Stiff, harsh lines are so rasping to nerves weakened by illness, you know."

And Hilda promised to follow the suggestion, wondering innocently, meanwhile, why she had not thought of it herself. One day the doctor's wife claimed the privilege of massing Hilda's beautiful hair in little puffs and waves over her forehead, "just to see how it would look," she pleaded, and made her conversation so entertaining when it was done that Hilda forgot all about it until she went into the invalid's room to take the place of the nurse, as usual, while he took his daily airing.

MISS HILDA'S ROMANCE.

John: "it is your hair—"

"Mrs. Warren did it," she said. "I meant to take it down, trying in vain to smooth out the puff."

John drew her hands down; she was sitting by his bedside; she was sitting by his bedside.

"Don't," he said, "it is as pretty as it was in the old days; how I loved it! You promised to obey me, Hilda, and I forbid you to wear it any other way. Remember it is the first time I have tried to exert my authority."

Hilda, remembering that, could not but obey. So, step by step, unconsciously to herself, she went back to youth.

Two months went by, and there had been no funeral from the vine-covered cottage. Then one day John called Hilda to his bedside. There was a strange look on his face. The doctor had been with him.

"Hilda," he said, his voice slightly tremulous in spite of evident effort to control it, "Hilda, my poor girl, the doctor says—"

"What," she said in sudden fright, sinking on her knees by his bedside. "You are not going, not going, soon?" "No," he replied, "but would you care very much, dear, if I should not 'live'?"

"Would you?" asked Hilda. "I'd be happier than I ever was before," he replied. "But you wanted to be a widow, Hilda, would you do it if I should get well?"

"I will thank God," she replied, softly, looking at him with a sudden tenderness in her eyes.

John drew her face down to his and kissed her.

"Then I did get well," he said. And he did.—Evening Wisconsin.

First Listener to Jenny Lind's Singing.

"Jenny Lind"—to use the name by which she became famous all the world over—was born of poor parents at Stockholm in 1820, and at three years of age first betrayed her musical aptitude by picking out on the keys of a piano a military fanfare which had attracted her attention as some soldiers marched along the street. The first listener to her singing was the domestic cat, to whom she sang when she believed herself to be alone, and it was the over-hearing of this singing that suggested the idea of her being heard for the musical stage.

FARMERS

Dehorn Your Calves

Every bottle warranted to Dehorn One Hundred calves three weeks old or under without injury to the calves.

Agents, Wanted in every county SINGLE BOTTLE SENT PRE-PAID on receipt of price where there is no agent. HATCH BROS., 40-3m Gordon, Neb. State agents for Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming.

It Will Prevent Hog Cholera. THE Western Stock Food

Is the greatest discovery of the age for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry.

The Iowa Steam Feed Cooker.

The most practical, most convenient, most economical, and in every way the BEST STEAM FEED COOKER MADE.

J. M. ROBINSON KENESAW, ADAMS CO., NEB.

FOR SALE. One Short Horn Bull and one Holstein Bull, both registered. A few choice Will sell cheap. Call on or address.

S. W. PERRIN, College Farm, Lincoln, Neb.

Greenwood Horse Co., ADVERTISE LORD LAMBERT

AS FOLLOWS: The first premium Hackney and first premium Coach horse, any age or breed at Newport Fair in 1899 was LORD LAMBERT, owned by Greenwood Horse Co.

J. J. THORP & Co., Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps, Seals Stencils, Badges and Baggage Checks

PENSION THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW. Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled Independent widows and parents now dependent upon the service of their late husbands and wives are included.

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Every Farmer in Nebraska Should Use this Twine.

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DECORAH STEEL WINDMILL and STEEL TOWER. The Decorah Steel Windmill has the most perfect pump ever constructed.

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ECLIPSE STUDIOS. We have opened a new Studio at 1322 O street, up stairs and will be pleased to have the citizens of Lincoln call and examine our work.

DR. H. K. KERNAN, SURGEON DENTIST. \$5.00. FULL SET OF TEETH FOR \$5.00.

ROOMS 84, 85 AND 86 BURR ST. LINDELL HOTEL.

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