

public domain turned over as a gift to robbers, the finances of the country in the hands of the spoilers of the people and the public highways of the nation turned over bodily to highwaymen.

The people of the nation are weary of being plundered under pretense of law. Robbery is still robbery no matter what the form which may be given to it. There is no longer justice or a consideration of the general welfare anywhere. The people groan and cry out for relief from intolerable oppressions and are answered with sneers and called in derision "calamity howlers." For many years we looked to your party for relief from these oppressions. Time has at length convinced us that such hope is vain. The enemies of the people have taken complete possession of your organization and it is today the very emblem of Wall street greed and avarice without a thought for the mass of the people.

These facts and this condition of things thus faintly outlined has driven me from the party thus prostituted to the country's ruin, and has compelled me, with thousands of others, to attempt through the people's party to restore the people of the nation to their rights and avert those dire calamities which in all times have followed wickedness in this world.

And this being the condition of mind obtaining with me, I cannot consent in silence that this gavel, made of my timber, given me in the days of republican grandeur, shall be prostituted to the base office of keeping order in a convention of that party when it has gone so far from its original purposes: has made itself the champion of the enemies of human liberty and human rights, and is certainly and rapidly turning this country into a bloody and terrible civil war.

Under these circumstances I demand the return of the gavel, and unless you are willing to add to the other crimes of your party—that of receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen—I shall expect the immediate return of the same.

D. L. FREEMAN.
Owner of homestead No. 1; application No. 1; entry No. 1; patent No. 1; recorded in part 1, vol. No. 1, records general office.

B. & M. Stories.
Just before election I was greeted upon the street with "good morning," coming from our present Judge Waters, who wore a 7 x 9 smile, the kind usually seen upon candidates before election. Waters asked me for my vote, saying "needed all the votes he could get." I said "I believe you are a B. & M. man; you were nominated by the B. & M. and if elected will work every way possible for them." "Well," says he, "I will take all the votes I can get whether B. & M. or not." I took the chance and voted for Alien, and I lost in one respect. But from the article in last evening's SUN, headed "Mayor Waters did a humane act," I believe I am right on the "ownership" of the police judge; it is B. & M. But that is nothing. If I am going to tell B. & M. stories I might as well tell a good one.

A B. & M. employe who is so unfortunate as to weigh 245 pounds but who is also so fortunate as to weigh down \$100.00 when the pay car comes around, is desirous of going to Chicago, and taking treatment to reduce his avoirdupois. Well a subscription paper is sent the rounds among the poor laborers and a fee of \$2.00 each is asked to bear the expense, and if the amount is not forthcoming the delinquent is—well they find some excuse to lay said laborer off. Many a poor laborer (who is asked to bear the expense of cutting down this corpulency) is only getting \$1.30 for a 12 hour day.

The above is not a one man's story but I can furnish you at least one column per week of such B. & M. "ism" provided you will not crowd out more important news.
KOHRN.

The Lincoln Road Grader was one of the leading features of the parade on Thursday. For information address
LINCOLN ROAD GRADER,
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If you play or sing, you should have a few of Mr. Gibson's "Songs of the people."

in this country 1 million dollars the result of the nine thousand

COL. L. L. POLK.
Col. Polk's death has called many expressions of profound and many tributes of respect from those who knew him as an R. P. Bland's and fellow worker in the cause of silver liberty. The following are ever silenced from a few of the leading papers of the nation:

THE VANGUARD.
His sacrifices were many, and as it from erously made. His positions were conscientiously taken, and steadfastly kept. He was sincere and men trust him. He was honest and able, and did not fear to follow him. His belief that independent political action is the farmer's way out of worse than Egyptian bondage, was of great weight when other men as honest, but not as far-sighted, questioned such action. Not the least of the good deeds to be recorded of him is the part he has taken in blending the blue and the gray, in the burial of sectional strife between brothers.

THE NATIONAL ECONOMIST.
Col. Polk was one of the greatest, grandest and best men of modern times, a man who held the first place in more hearts among the farmers and laborers of America than any other man of his day.

The thoughts and words that are dressed to the memory of this leader must ever be of the highest praise and most profound reverence.

He was the friend and the poor and oppressed. His pathy always went out in trouble and distress to the help of the poor and distressed.

He possessed a true love for the world, and a pure motive. He was a pure christian.

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sun. Can we say so to-day? Then statesmen sought the good of all the people, and the people ruled. Is it so now? Then statesmen were actuated by pure and unselfish principles, and were strangers to bribery and corruption. Is it thus now? Then the plowman could trust his individual welfare and the interest of his country in the hands of the law-makers. Can he do so to-day? We have ever voted and advocated the true principles of democracy, as we understand democracy. Do principles change, or only men? Since the scales have been knocked from our eyes by the light of truth, we see as we never saw before that our confidence has been misplaced and distrust all over our country the consequence.

The partisan press, the subsidized press, the old party paid press, tell us to continue with an abiding faith in the old party, and through it alone can we hope for deliverance. We believed them. The two old parties have added, and we have danced to their music 30 years, while the government mill ground out 30,000 millionaires and filled the land with tramps.

In a land with a super-abundance of the fruits of labor, a cry for bread comes up from the wealth producers themselves.

The old parties tell us that the old tariff question is the only issue before the people.

One party says we shall pay \$1.45 for a certain article of necessity, which Europe proposes to sell to us for \$1.00. The other party says to the first (for the sake of a little difference, you know) we would have consumers to pay only \$1.42, as you understand, it would not be wise in us to devour, at once, the old bone that has so long served our purpose. This difference of 6 cents will be enough to keep the people divided, you know, as it has done in the past.

THE MARION INDEPENDENT.
Col. Polk was a man of ties, of unquestioned high pose, and of unequalled capacity, as his remarkable guidance of the farmers' alliance present position as a reform factor attest. He was a most eloquent speaker, and every one who has heard him will at once recall the impression of intense earnestness and swerving loyalty to the cause of great common people which characterized him. Unable to combat the questions of justice, and unable to crush the great popular movement for the freedom of the masses, his opponents have resorted to the use of weapons of cowardice, and tried to blacken his good name, but without effect other than to make clearer their own infamy and his rightness of character and his unswerving patriotism in the cause of the people.

THE VIRGINIA SUN.
Col. Polk is dead. It is the sad, painful truth, and there is no escaping it. Our truest, our bravest, our best taken from us, and ten million hearts throbb their grief in sympathetic unison. Among living Americans not one could die who would be more widely, sadly and lovingly missed. His death makes a void in ten million hearts, and none can fill it.

But, brothers, let our tribute to the memory of our beloved leader be the tribute that he himself would have wished. Let us consecrate ourselves afresh to the cause for which he died. Remember that he was saying that the cause was not any leader, as though he had a claim of his untimely taking, but that he proved his saying true, and determined to die from death. Perseverance will parted brother his soul and

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