

MAJORS TO ROSEY.

Nebraska Republicans seem to have nominated an American for governor, one not given to mincing matters.

Some days ago E. Rosewater sent a communication to Hon. C. H. Morrill, chairman of the Republican state central committee asking that Hon. Thomas J. Majors appear before six of our most eminent Protestant ministers and refute the charges he has been publishing—says THE OMAHA AMERICAN—by word of mouth and through the columns of his paper ever since the campaign opened. This letter the chairman referred to Mr. Majors, and Tom's answer appears below:

Hon. C. H. Morrill, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, Omaha, Neb.—Dear Sir: I acknowledge the receipt of the letter addressed by E. Rosewater to yourself as chairman of the Republican state central committee. From the information obtained daily as to the prospects of Republican success in this state, I am not surprised that at this time he should attempt to bolster up his lost cause by throwing dust in the eyes of the voters of Nebraska. I have no words to bandy with this man, whose life has been dedicated to the slander of his fellow beings. For twelve years I have patiently borne with his shafts of falsehood and of malice. I have never yet been elected to an important public office that the success was not accomplished over his unfair and bitter opposition. During all of his attacks I have been silent, but I desire to take this opportunity to break the silence of years.

In brief, this man proposes that I submit to an investigation by a committee of seven clergymen whom he has had the kindness to name. I could not object to the excellent jury that has been chosen. I do object, however, to transferring the "trial" from the great court of public opinion, in which court this investigation is now going on, to a jury of seven men. I do object to taking the time from my canvass to submit to an idle and a farcical demonstration to prove the fact that E. Rosewater has persistently maligned me. I prefer to wait ten days to read in the verdict of 200,000 voters of Nebraska that public opinion does not sustain the man who, because of personal spite, will attempt to destroy the character of another. This man says that he preferred "grave charges" against me, and yet he knows, and the public knows, that these "grave charges" consisted simply and solely of a reiteration of old slanders that were long ago refuted. The first of these charges was met and refuted in the campaign of 1890, when, after hearing the evidence, the people of this state elected me lieutenant governor by a plurality of 3,259 votes over the Populist candidate. In 1892, every one of these charges were presented by E. Rosewater in person to the state committee, but that committee decided them to be slanderous, and named me as their candidate for lieutenant governor. During the ensuing campaign of 1892, everyone of these slanders were fully ventilated, but as a result of the "trial" before the court of popular opinion, I was elected by a plurality of 18,999 over the Populist candidate. As soon as my friends suggested my name for the gubernatorial nomination in 1894 these same old slanders were brought out, and culled after column of the Rosewater organ was filled with reiteration of these libels. The fight for the state convention was earnest. Pitted against me was one of the most distinguished Republicans in Nebraska. On the first formal ballot in that convention I received a majority of 145 votes. On the motion of Hon. Guy C. Barton, chairman of the Douglas county delegation, of which Mr. Rosewater was a member, my nomination was made unanimous.

Having lost the fight, when he had the advantage of owning a daily newspaper, this personal enemy could not accept his defeat as a man would have done, but he opened up a relentless warfare upon me. On four occasions these same slanders have been passed upon and the decision has been in my favor. For the fifth time they are again on trial, but the jury will be the 200,000 voters of Nebraska, to whose integrity, wisdom and justice I cheerfully submit my cause. Had Rosewater desired that these charges should be investigated, the courts of justice and impeachment offered all necessary opportunity. But he has chosen as his tribunal the court of public opinion and because that court is seldom reversed and is invariably fair, I have met him upon his own ground.

I think it will be readily seen that he realizes that the day when candidates for public office can be defeated by unfair personal assaults has gone by. I believe that it will be readily observed that he recognizes that he has already lost the fight which he has made against me, but I do not propose that he shall dodge the issue nor do I desire that he shall enter a non-suit. I have never craved mercy at his hands. I am only one of a host of Republicans in this state whom this man has wounded with a newspaper established upon Republican patronage. I am content to take my place beside P. W. Hitchcock, Frank Welsh and other public men whom he could not use, but whom he attempted to destroy. During all of his attacks upon me I have never asked for a cessation of hostilities.

And now that this fight is drawing to a close, I am willing that he should do his worst.

In the history of Nebraska the name of Rosewater has been a synonym for slander. Whatever influence he may possess has been due to the fact that he has held a club over the heads of public men, some of whom he has compelled to worship at his shrines. The shrine at which I pay tribute must embody something worthy of honor. I never have, never could and never will bend the knee to one whom nature made incapable of being a man. The very best heritage that I would wish to leave to my children would be the right for them to believe that I was as worthy a man as some of the public men whom this man has attempted to destroy by slander. I remember that he followed P. W. Hitchcock through that man's honorable career and denounced him at every opportunity. I remember that he was not content to stay his malice at the tomb. I recall that he vented his spleen and repeated his slanders over the grave of one of Nebraska's best public servants. I remember that he invited the son of Senator Hitchcock to the banquet at the opening of the Bee building, and that he set before that son a poisoned feast in the shape of an attack upon his dead father. I remember that he followed Frank Welsh with the same venom and penetrated his tomb with the same persistency. I remember that he assailed and traduced hundreds of the best citizens of Omaha and Nebraska because they would not do his bidding.

With these recollections, and conscious that I have tried to do my duty in every public station, I have not had, and do not have any fear of his assaults upon me. Personally his enmity gratifies me, for I know that he never recognized a friend in one he could not use. I know that his bitter enmity is a testimonial to the independence of the man who enjoys that enmity. Toward this man who has maligned me so bitterly and so persistently I entertain no malice. I pity him because nature gave to him an ambition and then withheld from him those elements essential to the gratification of that ambition. I pity him because his whole life has been dedicated to destruction. I pity him because he has never yet felt his heart throb in friendship for friendship's sake; because he has never known the exhilaration of a good impulse. I pity him for the reason that when his physical and mental power shall be on the wane, there will not be one man to whom he can turn and upon whose disinterested friendship he can rely. But because of my pity for one whose life has been spent in efforts to make the world unhappy, I would not be justified in wasting my time by giving him an opportunity to air his miserable slanders in a church trial.

The hearing of this cause is nearly concluded. The verdict will be rendered November 6. I am confident that the result will be a pronounced victory for good state government and good state credit, administered and represented by the Republican party. Incidentally it will be a victory for decency in political matters and a rebuke to malicious slanders against candidates for office.

I commend to Mr. E. Rosewater a careful perusal of these findings, and it is (it is) my earnest wish that he will cheerfully abide the result. Yours very respectfully,

T. J. MAJORS.

SUGGESTIVE.

Why is it that the Roman Catholics are so anxious that William J. Bryan should be elected to the United States senate? Why is it that the priests of that church all over this state have constituted themselves into campaign committees for furthering his election instead of simply attending to the spiritual wants of their parishioners as they should? This only answer that can be reasonably given, is, judging from past and present indications, that Mr. Bryan has pledged himself, in the event of his being sent to the United States senate, to support by his vote and influence such measures as will be approved by and will benefit directly or indirectly the Roman Catholic church.

In support of this conclusion that we arrive at, note the following little incident that transpired a few days ago: A traveling man from this city was standing on the platform of the depot at Aurora, this state, waiting for the train, when he overheard two Roman Catholic priests discussing the political situation, one of whom seemed to be giving the other pointers as to what he had to do, for the traveling man heard him say in answer to the other "that Bryan must be elected without fail and he should INSTRUCT to that end." Who should he instruct? His parishioners of course. How would he instruct? Presumably under the seal of and through the confessional. With these facts staring us in the face, we say that William J. Bryan should under no circumstances whatsoever be elected to represent the great state of Nebraska in the senate of the United States.—Omaha American.

THE ballot box is the place to administer a rebuke to the church of Rome's interference in politics.

STEWARD OF AN OCEAN LINER.

A Position of Responsibility With an Army of Subordinates.

It may surprise some old globe trotters to know that the big ocean greyhounds running between New York and the European ports carry on an average of 19,000 pieces of sterling silverware for their table service, and that this large amount of plate is handled during the voyage by from 200 to 240 waiters or "stewards," as they are called on shipboard. The chief steward is responsible for every piece. He must be a man of quick powers of observation, a student of human nature and be up to all the little devices of a small army of subordinates usually keener and quicker witted than those usually found ashore in the same calling. It is a busy day for the steward twenty-four hours before the time set for departure. He has purchased or contracted for all the supplies and an assistant sees that the contracts are fulfilled. But his personal attention must be given to the silverware. He keeps a regular debit and credit account and can tell to a toothpick just what he will start away with. On the voyage passengers are apt to lose spoons or forks or other ware by accident, and occasionally a gay blade may think it amusement to toss a sugar bowl or half a dozen knives through a port hole. It is needless to say that he furnishes a quid pro quo before he goes ashore. When the other side is reached the chief steward spends a day in balancing accounts. He started with so much and so much should be on hand. If there is a difference he seeks to find it, and if he can't find it he "makes good" himself. The responsibility of such a position naturally commands a high salary, and every chief steward on every ocean steamship, without exception, a man of unimpeachable integrity. The extraordinary record is that in thirty years there have been but two accusations of a betrayal of a trust.

ONE OF CHINA'S CITIES.

Canton, Where the Plague Comes From, and It Isn't Surprising.

A line or two from Mrs. Archibald Dunn's new book gives a striking picture of the horrors of life in Canton. "The circumference of the city walls measures from six to seven miles, and within their enclosure there exist \$1,000,000 Chinese people. I had been in many oriental cities and smelt many oriental smells, but those of Canton," says Mrs. Dunn, "were giants of them all. The passage-like streets are open sewers, every description of refuse being cast into them and forming continuous heaps on either side of the way. The water supply is raised from wells in the streets, the mouths of which are on a level with the ground, and a shower of rain, or drippings from the buckets in which they lift it must carry back the surrounding filth in a way horrible to think of. Through miles and miles of these high, narrow alleys did we travel, through the most fetid, airless atmosphere that human lungs could cope with, through the most evil and noisome odors that could assail human nostrils, past the most loathsome sights in the shape of abnormal butcher meat—such as dogs and cats, skinned and dressed ready for cooking; rats, both dried and hanging alive by the tails; frogs and unnatural-looking fish in tubs of water, alive, and awaiting death and consumption."

Powder and Patch.

Wigs are of very ancient origin. According to Xenophon, Astyages, king of the Medes, wore a wig. In the writings of Livy, Plutarch, and many others, references are made to this covering for the head, which was made of hair, silk, thread, or other material. The ancient Romans were prone to use the natural hair, and preferred the blonde locks of the Germans. It is stated that "Henry III., of France, having lost his hair by sickness, wore a wig, and his courtiers began to follow his example." At the time of the French revolution both wigs and powder disappeared; but the large white wig is still worn by the English judges.

Misdirected Sympathy.

An absent-minded landlord called on a tenant to condole with him on the death of a valuable cow. The cause of its disease had been enveloped in mystery, and while explaining it, the landlord, though a kind and sympathizing person, went off into the clouds. The last words of the narrative were: "And would you believe it, when we opened her we found she had been choked by a large turnip that was sticking in her gullet." Here the landlord woke up, and, in a congratulatory tone of voice, observed: "Ah, yes, and so you got your turnip?"

Early Christian Milkmen.

St. Ireneus, one of the very early fathers of the church, in the second century after Christ, writes as follows: "As was said by one, concerning all who in any way deprave the things of God and adulterate the truth, 'it is evil mingling gypsum with milk.'" Some have thought that St. Peter, when he used the expression in his epistle, "the sincere milk of the word," means "undiluted" milk. Certainly the Greek word which means in one version we translate "sincere," would bear this interpretation.

Buried in the Same Grave.

In the violet calm of evening, just as dusk was deepening into darkness, and the pall of night was settling over the world, she sprang his suit. "No," she said calmly but firmly. "Then I will be avenged," he hissed. Presenting her little brother with a toy pistol he swallowed a phial of prussic acid. They were buried in the same grave.

HE WAS GRANT'S FRIEND.

Dr. Shradly Has Been Very Busy Since the Death of His Comrade.

"There goes the man who was one of General Grant's best friends." I saw a sturdy, well built man, who looked not more than fifty years old. A suit of gray covered his muscular form and broad shoulders and he wore a plain \$3 derby hat with easy walking shoes. The man had a strong but good natured face and he wore a military moustache and short imperial.

The soldierly pedestrian was Dr. George P. Shradly who was one of General Grant's physicians in his last illness and who was with him when he died. But Dr. Shradly was General Grant's comrade or friend in the war as well as his physician after the war. Dr. Shradly has prospered since those early days when he first smelled powder under McClellan. He has a charming home in the fashionable part of New York, in which his offices are, and these are constantly thronged by the class of patients that are pretty sure to make the doctor rich in a very short time.

There are few more busy men to be found anywhere than this genial physician. His private practice alone would be considered enough by any ordinary man to have to attend to. Not so Dr. Shradly. In addition to attending to his practice he is consulting physician in two large New York hospitals. His services are constantly being called for by the courts to act as an expert in some case beyond the knowledge of the lawyers. He is the chief editor of a medical journal of standing, and at certain seasons he delivers lectures in the Medical college of New York. Dr. Shradly is one of the simplest and most democratic men in his profession and is credited with being one of the most kind hearted as well.

LED BY A CHILD.

"Lean on Me, Papa, We Are Nearly Home."

What a wealth of affection a little child has for her parents! History teems with heroic sacrifices that they have done for father and mother, and well that it does, for they deserve it. A little incident occurred upon a Philadelphia street car the other night that brought this thought forcibly home to the minds of passengers. Stopping at Arch street a little girl helped her father to his seat. He was a big, powerful man who would not under ordinary circumstances need any assistance of this nature, but upon this occasion he had tarried too long at a near-by saloon. He was very much under the influence of liquor. As they sat in the car, one of the little girl's hands stole quietly into the broad palm of her father. A tear stood in either eye, for she knew her mother was worrying at home. A sick baby had forced her to remain while the daughter was dispatched after the erring parent. After going several squares the little girl motioned to the conductor to stop the car. He did so. She tugged at her father's arm and aroused him from his drunken stupor. "Come, papa," she said, "we must get out here. We are nearly home." The father pulled himself together and started to alight. It was a hard task for him and the little one was quick to notice it.

"Lean on me, papa," she bravely said, as she took hold of his arm. And nearly borne down by the weight, the father was enabled to reach the street safely. The car passed on. Tears stood in the eyes of the passengers, as they quietly watched the pair pass out of sight in an adjoining street.

Snake Mountain.

There is a horse-shoe-shaped mountain in Manitoba which literally swarms with snakes twice every year. In the early autumn those slippery customers gather there from all directions, mostly from the prairie country of the South. In one side of the mountain there is a circular hole about fifteen feet deep, and as smooth as if it had been fashioned with an auger, where tens of thousands of reptiles spend the cold winter months together. Persons who have tried to explore this immense snake den during the summer, when the regular tenants are absent, say that dozens of subterranean passages lead out under the mountain in all directions from the bottom of the well. An authority estimates that he has seen 300,000 snakes of all sizes knotted together and piled up in a semi-torpid state in this "Well of Serpents," as it is called in the Northwest.

Mexico's Greatest Need.

Says an American business man who has been living in Mexico, "What Mexico most needs is education. The ignorance of the peons is astonishing. If the great churches of America, which are yearly sending millions of dollars to China and Africa to educate the heathen there, would devote a fair portion of that money to Mexico, far more good would be accomplished. The money would be better spent and results more apparent. The few missionaries in that country are doing good, but their number is not sufficient. Then, less theology and more liberal education should be taught, and sectarianism should not interfere with the work. Strange as it may seem, the English tongue has displaced the French as a foreign tongue, and is rapidly being learned by the younger natives."

No Trouble to Remember Is "The password is Saxe. Now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel just after the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal. "Sacks? Faith, and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and in a sort of whisper yell replied: "Bags, your honor!"

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