

NOTES FROM THE BROATCH-MOORES CASE

The American is pleased to note that not all Roman Catholics are upholding the Moores-Rosewater machine.

The number of original "Broatch men" is increasing very rapidly since Acting Mayor Moores was cross-examined before Referee Clements.

That scapular which Frank Moores bought of the sisters last spring for \$25.00 did not save him from falling into the trap set by Attorney Wright in that famous cross-examination.

Did the acting mayor think he was in the confessional box and that Attorney Wright was a father confessor? Wharton, his own attorney, was not "in it" in getting at the true inwardness of that defalcation.

Tom Blackburn and the other campaign orators who vouched for Frank Moores' honesty last spring evidently had not seen those bank balances which were supposed to show where he kept the fines and penalties and other trust funds.

It turns out that Miss Malone paid that \$1818.83 to the county treasurer on that fatal Sunday, May 9th, 1897. This is the same as if paid by the acting mayor himself. But why should she be transacting business with the acting mayor on Sunday?

The Republicans of Nebraska who have felt that Congressman Chairman Mercer devoted too much time to upholding the Moores-Rosewater machine in Douglas county last fall, are furnished with additional cause for grievance in view of the corruption exposed in the Broatch-Moores trial last week.

The Omaha Bee last spring published the carefully prepared statements of Judges Fawcett and Keyser vouching for the honesty of Frank E. Moores under the heading "In Whom Will You Put Your Trust." Since that cross-examination these gentlemen doubtless wish that they had placed their trust in some one besides Moores and Rosewater.

Acting Mayor Moores, in his testimony before Supreme Court Referee Clements, attributed his troubles to the A. P. A. If Mr. Moores' own corrupt official record had not been obnoxious to the principles of the A. P. A. no complaint would have been made against him. The A. P. A. is both just and generous and in this case its generosity is shown by the fact that Mr. Moores does not occupy a place in the penitentiary with Henry Bolln.

The Christian sentiment of this community is outraged by the manner in which acting mayor Moores trifled with the bible while testifying to save his official head in the Broatch-Moores case. His plea of the baby act was expressed when in reply to a question of his attorney as to how much knowledge he had of book-keeping when he took the office of Clerk of the District Court, he said "I didn't know the difference between an appearance docket and the holy bible." At another time, with a pretense of humor, he admitted that he paid the \$1818.83 to the county treasurer on the "Holy Sabbath day."

Next to the rage which the Acting Mayor displayed when he found that he had made statements on cross-examination which amounted to a confession of guilt, the Shylock of the Bee is deserving of note for his editorial rantings. Wright and Ransom have made a center shot, that is very evident. But the Shylock will find out that this case has passed out of the realm of rotten politics, where his sway has been most effective. A referee who is more of a lawyer than a politician and a man with a keen, dispassionate legal mind who knows the difference between a hawk and a handsaw, between law and rot, has been sent here to look into this matter, and the editor of the Bee need not expect to make a diversion by throwing political mud at the complainant in the case. Stern justice is knocking at the door of the miscreants who

have raided the city and county treasuries, and Rosewater's ravings will not affect the case one way or the other.

In his testimony before the notary last July County Treasurer Heimrod said in effect that he refused to receive a bank check which was tendered to him in payment of fines, whereas, at the hearing before the referee last week he stated that the fines were paid by a check of John A. Creighton's, which was afterwards produced in evidence. Mr. Heimrod ought to explain this matter to the public, and he should also in justice to himself, explain who made the official receipt which was presented to him to sign for the fines. It will be remembered that when a reporter called on Mr. Heimrod on the evening of Sunday May 9th, to inquire about the payment he showed considerable ill-feeling at being disturbed on Sunday, and finally, when pressed, admitted that he had received the money, but did not accept it until advised to do so by Judge Keyser. A great many people have been curious to know whether the report that the official receipt for those fines was to have been dated back before the election, April 20th, 1897. That conference between Attorneys Connell, Wharton and Messrs. Rosewater and Moores in the Bee office Sunday morning May 9th is when the payment was advised, and Mr. Wharton ought to take the witness stand at the next sitting of the referee and make a clean breast of it.

Those A. P. A.'s in the city hall who were tied up with Frank Moores in the city convention and campaign now realize that they were being used to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Roman machine. There are some good men in the city hall, but since the testimony of John A. Creighton in the Broatch-Moores case has disclosed his relationship with the head of the city government, they will now be expected to choose whom they will serve—the principles which they professed to have or the Count of the Roman Church. The shadow of Rome is upon them. They must assert their manhood and American independence.

A dispatch from St. Louis, dated February 9th, announces the death of Dr. R. L. Metcalfe, father of Mr. R. L. Metcalfe, editor of the World-Herald of Omaha. Mr. Metcalfe, at the time of his death, was 71 years of age. During the civil war he served four years as surgeon in the Seventh Illinois infantry, but of late years he has been an honored and respected citizen of the metropolis of Missouri. Mr. Metcalfe will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in the days of his grief for the death of his father.

The Bee complains of the frequent holdups which citizens are subjected to on our streets. Every good citizen deprecates such occurrences; but all have greater respect for the fellow who holds up a pedestrian who happens to have a few cents in his pockets, than they have for the fellow who holds up hundreds of poor widows and orphans for \$13,500 of their savings, which they believed were secure from hold ups when in the vaults of a savings bank.

The American people must handle the question of official corruption without gloves. Where Roman Catholics are not strong enough in this country to control the election of officers of their own faith, they prefer and will support a servile and corrupt Protestant. The Roman ship floats best in a sea of corruption.

Chief Kiple, of the Chicago police force is a Roman Catholic, and had his children educated in a parochial school. Hence, Mayor Harrison, who is himself a brother-in-law of the Roman Catholic church, will of course stand by his police chief, no matter if the chief utterly fails to enforce the laws and ordinances.

We have plenty of the issue of January 28, containing the exposure of Rome's plot to take this country by the sword. Ten for 30 cents; fifty for \$1.25; 100 for \$2.25; 500 for \$7.50; 1,000 for \$10. Have you sent any of that number to your friends? You should! They should not sleep longer.

A personal friend of Senator McComas, of Maryland, who is living in Omaha, has called and assured us that the Senator was a Protestant—a Methodist—and a loyal, patriotic American. We shall watch his course and see if his friend has over-estimated his patriotism. We hope he has not.

The Russian Minister at Washington having been raised by the Czar to the rank of Ambassador, the United States government has, under a law of the Congress of 1890, created Ethan Allen Hitchcock, our minister to Russia, an Ambassador.

A great many people are anxiously waiting and watching for a decision in the case brought before Judge Scott by Mrs. Shelby against Count Creighton.

SHARPENED SWORDS.

BY H. W. HOWMAN.

Popes are Policy men. Priests grow rich by fraud. Opposing Rome is a proof of principle.

There can be no real love for America when the pope is the ruler.

All papists are bigoted no matter how liberal they may make out to be.

Rome makes it a religious duty to oppose the public schools.

Rome finds slander a better weapon than a bowie knife.

Those who would lead men to oppose Rome must look up her record.

It takes patriotism to stand out against papal tyranny.

One of Rome's best hiding places is behind a pile of money.

Take up any of your great world problems today and you will find the pope has his finger in the pie.

There isn't much patriotism in the heart of the man who aids Rome in gaining power in this country.

The best remedy for national apathy is to let Rome introduce some of her old methods of persecution.

The papal praising college professor is one of the pope's best workers in this country.

It is much easier to be contented with party pandering to Romanism than to steadfastly oppose it.

A narrow headed bigot is the pope's idea of a first class man. Thinkers always give the pope trouble.

Where the public school sows one grain of patriotism the parochial sows ten tare seeds of treason.

The man who lives only for himself is always opposed to reform measures.

When a man has a heart big enough to love all mankind without respect to creed, he is too good for the pope.

The politician who is always on the hunt for votes instead of feeling the patriotic pulse will never fight political corruption.

No man is living up to his political duties who fails to oppose the enemies of national peace, purity and prosperity.

The man who praises Martin Luther and courts Gibbons or Ireland is a huge humbug.

Some preachers never think it is worth while to be a true Protestant in the pulpit.

It is the Protestantism which fights Rome's errors against which the devil burles his invectives the hardest.

Keep yourself well posted on Rome's latest movements and you can help check her fatal progress.

There is no such thing as true principle in the heart when there is no opposition to wrong in the life.

There is more political dynamite in an ounce of patriotic truth than in a ton of papal buncombe.

People who are fishing for papal trade will tell you the devil is not a bad fellow if you treat him right.

Superstition is a house without windows. Rome tries to light it up by the use of wax candles.

Rome sours the milk of human kindness by putting the vinegar of bigotry into it.

The father who is not interested in the public school question, has never considered well the condition of the country without education for his children.

When a man claims to love his country more than party, you can generally find out if he means it by running a good American on an opposite ticket in opposition to the papist on his party ticket.

You can't probe sin with platitudes. Smooth words never made Rome howl. Popes can swallow sugar coated pills.

He who opposes Rome opposes the foe of civil liberty. The man who prizes brain power should oppose parochial schools.

Some of Rome's "silver-tongued orators" have serpent-tongued hearts. By their mouths you can know them.

Don't feed the papal lion on raw meat and then expect to wear it by giving it milk.

The Jesuits no longer hide their hand; they have grown bold and insolent, and the man who opposes them must suffer.

As Romanism increases in this country civil liberty decreases. The right of free speech has almost disappeared.

Would Have Americans Arm.

Rockford, Ills., Jan. 29.—The American of January 28 is before me, and I think it the most important document ever issued to the American people. It shows very plainly where the sleepy Americans are drifting. We are fast going down into the mire of Roman political corruption. Our chief executive now in the White House is a Jesuit or a papist in disguise. I look upon him as a traitor to our flag, our Republic and our institutions for he has turned away from the St. Louis platform, violated his pledge to the American people and has shown himself an avowed enemy to those who put him at the head of our national affairs. He is our hireling, hired and paid by the

people, and still he refuses to do the will of his employers. Now, what is our duty? Simply discharge him from our service as soon as his four years are up. The old veterans tell us that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and the penalty of treason, death! Still the G. A. R. is controlled by one-seventh of its membership.

Rockford now has an Irish postmaster and none but Irish need apply for a job there. In our city we have 6,500 voters and of that number less than 700 are papist votes. Still, none but Irish need apply for a job from the city. The A. P. A. vote in the city last spring for C. J. Kianle for mayor was 2,500. Yet there is not one of those men employed by the city, so far as I have been able to learn.

Last September William Clark of Rock Island, Ill., came here and lectured for three weeks. He secured from the sheriff a permit to speak from the front steps of the court house, but the first lecture so enraged the papal Irish hoodlums that they filled the sheriff with "bug juice" and told him that Clark must stop. On the second night the mob was there in force. The sheriff, his face red with whiskey and his thumbs in his vest, with the boldness of a Pecci told Clark that free speech was at an end in Rockford. The mob was howling and making threats of death if Clark should try to speak here again. He was arrested and fined \$35 and costs, from which he took an appeal to the circuit court. Clark was not to be daunted by such treatment. He announced that he would speak on Seventh street from the band stand—that is where our loyal Suedes hold the fort. The papal mob did not appear, but two of the mayor's dogs came the first night and took Clark to the station. When the case came up for trial next day the jury proved to be loyal Americans and Clark won the victory. After that the mayor let him alone. He lectured seven nights in Republic hall. He was waylaid one night by a mob that hurled stones and brick bats at him, and threatened to kill him before morning. But he still lives. May this work go on until the "irrepressible conflict" has passed and our liberties assured to us for all time to come; and may God set Cuba free.

What can we do? I have tried to organize a military company in our council but they seem to fear anything of that kind. I tell them we will be forced to do so, or we will be driven from our country, or, coward-like we will fall on our knees and beg the Lord to protect us, as did the Waldenses and Armenians in times gone by. Our people seem to have a terrible fear of the papists.

Are These Fellows Romanists? NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—A telegram from Washington says: Wylie B. Childers, United States attorney for the Territory of New Mexico, has just written the department of justice the details of what he considers a dangerous conspiracy. He relates in precise official form that a secret agent of one of the big railroad corporations had just informed him, with every particularity, that a secret organization known as the American Patriotic League is gaining headway in the towns of Raton and Plossburg, N. M., and Trinidad and La Junta, Colo., and the surrounding country. This organization has for its motto "Liberty, land and leisure."

In the district represented by the towns mentioned there are about 10,000 miners and small farmers. During the A. R. U. strike it was one of the most turbulent portions of the country. Regular troops were sent there. The strikers were reduced to subjection, but they bitterly resented the invasion by the troops and have always threatened that when the next strike came they would teach the soldiers a lesson.

Mr. Childers reports that the oath taken by the members of the American Patriotic League provides that each member shall within sixty days of his swearing allegiance equip himself with a 45-90 rifle and be ready for emergencies. The oath also contemplates, says Mr. Childers, a struggle with the national government, as each member is pledged to proceed on orders to accomplish the death of the president and his cabinet by the use of dynamite.

As a part of their program the members of the New Mexican contingent have applied to the adjutant general of the Territory to be enlisted in the National Guard of New Mexico, and to be supplied with arms and ammunition and one or two Gatling guns for battery purposes. Mr. Childers informs the department that the threats of these men, high-flown though they be, are not to be treated lightly.

"Is Marriage a Failure?" by Mrs. Agnes Vivers Swetland, M. D. Bound in silk-finished cloth. Price \$1.00 in mail.

This is one of the most interesting volumes of recent publication and one which bears the imprint of an author of ability. Dr. Swetland's style is peculiarly attractive, and the happy way in which she has blended the lives of the different characters places her in

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unclaimed money. I have the copyright register of the above estates from the court of chancery in England, Ireland and Scotland, Germany, etc., for next of kin. For information send ancestor's name, nationality and enclose \$1.00. Records searched and particulars answered. Address, FARRINGTON POWER, Attorney, South Omaha, Nebraska.

Daylight Train to Chicago.

Beginning Monday, February 7th, the Northwestern Line placed in service a DAYLIGHT TRAIN TO CHICAGO, leaving Omaha 7:00 a. m., Council Bluffs 7:25 a. m., and arriving in Chicago 5:45 p. m., making connections with evening trains for all points east. Dining cars serve all meals.

The afternoon limited trains at 4:45 and 6:30 arriving Chicago next morning at 7:45 and 9:30 a. m., respectively, still remain in service.

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Of the members of President McKinley's Cabinet John D. Long, secretary of the navy, is said to be the only total abstainer from intoxicating liquors. There are no total abstainers from politics among the members of the Pope's cabinet in America.

AMERICA has never produced a more polished scholar, a greater logician or a grander Christian than A. Cleveland Cox, Bishop of the Episcopal church for Western New York. His letters to Satolliv have never been equalled by any living writer. We have those letters printed in pamphlet form. They make a book of 72 pages. We will send you one of those books if you will send us 25c, and the names of ten of your friends to whom we can send sample copies of THE AMERICAN. Show your interest in this fight against political Romanism by investing 25 cents in sample copies.

The Basis of Weights and Measures. British weights and measures—those now in use in the United States—are based upon the weight of a cubic inch of distilled water, which Parliament, in the reign of George IV., decided to be 252.458 grains. Recent experiments show that a cubic inch of water at the temperature of maximum density equals 252.286 standard grains. On this account scientists are urging the readjustment of the gallon, bushel, etc.

A Matrimonial Agency. Agent—I have one lady twenty years of age who has \$30,000 in her own name. Customer—Is she good looking? No, but she has got the consumption. Just the kind of a wife to make me happy. Trot her out.—Texas Siftings.

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WE want to hear from every one of our subscribers before January first. Have we heard from you?

GREAT APES OF BORNEO.

Orang-outang: Who Live in Trees.—The Peculiar Method of Fighting.

"My acquaintance with apes has been chiefly made in Borneo," said Prof. A. Ward, the famous natural science collector of Rochester, to a Washington Star reporter the other day. "That great island is the home of the orang which is the most arboreal of all monkeys. The animals live in trees altogether, rarely, if ever, visiting the ground. It takes two good marksmen to shoot one, because they dodge around the trunks. They do all their fighting aloft, and it is great fun to see them drop the armfuls of fruit they have gathered in contests for its possession. They are plentiful in the low lands near the coast. It is rarely that anybody ventures into the interior, because there the head-hunting natives prowl. Among them each man is required to have secured a head before he is permitted to marry, and on this account the young gentlemen savages are continually looking about for somebody to kill. This makes traveling disagreeable.

One of the most noticeable features of the landscape of Borneo is the nests of orangs which are scattered about thickly among the tall trees. From these, number one might get a greatly exaggerated impression of the plentifulness of the species, unless it were understood how and for what purpose these roosting places are constructed. The beasts are greatly annoyed by flies from which they are able to protect the front part of their bodies with their hands, but they cannot keep the vicious insects from biting them in the rear, and so they gather a quantity of leaves and branches and make them into couches to repose against among the boughs. A protection of this sort serves very well for a while but presently its material begins to decompose and the decaying leaves attract the flies, which the orang is so anxious to get rid of. Then he is obliged to make another nest of fresh stuff, and so he may require dozens of them in the course of a year. Inasmuch as he does not take the trouble to remove the old ones, they remain to adorn the tree top in which he swings about.

Orangs have a very curious method of fighting. In their conflicts among themselves, which are frequent, their effort is always to seize the fingers of their adversaries and bite them. A very beautiful group of these animals at the National Museum, mounted by Mr. Hornaday, admirably illustrates a typical encounter of the sort. It is owing to this method of battle that it is almost impossible to procure a skin which does not lack some of the fingers. If defending itself against a man the beast will always attempt to grab the arms of his human opponent, so as to chew off his fingers. For this purpose its jaw is excellently adapted, being enormously powerful and equipped with large incisors.

The favorite food of the orang is the durian fruit, which is, perhaps, the most delicious in the world, uniting, as it does, the flavors of the peach, the pear, and the strawberry. Like most things newly perfect, however, this fruit has a drawback—namely, that it leaves a taste in the mouth the next day after it is eaten which is more abominable than can either be described or conceived. To protect itself from the rain the orang crooks its arms over its head. The hair on the orang's upper arm points downward, while on the lower arm it points upward, the apparent purpose being to shed the rain like a thatch when the attitude I have described is assumed.

The other great ape which makes its home in Borneo is the gibbon, which is a small animal compared with the orang, weighing only about forty or fifty pounds. It is very frail in its bodily make-up. The head is set squarely upon the shoulders, and it looks upward. When walking on the ground it balances itself along like a walker on the tight rope. Its remarkable power of grasp and dexterity in using its hands is equally with the shape of its cranium an index of its superior intelligence, perhaps because it is able to take hold of a greater number of things and examine them. The gibbon is a natural acrobat. Its trapeze performances in trees are simply marvelous.

The animals go in droves, whereas orangs live by families, and one of the most interesting spectacles imaginable is to see a troop of them crossing a great gap in the forest by throwing themselves in succession through the air, each one taking a swing or two to gather momentum before launching himself. So great is their agility that in executing feats of this sort they seem like birds.

Natives in the countries inhabited by great apes regard them always as human beings of inferior types, and it is for this reason that for a long time it was found impossible to get hold of an entire gorilla skin, because the savages considered it religiously necessary to cut off the hands and feet of the animals when they killed them, just as they do with their enemies, possibly for the purpose of rendering them harmless in case they should by any chance come to life again.

The Largest Natural Bridge. The most remarkable natural bridge in the world is probably the "Jisrel Hajar," which spans a gorge not far from the ruins of the Temple of Adonis, in the province of Lebanon, Syria. It is a flat piece of limestone rock from 10 to 15 feet thick, perfectly arched on the under side. The gorge is about 150 feet across, and the bridge is 100 feet above the rushing torrent below. It is surpassed, as far as magnitude is concerned, by the natural bridge in Rockbridge county, Virginia. This latter curiosity has an arch of 200 feet, and 240 feet above the water.—St. Louis Republic.

Dyspepsia is Conquered

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