

# The Weekly Independent

BY H. HUCKINS.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

The man who snores is a sound sleeper.

Marrying for wealth should be called matrimony.

A good many people try to cover their own blots with the blemishes of others.

A Chicago bloomer club has adopted this motto: "United we stand, divided we wheel."

The Holmes castle is to be turned into a museum. Wonder if the skeletons will be shown?

U is the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet it is always in the very midst of tro-u-ble.

The man who winks at the soda fountain clerk is the one who really has a "smile" in his eye.

A Washington man committed suicide because he couldn't please his wife. Wonder if he succeeded at last?

After all, even trees have about as hard times as the rest of us, for their trunks are often seized for board.

Missouri has a woman sheriff. What will she do when she has an attachment for a good-looking young fellow?

Marriage is the flower wreathed archway leading into the garden of matrimony. Divorce is the cheerless back gate.

Somebody thoughtfully asks: "What would Chicago's population be now if Holmes had not spent several years of his active life here?"

A Kentucky physician fatally shot a man who had applied for his services. His brother physicians should ostracize him for killing unprofessionally.

Two Oregon doctors, by way of settling a quarrel, shot each other to death. There seemed to be no way for either to get the other to take a prescription.

The bicycle craze, it is said, has cut short deposits in savings banks in every city. Young men are hiring wheels or paying for them in installments, and the bank accounts must wait.

"Dry Sunday in New York" seems to strike Tammany where it lives. It wakes up on Monday woe-begone, and requires several "three finger" drinks before "resuming business at the old stand."

Marshall Field, of Chicago, it is reported, "made \$7,000,000 in the dry goods trade last year." And yet it was "a dull year." Marshall Field is a wide-awake advertiser in the newspapers.

Our prohibition friends should not overlook the fact that down in Kentucky the other day a man's life was saved by the most liberal use of whisky. The mob simply got too drunk to break open the jail.

The position of Cherokee Bill is a most embarrassing one. He is under two sentences of death. It is sincerely hoped that the sheriff will be able to make his arrangements so as to pull off both executions on the same day.

In Trenton, N. J., there is a wise barber. He doesn't allow his workmen (or perhaps "artists" is a better word) to make any unnecessary talk with the customers. They are not allowed to use a brush or comb a second time without having it washed, and they are "positively prohibited" from taking tips. The result is exactly as might be expected; he gets practically all the business in town.

During the investigation of the mayor at Superior, Wis., Attorney Cooper interrogated Chief of Police Luton upon his personal experience with gambling houses, when Mr. Luton hotly remarked that he was not as competent to testify upon that point as Mr. Cooper himself, whose experience at the green tables included the loss of a large sum of money intrusted to him by a client. The investigation immediately adjourned till the next day.

The United States consular representative at Matamoros, Mexico, reports a prosperous condition of affairs there. "Crops of all kinds are more abundant than they have been for six years, while manufacturing has increased in every line. There has also been a marked increase in exports, due to the new tariff. Among the articles in which there was the greatest activity were wool, cattle and hides, and large advances in prices were made. All but about 20 per cent of the imported goods in the Matamoros last year came from the United States. Exports of fruit were largely increased in consequence of the Florida frosts."

There is great excitement in Washington because Miss Flagler, who shot and killed a colored boy who reached over the garden fence and nipped a green pear, was exonerated by the coroner's jury. Now one of the jurymen says the verdict was not what was intended, and Miss Flagler, therefore, will likely be indicted for her rash act. It would have been much more humane had the young lady invited the boy in and filled his pockets. His death would probably have been as certain, but it would have been easier for her.

## THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

Out far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach,  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech,  
And I have had dreams in the Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—  
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred—  
They wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass down the Valley like virgins  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,  
To hearts that are harrowed with care?  
It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there;  
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.  
—Father Ryan.

## LOHIER HUNTER.

Long years ago when the fairies still used their power there lived a young man named Lohier. He was good looking and not without wit, but the poor fellow had one misfortune. He never succeeded when he went out hunting and yet he obstinately persisted in hunting all the same.

What a rare thing among common people at that time, Lohier had a pretty home of his own—the gift of a generous lord whose life he had saved. It was made up of a cottage beside a little pool of fish, a few acres of land, and a moor, where doubtless, there was plenty of game under the broom and the briars. The moorland was the torment of the poor man's life. It was in vain that he set out at the break of day, his rifle on his arm, and his dog, Pataud, at his heels, to beat the bushes until evening. Rabbits and hares slipped away between his feet, while the partridges and the little birds flew up before him without hurrying as if they knew his ill luck. There is no need to say that the people of the village laughed loudly when they met Lohier with his empty game sack and Pataud lowering his ears. But when he came home the unfortunate hunter had the same reception. His wife, Paulette, overwhelmed him with reproaches.

Usually Lohier bore it with good grace and was only bent the more on going hunting. However, one evening he came back in a bad humor, after having spent in vain his whole provision of powder. He found at the cottage his cousin William, who was waiting for him with all his mates to ask him to his wedding. After the first compliments, Paulette brought out a jug of cider which put every one in a good humor.

"See here, William," cried Lohier, while they were drinking each other's healths. "What present do you wish me to make you for your marriage?" His cousin answered, jokingly: "Oh, I'm not hard to please. Just bring me a few fine pieces of game for the wedding breakfast. That will be easy for a hunter like you."

This displeased Lohier, who became quite angry as he saw the other smiling. So, striking the table a heavy blow with his fist, he said: "Don't you believe that if I wished to take the trouble I should be as good hunter as any of you?"

"Prove it then," answered the young men, who were much amused at his anger.

"That's easy enough," retorted the imprudent Lohier, carried away by self-love. "If after two days I do not bring you six rabbits and twelve partridges shot with my own hand, I will give you my house and property, without any conditions."

"Agreed!" they all cried, and the young men came, one after another, to take the open hand of Lohier as a sign of the agreement. Then they all went away.

Paulette laughed no longer. And as the William and his companions had disappeared she filled the house with her lamentations and over-whelmed her husband with her reproaches. "Do you wish to have us ruined?" she said, weeping. "After two days we shall be beggars without a roof to our heads, for you are too clumsy to win this wretched bet."

Lohier answered, sharply, though at heart he trembled, asking himself how he should get out of this evil plight.

With the morning he set forth, accompanied by his faithful Pataud, who said plainly in the language of dogs, "Here we go again to miss our game."

The first day's results showed that the wise Pataud was right. Not an animal with fur or feathers had been touched by the shots of Lohier. He did not dare go back to the house, where nothing awaited him but the complaints and reproaches of Paulette.

"My poor comrade," he said to his dog, as he shared with him the remainder of his bread, "I think we shall have to get used to poverty. Tomorrow I shall certainly have lost the prosperity which I risked so foolishly."

When he had finished his frugal meal, the fresh water spring bubbling up from a gray rock allowed him to refresh himself. Then he stretched himself out sadly on the briars, where sleep did not delay finding him.

It was near midnight when the hunter awakened with a start. He was stupefied at the sight before him. In the midst of deep darkness, for the moon did not shine that night, the gray rock had grown luminous, while the water of the spring, sometimes blue and sometimes rose color, seemed to sparkle with sapphires and rubies. Lohier remembered that the old men of the country called this "the fairies' rock," because, they said, those mysterious beings held council there. An idea suddenly entered his mind, and he cried out with a loud voice:

"Fairies of the briars, have pity on a wretched man! Help me to kill tomorrow the six hares and the twelve partridges which will permit me to keep my home."

It seemed to him that a voice of crystal mingling with the murmur of the spring, and repeated softly: "Six hares and twelve partridges?" "Yes, yes; nothing but that," he answered. "I shall own you more than life itself!"

A beautiful flame, brilliant as a diamond, escaped from the summit of the rock, which became dark and gray once more.

"It is the fairy who has gone away," thought Lohier, full of hope, and he turned over and slept again. The next day when the sun had arisen, he was afraid he had simply dreamed. But scarcely had he loaded his rifle to begin the hunt when from every point of the moorland there came toward him in crowds rabbits, partridges, pheasants, quail and snipe. Soon the little open space, in the midst of which the gray rock rose, was so filled that Lohier had scarcely room to stand.

Crazy with joy, he began firing into this crowd of animals. Every one of his shots brought down five or six pieces of game. But Lohier, who had never seen such luck, shot without tiring himself until Pataud was the only living being near him. He left the brave dog to guard his treasure and ran home out of breath.

"We are saved!" he cried to Paulette. "Give me our donkey, with our biggest panniers."

The morning was hardly long enough for him to carry away his booty, although the poor donkey went back and forth each time with a heavier load. When William and his friends came into the yard, Lohier was finishing the unloading of the last pannier. At the sight of this great heap of game, the mischievous smiles which had been on their lips changed to open-mouthed astonishment. They stood there, their arms hanging down, looking at each other, and not knowing what to say.

Lohier, beside himself with joy, rubbed his hands and laughed with all his heart. He felt himself happier than a king, when his friends, recovering from their astonishment, gave him their warmest compliments. The hares were so fine! partridges so fat! The pheasants and small game in such state! They all began feeling of the game with their hands.

Oh, what a surprise! The little dwellers of the moorland all jumped to their feet at once. The hares began to run, the partridges and the other birds to fly in every direction and in such confusion that the witnesses of the scene knew not what had become of them. At last the game had all disappeared, and the voice of crystal, which Lohier had already heard, pronounced these words:

"Friend Lohier, remember that by the gray rock you asked me only for six hares and twelve partridges. You have killed without mercy all these poor guests of my moorland. I gave them back their life and leave you a counsel—you must not abuse your opportunities." A light, rosy cloud, followed by a bright flame, showed the departure of the fairy.

It was now the turn of William and his companions to laugh long and loud. But finally, seeing the pitiful air of poor Lohier, Will came forward with outstretched hand.

"Cousin," he said, "we give you back your word. Our bet was only a joke. None of us would take his property away from a brave fellow like you. But let me add counsel to the one you have already received: You must never promise to do what is above your strength."

"Thanks, William, to yourself and to all of you, my friends," answered Lohier. "I have been imprudent and a vain man. I shall probably be all my life long the clumsiest hunter of the country. But I now know a way of getting good from it. From to-day you may hunt freely on my ground. I shall be as pleased with your luck as if it were my own."

Strange to say, from the day when Lohier showed himself so generous and simple in acknowledging where he was wrong, he had good luck in hunting. He seldom went through the moorland in the company of his friends without bringing back a well-filled gamebag.—Philadelphia Press.

## The Marriage of a Borghese.

The marriage of Don Scipio Borghese, second son of Prince Borghese, with the only daughter of the late Duke Ferrari excited much interest in Rome, where the historic name and social position of the bridegroom's family, joined to their recent reverses of fortune, invested the event with much interest. The wedding took place at one of the residences of the bride's mother near Genoa, and Rome took a certain part in the fete, for at a flower show which was held in the gardens of the Villa Borghese a competition was got up, with prizes of 200 francs and lesser sums, for the best arrangement of flowers for a bride, and the winning bouquet, etc., was forwarded to the young duchessina. Among the wedding gifts offered to the bride by the Borghese family are a gold ring, set with a splendid emerald, which formerly belonged to Pope Paul V. (Borghese), and a ring set with rubies, exquisitely chiseled by no less a hand than that of Benvenuto Cellini.—Letter from Rome in London Queen.

A Complete Sequence.

"You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a pert young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran general, who was somewhat bent from age.

"It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile; "it is because all my life I've been leading calves to the slaughter."—Household words.

## Too Much Reform.

Friend—What is the matter, old boy?

Judge—Well, the fact is, my wife and I never got along very well, and of late the relationship has become so unbearable that we both want a divorce.

Friend—I see. Why don't you get one?

Judge (sadly)—I have sent all the bogus divorce lawyers to the penitentiary.—New York Weekly

## NOW YOU CAN LAUGH.

### A CHOICE COLLECTION OF RIB-TICKLERS.

Echoes From the Dens of Our Most Humorous Pencil Pushers—The Funny Man Extracts Fun From Everyday Incidents.

"Is your sister at home, Johnny?"

"No, sir. She hasn't returned from the academy yet."

"What academy?"

"Why, haven't you heard that she's an instructress at the bicycle school—teaches the women to ride and sells them bloomers and things?"

"Well, are your father and mother in?"

"No, sir. They're out on the park on their tandem tricycle."

"Your brother, Bob, is traveling, isn't he?"

"Yep. He's with one of the big racing teams. I tell you, he's a cracker-jack! Wins a bushel of diamonds and gold cups every week!"

"And where are the twins?"

"They've got Rover, our dog, out in the barn, and are teaching him to ride the new quadricycle, which has just been invented for household pets."

"And how does it happen that you are not riding a wheel, too?"

"Sprained my ankle in training for the road race."—Buffalo Express.

### Forgetfulness.



"Cabby, drivesh me home."

"What's the ad dress?"

"If I couldsh 'member thatsh, I'd walk.—Judy."

### Is Dr. Higginspiker In?

The curtain had risen on the third act, and the momentary hush that preceded the resumption of the performance on the stage was broken by a stentorian voice from the rear of the auditorium:

"Is Dr. Higginspiker in the house?"

A tall, heavily whiskered man occupying a front seat rose up.

"If Dr. Higginspiker is in the house," resumed the stentorian voice, "he told me I was to come here and call him out at 10 o'clock."

Whereupon Dr. Higginspiker, looking very red, picked up his hat and cane and walked down the aisle amid loud and enthusiastic applause.—Chicago Tribune.

### Home Again.



Mrs. Farmer Greene—Land sakes, Hiram! whatever happened ter yer in N' York?

Farmer Greene—Bunco man. Fust I hit him with my umberel an' broke thet; then I swatted him with my grip an' smashed thet; then I took a fall outen him an' ripped my coat an' tore my pants; then I hit him with my fist on ther jaw an' broke my wrist; then I fastened my false teeth in his neck an' spolt them; then I kicked him jes' ez hard ez I could, an' he hed a gold brick in his coat-tail pocket, an' I broke four toes—thet's all.

Mrs. Farmer Greene—An' wuz th' bunco man kilt dead?

Farmer Greene—He wuzn't even hurted; an' nex' time he kin take me jes' ez I am, without one plea.—Judge.

### Why Papa Wept.

"Augh-Waugh!"

It was the baby. He had repeated the remark six times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.

"Gwaw ahw wowbwowbwow!" added the baby, while people living across the street got up and closed their windows.

Mr. Newleigh ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a union station train crier!"—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

### German Pensions.

Germans wish to have the pensions of the wounded and widows of the war of 1870 increased. A general's widow now receives \$30 a year and a private's \$40.

Prices have increased greatly, and what is worse, by the treaty of peace with France, Germany having agreed to pay the pensions of French soldiers living in Alsace-Lorraine on the scale in force in France before the war, pays to a French general's widow \$1,000 and to a private's or non-commissioned officer's from \$30 to \$100.

### Gave Himself Away.

Miss Psalter (at divine service, whispering)—It's so good of Mr. Nicefello to go to the assistance of that old gentleman who fainted; and do you notice how deftly he makes his way in and out of the pews without incommencing anybody?

Mrs. Psalter—He is entirely too graceful about it. He must have had a good deal of practice going out between the acts at theaters.—New York Weekly.

### Why Some Strikes Fail.

Friend—How's business now, old boy? Bad as ever?

Manufacture—N-o; doing better than we were.

"Glad to hear that. You told me some weeks ago that your mills were running at a loss."

"No loss now; not a cent."

"Prices gone up?"

"No; men are on a strike."—New York Weekly.

### New Kind of Lozenge.

Mrs. Briggs—Harold, mother called in at your office yesterday, and seeing some cough lozenges on your desk, took several. To-day she is suffering dreadfully, and she thinks you meant to poison her.

Mr. Briggs (the architect)—Cough lozenges! Great Scott! That was a box of samples of our little mosaic tilings for hotels and office floors.—Good Company.

### A Refreshing Statement.

"Classmates," remarked the valetictorian, solemnly, "we shall find this world a cold world."

Like all valetictorians, he was visionary.

Even as he spoke the world had reached ninety-six in the shade, and a man with a hectic flush and a melted collar sat in the weather bureau and predicted a hot wave.—Detroit Tribune.

### His Excuse.

"What! supper not ready yet?" exclaimed the emancipated woman, as she threw off her overcoat after a long day's business.

"I'm very sorry, dear," replied her husband; "but there was a bargain sale at Chintz & Chally's this afternoon, and there was such a crowd of men there I found it difficult to get what I wanted, and that delayed me."

### Good Poker Hands; or Pooling the Talent.



Mr. Thompson Streete (in a furious, low whisper)—Dog-gone our luck!

Mr. Blades (in a hoarse whisper)—What's up?

Mr. Thompson Streete—Our game am up. Gaze on dem paw's dat's coverin' up our marked kyards.—Judge.

### Two Points of View.

Mrs. Hardhead (glancing over letters)—This young man who applies for a situation has the stamp on crooked, and it's upside down. Doesn't that indicate he is crazy, careless and perhaps cranky?

Mr. Hardhead (an old business man)—No, my dear; it indicates that he is a hustler who wastes no time on trifles.—New York Weekly.

### Out of Practice.

"It seems to me," said the manager, "that you do that part of receiving the money from the chief villain in a most awkward manner."

"Mebbe I do," admitted the actor; "it has been so long since I had any chance to rehearse with the real stuff."

—Cincinnati Tribune.

### A Defence.

New Suburban Resident—When you sold me these lots you said nothing about that swamp. You did not tell me my whole family would have malaria!

Real Estate Agent—My dear sir, would you have me try to make any man dissatisfied with his home?—Life.

### A Thoughtful Youth.

Mamma—Robbie, why didn't you speak to Mrs. Bangle when you met her just now?

Robbie—You said I must always think before I speak, and I couldn't think of anything to think.

### A N oleon of Economist.



Parson Youngman—Cud yo' info'm me whad am de cheapes' legitimate way fo' me to raise young chicks, Mistah Sage?

Deacon Sage—Sartin, sartin, parson. Fust yo' borres a settin' hen; den yo' borres a settin' 'n' aigs. Set de hen until she dun hatches yo' chicks. Den ther till she lays anudder 'tittin'; den return de hen an' de settin' eb aigs, an' dere yo' am—nobody cut an' eb'erybody satisfied.—Judge.

## NEBRASKA STATE FAIR.

Special Rates and Trains via the Burlington Route.

Round trip tickets to Omaha at the one way rate, plus 50 cents (for admission coupon to the State Fair), will be on sale September 13 to 20 at Burlington Route stations in Nebraska in Kansas on Oberlin, Concordia & St. Francis lines, and in Iowa and Missouri within 100 miles of Omaha.

Nebraskans are assured that the '95 State Fair will be a vast improvement on its predecessors. Larger—more brilliant—better worth seeing. Every one who can do so should spend State Fair week, the whole of it, in Omaha.

The outdoor celebrations will be particularly attractive, surpassing anything of the kind ever before undertaken by any western city. Every evening Omaha will be aflame with electric lights and glittering pageants will parade the streets. The program for the evening ceremonies is:

Monday, Sept. 16th—Grand Bicycle Carnival.

Tuesday, Sept. 17th—Nebraska's Parade.

Wednesday, Sept. 18th—Military and Civic Parade.

Thursday, Sept. 19th—Fights of Ak-Sar-Ben Parade, to be loved by the 'Feast of Mosadamin'.

Round trip tickets to Omaha at the reduced rates above mentioned, as well as full information abouts Burlington Route's train service, the time of the State Fair, can be had on application to the nearest B. & N. E. agent.

Progress of Civilization in Kentucky.

Three thousand strangers, mostly mountaineers, visited Middlesboro, Ky., the other day to attend a chess, and there was not a Winchester or a pistol to be seen, not a fight or even a quarrel occurred, and the drunkards, men, if there were any, were too few to be noticed. This remarkable change from the old Bell county style is thought worthy of remark by a local paper, which felicitates the community upon the circumstance.

Tickets at Reduced Rates.

Will be sold via the Nickel Plate road on occasion of the meeting of the German Catholic Societies of the United States at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15th to 18th. For further information address J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago.

Robbie—What's an epigram? Susie—Oh, it's a way of saying something everybody knows so that only clever people can get any sense out of it.—Truth.

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