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J. C. BOWEN.

Custer Co. Republican

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THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899.

A postoffice has been established at Klump, Custer county, with Jane P. Klump postmistress.

Col. Stotsenburg's remains reached San Francisco, on their way home for burial, Tuesday.

It is reported that the postmasters at Lee Park and Phillipsburg, Custer county have resigned, and their places are to be filled.

Supt. Hoxie, of the state reform school, who refused to resign his position on request of the governor, and whom the governor appealed to the courts to compel him to quit his job, has been reappointed. Hoxie evidently had a pull that the governor did not know about when he ousted him.

The indications are now very favorable towards the volunteers being discharged from further service in the Philippines. Gen. Shafter, who is in command at San Francisco, California, has been ordered to prepare a camp there for them, suitable to accommodate four thousand, preparatory to their being mustered out.

We are in receipt of the Le-compte Drummer, of Le-compte, Louisiana, published by the irrepressible J. T. Meere, a newspaper man formerly of this county. Jim has had wide experience in the newspaper experience, and has probably been connected with more newspapers in more localities than any other newspaper man Custer county has produced.

Kearney, like Broken Bow, voted against saloon license last spring. Feeling that that vote did not represent the views of the business men of the city, a petition was circulated asking the city council to ignore the vote. The report does not say how many or what per cent of the voters signed the petition, but it says the council rejected the petition, and also a petition to call another election on the question.

AN AMERICAN ISSUE.

I cannot help looking upon the fellows here at home, who are raising such a hoodoo, as copperheads. I don't like the way they talk. I don't agree with the cry that we as Americans ought not to govern without the consent of the governed. We have no such national policy, and never had. In our whole history we have acted the theory of our right to possess this continent. The pilgrim fathers settled over here as a right. They considered that they had just as much right here as the Indian. The Indians kept moving west and the white man multiplied and subdued the Indians like it or not.

"About 1854 our government began treating with the Indians, and finally all the great tribes from

the south were moved west of the Mississippi and given a vast territory out here. No one was allowed to enter it except with written permission. That was only six or four years ago, but that territory is all occupied by the white man now. That has ever been our national policy.

I can understand how the southerners can argue about 'the consent of the governed,' but I don't see how any man who served in the union army can do so. There were 11,000,000 southerners, some of them comprising some of the original thirteen states, who rebelled against staying with us northerners. They simply said they wanted to govern themselves, but we said, 'You shan't do it—you've got to stay with us.' And we spent four years in the greatest war in the history in making them stay. We governed them without their consent.

"I don't think the question of expansion ought to be brought into politics. It ought to be an American issue, and not a partisan issue. It seems to be almost treasonable to make politics out of it. I am very intensely American. We have to go ahead. If there is fighting to be done we must do it. The doctrine of non-resistance is good in its place, but it is not always in place."—(Ex Senator Peffer.)

ALWAYS ON THE WRONG SIDE.

The democratic party got on the wrong moral side of the union question, of the emancipation question, of the reconstruction question, of the financial question, and now, as an organization, is getting on the wrong side of the expansion question. The number of democrats who will not follow the insanities of the party still remains sufficiently large to save the country. And they will do it again next year.—Brooklyn Eagle (Dem.)

BACK IN THE FOLD.

Ex-Senator Peffer, long the leader of the Kansas populists, has returned to the republican party because he regards the money question settled. However this may be, the populist party seems to have been settled.—Courier-Journal.

Ex-United States Senator Peffer of Kansas, who hopped from the republican party to the democratic party on the money issue, has hopped back again. Silver having gone back on him, he has gone back on silver. He regards any further monkeying with the 16 to 1 theory as sentimental rather than practical politics—and Peffer is nothing if not practical.—Philadelphia Record.

Clearly, if the democratic party cannot retain the support of such men as ex-Senator Peffer by adhering to free coinage at the ratio 16 to 1, there is little to encourage it to remain constant to that doctrine. Inevitably other issues must replace the 16 to 1 cry in the next campaign and upon those issues there is likely to be extensive rearrangement of party allegiance.—Springfield Republican.

Farms for sale and lands for rent. Now is the time to get a farm cheap, as the cheap farms are all going and prices are commencing to advance rapidly. J.G. Brenizer.

HOW THE FIRST NEBRASKA WENT ON THE FIRING LINE.

[Special correspondence to the REPUBLICAN by Walter S. Flick.]

Before the sun has tipped the horizon, we are awakened by our bugle, "Can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up in the morning!" The night is chilly and damp, and each fellow arises from his "downy" perch upon the rice ridge, he finds he has lost control of his different sections. The arms wander about promiscuously, and he shakes like a leaf in a cyclone. Soon fires are flickering as far as the eye can see. Coffee boils, and is hastily swallowed, one day traveling rations are issued, consisting of a can of salmon or corned beef, and bread, and in twenty minutes we fall in. Our battalion joins the regiment, and we march forward on the railroad track, the base of all our movements. We cross a river, the bridge over which the insurgents attempted to burn, but were not successful, pass two batteries of artillery and some big generals preparing their toilet, toward a black dotted line. This is the firing line formed as skirmishers. As we pass the regiments of Kansas and South Dakota, we are greeted, and man-jokes pass between the men. The South Dakota men say, "There goes the Old Reliable," and "they can't flank us now," etc. On we go. It seems miles to our position. We are now forming as skirmishers, at regulation distance, two paces apart. We men feel and look as if we could go no farther. Movements are performed lazily, officers are very quiet. In the distance about a mile and a half of level plain, streaked with rice ridges, and beyond a forest dark and ominous. Quiet, too quiet, not even the chirp of a bird. We arrive on our position and are halted. The men lie down, some seem to immediately go to sleep, others are joking, and some are running a flannel, torn from their blue shirt, through the barrel of their gun. It's all assumed. Each man is thinking, thinking as he has never done before. There's a heavy something on the mind. It cannot be cast aside. Is it fear? No, it's simply the quietness. Oh for something to happen, something to relieve the gloom. He thinks of mother, loved ones, and how nice it would be to be sitting in an arm chair at home, instead of on a rice ridge, and the only friend a cold, cold gun. Orderlies are passing along the line, commanders are sending messages. Behind the line it's very lively. In front it's an awful quietness. As the sun kisses the mountain beyond good morning, the brigade bugler sounds, Forward, guide left. It is taken up and repeated by commanders and file closers. All commands are repeated from one end of the line to the other. The line rises. Men take an extra hitch in their haversacks. Some fill up on chewing tobacco, and others light their pipes. Across this opening we start, each man in his place, and our national and state colors unfolded to the breeze. When will they open fire? We know not. What will they do? Who will be the first hit? Thank heaven they relieve us. We are half over. The bullets come in showers, kick up dirt beneath your feet, ring and whistle as they pass your head. Some poor fellow is hit. You heard it. It's easy enough to tell that sickening thud. Some one asks, John Jones hit in the thigh. Thank God it's not in our company. The Colonel is swearing, and so is the Major. The Captain acts nutty, and the file closers yell, Watch your distance! Smith guide right! Hell is popping. Thoughts have flown to the winds, bullets, you scorn them. The main thing is to reach those heathen, or something else, as they are now called under excitement. Men are falling. Comrades are patching them up, and making the moments comfortable, paying no attention to the fire, but trying to stop the life blood of their mess mates. Others are yelling for stretchers. One fellow as we passed raised slightly. Hard hit, old man? No, only a light tap, and smiled. He was shot through the chest. At last our order comes: Halt, load, ready, aim, fire, and Nebraska pours volley after volley, advancing, and the Filipinos retreating. They have left entrenchments five to seven feet thick, strong enough to resist artillery, but not strong enough to repel good American nerve and pluck, with Nebraska grit. Men are mad. Intrenchments are passed, the Filipinos flee across the track and river. Nebraska crosses the bridge under fire, the natives are driven to the winds, many dead and wounded are left behind. The wounded enemy, that would have cut your throat, is carefully attended to. Halt is ordered, chickens caught and rice boiled. The shades of evening throw gloom upon the American soldier. Again he rests his weary body upon the rice ridge and dreams

home. It is not a sweet "good night."

Encamped at Malolos, P. I., 4-17-99. Editor REPUBLICAN: "How small the world is." Who would imagine that we Broken Bow boys should have the pleasure of entertaining another Broken Bowite in far off Manila yesterday. Sunday Sergeant Kennedy thought he saw a general coming in the distance, and immediately called Company "M" to attention. It was suddenly noticed that Horace was choking. His eyes popped, and he rubbernecked. All ended in confusion. It was Dr. Anderson, real in life, looking just the same as when in Broken Bow. He had just arrived upon U. S. S. Relief, from New York, and couldn't come out fast enough from Manila to see us boys. He has been in the service as long as we have, and was stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, during Spanish-American war. He will soon be stationed at Iloilo. The Doctor was introduced to Cyrus Noble, and told how the First Nebraska put down the Filipino rebellion. We wish him success upon these horrid islands. WALTER S. FLICK.

Malolos, P. I., April 10, 1899. Editor REPUBLICAN:

The past two weeks have been very quiet ones for our boys, both the Americans and insurgents seemingly resting from the fatiguing week before. From Manila to Malolos can be considered a huge battle field. We commenced firing five hundred yards from our encampment in Manila, and never stopped until the Americans left their foot prints upon the roads of Malolos. Stone churches, magnificent intrenchments, bridges, etc., and all other kinds of devilish amusements were freely furnished by the heathens. The Americans advanced and the Filipinos retreated; from the commencement the insurgents have had the advantage of ground and rivers. American pluck overcame all these. No towns were burned along the route, and no non-combatant molested. Malolos was entirely deserted, capital buildings burned, and two modern six inch guns found buried beneath the roadway.

The peace commissioner's new proclamation has been issued, and many natives are returning to their homes. The war is not over and will last a great while; some will never surrender, but become bandits.

Nebraska is thought well of by all other regiments, and is known as the "Fighting Nebraska." Lieut. Talbot is in command of company D temporarily. Many of the companies had no officers, so many were wounded; company M is the strongest company; few injured compared to other companies, and those slightly. Nat E. Simms, of Custer county, died as a soldier, glad that he had done his duty. His last moments were passed serenely, thinking of his mother and her future. He had provided for her by being a member of an insurance order; he died happy and contented. P. Busic, of Anseley, is doing nicely, and gets the usual grin when he sees any company M boys. Some boy received word that the people of Broken Bow were faithfully praying for our welfare; I assure you that their prayers are answered; our company is amazingly lucky.

Chaplain Mailley of the Nebraska regiment is a perfect army chaplain. The chaplain has sense enough to know that he cannot convert the regiment and fine a man for not attending his meetings. He is a good man and follows the firing line as faithful as a dog, and no man is wounded that the chaplain is not at his side attending to his wants, securing his name and seeing that reports sent home are absolutely correct. He is a fighter also, and enjoys borrowing a fellow's gun and cheering the other men. He's invaluable; not by any means a goody goody man, but a straight, honest, whole souled man, who thinks words amount to little and deeds amount to a great deal. It takes that kind of a practical man for the army. He doesn't blush if a man swears next to him, but says that in fighting he almost does the same thing. We admire our colonel, our chaplain, our hospital corps, and all our regiment. The "whole cheese" is great.

Our battalion is now under command of Captain Killian, of Columbus. He is a favorite with the battalion, and especially company M. He is comical and big hearted.

Lieut. Osborn has not as yet received his commission, but we have received notification of Lieut. Orr's resignation. It's a little tough for Willie to wait so long.

The insurgent prisoners that Nebraska has taken would not leave us, so are used with the transportation wagons. They think Ne-

Continued on next page.

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Tablets, all kinds, 1c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 10c Fancy Stand Covers 5c
Beats All Lead Pencils, each 1c Ladies' Gantlet Gloves 47c
Faber's Bank Pencils, each 5c Ladies' Cotton Gantlet Gloves, 20c
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A fine line of Ladies' and Children's Oxfords and Toe Slippers, at Rock Bottom prices.

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Lamps, complete 20c, 25c, 35c Bridle Bits 5c to 17c
All Copper Tea Kettles 79c Home Staples, per pair 5c
All Copper, Nickel Plated Tea Tug Clips, per pair 5c
Kettles 89c Wash Boilers 72c and up
Granite Coffee Pots 25c to 45c Pocket Knives, all kinds, at 25c per
Tin Cups 3 for 5c cent lower than elsewhere.

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We mean just what we say above.

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Thanking you all for past patronage with which we are well pleased, our trade has more than doubled in the past year, and we will therefore continue our old motto, "UNDERSELL."

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