

The Lincoln Asylum.

One of the first acts of the republican administration was to remove the incompetent officials from the asylum at Lincoln and place in charge of the institution a man known for his integrity and business ability, and of national reputation as an expert in the treatment of insane persons.

Through the excellent management of the present superintendent the state is being saved fully \$30,000 per year, the figures being based on the expense per capita. In the mass of juggled figures recently sent out from fusion sources the large increase in the number of patients was ignored, the attempt being made to fool the people with mysterious and often mythical "totals." They did not give credit for the \$35,000 unpaid bills left for the republican officials to pay in addition to the "deficiencies."

The "economy" boasted of at the Lincoln asylum was the sort which lined the pockets of the fusion officials. One employe was permitted to spend his time making ink which he sold to the state. Another raised ducks on the premises and sold them to the institution. Still another sold all the calves on the premises to his father at from \$2 to \$3 per head—animals which now sell for five times that much. Land Commissioner Wolfe sent six hogs to the institution to be "boarded" at state expense, and eight months later worked off one of them on the institution at the exorbitant price of \$140. At about the same time C. S. Jones, who was living at the Home for the Friendless and raising hogs on his own account, bought six shoats from the asylum at \$2 apiece.

This is another brand of "economy" for C. Q. DeFrenzy to explain. It is like the "economy" practiced at all state institutions under fusion management.

A Clean Candidate.

Nebraska voters never had a cleaner candidate for governor than John H. Mickey. He has never been a manipulator of conventions. He has not been an intriguer for power. He has not been a party boss, neither will he be, for he is not built that way. He has been a practical worker in practical every day affairs. As governor he will be a practical helper in the state government just as he has been a practical man in Polk County for the last thirty-five years. His business qualifications are first-class. He is in the prime of life now and his working capacity is at the best. He is never sick in body and is never discouraged in mind. His purposes and his activity are always along the higher lines toward something that is good. He is a common man in his personality with an uncommon capacity for doing things and doing them well.

A Dangerous Proposition.

The election of W. H. Thompson, the brewers' candidate for governor, would be a sign that this interference in Nebraska politics is not offensive to Nebraska people. It would be an invitation for them to go further. It would bring to the next legislature corrupt lobbyists and a whisky trust boodle fund. The legislature would be organized largely with reference to the liquor interest. The liquor interest would be consulted in the making up of the legislative committees. When the machinery of legislation had been adjusted for that purpose, then there would be inaugurated a struggle to rob the Slocum law of its power. To make it easier to get a license; to make it easier to get bonds; to make the law more lenient in general toward the saloon, these are the objects sought by the brewers who own the Nebraska saloons. To accomplish these things the brewers want a friend in the executive office. They want the governor to start with. The rest they believe will be easy after that. A governor friendly to the brewers would be the opening wedge. To put the executive office into the hands of the democratic candidate means to put Nebraska government in fact into the hands of the Milwaukee brewers.

A Shameful Record.

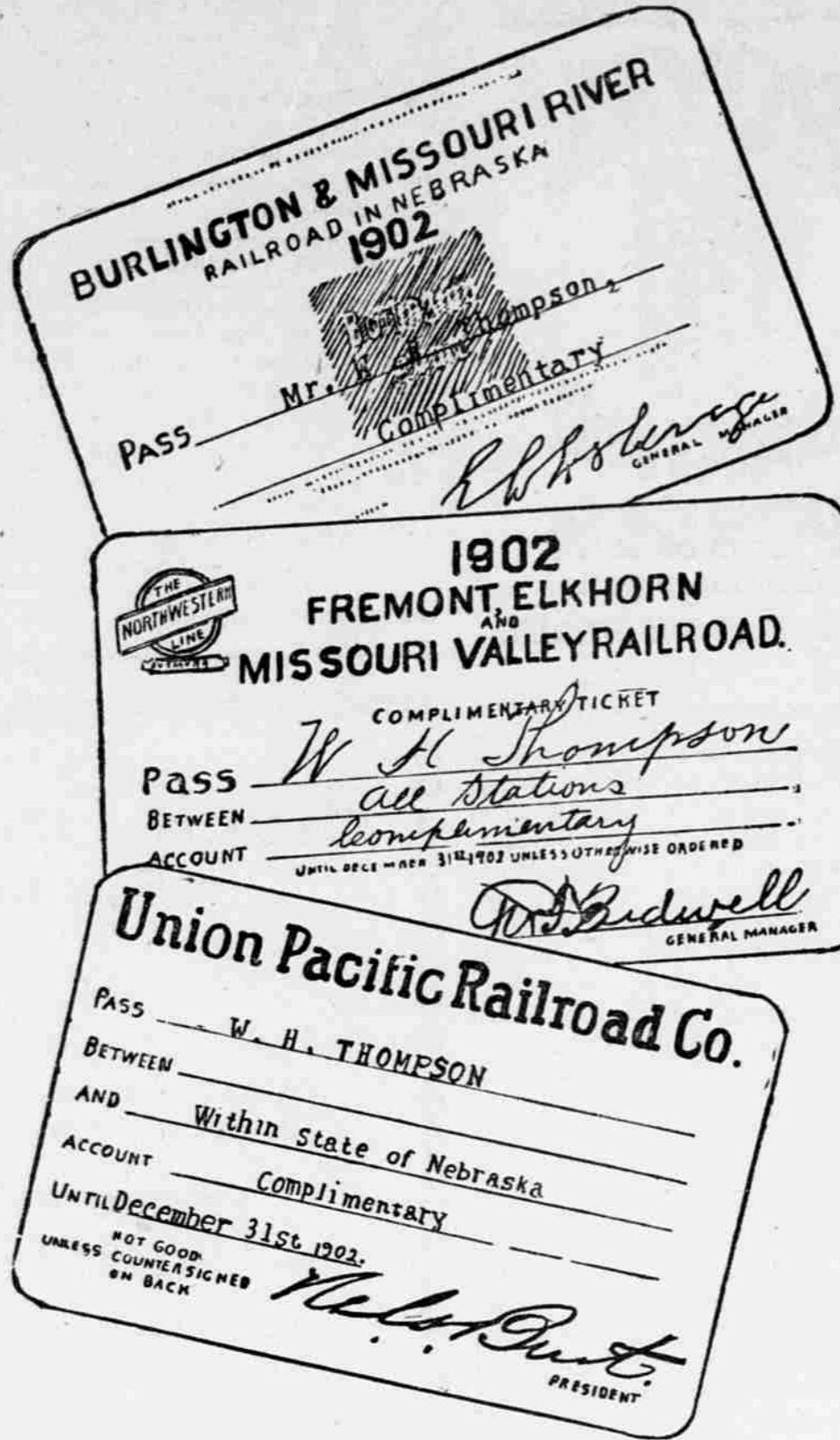
B. R. B. Weber, one of the state chairmen of the fusion party, was superintendent of the Geneva Industrial school under Povnter. When he left, the state's property was a wreck, and the inmates were demoralized. He had at one time shut a young girl for seven days and nights in a basement dungeon, where she was compelled to sleep on the cement floor without even a blanket. The official papers in the damage suit filed against Weber say the girl has lost the use of one arm as the result of the cruel treatment. Yet Weber is deemed the proper person to direct a fusion state campaign, and is to be sent back to Geneva if his party is successful.

Don't Want Him.

Out at Alliance the whisky trust owns three of the six saloons. The bookkeeper of these institutions is one "Doc. Edwards," who makes his office in the "Red Light" saloon. He also acts as assistant barkeeper. He was "physician" for one of the state institutions under Povnter, and he has the promise of a similar place in case the democrats are triumphant.

Fusionism and the Schools.

At a democratic meeting at Sidney the other day John Powers in a speech turned to Claude Smith, democratic candidate for state superintendent, who occupied a seat near by, and said: "Elect my friend Smith and he will put a stop to this foolishness of going out into the country with wagons to haul children to school." Smith accepted the pledge without a protest. The children who are seeking for better schools and better education now know what to expect, if Smith is elected.



AN "ANTI-CORPORATION" PASS GRABBER.

The free passes carried by W. H. Thompson for years, and which he has in his pocket at the present moment show how insincere and ridiculous are his claims, that he is the "anti-railroad" candidate.

There are two classes of pass-holders. The employes or attorneys for a company legitimately carry free transportation. The political "plugger" or "capper" is in the other class. Mr. Thompson denies that he is a railroad attorney or that he has in recent years transacted any legal business for them. Then he has no legal or legitimate right to a pass, and stands condemned as a mere political "capper" for the railroads.

When Mr. Thompson takes the platform and delivers his anti-corporation speeches he has in his pockets the three annual passes represented above, and also four free mileage books. He dare not deny it. He is trying to ride into office under false pretenses.

Populist farms, what do you think of this man? Is it your idea of reform to put into office a double-dealing, pass-grabbing, smooth-tongued political lawyer? How much could you depend on him?

Compel the democratic campaigners to stand up and explain if they are.

RHEUMATISM CURED AT LAST

Good News For all Who Suffer With Rheumatism.---Free.

To all who suffer with rheumatism I will gladly send free the wonderful story of how my mother was cured after years of suffering, together with the most elaborate treatise on rheumatism ever published.

No matter what your form of rheumatism is, whether acute, chronic, muscular, inflammatory, deformant, sciatic, neuralgia, gout, lumbago, etc.—no matter how many doctors have failed in your case—no matter how many so-called "sure cures" you have tried I want you to write to me and let me tell you how my mother was cured.

I am neither a doctor nor a professor—simply a plain man of business, but I have a cure for rheumatism, and I want to tell everyone who suffers with rheumatism about it. I wish to be clearly understood, and trust that all who suffer with this terrible disease, however apparently beyond the reach of cure, will write to me this day and I will send you by return mail this work of mine. I appeal especially to the "chronically ill" who are wearied and discouraged with doctoring and to those who have been cast aside as incurable. All you have thought about rheumatism may be wrong. Let me tell you our experience. Surely, if you have rheumatism or have a suffering friend it will pay you to investigate my offer, anyway, and prove for yourself the claims I make.

Send me your address, today—a postal card will do—and I will mail you this wonderful story. If you have any friends suffering with rheumatism no matter where located send me their address, and I will mail them a copy. My address in VICTOR RAINBOLT, Bloomfield, Indiana.

Bribe-Giving and Bribe-Taking.

In printing a fine full-page portrait of Mr. W. J. Folk, the St. Louis Circuit Attorney, who has brought about the exposure of bribery in St. Louis and the conviction of bribe-givers and bribe-takers, The Outlook remarks: "For nearly a year he has been the central figure in the most remarkable prosecution of political knavery since that of the Tweed Ring in the early seventies. This prosecution has resulted in the conviction, not only of bribe-takers, but of bribe-givers, and has brought home to the rich and influential classes of St. Louis the extent to which the responsibility for civic corruption rests upon them. Mr. Folk was nominated for his present office against his protest, but having been elected, has discharged its duties against still stronger protests from party leaders who put him in nomination. Democratic corruptionists, as well as Republican, have been prosecuted without fear or favor."

The Worst Form.

Multitudes are singing the praises of Kodol, the new discovery that is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by digesting what they eat, by cleansing and sweetening the stomach and by transforming their food into the kind of pure, rich, red blood that makes you feel good all over. Mrs. Cranfill of Troy, N. Y., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia which grew into the worst form. Finally I was induced to use Kodol and after using four bottles I am entirely cured. I heartily recommend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a dose after meals. It digests what you eat. McConnell & Berry."

A Tropical Home.

The new evening paper at Lincoln, the Daily Star, is out with something entirely new in the way of a premium offer to agents who will secure subscribers to that bright newsy paper. Several tracts of valuable land in a most desirable location in the Republic of Mexico are offered as prizes to agents. It is the most valuable proposition ever made by a daily newspaper and our readers are asked to send for a free sample copy of the Star, which will contain full particulars. There are no complicated conditions or strings to the Star's proposition, and competition is open to any one in Nebraska in the various classes. Address Star Publishing Co., Lincoln.

He Learned a Great Truth. It is said of John Wesley that he once said to Mistress Wesley: "Why do you tell that child the same thing over and over again?" John Wesley, because once telling is not enough." It is for this same reason that you are told again and again that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds and grip; that it counteracts any tendency of these diseases to result in pneumonia, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by McConnell & Berry.

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THE FEAR OF DEATH

IT SHOULD FIND NO LODGMENT IN ANY RATIONAL MIND.

Yet This Dread of Meeting the Inevitable Is So Universal That Our Entire Social Fabric Is Largely Built Upon It.

Do we dread death on the same principle that half a flock of sheep leap through a certain hole in a fence—because the other half has done so? For unless the fear be traditional and hereditary it is hard to account for it.

Death is a change, occupying a moment, from one form of life to another. Whether it come in the course of nature or by accident or design, it is seldom painful; never probably so painful as a bout of the toothache. It brings us from a condition of bondage and uncertainty at best to one of freedom and security. But often it is a change from slavery, both physical and moral, to emancipation comparatively perfect, or, if we hold the materialist view, to everlasting unconsciousness. The spiritual state is emancipated from the inertia of matter and the tyranny of space; therefore thought will be presence, and a man's surroundings as to both thing and person will be inevitably such as are most desirable to him. The evil will be emancipated from the opposition of the good, and the good will not be grieved and hampered by the machinations of the evil. The whole chapter of accidents which here looms so large will there be eliminated. Time, which now makes us long for the arrival of an appointed hour and now dreads its too speedy coming, will be no more. But we must measure life by its intensity and by its opportunities. In other words, we shall be the makers of our own times and seasons.

Death takes us from a world of effects to one of causes. The soul is made of will and thought, and, as we may daily perceive, it is only the obstruction of material conditions that prevents us from immediately accomplishing our desires and beholding the realization of our thoughts. Again, death is inevitable to all and to any one who chooses is at any moment attainable. By what logic can our fear of it be defended?

Yet we fear it so much and so universally that our entire social fabric is built largely upon that fear. Our law makes death the supreme penalty. Our funerals are occasions of mourning, and the medical profession, one of the most numerous extant, spends its existence in combating death. We seek eagerly all nostrums or elixirs that promise us continuance of life. We ascribe supreme merit to the soldier who risks his life for his country or to the individual who sacrifices it for others. We laud the stoicism which affects to despise death, but which bases the virtue of that despising upon the acknowledged terror of the event. Our humanitarians spend sympathy and money in attempting to prolong the miserable condition of the poor and diseased. We shudder to hear of a vast natural calamity like that of Martigny or of avoidable accidents such as are furnished daily by railways and other instruments of civilization. And all the while it is the survivors who suffer, if any one does, though they, too, are soon comforted by time or the insurance companies. The dead man, the man who has entered upon the new and spiritual life, whom we absurdly pity, is free, and his troubles are over.

Suicides, it is true, are said to increase with civilization. But few philosophical suicides occur. The majority are induced by dread of life overcoming dread of death. It may be doubted if suicide be ever the act of a man at once perfectly brave and thoroughly sane. The value of this life—and it is a real value—is in the discipline and experience it gives, which it is our honest and sensible duty to improve to the utmost and to the last. Life may be interesting and arduous; it may be disappointing and irksome. It is very seldom if ever uniformly and positively agreeable. Fear, on the other hand, is one of the worst and basest of evils, and fear of death the most irrational. It must have originated in sheer ignorance and thoughtlessness. It ought to vanish before our modern enlightenment and sagacity, and with its disappearance will appear social changes that cannot but be revolutionary and salutary.—Julian Hawthorne in Brandt's Magazine.

Dangerous Criminals.

"Why," said a lady reproachfully to her husband, "you know when I say Denmark I always mean Holland." Perhaps the city girl in the following story, told by the Philadelphia Telegraph, allowed herself a similar latitude of expression:

She was sitting on the porch, lazily rocking to and fro and watching the fireflies flitting about through the shrubbery. Suddenly she turned to her companions and said in a musing tone:

"I wonder if it is true that fireflies do get into the baymows sometimes and set them afire."

Everybody laughed at what was apparently a pleasantry, but the young lady looked surprised.

"Why," said she, "it was only yesterday that I saw in the paper an article headed 'Work of Firebugs.' It said they had set a barn on fire. Really."

Following Good Preaching.

Vicar (severely, to his cook)—Mary, you had a soldier to supper last night. Cook—Yes, sir; he's my brother.

Vicar—But you told me you had no brother.

Cook—So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday and told us we were all brothers and sisters.—London Tit-Bits.

THE PLAY WAS STOPPED.

But It Was Not by the Orders of the French President.

M. Sardou, the French playwright, once profited by a joke that General Ladmiraux, who was at the time governor of Paris, played on M. Thiers. Sardou had written "Rabagas," and the play had been given its dress rehearsal "in camera." It was displeasing to Thiers, and he undertook to stop its public performance.

As General Ladmiraux was dressing for dinner, about 6 in the evening, an officer entered his dressing room and tendered a dispatch, which, he said, had come direct from Versailles.

The officer went out, and the general, continuing his toilet, said to himself that he was certain that that dispatch was the interdiction of "Rabagas," and, having a friendly feeling for the author, the general left the dispatch unopened when he left the room.

The next morning came a messenger posthaste from Versailles, "Rabagas" was performed last night.

"Without doubt," negligently replied the general.

"But the dispatch?"

"What dispatch?"

"From M. Thiers, interdicting the performance."

"Goodness me!" replied the general. "I left it unopened on the table. See, there it is, the seal unbroken. Still, that makes little difference. Everything passed off well. They nearly hissed the play off the stage, and it will be the same at every performance. Tell M. Thiers that he has no cause for alarm."

"Rabagas" was withdrawn, but not by the orders of M. Thiers.

Morse and the Telegraph Operator.

Immediately after the successful completion of the first transatlantic cable and the consequent celebrations, in which of course Cyrus W. Field bore a prominent part, Professor Morse had occasion to send a telegram from a small town in Ohio to his home in New York. He wrote out his message, presented it to the operator, who rapidly checked it off with his pencil and curtly demanded a dollar.

"But," said the venerable inventor, "I never pay for messages," and, seeing an inquiring look in the operator's eyes, added, "I am, in fact, the father of the telegraph."

"Then," said the operator, firmly convinced that he was being imposed upon, "why don't you sign your own name, Cyrus W. Field?"

Professor Morse when telling the story used to say that he was too humiliated to answer.

At Sea on Land.

A clergyman who had neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors.

He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is anchor."

A half concealed snicker spread over the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said, "Mr. —, have you ever been at sea?"

The minister replied: "No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."—New York Times.

Lightning's Affinity For Oak.

Electricity in the clouds, like its companion lower down, loves to seek the earth, the great reservoir of all electricity, and it finds the most available way to do so, choosing always the best conductor, conspicuous among which are the much maligned lightning rod, the high trees or the elevated steeple. It has its choice of trees as well as other things and will leap over half an acre of trees to find an oak, for which it appears to have a special attraction, and it will pass a high point to find a building that has metal about it.

Oldest Tree in the World.

The Rev. W. Tuckwell in "Tongues and Trees and Sermons in Stones" says: "The oldest living tree in the world is said to be the Sema cypress of Lombardy. It was a tree forty years before the birth of Christ." But Alphonse Karr in his "Voyage Autour de Mon Jardin" says of the baobab (Adansonia digitata), "It is asserted that some exist in Senegal that are 5,000 years old."—Notes and Queries.

Superstition That Is Ancient.

In many parts of Great Britain the superstition still survives that it is folly or madness to save a drowning man, as he will sooner or later do an injury to the rescuer. The superstition comes down from our ancestors, yet traces of it exist among the Sioux and other Indians, who seem to have inherited it from aboriginal sources. The belief is most prevalent in Cornwall and various parts of Scotland.

No Longer Necessary.

"Do you still rely on your burglar alarm?"

"Oh, no! We have a baby now, you know, and if any burglar can find a time during the night when some one isn't up with the baby he's welcome to all he can get."—Chicago Post.

Annoying Delays.

May—Oh, I hate these magazine serials!

Edith—Why?

May—You can never tell how the story ends until it is finished.—Town and Country.

Did it ever occur to you that the soles of your shoes go awfully fast after the first break occurs? A man is like a pair of soles in that respect.—Aitchison Globe.

A QUEER EXPERIENCE.

It Made One Man a Believer in the Supernatural.

"I want to tell you a very queer experience I had," said the colonel. "It borders so much on the superstitious it throws me somewhat in doubt as to whether I believe in the supernatural. You all know what a fondness I have for driving, and the more spirited the horses are the better I feel to put them on their mettle. Well, a few summers ago I bought a pair of high strung, strongly built bay horses and began to drive them. One Sunday morning I carefully hooked them to my surrey. I personally saw that every strap was well hooked, the chains carefully adjusted and, in fact, every precaution taken to have them so harnessed that there could be nothing to fret them.

"I drove up St. Charles avenue to Washington, out Washington to the railroad crossing, back again to St. Charles avenue and then up to Carrollton until opposite the old Carrollton gardens and there stopped to rest under a tree. We had moved at a pretty good pace, the weather was warm, and I believed that a little rest would do the horses good. I forgot to tell you that I had in the rear seat of the surrey my wife and daughters.

"We stopped just under a tree, on the side of the neutral ground, and there waited. Just then a party of about twenty bicyclists came in sight, coming up the avenue. As they passed us my horses reared and made one plunge. I had the reins in my hand, and the ladies were seated in the surrey. What made me do it I do not know, nor can I account for it, but I let go the reins and the horses ran away—ran away, mind you, from the surrey unhitched. The surrey remained perfectly still for a moment and then by its own momentum slowly slid down to the sidewalk. We all got out without the slightest anxiety whatever. It was perfectly astounding.

"We made a careful examination of the straps, the hooks, the chains, the pole, and there was nothing broken, nothing strained, nothing bent—in fact, it was just as if some unseen spirits had carefully unhooked the horses and let them go. The horses were brought back in about two hours. We again made a careful examination of the harness, and I assure you the entire outfit was in perfect condition—nothing broken, nothing hurt or damaged whatever. Now, how can you account for that? I am not inclined to believe in the supernatural, but at times when I think over this incident I do not know what to believe."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

It is said that the frigate bird can fly an entire week without stopping to rest.

Some of the cats in Liberia are of a bright red tint, and they are very conspicuous in the moonlight.

The cry of a young seal when wounded or about to be attacked resembles that of a child in distress, and tears flow from its eyes.

The common herring is the most difficult of all marine creatures to catch alive for an aquarium. A whale is the most difficult to preserve alive.

Cranes, storks and wild geese fly fast enough to make the trip from northern Europe to Africa in a week, but most of them rest north of the Mediterranean.

A fox is dainty as well as crafty and prefers the tongues of lambs for food. He has been seen to chase sheep until they, on becoming tired, hung out their tongues, which he then tears off and eats.

A caterpillar cannot see more than a centimeter ahead—that is to say, less than two-fifths of an inch. The hairs on the body are said to be of as much use as its eyes in letting it know what is going on around.

Her New Jacket.

A naval officer engaged in ordnance duty on a home station was given to talking in his sleep. One night he awakened his wife by starting up in bed and exclaiming in accents of pining distress:

"She must have a new jacket! I must manage to get one for her!"

The wife, knowing her husband's slumbers had never before been disturbed by the requirements of her wardrobe, became vastly agitated and gripped him by the arm.

"William! William!" she breathed earnestly into his ear, hope meanwhile rising high in her breast. "Who is she?"

"My three inch gun!" sighed the overtaxed ordnance man.

Different Lines.

She—Women haven't a bit more curiosity than men, I'm certain.

He—No, but it is manifested in different lines. For instance, a woman might own a sewing machine without finding out how it is made, but she wouldn't have a seamstress in the house a day without knowing all about her.—Washington Times.

Blameless.

Amateur—When I stand on the stage, I see nothing, and I am conscious of nothing but the role I am playing. The audience disappears entirely.

Friend—Well, I can't blame the audience much for that.—Illustrated Bits.

Conservation of Energy.

"What was your idea in having Bertha learn typewriting?"

"Well, she was always drumming with her fingers, and I thought she might as well do it to some purpose."—Chicago Tribune.

People would get more real enjoyment out of money if it took them as long to spend it as it does to earn it.—Chicago News.