

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA.

OLD FAVORITES

Destruction of Sennacherib's Host.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen; Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd; And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heaved—and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide, But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—Lord Byron. Nearer to Thee. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear, Steps into heaven; All that Thou send'st me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

Single Officers in Demand.

The overcrowded condition of the residential quarters at the various military posts in this country, due to the return of regiments from the Philippines, is embarrassing the military authorities. The trouble is not so much with respect to housing the officers themselves as with the members of their families, says the Washington Star. The situation has reached a point where bachelors are favored over bachelorettes in assignment to stations with limited living accommodations where such discrimination is possible. And it is even asserted that where there is no other choice between two young candidates for a commission it is bestowed on the single man in preference to one who is married. Even then it is recognized, however, that the bachelor appointed is not likely to continue long in single blessedness. The powers that be admit that their authority does not reach to the extent of interfering with subsequent affairs of the heart. It is made plain that there is no official prejudice against matrimony—quite the contrary—but just at present the military posts would afford better accommodations for more officers if it were not for the family attachments of some of them. Congress provided liberally for the army in this respect during the session just closed, but it will be many months before the additional quarters authorized are ready for use.

American Brewers in Cuba. American brewers have already invested \$4,000,000 in and about Havana. A man hates to stand idly by and see his dog whipped.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

At a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch basket sometimes as they work.

One day, while the master was instructing the class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?" "I'm listening, sir," said the boy. "Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master; "then ye're listening w' one ear an' eating pie w' the other!"

The Very Limit. Tom—Self-conscious, isn't he? Harry—The limit! He hasn't yet become aware of the existence of other people.

Fluently. "She's not a very good conversationalist." "No; but her money talks."

Weary's Latest.



Weary—Don't you remember a lovely, blue-eyed, curly-haired little chump wot you uster kiss and give pie to some years ago? Well, I'm him.

Adds to the Interest. "Do you believe in the study of nature?"

"Why, to an extent. I like to have a landscape around every girl I make love to."

Conversational Hair-Splitting. Harriet—Don't you think mother is a good talker, Harry? Harry—Well, she's a fluent contradictor.

Ouch! "Say!" she cried suddenly, as the bashful young man backed into the nearest chair, "you must think you're a bird." "Beg pardon," he stammered; "I don't understand what—" "You're on my hat!" she shrieked.

Stumped. Little Willie—Say, papa, this book says nature never wastes anything. Pa—I guess that's right, my son. Willie—Then what's the use of a cow having two horns when she can't even play on one?

His Choice. "Prosperity has ruined many a man." "No doubt; but if I'm given any choice in the matter, I'd rather be ruined by prosperity than by adversity. The process is more enjoyable."

Like Father, Like Son. "George, why are you so unkind to nurse? Why don't you love her?" "Cause I don't," replied the terrible child. "I hate her. I could pinch her cheeks like papa does."

Not Guilty. Judge—I can see dissipation written on your face. Remus (frightened)—Yo kin, sah? Well, 'deed Ah didn't write it, 'cause I can't spell sech a long word.

Perhaps. "I went riding with a girl I used to go with in the days gone by. I got overheated, too." "Perhaps that was because you were sitting by an 'old flame.'"

Railway Hold-Up. Conductor—Did you give the porter the checks for your baggage? Traveler—No, but I gave him all the money I had and he ought to be satisfied to let it go at that.

An Awful Jolt. Softleigh—I—aw—am weally carried away by me—aw—thought occasionally, doncher know. Miss Cutting—Indeed! Would you mind thinking some thoughts now?

Nothing Alarming. Sharpe—"What strange sounds your wife is making! I'm afraid she has a fit." Wheaton—"Don't be alarmed. She is merely trying to scold her neighbor while she has her mouth full of clothespins."

And There Are Others. Smith—Dr. Uppton is a specialist, is he not? Jones—Yes. He has two specialties, Smith—What are they? Jones—Consultations and fees.

Way Ahead. Briggs—Have you made any money on the races this year? Griggs—I should say I had. I haven't been once.

Best Course. "Husband," wailed the speckled hen, "I laid my eggs high up in the loft and someone took them. What should I do now?" "Lay low!" chuckled the red rooster, as he strutted away.

Between Friends.

"No, Mr. Dudleigh," said the beautiful girl, "I can never be your wife, but I shall always be your friend."

"Then before I go," rejoined the young man, "I have one last word to say to you as a friend." "What is it?" she asked after the manner of the curious sex.

"It is this," he replied. "I think you have stacked the cards against yourself in this game. You lose by winning, while I win by losing."

Terrible to Contemplate. Stubble—"I see some genius has invented a typewriter that will play a tune while you work."

Penn—"Great Scott! I hope it won't come in general use. Imagine all the typewriters in a big office building banging out rag time at once!"

A Safeguard. "Women are certainly queer creatures," remarked the old physician. "What is it now?" asked the drug-gist.

"Why," answered the old pill dispenser, "I just received a postal card from a woman patient marked 'Personal.'"

Took It Seriously. Maid—"Did yez iver hear that founly had a skilkin in thor closet?" Cook—"O! hov."

Maid—"Thin, bedad, 'th' rats must hov ate it up. Oi can't find ut at all."

Another Sufferer. "And the automobile affected you, too?" asked the ancient plug. "Yes," said the ostrich, "I can't get anything like as many horseshoes to eat as before."

Very Likely. Diggs—"Gabriel won't be the only trumpet-sounder at the final round-up." Biggs—"Why do you think he won't?"

Diggs—"Because every self-made man will insist on blowing his own horn."

From Bad to Worse. Mistress—Well, Jane, did you find the ornament for my hair yet? Jane—Yes, ma'am. But I've mislaid your hair, and now I can't find that.

His Only Chance. Kind Old Gentleman—Why do you carry that umbrella, little boy? It's not raining. "No, sir." "And the sun's not shining."

"No, sir." "Then why do you carry it?" "Well, when it's raining pa wants it, and when the sun's shining ma wants it, and it's only this kinder weather I can get to use it at all."—Exchange.

Qualified. "He furnishes small speculators with tips." "Why doesn't he speculate for himself?" "He failed."

Explained. Teacher (hearing reading lessons)—What are pauses, Johnny? Johnny—The things wot grow on dogs and cats.

Sure Cure. Ida—"She imagines herself beautiful. How can we cure her of such conceit?" Belle—"Induce her to have a tintype taken at one of our suburban resorts."

Belle—What a Paradox. Nan—I think he's horrid looking. Belle—O, but bulldogs aren't lovely unless they're horrid looking.

The Main Object. Briggs—Was the place you spent your vacation in satisfactory? Griggs—The best yet. I never was quite so glad to get home.

A Type. "Bah! Backnumber holds so many theories which have been exploded." "That's right; and the explosions didn't even wake him up."—Puck.

Strictly Cash. Mr. Poorpeigh—These Panama hats, I suppose, are \$12 and up. Hatter (who knows him)—No, sir; they are from \$12 to \$100 down.—Chicago Tribune.

Somewhat Different. Diggs—I set a trap for my wife the other evening. Biggs—Not jealous, I hope? Diggs—Oh, no. She wanted to catch a mouse in the pantry.

The Woman of It. The Parson—Always speak well of your neighbor. Mrs. Nextdoor—I do; yet I assure you she is one of the most detestable creatures on earth.

Still a Chance. Wife (during the quarrel)—Before we were married you called me an angel. I'll never be in that class again, I suppose? Husband (calmly)—Oh, I don't know. I still have hopes.

His Turn. Zeke—Do you remember when I refused that tramp a meal he said his turn would come? Hiram—Yep! Zeke—Well, he kept his word. He is out there turning the grindstone.

Nebraska Politics.

Excerpts From The Nebraska Independent, Lincoln, Nebraska, Made by Direction of the Populist State Central Committee

IT'S UP TO YOU

The expression at the head of this editorial is not good Bostonese and might shock the sensibilities of some of our eastern friends who live on an exclusive diet of beans—but Nebraska people understand it. The Independent says to the voters of Nebraska, "It's up to you." At least, it will be in less than six weeks.

It's up to you to say whether William H. Thompson or John H. Mickey shall be the next governor of Nebraska. Other gentlemen are candidates for the position, but either Mr. Thompson or Mr. Mickey will be the one chosen. It's up to you, voters of Nebraska, to say which. It's up to you to say whether you want a man who was nominated by delegates fresh from the body of the people, men who paid their own railroad fare and hotel bills; or whether you want a man who was selected at a conference of railroad attorneys ten days before the convention, and whose selection was afterward ratified at a convention of delegates who travelled on passes, and for whom "Mickey whiskey" was doled out over the bar of a well-known Lincoln hotel bar into the wee sma' hours.

Whether you want a governor pledged to raise the railroad assessment 50 per cent over the figures of today, or one who stands on a platform which means anything which the interpreter may place upon it and who for years has been land agent for the Union Pacific railroad. Whether you want a governor who will sign a bill to reduce local freight rates 15 per cent, or one who will veto such a bill. Whether you want a governor who has at heart the best interests of our state university, or one who is at the head of a sectarian institution jealous of the growth and prestige of the state institution, and the political successor of a republican governor who seriously crippled our university by vetoing a much needed appropriation.

It's up to you to say whether you want a man for lieutenant governor who has filled the office before with honor to himself and the people, or one who believes that the constitution is a "living lie."

It's up to you to say whether you will be electing him secretary of state honor that grand old man, who was once elected governor of Nebraska and cheated out of the office, or whether you will re-elect the present incumbent who was elected by accident and who has not enough personality to make either friends or enemies.

It's up to you to say who shall be auditor of public accounts—whether it shall be the present incumbent who was the moving spirit in preventing any material raise in railroad assessments, and whose unjust treatment of Nebraska insurance concerns, in order to favor the foreign insurance trust, is the subject of comment all over the state; or whether it shall be a man thoroughly acquainted with the state house records, pledged to assist the governor and treasurer in raising railroad assessments to forty millions, and who will execute the insurance laws without bias toward any interest.

It's up to you to say who shall be state treasurer—whether it shall be Dr. Lyman, the fusion nominee, whose record as county treasurer of Adams county has never been surpassed in any county; or whether it shall be the banker from Ord, who for years has been land agent for the Burlington, and who, upon the question of taxation alone, will stand squarely against any material raise in the railroad assessment.

It's up to you to say who shall be attorney general—whether it shall be F. "Necessity" Prout, whose rank incompetency is the laughing stock of every lawyer in the state, and who has never failed to neglect the state's interest when any corporation interest was opposed; or whether you will elect Jefferson H. Broady, whose long service on the district bench and ability both as jurist and counsel place him among the truly great lawyers of the state.

It's up to you to say who shall be commissioner of public lands and buildings whether you want James C. Brennan, the fusion nominee, whose record as member of the legislature and as steward of the Geneva school is without a flaw; or whether you want the present incumbent, whose chief claims to preferment are that he and his son do a big real estate business out in Nuckolls county.

It's up to you to say whether you will elect William K. Fowler, the present incumbent, as superintendent of public instruction, and put up with his arbitrary rulings; or whether you will elect Claude Smith, who has three times been elected county superintendent of Dawson county.

There should be no half-way business about this election. The whole administration should be harmonious. If you really enjoy railroad extortion in freight rates and railroad tax-shirking, and Burt county bond deals, and dismissals of lawsuits brought to enforce the laws, and "friends of the court," railroad attorneys, to perform the attorney general's duties—then elect the whole republican state ticket. Let the tail go with the hide. But, on the other hand, if you want these things done differently, elect the entire populist-democratic ticket. It's up to you.

Get From Under Did you discern the coming storm, Henderson, Big with the lightning of reform, Henderson? You sowed the wind; now in its wrath The whirlwind marks the aftermath. You seek to scurry from its path, Henderson, Dave Henderson.

Your farmers see there's something wrong, Henderson. They rise, a giant, grim and strong, Henderson. They hardly know which way to turn, Henderson.

But give them time and they will learn. The truth at last they will discern, Henderson, Dave Henderson.

At tariff now they aim their blow, Henderson, they will deeper go, Henderson. Since they've begun to break away, They'll never stop until they lay The real causes bare, some day, Henderson, Dave Henderson.

The little flurry you have seen, Henderson.

Against the tariff trust machine, Henderson. Is small beside the one to break, When people truly are awake. Then others will the trail forsake, Henderson, Dave Henderson.

It seems the people now are blind, Henderson. Unto the game that robs mankind, Henderson; But when they once regain their sight And rise in newly-wakened might, More, like yourself, will take to flight, Henderson, Dave Henderson.

One Jimmie Hill, who is now pool-bah of the Burlington, has been trying to scare the state officials of Montana by cancelling some road extension contracts to show his displeasure because they raised the railroad assessment over 100 per cent—from \$6,500 to \$16,000 a mile, in fact. Whether his bluff works remains to be seen. The chances are rather in his favor, however, because he will work up a great clamor among the people if possible and the state officers will probably be retired to private life for doing their duty fearlessly.

A special correspondent of the New York Sun, writing from Helena, says: There are certain sections of Montana not overpleased with the recent sensational action of the state board of equalization in raising the railroad assessment of Montana over 100 per cent, and an address made by James J. Hill to the people of Great Falls, after returning from the conference with the Washington farmers, has not helped to decrease this feeling.

"As is well known," said a railroad man to the Sun correspondent, "Mr. Hill is an important factor in Burlington affairs. The Burlington has for some time contemplated an extension of its Montana line from Billings to Great Falls, tapping a rich agricultural, cattle raising and mining section, and at the same time giving the Cataract city a second eastern outlet. This was greatly desired by the people of Great Falls, and they had every hope of realizing their ambition, because a few months ago surveyors were put on the proposed route; it was pronounced feasible and Burlington officials came out from the Chicago headquarters and incorporated the company.

"All was in readiness for the construction work; Mr. Hill was on the point of ordering the necessary steel for bridges and rails, when like a clap of thunder from a clear sky came the action of the state board of equalization, whereby the assessment of the main lines of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Burlington were raised from \$6,500 to \$16,000 a mile. "Instantly came orders from St. Paul calling in the preliminary workers, and the orders for material were canceled. In his talk last week to the Great Falls populace Mr. Hill declared unequivocally that no more railroads would be built in Montana. He told the people to go on farming, and while intimating that a steel mill might be erected in Montana in the near future, he declared that agriculture was the only salvation of the state.

"Thus, while a few county officials will receive larger salaries because of the increased railroad assessment, two cities and a vast section between them which is quite thickly populated are suffering the keenest of disappointments. That is why folks are not pleased."

Nebraska has plenty of railroad mileage now, and the question is, How will Mr. Hill try to vent his spite on Nebraska next year when the fusion state board of equalization raises the Burlington assessment 50 per cent? Will he tear up a few miles of track and "cut off his nose to spite his face?"

UNCLEAN POLITICS

Prof. Vincent Exposes a Scheme to Trap the Unwary by Hypocrisy

One of the most reprehensible methods of the tax-shirkers that has yet been detected was uncovered a few days ago in a western county.

It is proposed to sneak into power in the hypocritical garb of virtue. The robe of religion is to cover the forms of corporate agents until "after election."

The character assassin is to stalk forth in the guise of a Sunday school superintendent or a minister of the gospel, "until after election!" It is not the first time religion has been made the cloak for wrong doing. In all ages, and in all countries, scheming and designing men have used as tools the devotees of religion.

Do not mistake us. We are not attacking any church nor churches, nor any religion, but only the scheming men who are now using religion as a cloak for their villainous plots of character assassination.

One and two years ago certain religious enthusiasts organized a secret and underground organization pledging its members to support only "clean" men at the polls—but a committee was given power to select the "clean men" after all nominations had been made. If such an organization were open, and composed of good citizens of all religious denominations—a sort of "committee of public safety"—it could be said against it, but when it is organized in the dark—a secret cabal—it comes to be a veritable dagger aimed at the most vital spot—the character of whomsoever is attacked. It is like the Italian Mafia—plunging its death-dealing stiletto in secret and in darkness.

Political success is so highly prized by those who would continue in power the agents of tax shirkers and tax fixers that they have resorted to this dangerous method of warfare. We do not say that the Methodist church consciously has undertaken this role, but scheming men in that church are seeking to do their unclean work while hiding behind religious robes. Religious enthusiasts are to be deceived by hypocritical cant and led into an ambush "until after election."

An organization is being engineered by men in the Methodist church, and men of other denominations are to be inveigled in occasionally to give it a non-sectarian and ultra-religious cloak. The "avowed" purpose of this secret cabal is the election of "clean men" to office.

If there were unclean men—socially or religiously—on either of the tickets before Nebraska people, there might be excuse for such a plan to defeat them, but when it is conceded that all the candidates on all the tickets occupy an unusually high plane, morally and religiously, what excuse can there be for such unusual, drastic and un-American methods?

The animus of the whole thing is understood when we remember that Mr. Mickey is a Methodist. His supporters have published far and wide the fact that his active support secured many thousand dollars to help a Methodist college. It is proposed to keep such things prominently before the membership of the secret organization and at the close of the campaign the committee who is to name the "clean men" will include Mr. Mickey among those recommended for the ONE vote in each voting precinct would mean a change of about 2,900 votes in the state, and a change of FIVE in each precinct by this hidden hand, this secret cabal, would assuredly work a complete reversal of the verdict that would be rendered by the people in an open and many contest.

The prize is worth the effort. The corporations rode rough-shod over a political convention and secured the nomination of "Our Man Mickey," around whom they could easily throw the cloak of religion and with hypocritical pretense they hope to secure his indorsement by the people.

The utter hypocrisy and dastard villainy of the conspiracy is understood when it is recognized that the opponent of Mr. Mickey, and the man whom it is proposed to stab in the dark, is everywhere recognized as fully the peer, if not the superior, of Mr. Mickey, in his devotion to the best interests of society, socially, religiously and educationally. Mr. Thompson has been in public life nearly or quite as much as Mr. Mickey, and the undisputed fact that his administration of the office of mayor of Grand Island is warmly indorsed and commended by every reputable citizen of that city, of all church denominations and every political party—that fact speaks in bugle tones of his uprightness and for the "cleanness" of his personal and official life.

And it is proposed to stab him in the dark by the insinuation that his life has been unclean, by indorsing another man as being "clean!" Those character assassins would not dare utter a word directly against Mr. Thompson. His life is above reproach. His family is the pride of his city. His personal efforts for the benefit of a college of another denomination have been as valuable to that institution as were Mr. Mickey's efforts for the Methodist college, but his friends have not sought to use that fact as a bait with which to steal votes

from Mr. Mickey. Mr. Thompson has always stood for purity in public and private life. He has repeatedly sacrificed personal ambition for the success of the principles he held to be "right." He has never betrayed a friend nor struck a foe in secret. His entire life of about a quarter of a century in Nebraska has been an "open book" and in the "lime-light" of many a political campaign, no blot on that book has yet been pointed out—and it is such a man that the character assassins would strike by innuendo and in the dark—a man whose armor is flawless and in front, and whose courage is such that he has despised the protection that is available only in flight or against the secret assassin.

The Central Farmer protests against this un-American method of political warfare, and it warns all friends of good government that tricks like the one described above will be resorted to whenever it is thought a vote can be secured by deceit from the unwary.

The discovery of this conspiracy lends added significance to the old adage, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Watch for this enemy that will creep under cover into your midst, and expose its nefarious purpose. "Forewarned is forearmed." The agents of unclean government, masked and in hypocritical garb, will use deceit and misrepresentation at every turn, seeking to thwart the will of the people and enthrone injustice and wrong. Let every good citizen rebuke such methods and array himself on the side of justice and "equality before the law."—Prof. C. Vincent, in Central Farmer.

What Will He do to Nebraska?

One Jimmie Hill, who is now pool-bah of the Burlington, has been trying to scare the state officials of Montana by cancelling some road extension contracts to show his displeasure because they raised the railroad assessment over 100 per cent—from \$6,500 to \$16,000 a mile, in fact. Whether his bluff works remains to be seen. The chances are rather in his favor, however, because he will work up a great clamor among the people if possible and the state officers will probably be retired to private life for doing their duty fearlessly.

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Two things are necessary in any reform movement—the platform and the man. One is of just as much importance as the other. A platform denouncing corporation and trust life is of no value if a man whose whole life has been devoted to corporation interests is nominated upon it. That seems to be the condition in several states where the democratic platform is all right, but the man nominated is all wrong. In Nebraska the reformers have looked after that matter. There is not a man on the state ticket from Thompson to Smith who has ever had any association with corporation interests. The men suit the platform and what is just as important the platform represents the honest sentiments of the men.

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