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Governor Shallenberger continues to remain the idol of the prohibitionists.

About one-third of the space in the Lincoln papers usually devoted to news has been taken up by the wrangle over the coming city election, in which a majority of the readers of the paper are not particularly interested. The affliction will soon disappear, however, as election day is drawing near.

Say what they please of Omaha, they must acknowledge that it is the only metropolitan city in the state, and that it is far ahead of Lincoln as Lincoln is ahead of Plattsmouth. Omaha is able to look after her own interests, and she is doing it, too, notwithstanding the constant kicking of the Lincoln papers. If the Lincoln papers would pay more attention to their own affairs and let Omaha alone, they would perhaps please their readers better.—Plattsmouth Journal.

Senator Cummins does not give a rap for the traditions of the senate; he does not believe in taking a back seat and wearing a muffle on his jaw even if he is a new member of the upper house. Cummins has some ideas and not backward about letting his countrymen know where he stands. His amendment to the Payne tariff measure providing for an income tax is the endorsement of nine-tenths of the voters of the country. The adoption of the amendment would make it possible to lower some of the proposed tariff tax on the necessities of life in the Payne bill. Senator Cummins estimates that the adoption of his amendment would produce about \$40,000,000 in revenue.

You would not accept a lead dollar, simply because it was new and bright, its dull tone as it dropped on the counter would prove it counterfeit, and worthless, except as a material for bullets, sinkers and lead pipe. But you probably accept a good many other counterfeit articles, and even welcome them. The theory which attacks the existing order, and attracts because of its newness and novelty; the new friends for which, perhaps, you discard the old; the job which promises large returns for little effort; all these may be counterfeit and worthless, yet how readily they are accepted every day. Surely it is as important that they be investigated as that a paltry dollar ring true. Without becoming a skeptic, it is well not to confine your efforts toward detecting counterfeits to the mere matter of money.—Drake Watson.

The governor of Texas chides the legislature of his state, an almost unanimously democratic body, with betraying the party, in that they have been in session since the 1st of January and have accomplished no more than might easily have been done within ten days. But why should the governor of Texas complain of the universal fate of states, or the democratic party there feel more betrayed than any other party which stands sponsor for a legislature? Almost any state, regardless of political faith, could truthfully enter a similar complaint. The Kansas legislature, for instance, was noted for doing little in a given length of time. That is one reason many regard it as a good legislature. In Illinois, a republican legislature has been laboring since early in January without electing a senator, or accomplishing much else worth while. Colorado's governor has a kick because, in three months, his legislature has done practically none of the things it was pledged to do. It seems to be the common fate of legislatures to have as little idea of the value of time as of public money, both of which they spend lavishly and to uncertain ends. As big as Texas is, it really shouldn't bawl about bad luck which is universal.—Atchison Globe.

A writer in the Albion News attempts to convince readers of that paper that the democratic legislature should not be given credit for passing the daylight bill, although he is fair enough to give Governor Shallenberger credit for approving the measure, a fact which he could not consistently deny. Evidently the writer of the News article is a republican who erroneously believes that his party is the only one that has shown any inclination to adopt the principal of paternalism. The fact of the matter is that the democratic party has been drifting toward the prohibition idea for the past ten years. They are in the same position the republican party was twenty-five years ago when the agitators forced the prohibition issue upon Iowa and Kansas, and later on the two Dakotas. The only difference between the position the republican party occupied then and the democratic party occupies today is the extent of the territory involved in the prohibition movement. The southern states are now practically in the prohibition column, and the border states appear inclined to join them in a movement for national prohibition. The attempt of the writer in the Albion News to take from the democratic party its prohibition record and give the republican party credit for something it has not accomplished is not borne out by the history of the two parties. The republican party should be given credit for the prohibition laws once in force in Iowa and the two Dakotas, and that party should also be given credit for the non-enforcement of the prohibition laws in the states above named and for the final repeal of the law and the enactment of high license laws.

Jealousy of Governor Shallenberger is "cropping out" among the close political friends of Mr. Bryan. The Peerless leader is no longer the idol of his party in Nebraska. He made too many enemies during the session of the last legislature to insure united support from his party for U. S. senator next year. He evidently realizes this fact, and his efforts now appear to be to head off Governor Shallenberger should that gentleman make up his mind to enter the race to succeed Senator Burkett. Articles, evidently inspired by Bryan, have been sent out from Lincoln bringing out the name of Mr. Metcalf, editor of Bryan's Commoner, as the senatorial candidate of the democrats. It is contended that Metcalf would unite the two factions of the party. This is the first time that the Bryanites have acknowledged that there is a factional fight on in the party. The claim has been constantly and persistently made that the party was united in its support of the Peerless leader. The announcement of Metcalf's candidacy is an acknowledgment of the danger that would confront the party with Bryan as the candidate for senator. But will the party be any stronger in the campaign with a candidate selected by Bryan than it would with Bryan himself? The Bryanites claim that Metcalf would receive the support of the temperance people regardless of party. They call attention to the speech made at Fremont by the Commoner editor on the liquor question, which was in harmony with the stand taken by the democratic party on that question in eleven democratic states. The fight between the two factions will become more bitter as the campaign progresses.

One of the reasons urged for the selection of Mr. Metcalf to stand against Burkett for senator is that he is a silent man, and that history will bear out the statement that silent men have been the real thinkers of the world. This is amusing coming as it does from the friends of the Great Commoner, but is nevertheless true. The silent man has made history. Napoleon was a silent man, but accomplished great things. Washington was a silent man, but became the father of his country. Lincoln was a silent man, but succeeded in saving his country and stamping out secession. Jefferson was a silent man, but left a name on the score sheets of time by writing the Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin was a silent man, but his skill as a diplomat has never been equalled by any of his countrymen. Contrast the success of the silent man with the efforts of the agitators of paramount issues and the reader will readily observe that there is some truth in the assertion that in comparison with the agitator the silent man has made good.

The Oldest Bridge. The Subtletan bridge, at Rome, is the oldest in history. It is made of wood, and was erected in the seventh century. It has been twice rebuilt, but is in ruins at the present day.

In Character. Wife—"Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?" Husband—"Not much, except, of course, that a fortress must be harder to silence."—Lippincott's.

OLD DAYS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

Captain W. R. Massie, veteran pilot, whose knowledge of the turbulent and turbid Missouri and its history is probably not equalled by that of any other living man, is hibernating at a St. Louis residence hotel and waiting for gentle spring to clear the ice from the channel of this favorite stream, that he may turn a wheel above its tawny waters once more. "To make a pilot a man ought to be born right, to begin with," said the captain, in answer to a question. "Now, I was born on the Missouri river, in the edge of Franklin county. My father came to Missouri Territory before 1800. He had been a lieutenant under Daniel Boone, and had fought alongside of Boone, Simon Kenton and Gerety. My uncle was the first white man to plant any ground in Missouri. He was killed by the Indians just across the river from our place, on Massie's creek, in Warren county. Dangerous days, those were. After a rain, when the ground was soft, the settlers'd go out, lookin' for moccasin tracks. If there was an Indian about, they'd muster and go after 'em; maybe they would kill some, and maybe the Indians would get some of them. My folks settled right on the river bank; they saw Lewis and Clark go by.

"The first steamboat went up the river in 1819. As there came to be more boats, my father established a woodyard and had wood boats that he would run alongside the steamboats; when I was a small boy I got used to handling them, so later piloting came natural to me. Why, I can remember boats that used to run there when I wasn't a bit higher than this table. "I got into the pilot-house in course o' time, and I've been on all the rivers of the West—the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Tennessee, the Red, the Atchafalaya, the Ouachita. I landed the first passenger from a steamboat where Omaha now stands. When the Mormons left Nauvoo I took 'em to Council Bluffs on my way to Salt Lake. I knew 'em all—Brigham Young, Orson Pratt, Heber Kimball. And their wives; I've danced with 'em many a time on the grass. A pilot was somebody in those days; it wasn't like it is now.

"I've seen the river before they 'improved' it and afterward, and I say: Give me the river the way nature made it before them cadets from Boston that don't want to look at anybody else come here and begun foolin' with it! I'll tell you what the trouble with the Mississippi river is—it's the Missouri. That's the one that kicks up thunder. Go up the Mississippi above the mouth of the Missouri—what do you find? Hard bottom; river stays in one place; no sand to speak of. The first steamboats went to Fort Benton in 1858. There was two of them, the Morton and the Chippewa, and the captains and pilots were John La Barge and Bob Wright on the Morton and Bill Humphreys and Henry Dix on the Chippewa. They went up the river together and landed at the same time. The Chippewa afterward burned in the Benton service, 180 miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone. She had 400 kegs of powder on board and a lot of passengers; one of 'em was Clem Seaman, with a very fine gun, and there were one or two from New York, two from Calcutta, India, and two or three ladies, out for a sight of wild life. When the fire reached that powder it scattered the boat all over the place. Clem Seaman's gun went up into the air and came down muzzle end down, away out on the prairie. An Indian found it there and took it to Fort Benton, and Mr. Seaman got it again two years after he'd lost it. There's mighty few snags, when you get above Yankton. The ice freezes fast around 'em up there, and then the river raises before the ice melts, and that pulls 'em out and carries 'em off down stream; you won't find one in fifty miles. I went to Fort Benton first in '61, three years after the first boat. I took the Utah up there in '69 in thirty-two days; the usual time was sixty to one hundred days. Those boats were very light; I've taken 100 tons on two feet draft and 200 on three and a half. Wood was scarce and hard to get; we'd stop an hour or two by sun to wood up for the next day. Drift wood was the main dependence; we'd get ash, and sometimes pine and cedar, carried down from the edge of the mountains. You ought to have seen the way they'd load those boats with fuel! You see, furs are light and take up lots of room. We'd put 'em in a press, so as to save space in stowing them; and then we'd fill the hold and main deck; we'd fill the boiler deck and the cabin, leaving just room enough between the piles to get into the staterooms; we'd even fill the space under the pilot-house roof. They were mostly buffalo robes, but there were lots of wolf skins, and bear—black,

grizzly and cinnamon; there was mountain lion, too. But the most valuable of all was Siberian fox; a bundle of twelve or fourteen inches through would be worth six or seven hundred dollars.

"The lower Missouri was alive with boats from '50 to '65. There were between two and three hundred; as many as fourteen would leave St. Louis in a single day. Pilots were scarce; they didn't average more than a single one to a boat. In traveling on the river between here and Kansas City you were never out of sight of a boat; and they were loaded with freight and passengers like a bush with blackberries. Indians! Well, I guess so. I knew all the great western chiefs—Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, Red Cloud. I knew 'em before Bill Cody did; I was in that country when he came up there and got to be a scout. I was ambushed by Sitting Bull in '75. I was captain of the steamboat Western, and had Colonel Moore of Fort Buford with me; we had annuities and gratuities—goods for the Indians. It was just below Fort Peck; we came to shore under a high bank with three or four canyons—creeks they call 'em there—cutting through it. The first thing we knew, those canyons were full of Indians shootin'. There were eight people in the pilot-house when the first volley struck us—Colonel Moore, two preachers, who were going up to work among the Indians; four others and myself. Colonel Moore was just behind me; one bullet went through his lower jaw and knocked out some of his teeth and one cut the collar of my coat clean through, right at the back of my neck. In about a second the others were all laying down, and Colonel Moore reached for me: 'Lie down!' he says. 'We can't afford to lose you.' I forgot to say that my pilot had deserted at Yankton, and I was the only man on board who knew the river. 'No,' says I to Colonel Moore, 'I'm going to get the boat out of here or the Indians 'll kill us all and burn her. We backed away and turned toward the other bank; that brought the stern of the boat between the Indians and the pilot-house. I went downstairs; the boat was as empty as a church on week days; everybody had gone down into the hold. We had guns aboard; I'd got them at the fort, in case of need. The clerk, Barney Earl, was locked up with the guns. I called to him, and he unlocked the door and handed me two guns, and says he: 'Here—you take 'em—I can't shoot.' I come out with the guns, and there was a half-breed Indian—he was the only man in sight. 'Here,' I says, 'take this gun and shoot at them devils, or I'll shoot you,' and he did it. Well, when the others heard the shootin' it encouraged 'em a lot, and they came out and took hold and helped, and the Indians went away. We counted sixty bullet holes in the pilot-house.

"Did I see any buffaloes? There's two ladies now living in St. Louis who went with me up to Fort Benton on the Twilight, when I carried 485 passengers at \$300 apiece; and I killed the game for all of 'em. How did I do it? Every day or two we'd come to a place where a herd of buffalo was crossing the river, and the boat would run in among 'em; I'd just rig my derrick-fall, and let down a great noose right in front of a big fellow and haul him up on board. I didn't need no cowboy to rope stock for me; we got all the fresh meat we wanted that way. In '67 I brought down seventeen buffaloes alive—roped 'em right out of the river, and hauled my catch on board with the derrick-fall. It beat any seine you ever saw. But the awfullest sight I ever saw on the river was 50,000 buffaloes drowning. It was about fifteen miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone, and I was with my own boat, the Ben Johnson. Charles B. Chouteau was with me that trip, and we come out on deck together. You know what those plains are like—all light brown, and stretching away to the end o' the world; you can see fifty miles each way. Well, out there on the prairie was a great black wave rolling toward us; it was a herd of buffalo on the stampede. It seems as if I could see it now, the dust risin' under the hoofs of the forward ones in a sort of cloud that hid 'em from us sometimes. As far as we could see, up river and down, the country was full of them buffaloes. They never deviated; they come straight on; nothing could turn 'em. The head ones reached the river and began to go over the bank; the water came to us in great waves, and the noise was like a caving bank when a thunderin' big alicoe goes, in all at once, only continuous. Soon the river was alive with 'em, and still they swept over; they was all around us, with their great big heads, wicked horns and great thick shoulders all covered with heavy hair. I went over to the bank and laid up, and all the

while that roar kept up, and that great brown dusty wave poured over the bank into the river. And then—"the captain leaned forward and clutched my knee, while the horror of it all lived again in his face—"then the river was full—full! And they kept comin'; there wasn't no way for the front ones to stop but by the hind ones stoppin' first. For, you see, they couldn't get out on the other side, where there was a bank twenty feet high and as steep as the side of a house. They were four or five deep in the river now; the bottom ones were dead; they came down against the boat and rocked her, as the current carried 'em under. Poor, bewildered brutes! They used to get out on the ice, and not know it was ice; and the ice would start to breakin' up and it would grind up and grind them up, until their bodies would cover the banks and the sandbars."—Atchison Globe.

If congress hopes to convince the country of its honest purposes in revising the tariff it will make some special provision for revenues, such as the imposition of an income tax or a stamp on commercial paper.

But it is said that the income tax amendment, which has been prepared on the republican side by Senator Cummins, will be opposed by the reactionaries on the ground that it will create a surplus. This objection would be wholly disingenuous, for the right way to prevent a surplus, after providing for ample revenues through equitable taxation, is to take off the import duties on the necessities of life. The government should not derive its revenues by taxing the things absolutely necessary to the poor and those of moderate means.

And since the bill as it now stands does not promise any reduction in the cost of living, certainly a strong revenue measure of some kind, independent of import duties, ought to be provided in order that this reduction may be secured without causing a continued deficit.—Kansas City Star.

The Parson and the Dentist. A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for his favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the flyleaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise!"—Harper's Weekly.

Echoes from Another World. O music! Thou that bringest the past and the future with thy fluttering flames so near to our wounds, art thou the evening zephyr of this life or the morning breeze of life to come? Yes, thy notes are the echoes which angelic catch from the joyous tones of another world, in order to drop into our mute heart and our desolate night the exhaled, vernal harmonies of the heavens that fly far from us.—Jean Paul Richter.

Sought Fatal Inspiration. Vladimir Nesteroff, a Moscow man, had resolved to write a play after the style of "Hamlet," took a dose of Indian hemp, and invited three companions to write down the words of wisdom which he expected would fall from his lips while he was under the influence of the drug. As his words were no wiser after 20 minutes he took a larger dose, with the result that he became unconscious and died.

Words and Acts. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing, while he acts rightly; but of what is wrong we are always conscious.—Goethe.

When Shallowness is Shown Up. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in a mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a tete-tete there is no shuffling. The truth will out.—Charles Lamb.

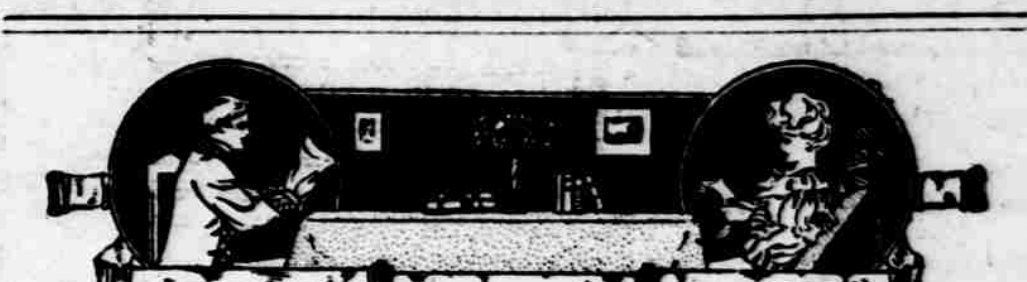
The Man's Argument. It is argued that woman remains inferior because man keeps her so, but if he can keep her so it proves his superiority; and if not inherently superior to begin, how could he have developed his superiority against equal or greater powers?—London Saturday Review.

Truth, and a Warning. An Irish tenant who had just bought under the purchase act boasted to the agent that his landlord was now "God Almighty," and that he need fear nothing. "Don't you be too sure, Pat," was the reply. "Remember, God Almighty evicted his first two tenants."

Hard to Tell. "I was unfortunate in not being able to catch the speaker's eye," said the young statesman. "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "you can't tell how a speech will turn out. Maybe you were unfortunate and then again maybe you were lucky."

Cold and Fish. Cold seems to have no effect on several varieties of fish. Perch will live in ponds frozen over all winter; and the white fish of Canada have been frozen so stiff that they have been brittle enough to break, yet showed signs of life when properly thawed out.

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REALLY A LITTLE IMPULSIVE. New Boarder Might Have Waited Until He Got Acquainted.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable. "I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man. "Yes. Quite a while." "How is it? Any good?" "Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make." "Landlady treat you decent?" "Well, perhaps I ought to—" and then he hesitated. "Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But, say, maybe you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me all right. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em soft, sweet, cozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without being asked for a cent. Watch me rudge her when she comes in. Before this time tomorrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?" "No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

AS IN HIS CHILDHOOD DAYS. Probably Many Years Since Bishop Had Been So Tenderly Cared For.

At an unusually large dinner-party, where the guest of honor was an English bishop, the butler, an elderly man, was obliged to bring in from a friend's house an inexperienced lad to help him in the dining-room. The awkward helper annoyed the butler beyond endurance with questions as to his duties. He continued interminably until the butler, worn out and nervous, said ironically: "All you will need to do is to stand behind the bishop's chair, and whenever his lordship puts down his glass you must reach over and wipe his mouth with a napkin." That silenced his assistant. But the young man actually took the order seriously, and as soon as dinner began he stationed himself behind the bishop, waited till his lordship had drunk and put down his glass, and then, as deliberately as his nervousness would permit, he opened out a large napkin and wiped the dignified old gentleman's mouth!—Ladies' Home Journal.

Charm of the American Girl. Here, girls, listen to what London Society says of you! "The charm of the American girl lies in her beauty and social talents. She is an ideal partner to dance with, to take in to dinner or to sit out a picnic with, and she usually makes an active and successful hostess. But when her husband discovers that she is never happy except when going to parties, is bored in the country unless with a houseful of guests, and is always craving to another—no rest, no peace—it is then that trouble comes in." Much London

Imitate a Phonograph. Take a large-sized jug and hold it about three inches away from your mouth. Now speak or sing into it, and the sound as it is forced out of the jug will be found to exactly resemble a talking machine.

A Good Word for the Bachelor. "I'm not in favor of this scheme of putting a tax on bachelors," says the Philosopher of Folly. "On the contrary, I think most of 'em should be pensioned for refraining from making homes unhappy."—Cleveland Leader.

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