

new questions, new fields, fresh hopes, broader views, wider influence—all these will come, as well as troubles and disappointments and temporary failures and discouragements, which will but serve to call forth renewed energy and effort until they are finally overcome."

Now this is meant, and is well calculated to give ignorant and unthinking people the idea that, when we get the Philippines and Cuba, we shall not any more have to occupy ourselves with the questions which now beset us—with the tariff, with the currency, with the negro problem, with political corruption, with bossism, with blackmail by bosses, with the civil service, with transportation, with our system of education, with the effect of elections on our administration. Then who, O amusing Griggs, is going to take charge of these problems and solve them? You are clearly not going to do it, because your mighty mind will, by your own admission, be entirely occupied with the affairs of the Cubans and the Tagals. We presume the same thing will be true of all your fellow-statesmen, those profound thinkers who are occupied just now with the elevation of mankind at Washington. Who, then, after you have become occupied in "expanding," is to look after our domestic interests.

You possibly hold, in fact you intimate, that you and your colleagues are so broad-minded and so many-sided that, after settling these interests, you will have plenty of time to spare for the affairs of the Cubans and the Tagals. Well, now, if our affairs are so insignificant that you and the like of you can easily dispatch them in the tag ends of your time, why have not you dispatched them already? Take the condition of our finances, for instance. That is considered in all other countries, as well as by all intelligent persons in our own, one of great disorder. This condition has lasted now for thirty-five years. If you will look in your Burke, you will find a very fine passage, which you will not dispute, that the very first concern of every civilized nation is its finances; that we may safely judge of the progress which any nation has made in civilization by the condition of its treasury, and the amount of attention its people give to it. Two years ago you and your colleagues at least pretended to be fearfully wrought up about ours. You rent the air with supplications to men of all parties to elect your candidate to the presidency, and you swore that, if we would only do so, you would put our finances on a sure and lasting foundation.

We believed you and elected your man. What have you done about the finances? Just as we expected to see your great minds buried in schemes of currency, and banking, and taxation, we found you were charging and sabring and bombarding in Cuba. When you last presented yourselves to the people for a renewal of your commission to govern us, did you ask us, or did we give you

the smallest permission to substitute the elevation of mankind in distant parts of the earth for attention to our monetary affairs? You know very well the subject was never mentioned between us at all. We knew nothing about your *vastes penes* or your *longs espoirs*. We did not dream of your thinking your mission so great. We did not know you as a conqueror. We thought you a plain Jersey lawyer, who was not even equal to the task of taking charge of the American treasury. Who told you that our domestic affairs were so insignificant? Who authorized you to describe the business of the American people as "artificial and transient," and a "treadmill round"? If you thought so, why did you take office? Why did so mighty a mind descend to the humble duties of attorney-general? Why did you not consider in time the vast expanses of the earth's surface which still sit in darkness awaiting your attention and Alger's and Davis's and McKinley's and Morgan's and Platt's and Murphy's? If our affairs are so petty as you say, who made them so? Is not their apparent pettiness and insignificance wholly due to our unhappy practice of selecting men like you for their management—men who never give one hour's thought to a question, men who are occupied solely with the distribution of state and federal offices, men who would consider time spent on any real problem of government time wasted, men whose sole idea of "politics" is the getting or losing of offices by people who have no fitness or experience for them?

And we now ask you the most important question of all. Do you not know perfectly well that offices are the very subjects which will occupy you if we let you have your foreign possessions; that you will never bestow a single thought on the happiness of the people or their interests; that as soon as you have gulled us, you will turn eagerly to see "what there is in this" for you, how many offices you have got to divide, and how you can best make them "go round" and help the party? Moreover, you will practise your little games all the more successfully because you will be so far away that we cannot watch and expose you. And, O Son of Thunder, why should the affairs of the Tagals be more worthy of your mighty mind than those of your own countrymen, except in being more trivial, more barbarous, more technical? Why should they afford higher employment to a great man than those of a people of 70,000,000 "heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time?"—The Nation.

NEW YORK AND THE WEST. No other city on this continent depends so much as does New York upon the successful and prosperous development of the Trans-Mississippi country. New York day at the Great Omaha exposition will demon-

strate the interest which New Yorkers take in Nebraska and the whole Northwest. Doctor Depew will speak for the Empire state. All Nebraskans, Iowans, Missourians, Kansans and the tribes of the Rocky Mountains should assemble and listen to the big Medicine Man of the Vanderbilts. And while he talks let all remember that Chauncey Depew is a farm-bred man who from an indigent and ambitious boyhood evolved, by his own intellectual efforts, the present successful and efficient counsel for corporate capital and that he is now, as in his youth, the friend and product of plain people and good citizenship.

OLD BRIDGES. The bridge over South Table Creek,

just north of the Starch Works, is receiving a new floor. This was the first iron bridge built in Nebraska City. It was built in 1872, and the iron-work remains just as it was first put up. This is the site of the first bridge built across Table Creek; there had been several at this point before the present structure, the first one being a log bridge, built forty years ago or more to reach the steamboat landing. Two bridges were erected in 1872, the other being on the street running west from the Starch Works, which was closed when the Missouri Pacific yards were established on the west bank of Table Creek in 1888. When the street was closed, the bridge, which was a combination truss, or iron below and wood above, was removed to North Table Creek on Eighth street, where it now stands.

Before there were any bridges here the South creek was crossed at the singular little hollow below Sixth street, where the government very early made a stone ford, for the convenience of teams passing between this point and Fort Leavenworth.

The Mirror welcomes to its exchange table THE CONSERVATIVE, a neat weekly publication established at Nebraska City by ex-Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton. As is well known throughout the length and breadth of the land Mr. Morton has decided opinions on all questions of public import, and wielding as he does a trenchant, vigorous pen, THE CONSERVATIVE will doubtless prove a success in all that the term implies. We would advise every populist, demopop and silver republican in this neck o' prairie to subscribe for THE CONSERVATIVE.—Arapahoe Mirror.

A copy of the first issue of THE CONSERVATIVE, published at Nebraska City by J. Sterling Morton, was received at this office this week. The paper is published weekly, is something of the style of the Economist, is devoted to the discussion of public questions, is handsomely printed and brilliantly edited, has sixteen pages and is sold for \$1.50 a year, and is worth it.—Steel City (Neb.) Standard.