

and want of water to drink. Some of the men set to work taking the wheel apart and fitting the spokes, getting the wheel ready to set the tire. Others had collected a couple of gunnysacks full of the only fuel of the Platte valley, viz: "buffalo chips," and they soon had the job completed. The boys nearly wore themselves out laughing and jeering at me, saying they were sorry they had no feathers to go with the tar, etc., and calling me a variety of choice, pet names.

We have now been passing through those curious formations, Scott's Bluffs, Courthouse Rock and Chimney Rock. The latter a few miles to the left of the road, had the outline of an inverted funnel, the base being quite steep to climb. From its center arose a column resembling a chimney, about 50 feet square to perhaps 100 feet or more high. Its top sloped off like the roof of a shanty, and having a crack or split down from the top about one-quarter its length. These formations were not really rock, but of a hard marl substance, the different colored strata showing alike in them all. They had the appearance of having been left in the washing away of the adjoining land in the course of time.

As we are now approaching the west line of the state, it is proper that this sketch of the trail should be brought to a close. But before doing so, I wish again to endeavor to impress the fact of the beauty of this great "rolling sea of green." No place on earth had Nature ever presented a more beautiful landscape, so pleasing to the eye, so clear its streams and skies, as this land yet untouched by the white man's civilization. This scene was only equalled by a panoramic view from a high point or bluff of the great Platte valley. One could see for miles up and down the broad valley, the beautiful river with its low banks dotted with its numerous islands of all sizes, each covered with its green willows making a pleasing contrast to the light grayish color of its waters. Added to this was the long line of covered wagons of the emigrants, together with the many groups of the campers.

From our view on the bluff to our rear could be seen herds of buffalo that were grazing on the level plain, with now and then a bunch of antelope galloping about. The wolf, coyote and prairie dog were to be seen almost any time.

Having thus seen Nebraska as Nature presented it to our charmed vision, when I now look over our state still beautiful, I can scarcely believe that such a change has been made.

GILBERT L. COLE.

#### A HOME COMMENT ON BEVERIDGE.

In all his speech there is not a word for liberty, for independence, for freedom, for self-government, for anything American.--Indianapolis Sentinel (dem.)

#### MASTER SQUIRREL.

Master squirrel comes a-flying  
On the fence top's shining rail,  
And with movement quick and frisky  
Waves and curves his bushy tail.  
Close beside him is the woodland,  
All the ground is white with snow;  
There's a wintry gleam of silver  
On the bushes down below.  
Master squirrel stops a moment,  
Looks about with brightest eyes,  
Gazes o'er the empty corn field  
Where the stubbled hillocks rise.  
Ah! He hears a sudden rustle  
From a little twig that stirs.  
How he quickly turns and listens  
While the wind creeps through the firs.  
Just before him is his dwelling,  
Snug and warm his hidden nest  
Lies within a tree trunk hollow,  
Where he's made a place to rest.  
Tall, black trees rise far above him,  
As upon them rests his gaze,  
Does he think of all his toiling  
In the autumn's golden days,  
When the ripened nuts were dropping  
And he sought them in the leaves?  
How he stored the yellow kernels  
Of the corn from harvest sheaves?  
Glitter, glitter o'er the meadows,  
Icy gleams flash in the air,  
Sharp and chill the winter morning—  
What does Mr. Squirrel care!

Hark! An icicle has fallen  
From a bending walnut bough.  
Whisk! The bushy tail has vanished—  
Where is Mr. Squirrel now?  
Somewhere, hiding with his treasures  
In a leafy nest of brown,  
Resting after days of toiling  
When the nuts were falling down.

—MARY FRENCH MORTON.

#### MR. BRYAN IN KENTUCKY.

Mr. Bryan throws all his political influence and all the remnants of his eloquence on the side of political corruption in Kentucky. Even the pretense of a moral standard is put aside, and Mr. Bryan defends the assertion that whatever is democratic is right.

Fraud, force and perfidy; the destruction of representative government; the overthrow of the ballot, and the downfall of civil liberty is what Bryan henceforth stands for in Kentucky.

National issues, even in the coming national campaign, can have no interest for the people of Kentucky. What care we for expansion or imperialism; for free trade or protection; for free silver or gold, when we are denied the ballot by an alliance between Goebel, Blackburn and Bryan?

It is idle for a people denied access to the ballot box to divide on questions of national policy or on the question of a division of national spoils.

Here we fight for civil liberty against the allied powers of hell. Here treachery marks every step in the progress of Goebel to a throne and Bryan to the presidential nomination.

Into this struggle Bryan thrusts his own personality. Claiming to be a national leader, he comes, like a political pope, to sanction all of the fraudulent claims of a shallow pretender. He finds the party divided, and he comes to speak not for truth and loyalty, but for fraud and treachery; not for silver, but for ostracism; not for free commerce, but for a rifled ballot box; not for democracy and a glorious past, but for Goebelism and its infamous present.

The people of Kentucky refused to listen to the pleas of this false prophet

from Nebraska in November, and Goebel was beaten at the polls.

He then organized his conspiracy, and by the utterance of falsehoods and by false election returns, he tried to take from the officers of the election what the people had denied him. Then Bryan again sent him his blessing in the form of a telegram of congratulation.

Again Goebel outrages decency and repudiates democracy by organizing the legislature to overthrow the executive department and to make himself "King for a Day."

Again Bryan comes to Kentucky and gives him aid, countenance and advice, saying in effect:

"I am glad this contest is to be heard by a democratic electoral commission. We know what the republican election commission did; we know how it violated the law; how it outraged decency; how it trampled on popular rights; how the judges violated their oaths and robbed the democratic party of the victory it had won at the polls."

"Democrats of Kentucky, go and do likewise."

That is the man who in 1896 seemed to nearly seven million people a lover of liberty, a veritable soldier of the cross. He dragged into every oration some Scriptural quotation; he bedraggled the most sacred garments of religion; he was an exhorter on the stump, and the people, even those who disagreed with him, held him in respect for his sincerity.

His Kentucky career destroys all past illusions concerning Bryan. He has lost his gift of utterance. He has lowered his moral standard. He has made his choice, and prefers the enemies of democracy to the martyrs of the cause.—Louisville Evening Post, Jan. 19, 1900.

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