

of wealth and luxury upon their descendants may prove enervating and deteriorating; because some of them are not obliged to be self-reliant and self-denying. Men who have to, must make their way in the world, and those who do not make their way are the ones whose parents have made it for them and, as a rule, they soon lose it.

"In a true sense those who inherit wealth without the self-reliance and ability to properly manage it are not nearly so rich as those who inherit poverty with push and brains and pluck to overcome its asperities. To a human being who has no power to work and take care of himself and no self-denial inherited wealth is a menace and generally a disaster.

**Not Rich.**

"The only positive knowledge that I possess is evolved out of or verified by my own experiences. And I am sure that the best education for a human being is that which will enable him to live most completely in this world and allow him to begin so living before his faculties are numbed by age.

"The dreamer of pleasant dreams who has them come to pass is one out of a million and altogether fortunate.

**Satisfactions.**

But my day dream, under the rafters of the cottage, out on the raw prairie in 1855 has all been verified. The mother and the children were happy and loving and amidst poverty or plenty always cheerful and buoyant. Hope, health, obedience and industry made the cottage taste of paradise.

"But in 1879 the requirements of a grown-up family, two of whom

**A Larger House.**

were soon to be married, demanded more room. And so a modern house sixty-eight feet by forty-two was constructed and finished in hard wood and is now furnished with water and electric lights throughout, while in its library, dining room and other apartments are sacredly preserved, the pictures, chairs, tables and other belongings of the territorial era. By association the charm and grace of tender and pleasant memories enrich them all beyond valuation in mere money. About them cluster songs and music from a voice that long years ago was stilled forever and upon them remains the glow and polish of a deft hand which has vanished from human sight. Her paintings upon china and upon canvass, her needle-work, ornamental and useful, adorn the Home and illumine the memory of her industry and good taste and make it an inspiration to her posterity.

"And so after all the most real riches are those of heart, of mind and memory.

**Real Riches.**

These cannot be stolen, nor lost. When young, life is all of tomorrows. When old it is all of yesterdays. And

the aged who today recall pleasures, and the memories of duties conscientiously performed, during a long and dream-verifying life in the midst of dutiful, successful and loving offspring, is rich beyond dollars."

**THE DENTIST FOOT.**

"I haven't heard much lately of the kind of talk that told us all about the tennis arm, the bicycle face, the golf back and the telephone ear," said a dentist, "but I've wondered why some one didn't bring the dentists within the pale of distinction and tell everybody about the dentist's foot. Almost all dentists have trouble with one foot owing to their standing or leaning habitually on the same foot while at work.—New York Sun.

**BRYAN'S LAST BATTLE.**

When Mr. Bryan pulled himself out of the wreck of 1896 he gave his voice a vacation while he wrote a book, called "The First Battle." Its sale was limited to the orders taken before its publication. As a political romance it was far below Coin Harvey's fiction. As a certificate to the ability of its author it was even like unto that furnished by the works of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan" and "The Bard of Shanty Hill."

Colonel Bryan is now girding him for his last battle. He is seeking some issue of expediency which will act as a buttress to free silver and opposition to our judicial system. He has declined to the plane and place of a pretender to the presidency. Europe has been full of pretenders to thrones since the English chair of state was pulled from under James II by the convention of 1688. Colonel Bryan is the Don Carlos of American politics, and is preparing for a final struggle. It is impossible to find amongst his nominal supporters, in Congress and out, one who, when he sincerely utters himself, has the least hope that Colonel Bryan can be elected. The conviction is practically unanimous that his defeat will be more overwhelming, his rejection more pronounced, than in 1896. Indeed it may be said with perfect confidence that a large percentage of his nominal supporters not only believe he will be defeated, but hope he will be, and so wishing will contribute only a perfunctory support to his claims. The democracy faces the future unflushed by hope of success. Its calmness is of despair, not of courage. It is like the patient ox depleted of strength by the suction of a parasite he cannot shake off. His hope is to outlive it, that the worm burrowed in his back may die first.

As the democrats in congress have been debauched by Colonel Bryan until they have no principles to contend for, and as they dare not speak freely their minds about their Mokanna, they are

driven to a policy of mere nagging of the republican majority. But even that fails to enliven the situation. When a man is ill and begins to pick at the quilt with his fingers all know that it means the end is near. So the nagging of the democracy in congress and in the country is recognized as mere picking at the quilt on its deathbed, and rouses no sentiment except a curious pity.

Considering the Southern electoral votes as the mere reflection of a local necessity and sectional prejudice, and looking only upon the vote of those states which are actuated by nationality alone, the re-election of President McKinley will more nearly represent unanimity than any that has occurred since that "golden age" of the republic, in which Monroe became president.—San Francisco Call.

**THE GOLD STANDARD.**

THE CONSERVATIVE is constrained to think that the republican United States senate will not pass the house bill declaring for the gold standard. If one is deceived once it is his misfortune, but if deceived a second time by the same party it is his fault. The gold standard democrats who, from patriotic motives, foreswore party and permitted the election of McKinley in 1896, will enjoy reflecting upon the adage quoted. Republicans promise and do not give the gold standard. How are they better for a stable standard of value than the free silverites of populism? The latter can not establish a silver standard during the next four years, even if they elect Bryan.

**MORTON MAKES GIFTS.**

Secretary Barrett of the state historical society received a collection of very interesting material from J. Sterling Morton last week. There are several personal letters especially interesting. One is a letter of introduction from Lewis Cass to Governor Burt written in 1854. Another is a letter from John Kelley, one of Tammany's managers, to Mr. Morton, written in 1880. It was written to correct some reports that New York democrats were wavering. Mr. Kelley promised the state of New York for Hancock and English by a larger majority than that given to Tilden, namely, twenty-one thousand. The state went twenty-two thousand for Garfield. There is also a "first prize" card awarded to Nebraska's exhibition of apples at Boston in 1873. Most of the material concerns territorial Nebraska, such as a petition to Morton, acting governor, in 1859, to organize troops to defend citizens against the Indians. The petition is dated Omaha City, July 3, 1859. Besides these there are a number of reports, documents, briefs of cases and drafts of bills, valuable as relics of early Nebraska history.—Nebraska Hesperian.