

DESIGNATED DEPOSITARY OF THE UNITED STATES.

# National Bank of the Republic OF CHICAGO.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

JOHN A. LYNCH, President.

J. H. CAMERON and H. R. KENT, Asst. Cashiers.

W. T. FENTON, Vice President and Cashier.

R. M. McKINNEY, 2d Asst. Cashier.

## DEATH OF BRYANARCHY.

Bryanarchy is dead—died Nov. 6, 1900. Killed by American votes. Shot to death by democrats, republicans and others. Like a meteor it flashed across the political sky; like a fallen star it vanished in darkness. Buried in 1896 beneath 271 electoral votes; resurrected at Kansas City, nursed to life by Croker, Jones and divers Bryanarchists, encouraged by Petty-grew, Hitchcock and the popocrats. Like an ill omened banshee it swept across the country and threatened to hypnotize the people to discontent. The people buried it under an avalanche of ballots so deep that all time will fail to resurrect it. Like an evil spirit it poured its poisoned venom to arouse the passion of hatred, vilified the flag, belittled its defenders, arrayed the poor against the rich, capital against labor. It besought the people to follow false gods to the desert of Bryanarchy. It would make us believe that expansion is a crime, that Jefferson, Jackson and the statesmen of the past erred in territorial annexation, although the democratic party battled for that idea for seventy years and added the trans Mississippi country to the republic. It assailed sound currency, and asked us to mire in the slough of 16 to 1 amidst the quick sands of the free silver heresy. Like a mirage it tempted us to wander and quench our thirst in the alkali waters of national dishonesty, while we are at the height of financial greatness. A great personality has fallen, and with its fall popocracy broke asunder the pillars that supported that organization and doomed its existence. Bryanarchy is not democracy. People flocked to see and hear Bryan as they would to see a freak, a novelty, an eccentricity. He was eloquent, brilliant, but theoretic and illogical. He was fluent in words and faulty in reason. His private life was blameless, his personal character exemplary, still he advocated principles that won applause from the slums and championed ideas that fired anarchy as a spark fires a powder magazine, that stirred the worst elements of society to violence. The American people, awoke to their interest, saw through the fake of Bryanarchy and crushed it beneath a blow of disapproval so stunning, so pulverizing that there is no mistaking their meaning. Not satisfied four years ago with an

ignominious defeat, Bryanarchy propped up by new issues and embracing all the dangerous isms of 1896, invited a second defeat. So the people throttled it in Nebraska where it was cradled in its infancy in the lap of popocracy and there they choked it to death in its last desperate struggle for existence. Bryanarchy is dead. Croker was its prophet, Jones its physician, and Public Condemnation its gravedigger.

H. C. F.

Orleans, Neb., Nov. 13, 1900.

## GLOBE SIGHTS.

The republicans are particularly pleased over the defeat of Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota, the republican who joined the populists, and who has since been impudent and unscrupulous in opposing republican methods. A newspaper wit has written a poem on the subject, and attributed it to Mark Hanna:

Tell me, Mark, oh tell me true,  
Hast thou knocked out Pettigrew?

Yes, Billy, it is true,  
We have defeated Pettigrew.  
Your joy I share with you,  
Whoop de do dee doo!

Whoop de doodle doo!  
As the figures show, we threw  
A few  
Hooks into Pettigrew!

We ripped his flag in two,  
We stopped his hullabaloo—  
We drew  
The fangs from Pettigrew.

The old, red white and blue  
Flies where it always flew—  
Adieu  
To the grewsome Pettigrew.

The states Bryan carried, outside of Kentucky and Missouri, are those he did not visit. Last spring he made a tour of the Pacific coast, and the republican pluralities there are heavily increased. He went to Maryland repeatedly, and the democratic majority of 12,000 last year is changed to a republican majority of 13,000. Mr. Bryan gave particular attention to Indiana. The republican majority there is decidedly larger than it was in 1896. Ohio nearly doubled its republican lead after Bryan had spoken across the state several times. The most remarkable

change in Bryan's favor was in Boston, where he did not go during the campaign. He spoke in Missouri, and his plurality dropped 35,000.—Atchison Globe.

## GOOD BUTCHER SENSE.

A Philadelphia, Pa., marketman offers the following sound advice:

"What the newspapers should do is to devote less space to describing what people should wear and more to what they should eat," remarked the butcher. "Fashionably dressed women come in here every day who don't know lamb from mutton, nor a hen from a rooster. No wonder men have dyspepsia! I find that men know more about the quality of food stuffs than women do. Many of the latter don't even know the few simple tests that might help them to distinguish an old fowl from a young one, and about meat they're greener yet. A young woman came in here the other day and asked for two pounds of veal cutlets. I showed her the loins I proposed to chop the cutlets from, and she remarked: 'Yes, that's very nice—but isn't it rather thick to fry?'"

## FURNITURE SUGGESTIONS.

"Furniture Suggestions" is the title of a catalogue just issued by the Shiverick Furniture Co. of Omaha. This catalogue shows some handsome designs in furniture. Several thousand copies are ready for distribution, and all lovers of the beautiful in artistic furniture will do well to write to the Shiverick Furniture Co. at Omaha for a copy, and it will be sent postage paid.

The four floors of this company are filled with all kinds of fine furniture. None of the furniture is "cheap," although the prices are very low. Iron beds can be purchased at from \$1 to \$25. Chairs, sofas, bedroom suits, hall racks, tables for dining room, parlor and kitchen, springs, mattresses, couches, music cabinets, writing desks, sideboards, China closets, and everything else to fit out the home of the man of small means or the palace of a millionaire.

The catalogue was printed by the Morton Printing Company of Nebraska City and is the best sample of good printing that has ever been turned out in this section of the country.

Kentuckian—"He called me a liar, Sir." New Yorker—"And what did you do?" Kentuckian—"I went to the funeral."—Detroit Free Press.