

BRYAN TO START A PAPER.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 15.—William J. Bryan gave out the following interview this morning: "I have for several years had in contemplation the establishment of a weekly newspaper and this seems an opportune time for undertaking it. Intending to devote my life to the study and discussion of public questions, I have chosen this method because it will best accomplish the purpose which I have in view. Through such a paper I shall be able to keep in touch with social and political problems. The paper will at the same time, if successful, provide an income sufficient for my pecuniary needs, and this kind of work will allow me more time with my family than I have been able to enjoy for several years past.

"I expect to lecture occasionally, especially in college towns, where I can speak to students, but my principal work will be done with the pen, or perhaps I should say with the pencil. The paper will be called *The Commoner*, and will defend the principles set forth in the Kansas City platform. The first issue will appear in January. I shall be proprietor and editor."

When Colonel Bryan launches his weekly newspaper, life will take on a new joy for J. Sterling Morton. The joint debate between *THE CONSERVATIVE* of Nebraska City and the new "*Commoner*" of Lincoln will add to the gaiety of nations—*State Journal*.

We will now have a bloodless but profitable duello between Bryan's *Commoner* and Morton's *CONSERVATIVE*. You pay your gold standard money and take your free coinage choice.—*Omaha Bee*.

THE CONSERVATIVE welcomes *The Commoner*—which "will defend the principles set forth in the Kansas City platform"—with unalloyed satisfaction. If there is anything more in need of defense than the political deliverance aforesaid it has not been brought to public notice. The opinion commonly held is that commoner platitudes than the Kansas City platform are uncommon.

DENUDE THE EARTH. Now out, slash and destroy the young cone-bearing trees. Chop off all the most beautiful and symmetrical evergreens and convert them into Christmas trees. What will a treeless country and a forestless posterity say of the religion which, for the ephemeral pleasures of an anniversary, robs posterity of shade, shelter and health? When will the Christmas tree barbarism be erased from the selfish extravagances of American life?

A PANACEA.

In November, 1854, at St. Marys, in Mills county, Iowa, just opposite Bellevue, in Sarpy county, Nebraska, there did flourish a most thrifty village. Many of its denizens were Germans. There were two hotels, two stores and three windmills for grinding corn and wheat. The principal hotel, called the Astor House, was kept by John Reck, and the largest store was owned and managed by Colonel Peter A. Sarpy.

Into the latter, on a dreary, chilling day, in the month and year named, there stalked a long-limbed, flat-chested, lank and lean man more than six feet in height. He was blue, cold and actually jarring with a severe chill of the fever-and-ague variety. His eyes were rheumy and red, his hair unkempt and his general make-up and appearance woe-begone. His coat, though tattered and torn, had a clerical cut and expression about it that signaled the world that he was a preacher. In few words he told Colonel Sarpy that he was suffering intensely from "fever an nager," that he was a missionary of the United Brethren persuasion and that he wanted medicine. The black and piercing eyes of Colonel Sarpy lighted up with sympathy and in the kindest, blandest and most soothing tones he invited the stranger to be seated. Then, in the gentlest and kindest manner, he said:

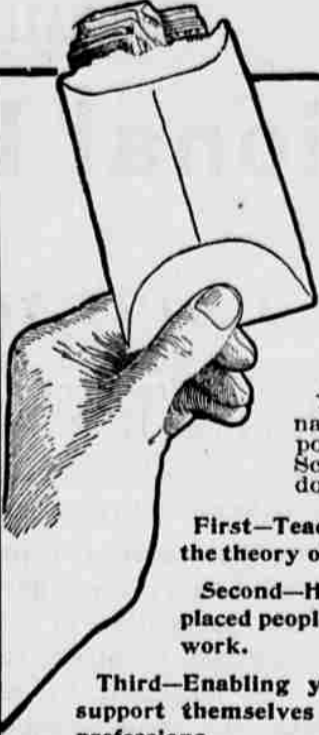
"My dear sir, I have a certain cure for such chills; I have sir, a panacea, sir, which will relieve your distress in forty minutes if you follow my directions in its use. Remain quiet until I prepare and administer this efficacious and quickly-acting remedy."

Going to the rear of the log store Colonel Sarpy poured into a glass about a gill of the strongest, straightest whiskey that Bourbon county ever sent up the river, and returning said to the clergyman: "Here, sir, open your mouth, shut your eyes and swallow this instanter."

The patient obeyed. In fifteen minutes he expressed himself as feeling "a heap pearter." Thereupon Sarpy said: "It is working well, sir. This is the pioneer cure all of the upper Missouri, sir, and it is time for another dose."

Potion number two was taken and number three and four, and all signs of pain, of woe and anguish had escaped from the visage of that missionary. He was hilariously, gloriously drunk, and Peter A. Sarpy was delighted. Never can the scene be forgotten. The innocently drunken and maudlin patient thanking his physician, hurrahing for Doctor Sarpy; and the intense glee and French satisfaction with which Colonel Sarpy shrugged up his shoulders, twisted his mustache, winked his laughing eyes and declared that he studied medicine in St. Louis, make in the memory a cartoon indelible and grotesque.

But the Missouri river wiped St. Marys off the map a generation ago and



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the patient and his physician were long since waited upon and escorted to rest by the only servitor who never forgets his duty. The panacea is, however, still in vogue and sick people still get drunk and feel well.

PREVIOUS. Previous to entering upon the discussion of great international questions and determining the rights of the Dutch and the standing of the English in South Africa, the pupils in the public schools should be weaned.

A DEBATE. A debate upon the rights of Porto Ricans, under the government of the United States, and the propriety of annexing Ireland to insular dependencies in the Pacific, and making Potato Pingree, of Michigan, governor general, will take place at Four Mile school house at an early day. High chairs, cradles and nursing bottles for the disputants furnished by the State.

THE MODEL FARM RECORD. The successful farmer applies to his business the same orderly methods in vogue among business men of the cities. Every merchant or shopkeeper keeps an accurate account of each day's business. Book-keeping is as essential to the intelligent management of a farm as it is to the profitable conduct of an urban business. Minnick, Bliss & Company of Chicago, have just issued "*The Model Farm Record*," especially designed for keeping farmers' accounts. It contains, too, remedies for diseases prevalent among farm animals as well as a collection of statistics upon subjects of peculiar interest to the farmer.