

**HOWARD-MERCER.** Dave Howard, who defeated Edgar Mercer for congress, is now editing a sixteen-to-one-anti-writ-of-injunction-and-pro-initiative-and-referendum-plain-people's-paper at Columbus.

Edgar Mercer is petitioning congress for a subsidy for a line of steam plows to ply between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains. Mr. Howard thinks subsidies for those who plow the lea are equally as useful and constitutional as the subsidies that go to those who plow the sea.

**S. A. KNAPP SEED SEEKER.** The agricultural department once employed Rev. S. A. Knapp to seek rare seed in Europe and subsequently as an observer of the possibilities of agriculture in the Philippines.

The Reverend Knapp was formerly connected with the institute for the blind in Iowa. He was superintendent of that establishment for six years and then made a paradise out of the agricultural school at Ames, after which he became a planter of an Iowa colony in Louisiana. The Reverend Knapp is an interesting character with a biography which ought to be published.

**STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.** THE CONSERVATIVE has received the annual report of the Nebraska State Horticultural Society for the year 1900. The volume contains much useful information.

The imprint upon it is: "Lincoln, Neb., Published by the State, 1900."

The state ought to be ashamed of the book. The paper is a cheap No. 2 "print" and not worth to exceed two and one-half cents a pound. From a mechanical standpoint the book is not up to the work done on the Washington handpress in territorial days, when lampblack and wagon grease were frequently used for ink. The proceedings of the society are valuable and they are worth preserving in decent volumes on good paper.

A luxury of poverty is that no one steals its children for a ransom.

If the Cudahys had been charged a bigger ransom—something the size and political style of the Hon. Frank Ransom—all Omaha might have been proud to have aided in delivering the same.

No law to punish the abductor and extortionist in Nebraska, says the wise man. But the justice of the peace who—when boys were arraigned before him for pouring vinegar in a neighbor's churn—said: "There aint no law in Nebraska pervidin for punishin a feller as vinegarizes a neighbor's churn," was brother to the wise man who now finds no law under which to punish the Cudahy boy's captors.

**POPOCRATIC CONSISTENCY.** The Des Moines Capital takes the stand that because Benjamin Harrison had twice been honored by the republican party he was justified in not lifting his voice in protest against an un-American policy when it was advanced by the republican party.

"Of course," no one expected the Des Moines Capital to take any other stand. It demands that all republicans swallow anything advanced with the brand republican at the peril of being called traitors and copperheads.

Patriotism must play second fiddle to partisanship if standing is maintained in the g. o. p.—Omaha World-Herald.

According to the World-Herald, it is a patriotic duty for ex-President Harrison to differ with his party, but for ex-President Cleveland to assert his political independence is a most unworthy act, an unpardonable crime. Grover Cleveland, like Benjamin Harrison, is an anti-imperialist and a believer in the gold standard for money. Wherein does their patriotism differ?

**A SERMON.** Order number eleven of General Tom Ewing drove all of the white people, federal and confederate, out of Jackson county, Missouri. Many of the refugees came to Otoe county, and Nebraska City, in 1863-4, became an asylum for scores of exiles from the neighborhood of Independence. Prominent among them was Aquilla Lobb, a Kentuckian by birth, who had settled in Jackson county soon after the Missouri compromise of 1820. Mr. Lobb was a plain, rugged, honest man. He was six feet in height, well proportioned and weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds. His hair was iron grey, his eyes steel blue, full of kindly light, and his manner gentle and winning. His sympathetic nature was constantly shaken and pained by the distress and sickness of many of his old neighbors. Some of them were here in Nebraska and others had drifted into Illinois. And on a bitter cold day in January word came that of one family, who had gone to a point near Quincy in that state, only two young girls remained. The father first, then the mother, and last the only brother had died of military banishment and homesickness. And with this sad news Mr. Lobb was so impressed that nothing else could command his attention. His sole thought was of those orphaned girls, the children of neighbors, on a farm adjoining his own, whom he had known for more than thirty years. He talked of them to all whom he met that day, and at his request the writer drew up a subscription paper and headed it, for the purpose of providing funds for those lonely and homeless ones.

That night a blizzard swept across the

plains. The snow in fine, sharp, sand-like particles scurried and whirled in blinding eddies and stung the face like flying needles. The wind shrieked and howled and the panes in the cottage windows rattled with the sash, while the piercing cold crept in at every crevice. While we were listening to the blast, and wondering whether any poor mortal was unhoused against its tempestuous fury, a step creaked and crunched upon the ice and snow of the piazza and then came a knock upon the door. It was opened; and covered with snow, great icicles hanging from his beard, in came Mr. Lobb.

As soon as he was warmed and could speak he said: "You see I couldn't

**His Errand.** sleep, sir, for thinking of those two poor girls in a strangeland and no father nor mother to look after and care for them. And after I left you today, you know, I raised a hundred and seventy dollars to send them. But I don't know how we can get it to them. They know nobody in Quincy and nobody in Quincy knows them. And I came up—though it is after nine o'clock—to see if you could devise any way of getting the money, sir, into the hands of those poor wanderers."

"In Quincy is a noble woman, a devoted mother, the wife of Col. William

**How to Send It.** A. Richardson who succeeded Mr. Douglas in the United States senate, and we can get a draft to her order for the amount, send it to her and send the girls a letter introducing them to her as the persons whom we wish to benefit and tomorrow morning we'll attend to the whole matter," said the writer in reply. But the old man could not defer. His heart was anxious. And so, at his insistence, the letters to Mrs. Richardson and the girls were written then and there. When all were finished and the old man had resumed his great coat, his tippet, muffler and gloves, standing in the northeast room of Arbor Lodge, and with a look of sublime faith in his eyes and a serene satisfaction warming every lineament of his benignant face, he broke forth in speech. His voice trembled with emotion and sincerity sanctified every word. He said:

"This is just as I was sure it would be. I have known their father and mother more than thirty years. They were honest, generous, law-abiding, good people. They never wronged any human being. They told the truth and this had to be just as it is and the money had to come and go just as we have it fixed, for in the good book I read long, long ago, 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.'"