

The Conservative.

Sawyer & J

1439

VOL. IV. NO. 24.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 19, 1901.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

OFFICES: OVERLAND THEATRE BLOCK.

J. STERLING MORTON, EDITOR.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE DISCUSSION OF POLITICAL, ECONOMIC AND SOCIOLOGICAL QUESTIONS.

CIRCULATION THIS WEEK, 13,950 COPIES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar and a half per year in advance, postpaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Remittances made payable to The Morton Printing Company.

Address, THE CONSERVATIVE, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Advertising rates made known upon application.

Entered at the postoffice at Nebraska City, Neb., as Second Class matter, July 29, 1898.

A PIONEER PASSED ON. In company with the late Andrew J. Poppleton, in the year 1868, the editor of The Conservative visited Beatrice and thence drove to Swan Creek, and thence along the Blue Valley up to the present townsite of Crete. On our journey we stopped for a time at the home of Tobias Castor, who was already planting trees about his humble domicile and carrying on quite a bit of farming. His neighbors were very few and very far apart. His income had been principally from trapping mink, otter, beaver, and other fur-bearing animals, which had abounded along the valley of the Blue. On one trip the peltry and furs which Mr. Castor brought to Nebraska City were valued and sold for more than \$300.

Mr. Castor was born with an active, able and comprehensive brain. He never had educational advantages beyond a few months at a country district school. But the word "educate" means literally "to lead out," and no matter what the schools may be, or may not be, they can never develop or lead out capabilities which are not born in the individual.

Mr. Castor achieved in the school of practical business affairs and in personal and political experience a better education for all the purposes of this life than nine-tenths of the collegians acquire. His personal habits were unexceptionable. He used neither stimulants nor narcotics. His fidelity to friends was beyond question. His devotion to political principles and to

economic truths was as unwavering as the magnet to the pole. He was adroit and judicious in the use of power and in the handling and in the molding of opinions of men and in controlling their actions. Few citizens in the commonwealth of Nebraska have better demonstrated, in a career of more than one-third of a century, the value of absolute truthfulness and honest dealing in business affairs. Mr. Castor in his life experienced many serious reverses and afflictions, domestic and otherwise; but under all circumstances and in all places, he was absolutely faithful to truth, to justice and to square dealing. For many years he held a fiduciary position under the Burlington management and in all instances discharged his duties with great efficiency and consummate skill in the interest of his employers, and always with due regard to the rights of those with whom he was called upon to deal. He settled questions where vast sums of money and stupendous interests were at stake and settled them with wisdom.

As a political forecaster, he was the peer of any citizen of the state. He could give a better estimate of the possibilities of a political campaign and of the ultimate voting at its close than any man we have ever known. He was a useful citizen; he was a devoted husband and father. He was a faithful friend. His loss will be profoundly felt in many counties and in many homes throughout the state. And those who knew him longest and best will miss him most and longest. The procession of the pioneers of the commonwealth marches onward with ever thinning ranks to that quiet, silent rest which nature has kindly provided for all the children of men. Farewell, a long farewell, old friend! We all follow on thy trail.

NONE FORGOTTEN.

Occasionally one hears complaint, from aged persons particularly, that friends and often kindred seem to have forgotten them. It is lamentable that social intercourse, and often correspondence, becomes more and more infrequent between those who in early life were closely intimate, even members of the same family. But there is one force in nature which never for-

gets anybody, neither the rich nor the poor, nor those in humble nor those in exalted station.

Death has never forgotten to touch with his hypnotic wand, any single individual in all the long-gone centuries. The world has no record of any person of the tenth, the fifteenth, the seventeenth, and very few of even the eighteenth century, whom this kindly, rest-giving, peace-bestowing and equalizing despot has forgotten to call to rest and sleep. Nature has so constructed the human organism that with advancing years the capabilities for enjoying the things of this world are numbed, de-appetized, dulled, paralyzed. And with the capacity for enjoyment gone, the desire to linger upon this beautiful and attractive globe fades into almost absolute erasure.

In youth Death is a hideous and frightful figure. In middle age, its hideousness has been softened and toned down, and if one has passed his three score and ten, Death is regarded as a coming and friendly host who, sooner or later, will kindly invite those fatigued with a long life's journey to come into his hospitable and quiet cloister for everlasting, peaceful rest. Experiences in living are a constant succession of experiments, some of them bringing joy and pleasure and some of them bestowing sorrow and pain. Every human being can tell of pleasures, joys, pains, sorrows, woes, passed through, but no one experiments with Death but once. Therefore no one knows what it is to die nor what sensations dying brings. We know only that after Death there is neither anguish, nor suffering—nothing but repose and rest. Every night, for hours, in sleep the senses are dead and we are dead as dead can be to all the outer world; and as we sleep for the relief it brings, for the rest and quiet it gives from cares and toils, why should we fear its elder brother Death, which grants, instead of temporary, eternal repose?

NOT SYNONYMOUS.

The very interesting, instructive and virile message of President Roosevelt contains one particularly partisan error to which the Conservative calls attention. In his discussion of the tariff he says: "The duties must never