

LEWIS AND CLARK.

Ninety-seven years ago Captains Lewis and Clark very properly spent Sunday the 27th, in deeds of humanity and mercy. "The man who had the pleurisy was blooded and sweated, and we were forced to take off the toes of the young Indian who was frost-bitten some time since."

Tuesday the 29th, "By heating a quantity of stones we hoped to warm the water in the boat and thaw the surrounding ice, but in this we were disappointed, as all of the stones on being put into the fire cracked into pieces."

Wednesday the 30th. "The morning was fair, but afterwards became cloudy. Mr. Laroche, the trader from the North-West Company, paid us a visit, in hopes of being able to accompany us on our journey westward, but this proposal we thought it best to decline."

BRYAN ON BELMONT.

"Another Lesson," is the title of Mr. Bryan's leading editorial in this week's issue of his Commoner. It is a solemn lesson, and Mr. Bryan imparts it with due solemnity. It comes of the "defeat of Perry Belmont in a strong democratic district," and that calamity, says Editor Bryan, "ought to show the eastern democrats the folly of nominating for national positions men who are known to antagonize democratic principles."

Singularly enough Mr. Bryan uses, in speaking of Perry Belmont's defeat, almost the identical words employed by most of the eastern and many of the western and southern democrats in referring to the two great, and many smaller, defeats sustained by their party since it called Mr. Bryan to the front and center. These great masses of men, who profess allegiance to the democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, think that the bitter experience of their party under Bryan and with his allies ought to "show the folly of nominating to national positions men who are known to antagonize democratic principles."

Why should the most eminently defeated politician in the United States—a politician who has been ponderously set down upon as presidential candidate in two campaigns, who has been refused the endorsement of his own precinct, city, and state since the last of these defeats, and under whose leadership his party has practically gone out of business in the north—why should such a monument of defeat pitch into Perry Belmont on account of his misfortune? And, finally, why does Mr. Bryan ignore the fact that it was Mr. Richard Croker, a gold democrat, who was the architect of Belmont's discomfiture?—Washington Post.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Cleveland, as a statesman, will be remembered as the man who stopped things. He checked abuses; he prevented bad men from accomplishing their schemes; he warded off impending calamity; he reduced revenues and saved taxes; he stayed the ebbing tide of public credit; he throttled anarchy; he stopped foreign aggrandizement on the American continent. Always he was the safety valve. He brought no new doctrine to the people; he had no theory of government—merely an ideal of duty for the hour. He founded no institution; in the political life of his time he constructed nothing. He will be remembered as one who every hour of the working day did what he thought was exactly right, and who never attempted to guide the current of the public business, but always to see that the business was wisely and honestly done. He was a modest, industrious public servant, who lived so closely the motto, "A public office is a public trust," that people came to believe that he invented it—which he did not. His name was never linked with any policy, and no law on the statute books of his country is known as Cleveland's law. He tried to efface his personality, but it was so strong and distinctive and pungent with masculinity that it dominated everything he did in spite of his aversion to public politics. Yet he will never be a hero, because he did not live a dramatic life. He must remain to posterity a disembodied spirit, an ideal of honesty bearing a man's name—the symbol of a national inspiration toward public virtue.—Wm. Allen White in the February McClure's.

NEBRASKA AT THE FAIR.

Is the St. Louis Exposition going to be just another appearance of the same displays that have figured at all the others? Will we go there to see the same old Midway, the fountains and electric lights, eat the same lunches and hear the same bands? Will California send her fruit, Oregon her long saw logs, Colorado her minerals, Florida her palms, Philadelphia her liberty bell? And will we find in the Nebraska exhibit merely long corn stalks, glass jars of wheat, canvas-covered hams and piles of sugar beets! Everybody has seen these things until they are no longer amusing or instructive.

This Exposition seems not to have been planned on the lines of a county fair. It is said to be mainly historical in its intentions—designed to commemorate the events of the last hundred years in the Great West. Why should Nebraska hesitate as to the character of her display? No other state is so intimately connected with the filling up of the Louisiana Purchase territory; the highway to the promised land led

through the length of our state. All the Oregon and California emigrants, all the Mormons and the greater part of the Pike's Peakers passed through Nebraska on their way. If we can do only one thing well at this exposition, let it be a thing with which we are peculiarly identified. If we devote ourselves to any one idea, let it be something connected with the pioneer days and the overland trail. We can make a display of hay and chopped feed at any time, or so can any other state; but here the occasion calls for something different.

"Nothing but the grossest favoritism and the dishonesty in the execution of the law taxing travellers' baggage," believes the Chicago Chronicle (Dem.), "stands in the way of a whirlwind of popular wrath which will soon sweep it away."

"The question of reciprocity with Cuba seems to be largely a question whether a man named Oxnard is to run the United States and ruin Cuba, or whether the other 76,000,000 people shall have some say," thinks the St. Paul Pioneer Press (Rep.).

"If legislators representing country constituencies," remarks the Philadelphia Record (Ind. Dem.), "could be sufficiently awakened to the fact that no legislative act beneficial to cities like New York and Philadelphia can be passed without a resultant benefit to rural communities, there would be less prejudice and more liberality in consideration of measures affecting urban interests."

"IDYLS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND."

"Idyls of Old New England," by Clarence Hawkes, is a beautiful book of poems, showing a great love of nature and natural life. The book shows great spiritual wisdom too. It is just full of good thoughts that it would be well for humanity, if they thought more about. There is a force, sincerity and strength about the poems that appeals to all hearts. Mr. Hawkes is not a poet just to tickle the fancy, but one with a message for mankind, which he takes right to the heart of his fellow-men. He gives us many beautiful pictures of country life, and takes us back to our early days. Seldom does one find such a delightful book of poems, so fresh, vigorous and strong. The book is most beautifully illustrated, with seventy illustrations of country scenes, by R. Lionel De Lissier and Bessie W. Bell, and it is a rare work of the book maker's art. It is printed on heavy enameled paper, elegantly bound and with a very pretty cover design in gold.

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