

Mr. Brooks is usurping Olive Logan's place as the retailer of family gossip.

The defeat of an extra session was a victory for the business interests of the country.

Honesty and efficiency should be the first qualifications of a candidate for public office.

Center Harrison has been re-nominated by the Chicago democrats. Let the eagle fly.

Transportation by water will be the golden age for the down-trodden and oppressed victims of monopolies.

Omaha must have a mayor and city council into whose hands may be safely confided the interests of a great and growing city.

One of the old time governors of Maine, William S. Crosby, died a day or two ago, aged 75 years. Mr. Crosby was governor in 1853-54.

Senator Conkling is in the sulks over the nomination of Robertson to the collectorship of New York. Garfield is a bigger man than old Conkling just at present.

Iowa City has a phenomenon in the person of a lady named Mrs. Hattie Deal, who has not spoken for three years. Some suspected husbands in Omaha would like to engage in such a duel.

General Garfield says that the historic Biblical "horse leech" which continually cries "give, give," was nothing to the present hungry horde of office seekers.

The Memphis Asclepiads (Dem.) say that the stupidity of Ben Hill's assault upon Mahone was paralyzing. Ben will stop stirring up the animals after a few more experiences of a like kind.

It is believed to be a fact that the historic Biblical "horse leech" which continually cries "give, give," was nothing to the present hungry horde of office seekers.

Politika is forced to accept a set of iron bolts and dead beats for her city officials, our citizens will refuse to vote one dollar for bonds for sewerage and improvement purposes.

In the last fifteen years the state of Louisiana has expended for levees and repairs the sum of \$11,765,500. If other states along the banks of the great river had paid as much attention to the streams, transportation monopolies would be unknown.

Humboldt may propose remedies, but the thrifty German farmers content to dispose of their goods and chattels to join the tide of emigration which is setting out for the United States.

Mr. D. C. Brooks, who circles mainly in the back rooms of cigar and tobacco shops in Omaha, has met with admirable success in worming himself into the inner court circles of Washington. His last effusion of nauseating gossip and fact contains the following important disclaimer:

In my last communication I referred to "The Letter recently published in The Republican," as "unfortunate" in several respects, and made a disclaimer in respect to one personal reference especially. I have now to make another. The correspondent stated that Mr. Hills Bluebeard would soon lead to the altar "the belle of Washington," meaning Miss Mamie Saunders, the charming and accomplished daughter of the senior senator from Nebraska. This is entirely untrue. I believe in refined social circles, an engagement of marriage is made, and the parents of the affianced couple desire publicity for their announcement in some public journal. Hence the importance attaching to such a paragraph as that to which I refer. As the statement was both unauthorized and untrue in this case, a correction is desired: and Mrs. Senator Saunders has personally requested me to state through the columns of The Republican, The young lady "Honey Bee" in the respect referred to, and no such engagement has been announced, effected or thought of.

Most recently we find that we are not content with the outcome presented at the "refined court of St. James" (Garfield), but from our plebeian standpoint it strikes us that such a disclaimer is decidedly inadequate, if not absolutely rude, more especially when it is borne in mind that it is a reflection on the social standing of a gentleman who is in every respect the peer of the charming and accomplished daughter of our senator, and has always enjoyed the esteem of our best citizens. Of course we must admit that refinement in Nebraska has not reached the perfection that is found in the circle for which Mr. Brooks is the spokesman, and in which just now he utters such a conspicuous figure.

Railway extension in the south west is proceeding with remarkable rapidity, and the line which is to connect the new Eldorado with the United States by a band of iron, is being pushed forward with all that vigor and enterprise for which American engineers and contractors are noted. The Mexican roads will be in connection with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. Large gangs of men, surveying parties, mechanics, with all the necessary implements, are being sent forward, and the opinion is that the several projected roads will soon be completed. It was originally intended to establish a line from Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, across the country to the Pacific, but recently the system has been greatly extended, so that now it covers a large area of country and touches many important points. The Mexican schemes instituted by the eastern capitalists are understood to be independent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe company; yet the roads will be operated on intimate terms, and, in fact, will be operated as one gigantic organization.

Three franchises have been granted to the company from the Mexican government, the first of which gave permission to build from the City of Mexico to Leon on the north. An extended franchise was then obtained to operate a line from Leon to El Paso del Norte, where junction is made

of how his spirit and his disposition are affected by his circumstances, read the record of life—its loves and hates—here set forth. The story of the Indian chief is based on the various reports of Indian sufferings which have been so widely circulated during the past year by the Boston friends of the "Ploughed Under." The Indian poetry is a different character from the Indian of fact. Romance has woven many a chain of flowers over the dirty and brutal usage, who is known in all his ignorance and vice only to those who have come in contact with the various tribes on the prairies and the plains. The author of "Ploughed Under" has evidently had little experience with Indian life, except what he has gained from his reading. The flowery language which the poet speaks of the various braves are recorded amacally strongly of Cooper or the dime novel. The fault of the work, lies in the biased standpoint of the author which the views of the author are obtained. The book differs in this respect from "The Fool's Errand," whose greater power arose from its realism impartially. While this is so, it cannot be denied that as a literary piece of work the volume before us possesses many excellent qualities. The ground traversed by the author has not yet become hackneyed. There are many charming pieces of description, some excellent dialogues, numerous telling sentences, and an interesting and well-written introduction. We cannot, however, endorse it as a fair and impartial presentation of the practical workings of the government. Many of its inferences are based upon isolated facts. A general tendency cannot be formed from rare cases of injustice on the part of the Interior Department towards the Indian tribes. No one in studying so intricate and complicated a subject as the eyes towards the rapid advances in civilization which have been made by the mass of the American Indian population of the government. And at the present moment when nine-tenths of the tribes are quietly and contentedly pursuing the vocations of peace it is rather an unfortunate time to denounce as a failure and an outrage the policy which has made such a state of affairs possible.

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The spectacle of the president of a board of education picking a ward primary and instructing the delegates to have him nominated at large for the new board is simply disgraceful. No man ought to be elected to the board of education who is not an honest man, and a man who would make use of the position for political ends or for fostering his pets and relatives upon our public schools, should never be elected to the position. It would be far better for the republican convention and the democratic convention to make no nominations for the board of education, but let our best citizens in mass convention, regardless of party, nominate six first-class men. In the matter of councilmen at large, the respective wards should simply be regarded by the convention as a recommendation. It would have been a great deal better if each ward had recommended three or four first-class men, so that the convention would have had a large number to select from. The prime object is to get good business men, whose integrity is above suspicion, and it doesn't matter where they live as long as they are representative men, in whose hands the material interests of this city are safe. The only questions that should be asked are, "Is he honest?" "Is he competent?"

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It has become fashionable of late to write novels with a moral. The political novel is the latest development of this tendency of the times, and at least two cases have been presented in the shape of a practical agent in calling public attention to the various evils which demand a remedy. We refer to the "Fool's Errand" and "Bright Without Street," by Judge Tourgee, which furnished excellent campaign material during the late election, and at once achieved high popularity. The latest work of this class is "Ploughed Under," which is fresh from the press of Ford, Howard & Halbert, of New York. It attempts to do for the Indians what the "Fool's Errand" did for the negroes and in the guise of a story told by an Indian chief, it is a satire on the "Indian Policy" of the government as Judge Tourgee would have the practical operation of the Reconstruction Acts. Mr. Tibbles' friend "Bright Eyes" furnishes an introduction which strikes the keynote of the book. She says, "The Indian is not an extraordinary being, he is the race of man, and like others is the creature of his surroundings. If you would know something of what he is,

then is the star of hope to the great valley of the Mississippi, that a kind Providence has caused to arise amidst the gloom of the transportation question to give cheer and hope to honest toil. Then let an effort be made immediately to organize a joint stock company, the part of the business men of Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis to raise the requisite funds for the building of merchant vessels to carry the surplus products of the West to the seaboard, and demonstrate to the world the practicability of carrying on foreign commerce directly from the interior of the great country. The plan of the author is to carry this country through a magnificent system of water communication as is furnished by the Mississippi and its tributaries, reaching out into every part of the continent, and a variety of products unequalled on the face of the earth, to be compactly united, but intended to be carried to the seaboard, and then to be shipped to the various foreign markets. From this great and productive valley the world to get its surplus supplies of corn, cattle, wheat, pork, and other products of the soil. If, then, a line of marine transports can penetrate into the interior as far as St. Louis, the surplus products of the West will not only find a ready market, but it will not only find an entire revolution in the transportation operations of the land, but will furnish the balance of the surplus products of goods and products of every description, and infuse a stimulus into a business of all kinds never before felt in this region. The product of all branches of industry will start up as if by magic, and cities will be built up here, that will equal if not exceed those of Europe, but in the interior of the continent. How ominous and full of prophecy the signs of the approaching era of the world for these things that are going on in our midst. Already through American enterprise and wide-spread, our products and wares are introduced and in demand in all the markets of Europe. And such has been the demand, not only in Europe, but in other parts of the world for these things that our exports now far exceed our imports. From the indications above the demand for these things is constantly increasing their infancy. All these old and densely populated nations of eastern Asia are being awakened up to a new life by the civilization, influence of the United States. The products of their interior parts, raising and lifting them up into a higher civilization, increasing their wealth, and creating a demand for the products of our country. The style is smooth and many of the situations exciting and picturesque with excellent effect. The fact that the author resides in Omaha as the minister over one of our largest churches, will make the volume doubly interesting to many of our readers.

THE STAR OF HOPE. Distance Lends Enchantment to McCord's Prophecy. The Sage of Marietta Points Out a Pathway for the Oppressed, and Elaborates on the Benefits of the Water Route to the Sea. By Means of Which the Extortions of Railroads Will Be Ended. Fleets of "Lividias" on Paper. MARIETTA, SAUNDERS CO., March 24. To the Editor of The Bee.

I am pleased with your fearless and persistent championing of the rights of the people of the west and professions that are affected by the tyranny and extortion of the railroad monopolies, and with your efforts in stirring them up, to look about for remedies for their protection that they may be able to live and enjoy the profits of their toil as well as others.

The transportation problem is the coming question of the land—a question, in comparison with which, all other questions affecting the material interests of the country dwindle into comparative insignificance.

The present attitude of these railroad corporations to the industrial interests of the people and the body politic is truly alarming. In their overhanging influence they threaten not only to absorb the honest earnings of the people, but to crush their life, and with their efforts in stirring them up, to look about for remedies for their protection that they may be able to live and enjoy the profits of their toil as well as others.

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of how his spirit and his disposition are affected by his circumstances, read the record of life—its loves and hates—here set forth. The story of the Indian chief is based on the various reports of Indian sufferings which have been so widely circulated during the past year by the Boston friends of the "Ploughed Under." The Indian poetry is a different character from the Indian of fact. Romance has woven many a chain of flowers over the dirty and brutal usage, who is known in all his ignorance and vice only to those who have come in contact with the various tribes on the prairies and the plains. The author of "Ploughed Under" has evidently had little experience with Indian life, except what he has gained from his reading. The flowery language which the poet speaks of the various braves are recorded amacally strongly of Cooper or the dime novel. The fault of the work, lies in the biased standpoint of the author which the views of the author are obtained. The book differs in this respect from "The Fool's Errand," whose greater power arose from its realism impartially. While this is so, it cannot be denied that as a literary piece of work the volume before us possesses many excellent qualities. The ground traversed by the author has not yet become hackneyed. There are many charming pieces of description, some excellent dialogues, numerous telling sentences, and an interesting and well-written introduction. We cannot, however, endorse it as a fair and impartial presentation of the practical workings of the government. Many of its inferences are based upon isolated facts. A general tendency cannot be formed from rare cases of injustice on the part of the Interior Department towards the Indian tribes. No one in studying so intricate and complicated a subject as the eyes towards the rapid advances in civilization which have been made by the mass of the American Indian population of the government. And at the present moment when nine-tenths of the tribes are quietly and contentedly pursuing the vocations of peace it is rather an unfortunate time to denounce as a failure and an outrage the policy which has made such a state of affairs possible.

The main object of the change in our charter and in our school law, abolishing ward boundaries and requiring the election of a board of education and six councilmen at large was to improve the standard of the candidates. Experience has taught us that jobbers and wire pullers who are notoriously incompetent, can pack a primary in their own ward and then pull through a city election without very much trouble whereas, if these men were compelled to run the gauntlet of the four thousand voters of the city; they would be left. Now if this reform is to be effective it must be begun with the coming city government.

The spectacle of the president of a board of education picking a ward primary and instructing the delegates to have him nominated at large for the new board is simply disgraceful. No man ought to be elected to the board of education who is not an honest man, and a man who would make use of the position for political ends or for fostering his pets and relatives upon our public schools, should never be elected to the position. It would be far better for the republican convention and the democratic convention to make no nominations for the board of education, but let our best citizens in mass convention, regardless of party, nominate six first-class men. In the matter of councilmen at large, the respective wards should simply be regarded by the convention as a recommendation. It would have been a great deal better if each ward had recommended three or four first-class men, so that the convention would have had a large number to select from. The prime object is to get good business men, whose integrity is above suspicion, and it doesn't matter where they live as long as they are representative men, in whose hands the material interests of this city are safe. The only questions that should be asked are, "Is he honest?" "Is he competent?"

LITERARY NOTES. A FAIR BARBARIAN, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass in the Mountains," etc.; 12 mo., 288 pp.; cloth, \$1.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

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