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Lincoln, Neb., May 11, 1895.

| IRRIGATION | Think of the arid <br> AND |
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| region of the |  | socteing States what Mr. William E. Smythe, writing in the Century on "The Conquest of Arid America," says it could do. Mr. Smythe believes that the plains of western Nebraska, the deserts of Arizona, the dreary stretches of land in Wyoming and Montana, are destined to "bloseom with the homes of men, and that these homes will rest upon social and industrial systems better and purer than any the past has known, and that the future population will be united by a noble code of ethics." "The new century," he says, "will invite us to a new task of transcendent possibilities to the human race." Mr. Smythe bases his statements of what the future holds in store for the arid region on what has been done in the Greeley colony in Colorado, the experience of the Mormons in irrigat ing and reclaiming the waste lands of Utah, and the experiments in California. In Colorado and Utah, where irrigation is provided, he finds substantial and permanent prosperity with new and improved social conditions. "Greeley's civic institutions are like her potatoes. Tbey represent the best standard avail able, and are the pride of the people. To sell any kind of intoxicating liquors withingthe boundaries of this colony in validates the title of the soil. This is one of the original plans which worked well; and the schools, libraries and lyceums are all in keeping with this high standard of public morals. A careful study of the development of Greetey, alike in its social and industrial aspects, would throw much more light upon the problems of arid A merica." In discussing the reclamation of Utah under the leadership of Brigham Young, he says: "Young taught the people that no man should own more land than he could cultivate by his own and his family's labor, and that no man should go to a store for any article of food or clothing that could be properly produced on his own amall farm." He continves: "The proprietor of twenty unmortgaged acres, planted with a view to the production of nearly all that is consumed, and insured against failure by the irrigation canal, is a sovereign. He realizes indecanal, is a sovereign. He realizes inde-

of a release from affliction, which is now or industrial indeperdence comes nearer oves hie family then does indep of people and king." To all thinking men the destiny of the great region, in which is included half of the state of Nebraska is plain. Mr. Smythe, having given much practical study to the subject, is able to point out the boundless possibilities of the future with intelligence and force. In the dark days gence and lorce. In the dark days frequent expression has been given to frequent expression has heen given to
the hope that Nebraska might be cut the hope that Nebraska might be cut
in two, and the western part made a separate state. The day will come, we believe, when this section of Nebraska will be the pride and mainstay of the state.
LOOKING FORWARD Two of the best TO THE offices in LancasFALL CAMPAIGN ter county are held by populists. The shariff is a populist and so is the clerk of the district court. Mr. Miller has made a good officer; so has Mr. Baker. These two men have demonstrated their running qualities, and they are just as strong now, if not stronger than they ever were. The republicans ought to have both of these offices. They can get them in just one way-by nominating the proper kind of candidates. Because the republicans swept everything at the last city election it does not follow that there will be a clean sweep in the county this fall. There is good reason to believe that success depends, to a considerable degree, on the kind of a ticket that is put up. There are within the ranks of the republican party candidates for sheriff whom it would be difficult, if not impossible, to elect. There are uthers any one of whose election wouid be assured once he secured a nomination. The same is true of candidates for elerk of the distriet court. In making up the ticket this fall only the best maup the ticket this fall only the best ma-
terial should be selected. For district terial should be selected. For district
clerk there should be named an active, clean, able man; one who stands well in his party and in the community. Such a man could be elected. It is generally understood that Mr. Trompen, of Hiekman, and Mr. Smith of Waverly, will be candidates for the nomination for sheriff. There is certainly at this time no disposition to fight these men. They both have many friends. But there is, nevertheless, a general feeling among those whoare interested in party succese more than in the ambitions of some partieular individual, that the nomination of either of these candidates would be most unwise. Neither could escape spirited opposition within party lines. The nomination of one or the other would put the party on the defensive. Republicans would do well to remember that Messrs. Miller and Baker are hard men to beat, and govern themselves accordingiy.

A PROSPECT The vivid green of
OF the grass growing GENUINE RELIEF on Nebraska's prairie fieids, the luxurious leafage of the trees, the sprouting corn in rich and well moistened soil-the things material and of the earth, and the signs in the heavens-all portend a harvest that will fill the empty corn cribs and barns, and bring prosperity and happiness to all the people. Nebraska has been sorely tried

held out. is calculated to inspire the loyal Nebraskan with lively enthusiasm. A crop this year would take away all of the pestilence that failure brought upon us. A crop this year would let the wind out of populism, and the suckers that have held on to this great hulk would drop off and perish. Calamity howlers would seek their holes, and patriotism would lift up its head. The lame and the halt and the blind that compose the class that hasgiven Nebraskasuch an unenviable notoriety would, perforce, cease their lamentations. Cranks would be jammed back into obscurity. Prosperity would clear the field, and optimism would once more be the sign and seal of Ne braska manhood. God hasten the day!
relief work In discussing the well done work of the Nebras. ka relief commission of 1891 Governor Boyd, in a public message, said that this commission was entitled to a dis. tinction, particularly unique-that of finishing its work with a cesh balance. on hand. There was 83.353 left over. Rev. L. P. Ludden directed the work and he handled 8200,000 . The present state relief commission that had its incipiency during Governor Crounse's administration has been under the same management and Mr. Ludden will a second time close the relief work with a balance to be turned into the state treasury. This commission, with Mr. Ludden as the active manager, has handleu 835,000 in private donations, 850,000 appropriated by the state, and to some extent, the last appropriation of 8200,000 made by the legislature. It has also distributed supplies to the value of nearly 8500,000 . Every deserving applicant within the knowledge of the commission has been taken care of, and there is, or will be, 82,000 more or lese, left over after all bills have been paid. The work of the commission bas been well done and Mr. Ludiden and his aseociates are entitled to the highest commendation.

NIGHT.
From my couch at dead of night I rise and wide
silver tide
Of moonshine floods the room with lustrous light,
A glorious gift to me from the hand of peaceful night.
The shadows of the trees in tremulous outlines fall
In phantom pictures on my moonlit chamber wall.
The myriad shadow-leaves, with noiseless movements slow
In a phantom breathlees breeze, blow to and fro.
Below me lies the city, wrapped in soothing sleep.
No sound comes up to mar the silence, hushed and deep.
The streets resound no more with hurrying feet,
o passers-by their fellows warmly greet.
No laughter rings in merry chimes upon my ear,
No sound of weeping or of wrath I hear.
Soft sleep hath had her unmolested will,
And bade all harsh discordant sounds be still.
Then memory, the voiceless singer of the night,
Stands by my side in a robe of shimering white.
With lyre in hand she sings to me of other days.
With hand in mine through bygone paths she strays,
And lo, the night seems peopled with the loved ones gone,
And I no longer stand in the softened light alone.
In the night with God and memory and silence I feel
A reverence deep, and, solemnly I kneel
And stretch my hands out through the silvery air,
And lift my heart toward heaven in one great silent prayer.
And lo, before my eyes I seem to see
great altar stairs,
That reach from earth to heaven-my cares,
A heavy load I take and slowly upward climb, lay on the great white altar for a time.

Williay Reed Denroy, and Charles Clifford Wescott.

## "CHIC" STYLES

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