

## THROUGH COLORED GLASSES

Apropos of the tempest raging in the G. A. R. tea pot because of Professor Fessler and the American flag, it may not be amiss to remark that Americans never had so solemnly appropriate an occasion to feel ashamed for their flag as they have in this year of our Lord, 1896—Farragut post to the contrary notwithstanding.

There was a time when America and free government were worth fighting for and dying for,—but that was in the good old days, in glorious reminiscences of which the veterans are living, and defending which they speak for their flag. There was a time when our free institutions stood for a great principle, and when statesmen and jurists, spotless in character, pure in motive and grand in ability, stood champions in their behalf. There was a time when our laws were enacted on behalf of society, when they were executed with honor and integrity, and passed upon in the clear light of reason and justice between man and man.

But the time of good and honest government has passed. The grand old statesmen and jurists, of high ideals and lofty purposes have gone, and their places have never been filled. A people who believed in democracy, equality and justice have been replaced by a people who believe only in the dollar, and any way to get it. Our free institutions, cemented with the life's blood of patriot fathers, have come to be a mockery and a farce in the hands of degenerate sons.

Official life,—we say it and know it, is corrupt. Dishonesty and fraud are at a premium. Bad laws may be bought of the law makers, good laws may be rendered null and void by the purchase of their executors, and justice, in bedraggled ermine, with both eyes open wide, allows her scales to be freely tipped with bags of gold. These things not only may be, but are. We know it, because we see it here at home.

There is not a good citizen of Lincoln but knows that the administration of our city government reeks in stultified dishonesty, shameless indecency and brazen defiance of every principle of a good, pure government. There is not an intelligent citizen of Nebraska but knows that many of the laws on our statute books were bought and paid for; that while fraud and corruption have been unearthed galore in the administration of state institutions, what has been discovered is as nothing to what is daily practiced and unrecorded.

From the policeman on his beat to the judge on the bench and the executive at his desk, every official in public life today looks upon his office as a private snap. Public dishonesty and speculation are not considered a private disgrace.

Such is the condition of our government today. This is the meaning of "Free America" modernized and up to date. If there was ever "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne"

it is here and now. Not even the president of the United States is exempt from the universal belief in general public dishonesty. And as for congress,—rendezvous of such men as Dave Hill and Matt Quay and Cal. Brice,—it swarms with the lobbyists that infest and disgrace it, until even the president has found that bribery is the only way in which it is possible to secure the passage of a law. It is an open secret that the dictum of a Rothschild or a Carnegie, backed by the all pervading withal, can secure from our government today legislation and favoritism that would never be forthcoming in response to the petition of a million voters.

Corruption, shameless dishonesty and immorality,—it is everywhere. In every city, in every state, throughout the nation the festering gangrene of public dishonor is fast eating away the integrity and morality of the American people. Politics, it is a game of the partisanship of the many and the greed of the few. And the many,—they who make dishonesty possible, who vote for it and hurrah for it,—they are the most culpable.

The citizens of Lincoln who voted for Frank Graham and prostitution and gambling and bad government, because they were on the republican ticket, and against morality and good government because they were running as democrats,—they are the real criminals. They are the cause,—Frank Graham, et al., are the inevitable effects.

But, as I started in to say, our flag, what does it stand for? Today it means nothing more or less than a careless, ignorant people knowingly sanctioning public dishonesty and national immorality. Tomorrow, and that a morrow soon to dawn, it will represent a people themselves dishonest, sordid and debased, and unfit for self government. Then will come our Caesar,—and then our fall.

And in the meantime, the saintly, scholarly city of Lincoln may be depended on to elect any yellow dog that runs for office on the republican ticket next spring.

The complete works of Robert Browning have recently been published in a single volume by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The typography of the volume is very clear and the paper and binding tasty and substantial. I am glad thus to see Browning put in reach of all classes of people, and, as this volume is published at a very moderate price, would suggest that Lincoln culture, which has so signalized itself by its greedy appreciation of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and the "Prisoner of Zenda," might still further evince its existence by adding Browning to its visiting list.

The doctors disagree. Our duty as a "Christian nation" toward Venezuela does not seem to be clearly marked. One minister arises in his pulpit and declares that we will be acting in an unchristian manner if we take one of two possible courses, and another minister at the same time declares our action will be reprehensible if we take the other course. It seems a clear case of "be damned if you do, and be damned if you don't."

Said Dr. Rowlands, in his published sermon last Sunday:

"Venezuela is a turbulent, half-civilized and half-savage, misnamed 'republic' in South America," and he declares that:

"So far as the interests of civilization, morality and religion are concerned, it would be a blessing if the British flag waved over every inch of Venezuela."

Rev. C. M. Shepherd, on the other hand, says:

"In the relation of kinsman he always is to be condemned who falls of brotherly kindness. Nay, more, the sturdy man who refuses to answer the appeal of a sobbing child in the hands of brutality wins the lasting contempt of fellow-men, and this nation in its strength cannot stand idly by while a monarchy slowly puts to death a young and struggling republic without men feeling contempt for its selfishness.

We trust war will not be, yet it is to be preferred to a dishonorable desertion of those we ought to help."

These words would indicate that the

first speaker does not agree with Dr. Rowlands that the interests of "civilization, morality and religion" require British conquest and domination of Venezuela.

Rev. Shepherd evidently believes with the great body of liberty-loving Americans, that freedom and justice are not to the refined and intelligent alone, but that even a "half-civilized and half-savage" race has, in the eye of God, equal rights even with the British empire.

There will be no war over Venezuela. King Pelf will never permit it. But the land-grabbing, liberty-crushing policy of England has received a decisive set back. Our government has declared boldly and firmly that America is for American rule, not European aggrandizement. We have said that we will protect American self-rule, if need be, by a resort to arms. The oppression England metes out to India and Ireland she can never plant on American soil—not even though the best interests of civilization and religion require it.

The mourner in a darkened room bowed in grief above his dead. He wept for her who was gone, and in his sorrow he found no grain of comfort. She was dead, and he would see her no more forever.

He was old and bent and wrinkled. His poor, thin hand shook as with a palsy, and the tears rolled slowly down his face and fell on the face of her who slept the eternal sleep.

And he who wept lived again the days that had gone by,—days happy and full of joy. He looked back through the long vista of the departed years and saw her who now lay cold and still walking with him hand in hand, a maiden, through quiet groves and along grassy lanes as the sun sank low in golden splendor. He lived again the years they had lived together and together builded a home, toiling and struggling on and on through the heavy days and weeks and months, sustained and comforted in life's hardships by the comradeship of a perfect mutual sympathy.

And now she was dead and gone. He was alone. Then, in his grief, he dreamed a dream,—and all was well. He saw the dead alive, revived. She walked through grassy pastures, along quiet streams—and waited for him. In some mysterious way death had been overcome, and she over whose body he was bending even then, in the beauty and radiance of her maiden youth, awaited his coming on the further shore.

So was the mourner comforted. His dream became real to him. He called it instinct. He looked on the world, and lo! it glowed and gleamed in the soft and loving hues of the amber and the violet.

And while he lived his life and dreamed his dream, while he saw the world through the seven hued arch of radiant hope, she who had died, was dead. Only the dreamer did not know it.

"But see, amid the mimic rout  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing that writhes from  
out  
The scenic solitude.

It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs  
The mimec become its food,  
And the angels sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued."

H. E. NEWBRANCH.

Rudy's Pile Suppository guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to Martin Rudy, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No postals answered. For sale by all first class druggist everywhere. H. T. Clarke Co., wholesale agents Canon City coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

# NEW YORK TIMES

The Times is a newspaper for intelligent men and women who want to read all the news of the world every day. The paper has distinguished merits of its own. It is neither sensational nor dull. It is not sour tempered. It is not frivolous or visionary. It sees plenty of good in the world and tells about it. It tells of the bad when it must, but not unwholesomely. It prints with fulness the record of human endeavor in many fields outside of business, politics and war—in literature, religion, science, art, sports and household matters. No paper in the country prints so many book reviews and so much book news. No paper has so complete a financial page—a daily manual for investors and officers of financial institutions. Its market reports—wool, cotton, breadstuffs, farm products, etc., are the best in the country.

The Democracy of The Times is of the old fashioned sort—as old as Thomas Jefferson; majority rule, no bossism, no machine tyranny, the divorce of politics from private money making, a sound currency, industrial emancipation, and every day honesty. To promote the advance of the Democratic party along these lines it labors with heart and conscience and all its might.

## THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TIMES

The subscription to the New York Weekly Times is one dollar a year. The Weekly Times is a capital newspaper. It contains all the current news condensed from the dispatches and reports of the daily edition, besides literary matter, discussions upon agricultural topics by practical farmers, full and accurate market reports of prices for farm produce, live stock, etc. and a carefully prepared weekly wool market.

### Subscription Rates

	1 Yr	6 Mo	3 Mo	1 Mo
Daily and Sunday	\$10.	\$5.	\$2.50	\$0.90
" without Sun.	8.	4.	2.00	75
Sunday edition	2.	1.	.50	
Any day exc't Sun	1.50	.75	.40	
Weekly edition	1.	.50	.30	

Postage prepaid to any part of the United States, Canada and Mexico, except in New York city, where the postage is one cent per copy, in all other countries, two cents per copy per day, payable by the subscriber.

The Times will be sent to any address in Europe, postage included for \$1.50 per month.

The address of subscribers will be changed as often as desired. In ordering a change of address both the old and the new address must be given.

Cash in advance always. Remittances at the risk of the subscriber, unless made registered letter, check, money order or express order, payable to "The New York Times Publishing Co."

Address all communications thus:

THE NEW YORK TIMES,  
Printing House Square,  
New York City, N. Y.

## AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

### LINCOLN, NEB.

I. M. RAYMOND, President. A. J. SAWYER, Vice President.  
S. H. BURNHAM, Cashier. D. G. WING, Assistant Cashier.

CAPITAL, \$250,000 SURPLUS \$25,000

Directors—I. M. Raymond, S. H. Burnham, C. G. Dawes, A. J. Sawyer, Lewis Gregory,

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

## PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine.  
SAFE, always reliable. LADIES USE  
Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold wrapper. Beware, avoid with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous imitations and imitations. At Druggists, or send 6c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Halter for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.



# MRS. S. A. PARISH

Board and room \$3. per week

Table board \$2. a week

1211 N Street