

Oulaha. was in it. So the newspaper men in return for the politeness the Bryan family has shown them have exerted themselves to be pleasant.

Mr. Cleveland would be more popular with the American people if he had been able to form the newspaper habit as young Mr. Bryan has. But he hates reporters and they hate him and the impression has spread all over the United States that Mr. Cleveland is disagreeable and there is no enthusiasm for him even among those who believe his administration has been a good one.

Frank Stockton's book "The Adventures of Captain Horn" might be issued as a campaign document by the gold party as well as by the silver party. Captain Horn, two women, a boy and a few sailors are shipwrecked off the Peruvian coast. They land near a rocky promontory which after the vines have been burnt from it, shows a face cut in relief upon it. The face is a mask to a cave which leads to a subterranean lake. The lake has a machine in it which is worked by a lever. The lever when pulled down opens a hole in the bottom of the lake and lets the water out. Captain Horn goes in swimming and accidentally pulls the lever down. The next day the bed is the only part of the lake left. Captain Horn explores the bed and finds a mound in the centre of it ten feet high—projections a foot-step apart lead up to the top of the mound. He mounts by these to the apex where he finds a slab sunk into the top. The slab is about eighteen inches square and fitted into the joint around it with resin. The captain dug this out with his jack-knife and dug out another lot of resin in the middle of the slab which covered a ring. He took hold of the ring and, by exerting all his strength, was able to lift it and lay it to one side. He let his lantern down into the cistern and saw that it was filled with gold. The shipwrecked party decided that the treasure had been deposited in the mound by the Incas when the Spaniards invaded the country under Cortez. After many attempts upon his life Captain Horn, with the help of two white men and four black ones, got the treasure to Paris in a sailing vessel. There the gold was weighed and he received for it \$200,000,000. He considered that \$40,000,000 or one-fifth of the whole should be divided among those who found the treasure, and at the risk of their lives, transported it to Paris. The rest he was willing to give to the Peruvian government although the owners of the gold had hidden it there to keep it out of the hands of the invaders and ethically, he had as much right to the whole of it as the Peruvians.

Frank Stockton's stories are as realistic as Jules Verne's fairy tales. This one is related with such attention to the difficulties of getting a treasure amounting to \$200,000,000 of gold away from an uninhabited coast without attracting the attention of the government or of any body whom that amount of booty would develop into a thief, that the atmosphere of exploration and discovery is never once disturbed by a ray of the light that never was on sea or land. The stupendous value of a ton of gold is given in the labor of eight men for eight months—not in earning, but in transporting it. The story has the dash of Wyman, the detail of Verne and the humor of Stockton himself.

SILVER AND GOLD.

A dispatch from Lincoln, Neb., the capital city of Mr. William J. Bryan, relates the interesting but not surprising fact that a vast army of grasshoppers, "so dense as almost to obscure the sun," passed over there from west to east last Sunday, "but few of them alighted." Naturally. The grasshopper can live almost anywhere, on almost anything, but he is no fool, and, ravenous as he is, he is not without bowels of compassion. He pities and spares a place which is already

pestered to death by populists. Besides, he is a frugal and prudent fellow, and he knows better than to go into business in a town where he would be exposed to so much competition as in Lincoln. A particular tract of country may have resources enough to enable it to survive the ravages of the populists in one year and of grasshoppers the next, but the Garden of Eden itself could not support the populists and the grasshoppers at the same time. Of the two plagues, the populists are the greater. I doubt if Egypt in its worst days ever saw anything half so plaguey. The grasshoppers showed their wisdom in steering clear of Lincoln. I hope the United States will be as wise and steer clear of the Lincoln populists.

The following special report comes from one of the leading bankers of Chicago: "I would say that the political situation here (Chicago), so far as I have been able to draw conclusions from closest and most persistent inquiry, is not as bad as the newspapers and the chronic bears in Wall street would have us believe. Complaints of business stagnation are no longer prevalent, not because there is no longer ground for complaint (for general trade could not be more dull than it is now), but business men, merchants, manufacturers and bankers alike have accepted the situation, and have made up their minds to bear it uncomplainingly and to await patiently the better times that they foresee after free silver has received its death blow in November next.

"Free silver and the agitation for a change in the money standard of the country has cast a gloom over the financial and commercial world. To this condition of things, the professional stock-jobbers, by selling what they do not own, have added the feeling of distrust, and thus dislodged more stock which owners, who do not believe in the change of values suggested by the Chicago platform, have held on to rather than make sacrifices. The silver scare will gradually be effaced, in my opinion, and, as November approaches, its threatening aspect will have disappeared, and men's minds will be calmer and in a condition to judge more sensibly regarding the questions at issue.

"I have talked personally with manufacturers who employ large numbers of men in steel works, harvesting machine works, with superintendents of street railroads and others, and the consensus of opinion leads me to believe that the average wage-worker is perfectly alive to the disastrous results that would follow the success of the silver idea, and a surprisingly large number of them are able to give intelligent reasons for their opinions."

There is no doubt, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, that the silverites are losing ground in eastern states. There is still a great deal of missionary work to be done, and the cause of "honest money" will have to be looked after, hawklike fashion, until the vote is polled on November 3. Speaking with me a few hours ago a prominent political leader said: "It behooves every man who has the gold standard interest at heart to discuss the question intelligently with those that are disposed to vote in favor of free silver. The ignorance that is displayed, or that is, at least, well grounded, not only in the west, but likewise in the east, will not be overcome by mass meetings or through the appeals of paid orators. True old-fashioned missionary work will have to be done, and conviction must be carried by voice argument, because, outside of comparatively few, the 16 to 1 ratio is not well understood, nor the ill effects that would follow the adopted by a majority of the voters of the democratic ticket recognized, much less appreciated. This fight that we have on our hands is the most formidable ever encountered since 1860, and while the principles involved are not likely to cause any blood-shedding, the feature of the country is just as much at stake, on the results, as was the case thirty-six years ago."

It stands to common sense and reason that with such a momentous question yet to be debated and decided, the

speculative markets are likely to be highly feverish and most fitful.

Under ordinary circumstances the decline already experienced would amply discount ordinary events, even of the most embarrassing character, but in this instance the affair on hand is not ordinary. While the deepest thinkers believe that the outcome will be an unmistakable victory for sound money, they recognize that this is no time to make rash ventures, or, for that matter, to assume contracts that must be affected materially by the results of the general election.

Norman B. Ream is here from Chicago, and he proposes to remain in the east a couple of weeks. I had a chat with him a couple of days ago, and he said: "I have been pretty well over the west recently, and have come in contact with tens of thousands of voters. I incline to the belief that the silver craze has reached its zenith, and from now on the cause will recede. I fully expect that sound money will win the fight in November. I recognize the advisability of appreciating rival forces, and I think it would be a sad mistake to underrate the strength of the enemy in any fight. I feel, nevertheless, sure, judging by my personal observations and as a result of my peregrinations, that the good, sound, common sense of the American people will prevail, and that we shall continue on a gold basis."

Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the manner in which he got the bankers together and formulated a program that not only replenished the treasury reserve, but likewise prevented further exports of gold. Mr. Morgan is a financier without equal or compare in this country. He no sooner recognizes a situation than he grasps it, and his patriotism—and I use the word "patriotism" in its fullest sense—has been shown on innumerable occasions. Many a less broad-minded man would, after the adverse criticism that was passed upon him, have left the administration to take care of itself, but Mr. Morgan recognized the duty that he owed to the country, and in the hour of need came forth, lent his best efforts, and succeeded in restoring confidence at a moment when utter demoralization seemed to be taking possession of our people. A monument of good words and thankful expressions from all parts of the country has gone up to Mr. Morgan because of his laudable and most unselfish action.

I wonder when Mr. Bryan's word-works are going to resume active business. I must protest against the efforts of some of his managers to restrict his output. If he is not an orator, what is he? And what is the use of being an orator if you are not allowed to orate? Nobody who followed the series of profound and masterly addresses which Mr. Bryan scattered along the line of his triumphant march from Salem, Ill., to Lincoln, Neb., has ceased to long for more of the same kind. They combined some of the characteristics of the able orations delivered by the late Mr. Harry Bloodgood, or the late Mr. Luke Schoolcraft, with some of the characteristics of a composition on "The Four Seasons," written by a lad of eight, who has been slightly blighted by scarlet fever. There was a delightful freshness and innocence about them. I must confess that they drew tears to my eyes and made me think of the pictures in the back of the old-fashioned spelling books. Mr. Bryan ought not to deprive the world of his inexhaustible resources of instruction and entertainment. It is true that a part of his mind may now be devoted to the preparation of that colossal masterpiece which is expected to make the Madison Square Garden fall down in a dead faint and shut up the stock exchange forever, but such a vast intellectual engine as Mr. Bryan possesses ought to be able to turn out more than one piece of work at a time. After he has collated all his old speeches, and all the old speeches of the other members of the two congresses in which he served, I hope that he will favor us with a few more speci-

mens of his rich impromptu eloquence. The acerbity of politics is notably softened by these gentle syrups of the infant school—Town Topics.

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