

gates, giving tips and suggestions from "our people." Manager Ager has recently given it out that "our people" have entrusted everything to him. He is very much in demand and very much overworked, for there are a good many candidates and all these different interests must be managed so as to have the ticket all made up and ready to ratify when the delegates meet. Mr. Ager has already notified the populist ring at the state house just what the republicans are going to do and he has given it out very confidentially to a few of his closest advisers just what the populists will do. Mr. Ager knows it all. He is the whole thing.

Gentlemen of the republican convention, when you come to Lincoln on the 10th of August take a look at Mr. Ager. Take a look at him and see if you can dispense with his services. Take a look at him and then invoice your own resources and see if you cannot transact the business of the convention alone. What proud boosters we are, here in Nebraska, of our schools, of our general intelligence, of the high character of our people, of their independent and self-reliant instincts, and yet, here at the state capital we have a political boss who owns and manages the city council, the railroads, clubbing together, employ and put over us a political manager who oversees and arranges our state conventions and selects our candidates for state offices. A political boss to manage the city of Lincoln and a political manager to boss the conventions of the state. We are all a well bossed and well managed community, here in Nebraska. We ought to be proud of ourselves. We are informed that Manager Ager gets \$3,000 a year salary and \$600 a year for his expense account. In ten years this would be \$36,000. How kind of the railroads to pay this large sum in order that the farmers and businessmen may not be put to the trouble of selecting candidates for office and that our conventions may be arranged for us in advance and suitable persons selected every two years in the several counties for the legislature.

It is useless to appeal to the fusion convention which meets here the third of August. Their leaders are so drunken and besotted and gorged with free passes and political spoil that they are only to glad to obey the orders of a railroad boss if he will only hint that their official career has been satisfactory to "our folks." The voters in the fusion party, a large proportion of them, are as blind as bats and it will take them years to find out and believe that "Si Hoakum," as they call him, has not paid a dollar of railroad fare for ten years and not a dollar of house rent out of his own pocket since he came to Lincoln.

We are no longer an anti-railroad state. There is no longer any danger of vicious legislation. The railroads may, with perfect safety, take away from our conventions this political hustler, this convention manager, this chaperone whom they have so generously provided at an expense of \$36,000. He puts up this man and pulls down that one. Many a worthy citizen has found himself sidetracked because he was not satisfactory to "our folks." Many an unworthy man has been put forward and made to appear very popular all of a sudden because this little peeping, tip-toeing \$3,000 a year candidate maker and candidate breaker had whispered around that "our folks" wanted it done.

Gentlemen of the state convention, the republican party has promised the people of this state that it would clean house. When the people see this man Ager bobbing up in this county today and in that tomorrow,

putting up a candidate for the legislature here and pulling down there, whispering around from county to county that such and such a man would suit "our folks" for a place on the state ticket, when they see this man acting as general manager of its state convention they have a right to ask the republican party "where is the house cleaning promised us?"

Finally and lastly, gentlemen of the republican state convention, if, when you get here on the 10th of August, after taking a look at Mr. Ager and the situation, if you decide that the party must still have a manager, then use whatever variety of self-respect and independence the party still retains in a request to the railroads, a humble request, that they provide us a manager all our own and a foreman who will not be dividing himself into three or four parts organizing a republican convention today and a populist convention tomorrow, but one who will devote himself entirely to the interests of our own party, so that we as republicans, while we sit with folded arms watching our manager at his work, can have the assurance that we are not being managed in the interest of some bargain with the populist state house ring.

BIRDS.

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over.
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.

—Browning.

The destruction of birds, says the L. A. W. Bulletin, has become a serious matter that many of the most thoughtful minds of the country have anxiously considered means by which this wanton slaughter may be stayed. We have the testimony of the leading scientists of the United States to show that, unless the killing of birds soon ceases, only a very brief time will elapse before the feathered tribe will become extinct. In such event the evil consequences to our agricultural interests are vast. The destruction of our crops by myriads of insects will be as disastrous as was the fearful famine which has just devastated India.

To avert such a calamity various plans have been devised. Among the statesmen who have become interested in this matter are Hon. George F. Hoar, senator from Massachusetts, and Hon. John F. Lacey, representative from Iowa, both of whom have introduced bills in congress relating to the question. Mr. Hoar's bill provides restrictions upon the importation of the bodies or plumage of certain birds; and upon the transportation of the same between the several states. Exception is made in the case of the ostrich, and some other birds whose plumes can be taken without loss of life. Mr. Lacey's bill provides for extending the powers and duties of the commission of fish and fisheries so as to include game birds and other wild birds useful to man, "by the propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration" of such birds.

If you feel friendly toward these bills, write to your member of congress and say so. All those willing to contribute a small amount toward furthering this object will confer a favor by forwarding their contributions to Miss Kate W. Grove, assistant editor of the Epworth Herald, Chicago. Names of congressmen from the several states, literature relating to the subject, suggestions concerning the formation of clubs, and other matter of interest to bird-lovers may be obtained by writing to Horace H. Waters, 357 W. Van Buren street, Chicago.

He marks the sparrow's fall, we've heard,
And so we fancy that
He sees it when, at church, the bird
Adorns a woman's hat.

JOTTINGS.

[BY WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

Hitherto I have had the impression of Nebraska as one vast plain, never ending, domed above by the fiercely blue sky. But now I have seen that there are hills and valleys in this great state, that there are deserts and gardens of Eden. I have seen the endless prairies come to an end, and the sky notched with green hills and gray bluffs.

It was like a new world to me to ride westward and southward and see the diversified landscapes after having lived all my life where prairies reached as level as a threshing floor. The scene that pleased me most of all, was the one where I stood on the high bluffs that line the Republican valley, and gazed at the winding river below me. In and out, the silvery ribbon wove its gleam with the green of the lands. In the stream were little willow islands, and along the banks the willows dropped and lashed their long branches in the water, a verdant fringe.

At noon-time I stood on a high bluff. The sun beat down like a brass shield above my head. The air was filled with heat waves and far off towards the horizon I could see them pulsate like the waves on a tiny lake. There was a stillness profound. No sound marred the great silence, but the terribly shrill cry of the cricket in the tall dry grass. This cry would pierce the stillness like a pain and then subside, and the great world would seem to have come to a stop and nature be at rest. The leaves of the corn hung limp, like heavy sword blades. Not a breath of air lifted the sandy dust about my feet.

Below me on the side of the hill jutted out the roof of a dugout. A path wound down to the front door, and beyond the path there was a steep declivity that reached down into a rough ravine. On the roof was growing a forest of tall weeds. There was no sound or sign of life about the place. Back into the cool moist earth the humble home reached. For many years the family had lived in it. Through drought years and years of plenty, through sickness and health they had come and gone through the low browed door. The coffined dead had been carried from there, and the bride had gone forth in her delight. With the bare necessities of life, this family had struggled for existence. Down in earth, from whence they came and to whence they must go eventually, they had spent the larger portion of their lives. And who shall say that the lives lived in this Nebraska dug-out, may not have been as noble, as full of good as the lives lived in brown stone fronts and in the homes above the earth? These men and women were but returned to the original state, for it is proven that we were all once the inhabitants of caves and sought out subsistence in the wilds of the forest.

To these people who have always smelled the fragrance of the earth, who have lived underneath the roots of the grass, there certainly can come no thought of the sadness concerning the last long home. Beyond peradventure they will feel more at home in the grave than you and I. And as for their lives now, they have God's sunlight and his winds, they have the winding river and the fertile valley, they have the sky with the glory of the dawn and the glory of the sunset, they have the sighing and the complaining of the corn, they have the days and the nights and all that goes to make up life, life full and free here under the skies, untrammelled and unhindered.

In many a field I saw the corn plowers trudging between the long rows of corn. And in many places the plowers were women. They told me there that the women went into the fields and plowed all day long with the men. Their faces were as brown as a berry, their eyes bright and they laughed and talked as cheerfully as do the women in the cities at their sewing circles. They were Nebraska women, typical of the state, strong to work, with indomitable courage and an overmastering ambition to get along in the world. I never in my life felt more like removing my hat from my head, than I did in the presence of these sun-browned women, these soldiers of the farm lands who toiled amidst the fields to bring forth the gold of the yellow corn. There is something so wonderful in the miracle of the growing corn. Out of the mold there shoots a stalk, bannered with green, over it soon waves a plume dusted with gold, then comes the tuft of silk at the middle and the full grown ear almost by magic bends towards the earth. How much more beautiful to grow corn, to walk amidst the tossing leaves than to sit at home and make impossible flowers on some tidy useless rag. How much more pleasant to listen to the rustle of the corn than to the tattle of gossips or the forced music of the drawing room.

SPEND AUGUST IN THE BLACK HILLS.

Go first to Hot Springs. There you can bathe, ride, bicycle, climb mountains, dance and play tennis to your heart's content. If your limbs are stiff, your kidneys out of order or if you are troubled with eczema or any other form of skin disease, a month at Hot Springs will make a new man of you.

Sylvan Lake and Spearfish are within a comparatively short distance of Hot Springs and every one who visits the Black Hill should see them. Sylvan Lake is the prettiest and coolest summer resort in the west. Spearfish is reached after a railroad ride that ranks among the experiences of a lifetime. There is nothing like it anywhere else on the globe.

During August, the Burlington route will run two low-rate excursions to Hot Springs; one on the 9th, the other on the 26th of that month. Tickets will be sold at one fare—half rates—and will be good to return any time within 30 days.

Organize a party. Arrange about your hotel accommodations at Hot Springs; arrange for ticket at B. & M. depot or city ticket office, corner 10th and O streets.

G. W. BONNELL, C. P. & T. A.
Aug. 26.

"Didn't I tell you never to darken my door again?" cried the irate parent to Tompkins.

"Yes, Mr. Hicks, you did; that's the reason I've come at night, sir. Your door is so dark then that my coming couldn't possibly make it any darker."

First Jurymen—What did you think when the judge committed Dobson to prison for contempt of court?

Second Jurymen—I was glad he wasn't a mind-reader.

"Yes, we have decided to go to Newport for the summer."

"Dear me! Aren't you afraid you'll be bombarded by Camara's fleet?"

"No. Spain can't afford to send her officers and sailors to so expensive a place in the height of the season."

"I am beginning to see why July was named as it was," said the philosopher. "It was done in a jocular spirit. The intense heat made it an appropriate month to name after Julius Sizzer."—Harper's Bazar.