

**MR. BRYAN'S NEW POSITION ON SILVER.**

Mr. Bryan has also gone very far to placate certain elements of the Eastern Democracy by giving it to be understood that his position as a bimetalist does not of necessity compel him to adhere inflexibly to the precise ratio of 16 to 1. When Mr. Bryan goes thus far, however, he really concedes the whole situation. For when the 16 to 1 ratio, regarded as a rock-bed principle, like one of the ten commandments, is abandoned, the whole question of monetary standards becomes one of expediency in the light of practical commercial conditions. When one looks at the monetary question in this practical way, it is evident that with entire consistency a man, who had been an out-and-out 16 to 1 bimetalist in 1880 might have become an international bimetalist in 1890, and might be a gold monometallist in 1900. This would imply no fickle-mindedness on the part of the citizen, but simply his recognition of the fact that mining conditions, the metal market, and other essential factors had undergone great changes. These changes might be likened to those which have overtaken agriculture in parts of the middle west, where farmers who had been wheat-growers in 1870, were corn-growers in 1880 and dairy men in 1890. In existing conditions of business it would be a mistake, little short of madness, to attempt to force radical changes in the current standard of value. Mr. Bryan seems to have come to see that the 16 to 1 dogma has no pertinence to the conditions that are going to prevail in the United States in the year 1900, and that it would be hopelessly Quixotic to attempt to force a presidential campaign upon so obsolete an issue. It does not follow by any means that bimetalism may not become a thrilling and vital issue again at some time in the future; but that subject is not one that men will care to say much about in the approaching campaign.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for September.

**Charles Reade at Oxford.**

When Charles Reade was at Oxford he was not always, from a professor's point of view, a pattern for others to be guided by. One night he and a companion, being without cap and gown, were chased by the "bull dogs." Being fleet of foot, they soon reached their respective colleges. His chum was able to square the porter at Queen's, and passed in, but there was no such luck for Reade when he arrived at Magdalen. Being a young man of resources, he was not to be easily caught, and, looking about him in the moonlight, he spied a ladder. Planting this under his chamber window, he was soon in his own rooms. But the tell-tale ladder remained behind, so he managed to drag it up after him. He always carried a capital sportsman's knife—which would saw as well as cut—and with it he began to convert the ladder into fuel. When his friend from Queen's called in the morning to see how it fared with Reade, he was told: "I shall be all right directly, old man, for I've been up all night burning the ladder, and I have just put the last bit of the blessed thing on the fire!"

**One of Nature's Decorations.**

A singular crystalline disk, more than two inches in diameter, shaped like a lens or a medal, and glittering with golden reflections, is described in Popular Science as having recently been found by a mineral collector in Illinois. It is said to be composed of marcasite, which is a compound of iron and sulphur, crystallized in such a manner that bright streaks radiate on all sides from the center of the disk. Such an object would have been a much-envied decoration for the breast of an Indian chief.

**Too Much Mineral Water.**

A Scotchman living in London recently ran across two of his countrymen, and took them with him to a big public dinner. In his hospitality he sent to their table champagne, and yet more champagne, and after a time went to see personally how they were faring. He found them depressed. "How are you getting on?" he asked. The reply came: "Oh, we're getting on fine, but we're verra fatergilt wi' thae mineral waters."—Argo au.

**Gratitude in Women.**

Are feelings of gratitude absent in women? That clever gentleman who does the Private Diary at Cornhill is not quite satisfied upon the subject. This is his way of putting it: "As gratitude depends upon imagination, it may well be that women, having less imagination than men, are less grateful. The doctor told me 'intermittent heart' is a not uncommon female ailment." To sugar the pill, however, the Diarist says: "In defense of the maligned sex I should like to record a case of gratitude in a woman that left me a little mournful. I had sent Charlotte a book for her birthday last autumn, and at breakfast to-day she said: 'Oh, thank you for that delightful book you sent me!' 'Oh!' I said, 'what was it?' 'Dear me,' said Charlotte, 'I have quite forgotten.'"

**Cobden's Independence.**

A story is being told in England of Cobden when he refused office from Lord Palmerston. "On arriving in London he went to Cambridge house, and finding the prime minister sitting alone at breakfast, said to him: 'Lord Palmerston, before we come to business I ought to say that I consider your having made the proposal you have made, to a man who has been attacking you so steadily for so many years, a proof of great magnanimity; but don't you think that it would really be better that I should first change my principles and then go into your cabinet, than that I should first go into your cabinet and then change my principles?' Lord Palmerston struck his hand violently on the table and exclaimed, 'Mr. Cobden, what did you go into public life for?'"

**Cheerful Antipodean Truth Teller.**

An ex-sea captain, now living in Sydney, many years ago was in charge of a ship carrying some convicts. The convicts mutinied, murdering the crew, and ordered the captain to navigate them to the islands, and, being a prudent man, he did so. When satisfied as to their course, the convicts deliberated, decided that he had behaved himself well and put him ashore on the first large island they came to. He was a musician, and took his violin with him. A threatening crowd of savages greeted his arrival, but Orpheus played to them till they thought him a god, brought him unlimited pigs and yams, and bowed in adoration. Finally he married the chief's daughter, succeeded him and ruled the island for years, till a ship called in, and he sailed away.—Sydney Bulletin.

**But a Moment to Edison.**

When at work solving some mechanical problem Mr. Edison is completely absorbed, so much so that he is literally unconscious of what goes on about him. On one occasion, when he was called to Chicago, a "thought," as he calls his problems, came to him as he reached the railway station in Jersey City. He took his seat in the train and was soon in deep study. When the porter called out "Chicago!" Edison turned to a fellow passenger with the remark that the porter must be joking, as they had only just gotten outside of Jersey City. The "wizard's" mind was so concentrated upon an electrical problem that the twenty-four hours seemed but a fleeting moment to him. After the suburbs of Jersey City had been left behind his mind was closed to everything, and he became so absorbed in his problem that he did not realize that all his fellow passengers had had a night's sleep and had eaten three meals.

**THE WARLIKE SPIRIT.**

One of the Degrading Features of Civilization.

Civilization, like morality, has the defects of its own excellences; its diseases are peculiarly noxious and loathsome, says Harper's Weekly. The rapacity of greed goes hand in hand with an unwholesome pharisaism. Peace is too noble a goddess to receive the sacrifices of our virtues, and degraded thus she will become a Nemesis to her votaries. There has never been a time when the nations of the world have presented so formidable an array of armies and navies. This, so far from indicating any warlike disposition on their part, is really the result of costly and strenuous efforts to maintain peace. The forced armistice is easily broken. It is not necessary to even the most destructive wars that there should be the old passion of fanatic heroism or any sublime purpose making the sacrifice worthy. It is far more likely that Germany may be embroiled in war with England for some petty cause than that both will unite to throttle the monster whose very existence is at once a menace and a disgrace to Christian Europe. While we Americans are congratulating ourselves upon a situation of isolation and immunity as compared with that of any European power and though a really warlike spirit appears to be for us almost impossible—whatever efforts we make to arouse it—yet any day some reckless congressional manifesto or some foolish traditional prejudice may precipitate war between us and Spain, or Japan, or England, and our inadequate preparedness for war is a constant temptation to such provocation on the part of these powers as may seem to justify the manifesto or to re-enforce the prejudice. Our assurance of peace must lie, first of all, indeed, in our desire for peace, but, next to this, in our adequate armament; and our resolve to maintain a wise but firm and courteous national policy in our external relations, remembering always what is due from us to a militant Christendom.

**Instinct in a Bird.**

A traveler relates that while passing through a small forest in Brazil he was attracted by the rapidly-uttered cries of alarm of a bird, and, wishing to learn the cause, he made his way to the tree whence he thought the sounds proceeded, and, looking up, saw that a serpent was slowly winding itself up toward a nest of unfledged little ones. While watching its movements the male parent bird arrived, who, circling twice or thrice over the top of the tree, swiftly darted further away into the forest, and in a few seconds returned with a large leaf in its little mouth, which it instantly placed over the nest, and then flew up higher. Meantime the serpent wound itself slowly up the tree and reached the nest, but, on putting its head over the side, quickly started back, descended the tree, and was lost in the underwood. The traveler, being deeply interested in the singular incident, afterwards learned from some of the natives that the leaf of a certain tree is a deadly poison to the serpent. How had the bird acquired a knowledge of this? What mortal can say? What philosopher can explain?

**Emperor as Godfather.**

The German emperor has consented to stand godfather to the twin sons of a coachman at Giesorf. He has also made their parents a handsome present of money and has given permission for the babies to be christened William I. and William II. These names will appear in the church register. The twins are the seventh and eighth sons of their parents.

**Sleeping in Corsets.**

Sleeping in tight laced corsets was once the custom of English ladies. Girls with stooping shoulders had a flat piece of board bound upon their backs to keep their shoulders straight.

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