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The members of the Republican State Central Committee are requested to meet at the Paxton Hotel, in the city of Omaha, on Thursday, June 28, 1883, at seven o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of calling a convention and proceeding to hold a convention to nominate candidates for Judge of Supreme Court and Regents of the University, and such other business as may properly come before it.

G. W. E. DORSEY, Chairman.

Fremont, June 9, 1883.

WHEN one reads the Nebraska City News' ideas of Judge Day, of Iowa, and the republican party, it causes wonderment that one small head can contain so much.

THE Nebraskaian, heretofore published by Prof. Williams, has been sold to a man from Ohio.—Wilber Opposition.

Mr. Bratton the new editor of the Nebraskaian who has been a pioneer in Furnas county for years will be surprised at this information.

WE understand that General Livingston has been invited to speak at Lincoln the fourth. The doctor finds it impossible to accept, having been on the sick list for the past three weeks, which is truly Lincoln's misfortune. General Livingston is one of the ablest speakers in the state whose patriotism is always ninety in the shade, and who always interests an audience.

If this is not a government of the saloon keeper, by the saloon keeper, for the saloon keeper, what is it? Is a pertinent inquiry by the Inter Ocean which causes us to sigh for the "15" puzzle again. Give us something easy.—Beatrice Express.

The republicans of Iowa are solving this question, and they making their "moves" in a manner that admits of no mistakes.

A little two-grain Quinine Pill was walking down Main street the other day, when it saw a plumber's Soldering Tool going down on the other side.

"Come over here on the sunny side of the street!" called the little Quinine Pill.

"And catch the ague?" answered the cautious Soldering Tool: "Not much I am a bird of prey myself. How's business?"

"Market's a little shaky this spring," replied the little Quinine Pill: "but we are in hopes it will go all to pieces before the first of June. How's times with you?"

"Bully!" said the Soldering Tool: "the bottom's dropped clean out of everything. But why don't you come around and see us often? What's got into you?"

"Oh, a little of everything except quinine," said the little Quinine Pill: "and that's gone up so high since the tax and duty were taken off it, we don't touch it any more. Dogwood bark's good enough for us. Where are you going this summer?"

"Oh, a little of everywhere," replied the Soldering Tool: "The old man bought a steam yacht right after the last cold snap, and we're all going to travel."

And the Soldering Tool aimed a vicious kick at the hand-saw that was walking a ten-hour match through hard pine for two dollars.

"We are going down to the mountains," said the little Quinine Pill, drawing scornfully away from a five-hundred-dollar poem that was meekly walking up street to sacrifice itself in the poet's corner for three dollars and a copy of the paper: "Master built a private drawing-room car during our run on pneumonia, and we are going out west to look up a new name for the old liver-pad, and he is going down into New England to hunt up a new disease to fit it. The old reliable house of Merz & Pestre is going to boom next season, and don't you forget that."

"The old man invented a new kind of pen last winter," said the Soldering Tool: "he called it the 'bill pen' and the figure 1 look just like a 9 every time."

But just then they met the Ice Pick going to the bank, and the Soldering Tool took off his hat and shaded his eyes with his hand, while the little Quinine Pill bowed until his sugar-coat swept the sidewalk. With a haughty inclination of the head, the Ice Pick went on its way to deposit one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, while and humble Hay Rake, who had come to town to buy a pair of fifty cent overalls and a ten-cent chip hat, froze to death in its awful shadow as it passed by.—R. J. Burdette.

EVERY PLANK IS OF OAK.

The Council Bluffs Nonpareil speaks of the Iowa Republican's platform as follows:

It is a grand platform and upon it the republican party of Iowa occupies a position that cannot fail to meet the intelligent approval of the masses. Every plank is of oak placed in position with that skill that is born only of wisdom and a conscientious regard for the best interests of the commonwealth and a desire to strike with liberty in the hands of the people.

IN EXPLANATION.

It's cold day on the time at the North Pole, and that is the reason so many explorers are left.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

REPUBLICAN STALWARTS OF IOWA.

The republican party of Iowa has always been famous for doing business on grand scale. In its devotion to those principles which have made the old party grand in the nation, the Hawkeye republicans have always been found on the advance skirmish line; they have the courage of their convictions, never doing anything by the halves. We hope, however, our republican brethren in Iowa have not went too far. There are good republicans in that state, lots of them, who believe in the practice of the virtues of temperance in every form, but who have honestly feared that the time was not yet ripe—public opinion not yet far enough advanced for that party to become the champion of prohibition. The manner, however, in which this question has arisen in Iowa, places the republican party upon still higher grounds, than simply advocating prohibition in the abstract; the people of that state have been granted, at the hands of the republican party, both the privilege and the right of saying, at an unpartisan election, called for that purpose alone, whether or not a majority of the electors were in favor of prohibiting the liquor traffic within Iowa's borders, and having signified by an overwhelming majority at such election their desire to banish the rum shop, the republican party in this campaign stands boldly forth as the champion of Iowa's electors expressed at such unpartisan election, and say, that sovereign people of that commonwealth shall not be cheated of the fruits of their victory, either through the blunder of a legislature or the tyranny of their courts. Certainly, these are tenable grounds, and from the enthusiasm of day before yesterday's convention at Des Moines may be heard the ominous sounds of a certain victory. While we admire the courage of Iowa republicans, especially their radicalism, we hope they are not as radical as the traveller in the stage coach described the state of Blaine to be in Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' late famous novel, Dr. Zay. This passenger described the state of Maine in the following amusing and unique manner:

"We allers do hev everything wuss 'han other folks; freeze and prohibition, mud and Fusion."

"We've got 'one of the constitoshups that take things."

"Like my boy. He's had the measles, 'n the chicken pox and the mumps, 'n the nettle rash, and fell in love 'with his school marm 'n got religion, 'n lost the prize for eicootin' all in 'one darned year."

The HERALD hopes while the republican party is getting so many things in advance this "darned" year, it will not lose the prize.

WARNING.

Our democratic friends, if they desire to understand the kind of a fire they will have to stand in front of in '84, want to examine the republican platform and the stalwart, brave challenges issued by the aggressive parties of the old republican organizations of Ohio and Iowa. Dr. Miller and Henry Watterson and our anti-monopolist friend from "Arbor Springs Lodge" might as well understand first as last that there are no soft gloves to be used in this contest, and that the fellow who fools around inside of the ring without having his mind tested and his muscles hardened will have to reap all the glory and take all the consequences without benefit of clergy.

LIBELS AND TOMSTONES.

A libel suit, certainly extraordinary and probably unique, has just ended in Marshall, Mo. About a year ago the son of J. S. Potter went swimming in blackwater creek with Philander Finley and Mart Beggs and was drowned, his companions being the only witnesses. His father immediately accused them of drowning his son, and a total failure to prove his charge did not change his opinion. Accordingly he procured from J. A. Tipping, of St. Louis, and placed over his son's grave a stone bearing the following inscription:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

Drowned by Philander Finley and Mart Beggs.

Finley and Beggs brought suit for \$3,000 damages and got \$300.

He Must be an Editor.

J. E. Waller, of this city, will wager three times the price of the chickens that he can eat one full-grown young duck in a day for 25 consecutive days. All letters in regard to the wager should be addressed to this office.—Pawnee Republican.

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