

ing newspaper in this city, superseding a gentleman whose roasting oven has, by constant use, been rendered ineffective, it is my great pleasure to welcome, on behalf of the press of the city and state, the gentleman of the auburn hair, and assure him that we are glad to have him with us. Mr. Courtney was intended for a journalist, and as he is just in his prime, his friends can look forward to

his rising as high as Charles A. Dana or O. H. Gere—if the flying machine is perfected in time. Mr. Courtney's literary style is very much like Macaulay's, only Courtney's is a great deal better. The rest of us are sure to be more or less obscured by the new journalist, but we will take our share of reflected glory and let it go at that. Here's to Col. Courtney! May he never lose his color.  
THE EDITOR.

HOW THEY LIKE THE SLATE

There should be, under the call, 1,057 delegates in the republican state convention which will be held in this city June 1. It is respectfully submitted that, as a few men have assumed the work of the convention and parcelled out the offices in advance, it will be a waste of time for all these delegates to come to Lincoln. The different counties might make up little boxes of wooden chips in lieu of delegates, and express them to this city, directed to "J. S. Bartley, state treasurer." It would be singularly appropriate to use chips in nominating a "Jack" for governor. Some of the republican newspapers of the state, for some reason, seem to think that it would be asking too much of Mr. Bartley to insist on his making up the whole ticket himself. They think the delegates, men instead of chips, should do the nominating. So they do not hesitate to express their disapproval of the Bartley, McColl, "Joe and Jack," deal. A few opinions of the press are given below. THE COURIER has not been admitted to the confidence of Mr. McClay, and we do not know his plans; but it is only just to that gentleman to say that he denies that he has entered any combination.

Here is what the McCook Tribune says:

"The 'Three Mac' slate seems so far to be having tolerably smooth sailing under the captaincy of that clever and energetic political manipulator, State Treasurer Bartley, who seems to be abnormally active in boosing the whole job of naming the republican nominees for next fall's election. Slates—if they are good slates—are not the worst things in the world of politics; but the people of the republican party of the state of Nebraska may take a notion about July 1st to do a little slate making of their own that may not be in keeping with that set up by Treasurer Bartley. Or they may take another notion of smashing a slate or two."

"The indications are that the rank and file of the republican party in Nebraska have another fight on their hands," says the Fairbury Enterprise. "Some of the politicians have already intimated that such and such a candidate for governor must be given the nomination or there will be war in the camp. It is better to have a war and the man the people want for governor, than it is to be driven about like cattle by the bosses and then be defeated. A little of such medicine goes a long way these times."

It is rumored around Lincoln and Omaha, and the places where politicians most do congregate, that the work of the state convention will be pretty well cut out in advance, and there will be nothing to do more than to ratify the slate made out by the politicians. The "three Macs" are said to be slated for the principal offices—Jack McColl for governor, C. C. McNish for treasurer, J. H. McClay for auditor. This is a very nice arrangement for the parties interested, and will save lots of trouble and expense to other candidates. State Treasurer Bartley, who is one of the shrewdest politicians in the state, is said to be en-

gineering the movement.—Seward Reporter.

The railroads have enlisted under the McColl banner, and this is a powerful factor. McNish is also working in the combination with McColl, and they think they have a combination that will win. Mr. McClay has wrongfully been included in this combination. He is not in it, strong though it is. McNish is hardly known down this way, and will not get many votes from this section except in a barter. \* \* \* Chief interest centers of course in the gubernatorial fight, and the weakness of Mr. McColl, who is regarded as too much of a Lorenzo Crouse sort of a man will be made more apparent as the campaign progresses. It has become evident that the man whom the republicans must nominate shall be a strong, able man, one with experience in public affairs, and able to reflect honor and credit on the state when called to represent it on state occasions. No crossroads politician whose chief claim to the honor rests on some peculiarity of dress, affiliation with some order, or on his reputation as a "mixer" need apply this year. The republican party should put its best men forward, and cease to try the impossible task of elevating mediocrity.—Lincoln News.

From a column of humorous current of the expense of "Jack" McColl, in the News, of this city, we take the following:

"The News is shocked. In fact, it may say terribly shocked. A local contemporary, the Courier, comes out in a long dissertation on state politics, and, think of it, roasts Jack McColl! It says that he would not be a nice ornament for the gubernatorial chair, and asks if any one can give a single good reason why he should be nominated for governor of Nebraska. Why, certainly anyone can. A dozen reasons suggest themselves to the close observer. Doesn't he come from the western part of the state? Is he not the possessor of a winsome smile of affecting sweetness? Has he not the kindest eye now doing business in Nebraska politics? Has he not a handshake that warms the cockles of the heart of the shaken? Hasn't he a pair of the finest and most expressive whiskers that can be found west of the south line of Sarpy county? No good reasons, forsooth. What better reasons can the Courier desire than these? But no, it even makes sport of those hallowed hirsute adornments, it jeers at that beaming eye, it laughs to scorn that handshake, it even ridicules the idea that because Mr. McColl comes from the western part of the state that that is a sufficient guarantee of his fitness."

The Grand Island Independent says: "Some of the newspapers over the state are seriously intimating that a combine has been formed by McColl for governor, McNish for treasurer and McClay for auditor—the ostensible object of which seems to be to carry out the wishes of a well known state official now in office, whose sole object is to turn over as a legacy what collaterals he has left. There certainly are indications of

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the existence of such a combine, and the republicans should express their disapproval when the time comes, as they no doubt will. The experience of a few men getting together and endeavoring to control the last convention was a very unsatisfactory one, and if there is any foundation in this new scheme, the rank and file might just as well send in their preferences on a postal card and have the same O. K'd by the combine. We can hardly believe that McColl has been entangled in this combine."

MRS. PYLE'S RESTAURANT.

Mrs. Pyle, having purchased the Model restaurant in the Salisbury block, Twelfth and M streets, heretofore conducted by Mr. Scott, is giving her undivided attention to the work of making this the most popular restaurant in the city. Mrs. Pyle has a most desirable class of customers, and the patronage is steadily increasing. It is easy of access from the business points of the city and the appointments and service are all that could be desired. Table board by the week, \$3; ticket good for 21 meals, \$3.50.

For the best soda water, ices and candy, bon bons, etc., THE COURIER recommends Frank M. Rector, 1211 O street.

The very best of everything in the drug, stationery and notion line, lowest prices, at Roy's.

Do you eat candy? Do you ever make a present of a fine box of candy? Examine the fresh stock at Frank M. Rector's, 1211 O street. Ice cream parlors cream and ices in all flavors.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action where Charles M. Hawthaway is plaintiff, and Erastus M. Wheeler, et al are defendants.

I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 2nd day of June A. D., 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lots sixteen (16), seventeen (17), and eighteen (18), in block two (2), in Routs and Baldwin's sub-division of the west half of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section nineteen (19), township ten (10), north range seven (7), east of the 6th P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of April, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

May 23

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