

thirst. Numerous bars in this city and Omaha have sought to cope with it and come off second best. He can shake hands like a cinnamon bear, and smile like a happy child. He can spend money royally when he has it and make it when he hasn't. He can shoot balls in the air and craps on the floor. He can ride with the grace of centaur and sing like a duplex nightingale. Buffalo Bill is a great man and he would make a great governor.

Bill was one of the glories of the administration of the late Lorenzo Crouse. On the day of the opening of the Nebraska building at the world's fair it was Bill's Indians and cow boys and gew gaws and clap trap and what not, that, under the personal supervision of Governor Crouse, signaled that event and made memorable the day. Crouse and Garneau and Buffalo Bill made Nebraska day a shimmering, howling success. And in case Bill is made governor of Nebraska, he could do for the Trans-Mississippi exposition in Omaha what he did for Nebraska at the world's fair. Governor Bill at the Trans-Mississippi exposition

marker to the debate these gentlemen have been carrying on in their newspapers since. The two papers of late are little more than daily bulletins of Mr. Rosewater's opinion of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bryan's opinion of Mr. Rosewater. Much interesting information concerning the revolution in Cuba and the war cloud in Europe are necessarily crowded out to make room for a display of personal pyrotechnics that is somewhat wearing to honest people who pay 15 cents per week in the hope of getting 15 cents worth of news, instead of a job lot of RosBrywata-ner!! *?—!

Mr. Rosewater's speech was a good speech. To make good honey the bee sips from many flowers. Mr. Rosewater, to make a good speech, sipped from a good many other speeches, and he appears to have dipped rather extensively into one in particular. And Mr. Bryan calls him a "peerless plagiarist." Then Mr. Rosewater writes one of those ball-bearing, signed editorials. All this comes at a time when Nebraska's fields are smiling, and the birds are singing and everybody is happy in the hope of harvest. Let us have peace.



Grand Canon of the Yellowstone

surrounded by cow boys and cow girls and painted Indians would be a sight very much in the nature of a sublime spectacle. Hurrah for Bill!

When a newspaper becomes so foul that parents, for the proper protection of their children, are forced to pass it directly from the carrier's hands to the stove, it would seem that a press censor would not be superfluous. One of the evening papers in this city would keep him busy.

In Omaha it was not only possible to secure the conviction of Bolln and the imposition of a sentence of nineteen years' imprisonment, but official seal sought out men charged with tampering with the jury in the first trial of the case, and caused their arrest. The people of a state who have grown accustomed to seeing criminals of the Bolln stripe given their liberty and an official vindication, must regard with a mingled feeling of wonder and amazement the accelerated movement of justice in Omaha. The sentence was just and right.

It is worthy of note that the man who consigned Bolln to nineteen years' imprisonment was the same man who was successful as United States district attorney in getting C. W. Mosher off with a sentence of five years. Mosher's reputed stealings amount to \$1,000,000, while Bolln's shortage was \$112,000. Red Ben Baker has apparently obtained a much clearer idea of justice on the district court bench than he did in a several years' term of daily juxtaposition with the Honorable Erraticus Sockdolager Dundy.

Readers of the Bee and World-Herald are sorely afflicted these days. The debate in the Creighton theatre between Mr. Everlasting Rosewater and Mr. William Jingling Bryan wasn't a

Al Fairbrother has suddenly reappeared on the scene and is contributing to the general political unpleasantness that obtains in this state. Colonel Fairbrother is a man of varied and peculiar talents, and the possession of these talents has discouraged any idea the colonel may have had of retaining a residence in any one place for a considerable length of time. Since he left Nebraska he has set up his Lares and Penates and printing press in many an unfamiliar place, only to find, after a short space, that circumstances, like the policeman said, "Move On." He has blazed a trail from Lincoln to Durham, N. C., and from Durham through Pennsylvania and New York, and life with him has been, if not a continual round of pleasure, at least a continual round of excitement. Colonel Fairbrother could settle on an uninhabited isle and in three days have the entire population by the ears. He could sell extra editions in the Desert of Sahara. He has a sensational hat and sensational hair and he wields a sensational pen.

Now he is back on the old stamping ground writing breezy letters about the "Joes" and "Jacks" of Nebraska politics for the weekly papers. Not many years ago there flourished an ambitious journalistic school in this state. O. H. Rothacker and Fred Nye were its shining lights. Walt Mason and Al Fairbrother scintillated around the greater orbs. Those were great days. The Omaha Republican, Omaha World, State Journal and the Lincoln Call used to flash and sputter with brilliance. Erratic geniuses they were—most of them—but they used to write things that it was a pleasure to read. In the past five years our newspapers have become less brilliant, but, perhaps, more prosperous. Certainly they have improved in balance and discretion. Fairbrother cultivates a gruff, uncouth, battering-ram style, but he knows how

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to work in sentiment very effectively, and whatever criticism may be passed on his writing, it cannot be said that he is ever dull. Some sensitive Nebraska politicians may find him decidedly interesting in the next few weeks.

Councilman O. W. Webster in his endeavor to bring down the expenses of the city government to a point within the city's means, has the cordial support of the business men and taxpayers of the city.

to make haste in the granting of relief to the large number of Lincoln people who are compelled to drink salt water. Through the persistent efforts of Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender and Brer Wolfenbarger the people of Lincoln have at last so accustomed themselves to the drinking of water that they rather like it. But they prefer it without the admixture of sulphur and salt.

THE EDITOR.

"Ephemer" ice cream is the best.

The city council is respectfully urged Frank M. Rector, 1211 O St.