

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Mr. Bok's greatest ladies' paper the world has ever seen. Mr. Harrison remained quietly in Indianapolis, but another politician of national fame, a man less substantial than Harrison, but more scintillating, was induced to become a special newspaper correspondent for the time being and the "statesman out of a job" has sent out some stuff that made the wires warm. Mr. Ingalls has passed the week in close juxtaposition to Matthew Stack'em-up Quay and Thomas Corral'em Platt—and even with the example of Marcus Aurelius Hanna before him it is possible that the ex-senator from Kansas still adheres to his celebrated declaration that "purity in politics is an iridescent dream."

But Mr. Ingalls was not the only great man who helped make the waiting public acquainted with the details of the work in St. Louis. Mr. Rosewater telegraphed his paper that he had attended five national republican conventions and that some of the speeches delivered in the convention were good enough to borrow from. Mr. L. L. H. Austin gave his views to

I'm kind of proud of Brother Bill; you know it's mighty fine
To be kin to a brother who's as great a man as mine.
Come out and have a drink with me.
I know a place where we
Can buy it for ten cents a glass and get some victuals free.

Of course I'm spending money at a reckless, wasteful rate,
For William is my brother and I want to celebrate,
But still I hate to pay the way these hotel people charge
When we can drink for half the price from glasses twice as large.

When Brother Bill's elected I suppose that I shall go
To Europe or to England as ambassador, you know;
I'm very fond of travelling and that is why I came
Out here to see that things were done correct, in William's name.

I'm William's Brother Abner, and I hope that you will cast
Your ballot for McKinley from beginning to the last.
Here, have a stogie with me. Never mind—the treat is mine;
I'm William's Brother Abner and I'm feeling pretty fine.

Mr. Platt and Mr. Manley were not

silent man's career that one clever writer in St. Louis referred to as follows:

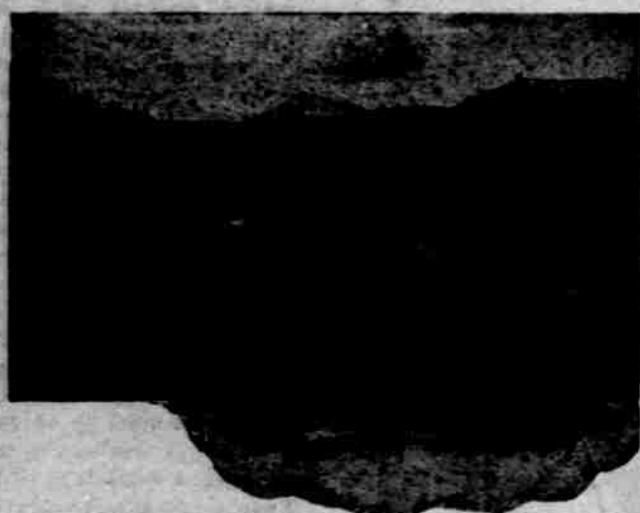
"Several years ago Matthew Stanley Quay, then as ever a politician, found his name connected with a giant political scandal, one of those scandals which start at a state treasury and which sometimes end at another state institution. The case is historic and suicide and penal service have grown from it, and through it all the name of Quay has persistently appeared. There were dark days and uneasy nights for this somewhat proud Pennsylvanian, and when his hold on the state became strong enough he was sent to the

Crouse, would be the biggest man in this state and that when he visited the White House the doors would be taken off their hinges. Well, Lorenzo failed to call the turn. Politically, he is the most diminutive citizen of the state, and when he visits the White House Mr. Thurston will not precede him for the purpose of removing the hinges from the doors. Crouse dug his grave both wide and deep and placed tombstones at his head and his feet, and thus is ended the career of one of the most cold-blooded and selfish men who ever rose to prominence in Nebraska politics.

If General Manderson had taken the



Yellowstone Lake.



Scene in Yellowstone Park

the people of the trans-Mississippi country through the medium of the Evening Call, while William E. Annin described the big event in the State Journal in much the same manner that Richard Harding Davis described the coronation of the czar of all the Russians, and it will be remembered that for a time there was considerable doubt in the minds of the people—of this country—whether it was Mr. Davis or the czar who was being crowned. Mr. Annin is an entertaining writer, but his perspective gets out of whack sometimes. Mr. W. J. Bryan was in St. Louis getting points on how a candidate for president is nominated.

Among the correspondents of lesser note who sent their thoughts through the ticker in St. Louis were Joe Howard, Murat Halstead, Walter Wellman, Moses P. Handy and William E. Curtis.

Carl Smith, formerly of the Omaha World-Herald, who succeeded Eugene Field on the Chicago Record, sent a semi-humorous account to his paper. One day he devoted himself to Abner McKinley, Major McKinley's brother, and wrote some verses, of which the following is a sample:

the only old time republican leaders whose star suffered a partial eclipse in St. Louis. When Mr. Hanna climbed up on the stage he brought a lot of comparative youngsters with him, and it was only natural that some of the old-timers who continued to stem the rising tide of McKinleyism should be swept away in the influx of "original McKinley men." A neighbor of ours, Gen. James S. Clarkson, was one of those who was forced to abdicate. Clarkson was the political boss of Iowa for twenty years. He was always rather addicted to the habit of talking with his mouth, but he was a good organizer, too, and "Rhet" was a considerable factor in national politics. Of late years he has resided in New York, and it was with difficulty that he retained his place as the Iowa member of the national committee. He started out to take a leading part in the ante-convention campaign this year, and he talked against McKinley from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But the talking did not avail, and Mr. Clarkson gracefully gave in. He is now like our friend in Nemaha county, "out of politics."

Speaking of Quay, most people outside of Pennsylvania know very little about an interesting period of the

United States senate as a vindication, his political friends standing true to him as any of the steel of Pittsburg. The memory has not passed out, however. Since his incumbency at Washington allusions and references have shown themselves, and indeed some four or five years ago the senator took occasion to make a speech in the senate in relation to his past life, hot criticism being just then severely waged upon him. The reasoning now is that Senator Quay has come to St. Louis backed by his friends for the purpose of making history of such sort that when people in future speak of Matthew Stanley Quay they will speak of the man who combated with the prophet of his party for the presidential nomination, the man of whom the toric words of praise. This theory is spotless and pure Hastings said his- ples that the Pennsylvanian, knowing that when the story of his party is written his name is bound to be prominent, wants that name connected with the highest instead of the lowest, and his friends want to help along that consummation."

When Lorenzo Crouse made a spectacle of himself at the state convention in Omaha it was said in his behalf that in case Allison or some other anti-McKinley candidate received the nomination in St. Louis, he,

advice freely offered in these columns he might have been one of the leaders in the great movement that reached its first climax this week. As it is he is in the same class with Cullom and Davis, on more or less friendly terms with the presidential nominee; but other Nebraskans will have a firmer footing in the White House. The general stayed out in the wet a little too long.

Senator Thurston took a great many chances in pronouncing for McKinley two years ago. But he never wavered and he had a big share in the triumph. Thurston's O. K. will be of value on

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