

of his election was imminent. Mr. Diedrich contends that all he has attempted to do so far as the election of a senator is concerned is to attempt to harmonize conflicting interests, but the chances are against the nomination he seeks.

MEIKLEJOHN.

There is a strong undercurrent in favor of Assistant Secretary of War Meiklejohn for the position of governor on the republican ticket. The courage he exhibited in 1891, at the organization of the legislature has not been forgotten. He is active, clean, honest and not a candidate. The manner in which he discharged the arduous duties of his office during the Spanish-American war and especially his unremitting interest in the welfare of the volunteer soldiers are elements of strength which no other citizen of Nebraska can command. His official connection with the army in time of war will suffer nothing by a comparison with the official act of Governor Poynter who refused to assent as Governor to a vote of thanks passed by the legislature expressing the gratitude of the people to the First Nebraska for its valor in camp and field. Mr. Meiklejohn as a candidate would not have to explain his acts regarding the volunteers, Mr. Poynter as a candidate cannot explain his. There are republicans of ability, sound judgment and political sagacity, and they number more than a few, who insist that wisdom dictates the nomination of Lorenzo Crouse as the republican candidate for governor. They point, as well they may, to his clean record as a public officer and the honest business administration which he obtained during his incumbency as Governor.

THOMPSON.

Until the sixth day of the present month D. E. Thompson was a candidate, in his mind, for the senatorship. On that day he exhibited his lack of political sagacity by inducing the delegates to the republican convention of Lancaster county to endorse his candidacy. That action made him a candidate in fact. There are republicans to whom the principles of the party are realities; to whom those principles furnish rules of political action. Who believe in fidelity of purpose and purity as applied to politics, who do not believe that party and party principles are to be swapped for a place as an Indian swaps wampum for beads, who know that there is a political virtue that is not to be battered by every "Gas Addicks" who desires to associate, per force, with men of character and distinction. To such republicans the candidacy of Mr. Thompson is the command, "To your tents O Israel." ***

Mr. Thompson in the State Papers.

The following is an editorial the Republican tried to produce last week, but it was shorn of all its meaning by a part of its being left out:

D. E. Thompson of Lincoln is again an aspirant for senatorial honors. The republicans of this state have not forgotten that after Mr. Thompson saw he was defeated last winter he formed a combination with the pops and tried to sell his party out in order that he might secure the prize. He failed to secure republicans enough, however, who were willing to go back on their party caucus to make the scheme win. This bit of treachery on Mr. Thompson's part should, and we believe it has, buried him for all time as a possible candidate for office in the republican party. A man who will sell his party out for his own selfish ends is capable of doing great wrong in the United States senate

and he should not be trusted for a moment.—Weeping Water Republican, Thursday, April 5th.

D. E. Thompson seems to be bunching his hits in Lancaster county. He started out a little while ago to get his kind of men nominated as legislative candidates, with the view of stimulating his chances for the United States senate. Four or five other local celebrities flared up and declared they would put him out at first. He issued a come on defy and the four or five local celebrities answered by scudding for the bleachers and the prospect now is he will make a home run on a passed ball, so far as Lancaster is concerned. Thompson is the only man in Lancaster with the courage to fight.—Fremont Tri-Weekly Tribune, April 5.

Harmony is absolutely necessary to republican success in Nebraska this year, but it must not be gained by sacrifice of principle. D. E. Thompson is making a hot fight, with some prospect of success for the legislative delegation in Lancaster county on the theory that the rural roosters will be reconciled to his candidacy for United States senator by the plea for a united party. Mr. Thompson has no claim upon the republican party; if he had any he sacrificed it when he attempted to defeat the caucus nomination of M. L. Hayward by forming an alliance with the fusionists. It is openly charged, and not denied, that Mr. Thompson promised to oppose expansion, vote with the silverites on the money question and keep out of republican caucuses in return for fusion support that would elect him to the senate. And now he has the sublime nerve to announce himself a republican candidate and is laying the wires to ask the support of those he betrayed, for the sake of sweet harmony. We will have harmony, and plenty of it, when traitors of the Thompson stripe learn that they must come back in sackcloth and humility—not before.—St. Paul Republican, Wednesday, April 4.

Mr. Thompson of Lincoln is again an aspirant for senatorial honors. The republicans of the state have not forgotten that after Mr. Thompson saw that he might secure the prize, he failed to secure republicans enough, however, who were willing to go back on their party caucus to make the scheme win. This bit of treachery on Mr. Thompson's part should, and we believe it has, buried him for all time as a possible candidate for office in the republican party. A man who will sell his party out for his own selfish ends is capable of doing great wrong in the United States senate, and he should not be trusted for a moment.—Weeping Water Republican, Thursday, March 29.

It is sort of given out cold that D. E. Thompson will shortly have a daily afternoon in Nebraska City. The impression is sought to be conveyed that Lancaster county is solid for him.—Palmyra Nineteenth Century Items, Friday, March 30.

The double senatorial prize that will be awarded by the legislature next winter is already occasioning trouble among the republicans in Omaha and Lincoln, and, of course, it is caused by the superabundance of statesmen. It is time the republicans of these cities got together on some basis or they won't have occasion to quarrel over the spoils of office by the time the legislature convenes, for the other fellows will be in a position to take the offices. In neither place does there seem to be occasion for a factional fight at this stage. At Omaha Mr. Rosewater is the disturbing factor and at Lincoln D. E. Thompson. Neither appear to us as likely to

succeed. By the party at large Mr. Rosewater is looked upon as a very unreliable quantity; a person as liable to bolt as to support the ticket. He enjoys the distinction of having done more than any other man to turn the state over to populism. As a party disorganizer he has long stood at the head in this state and it is unlikely a republican legislature will be elected, some members of which would vote for a good democrat in preference to him. As to Mr. Thompson, his entry into politics seems to have been for the sole purpose of becoming senator, but the methods he is credited with employing, are not likely to insure success. The history of his attempted deal with the fusionists near the close of the last senatorial struggle of itself should remove him as a possible candidate. We can see no good reasons why the party aspirants in those two cities, which should be reliably republican strongholds, should not work in harmony to make the ticket successful and then take their chances.—Fairbury Gazette, March 24.

A Lincoln man, F. M. Hall, who is a fighter from Bitter Creek, has deposited \$1,000 with Mayor Winnett which says he can prove D. E. Thompson entered into a conspiracy to defeat Senator Hayward after the republican caucus had decided on Hayward and before his election by the legislature at noon the next day. Mr. Thompson says he didn't. Mr. Hall says if a committee of five on arbitration doesn't establish Thompson's treachery the \$1,000 may be given to any charitable institution of Lincoln Mr. Thompson may name. If it finds against Thompson then he (Thompson) is to withdraw from the senatorial race. This looks like a fair proposition and as Mr. Thompson appears to be up against it now it will give him an opportunity to clear his skirts.—Fremont Tri-Weekly Tribune, April 7.

THE OLD TOWN ON THE RIVER FLORA BULLOCK.

The watch fires of peace
are aglow on the hill-tops;
There's a flare in the sky,
but it speaks not of war.
Is that a long line
of your grim, blazing cannon?
It frights me no more
than the still evening star.

The dark shadows flee
from the flickering splendor;
'Tis the sun come again
with his terrible light!
Ah, no. The old hills
soon weary of frolic
And softly steal back
to the fold of the Night.

I think it is unfortunate that the mind of man did not early conceive some practicable way of building houses on stilts. The plan might then have been modified from age to age but it is sure that men having once lived high would never have descended to inhabit low dwellings on the ground. A house in a tree-top will not do; you must be above the tree-tops, or you miss much of the advantage. Just to look down on earth and all things growing, to be above the swaying boughs clear in the upper air is a joy unlike any other experience. However commonplace the day may be there always seems a beauty undiscovered except in my high eyrie. The smell of the earth is sweet and the feel of a good five-mile road under one's feet is a delight. But when you want to look at things, and drink in all you can stand of the loveliness of springtime, climb high, leave violets and woods and green grass, and get

where you can touch the sky and be one with the birds.

Sky-scrapers, nevertheless, are not my idea of things. You find them in the cities and your view from the top story is only a view of dirty roofs, smoking chimneys, large and small, with perhaps green spots here and there and a green edge far away in the distance, like a fringe. At best it is a sorrowful story of human strife you read from the top of your city sky scraper. But move your building far outside of the city walls and it would be worth while—where you could look down on prairies and rivers, woods and meadows, could catch the sun before he peeped into low earth hovels and bid him good night after a long day of splendor. Your sky-scraper might be called a temple, a touch of the clouds, then. Be sure that no matter how ardent a lover of nature you are you will miss a glory undefined if you do not sometime see the spring come day by day from a high watch-tower above the tree tops.

The prairie fires continue the show after the sun is gone and gleam on many a hill side. Always picturesque, they charm the more when you can look out and down upon them. You will sit and watch them fade away, as the slow dying day has faded before them, and mayhap the worries of the world will slip from you, also, so easily, so quietly.

"And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

"Well," said the inquisitive Populist-who-cannot-vote to the Democrat-from-away-back, "how are you satisfied with the result of the election?"

"All right," cheerfully responded the Democrat-from-away-back, "except the head of the ticket."

"Oh," innocently said the Populist-who-cannot-vote, "then the rest are all demo-pops, are they?" There was a joyful note in her voice.

"No, ma'am," responded the Democrat-from-away-back in his fiercest manner. "No, they are not, they are all Democrats!"

The Populist who-cannot vote fled, reflecting on the fusion that fuses.

Occasionally, the Old Town has some political pot a-brewing and then there is excitement enough. I suppose a circus or a dog-fight might enliven things a little, stir up the molecules in the dead atmosphere, as it were. But it takes a good warm political fight to move things. And then the funny fact about it is that the outside world talks as if it understood the Old Town and its politics. I was deeply amused at some remarks made by a paper published on Salt Creek about the net result in the Old Town. They had to ring in Bryan some way. Bless us! It seems to me even a woman could discover that there never was much of any issue in spring elections in the small towns of this or any other state except whiskey. The Old Town elected a brewer for mayor, that is all. I don't suppose anyone except the Sage of Arbor Lodge was thinking about Bryan, or McKinley, or Dewey, poor man! and I am unable to say which one the distinguished gentleman was thinking of.

Child Study Briefs, No. 2.

"Willie, spell 'vase'."
"V-a-s-e," (labored but correct.)
"What is a vase?"
"I du'n'no."

"Why, Willie, it is something to put flowers in. Now remember that for tomorrow and be sure to have your lesson well."

(Tomorrow.)
"Willie has his lesson?"
"Yes. V-a-s-e, tin can."
The trouble is, you see, that Ann, who loves flowers and plants, grows geraniums in tin cans.

Now, I think, Willie knows the difference between a plant and a flower, a vase and a tin can with all their proper relations.

I think so, but I would not be sure.