

makes a solid, satisfactory and captivating publicist.

The only thing that remains, is to find a person worthy to run for the vice-presidency with Quay on the ticket for first place. Up to this moment there is a good deal of discussion as to whether the nominee for vice-president ought to be Platt or Steve Elkins. Some of Mr. Quay's more ardent admirers and eulogists think that Governor Tanner of Illinois, being the standard brand of "canned patriotism," as put up by the Quay packing houses, and the first man who telegraphed his congratulations to Quay upon the latter's escape from a sentence to the penitentiary, ought to be named for vice-president.

These complicated questions now arising in the ranks of the McKinley party of "benevolent assimilation" throughout the United States are respectfully referred to The Times-Herald of Chicago and other luminous stockholders in the presidential trust as represented by the present "incumbrance," as he is called by some of his former supporters in the Western states.

NO POLITICAL BIGAMY.

In a recent deliverance Colonel William Jennings Bryan declares that political bigamy cannot be tolerated; that no man can be married to the Chicago platform party until after he is divorced from the gold standard party.

This is good precept. But the practice of Colonel Bryan is not like his teachings. In 1896 Colonel Bryan was a political trigamist; he married the Chicago nomination, the silver republican nomination and the St. Louis populist nomination and expressed an equal fondness for each. And even now Colonel Bryan would be a polynominee and with the effusiveness of a political Brigham Young swear fidelity and undying, fervid affection for each. Denunciation of the bigamist by a trigamist is refreshing.

FROM TEXAS. The Pass City Independent published at the beautiful and flourishing city of El Paso in Texas contains in its issue of April 17 the following Jeffersonian comments:

"These new-fangled dollar-a-plate supper clubs might take unto themselves a few texts, as follows:

"Jefferson never favored a dishonest dollar.

"Jefferson never voted the populist ticket.

"Jefferson never condemned our judiciary system, or expressed contempt for the supreme court.

"Jefferson had a high regard for the constitution, the new-fangled democracy have none.

"Jefferson never advocated centralization of power in the hands of the gov-

ernment. This new-fangled democracy does.

"Jefferson never endeavored to read a democratic president, who stood upon democratic principles, out of the party.

"Jefferson, the father of democracy, preached as little government and as much freedom and liberty as consistent with the preservation of society.

"Jefferson never charged the poor laboring people one dollar per lecture to tell them how you couldn't make 45 cents of silver worth a dollar.

"Jefferson never stumped the government for free silver from the rear end of a train furnished him free by the largest railroad corporations in the world."

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

The Omaha World-Herald, which in 1896 predicted the end of the industrial and financial world upon the defeat of sixteen-to-one and the free-coinage silver candidates, is still sobbing with paroxysms of disappointment. But among its groans and sighs there may be occasionally found a contradiction of its own prophecies of the vintage of 1896. To illustrate, that journal of vagaries remarks, quite recently:

"The Burlington and Union Pacific are racing for the possession of a rich territory in northwestern Nebraska. And northwestern Nebraska is throwing up her bonnet and howling at the sight, wishing success to the winner."

Can such things be?

Shall railroads be permitted to taint the pure prairies of northwestern Nebraska with their serpentine trails?

And can there be citizens of that populist propinquity so lost to common sense and common decency that they may be found "throwing up their bonnets" and, like savages, "howling" at this sorry spectacle?

How long are these plutocratic incursions of competing and corrupting capital to be endured?

When will Governor Poynter call out the militia and protect the plain people against this picket guard of the advancing army of prosperity?

How long, how long, oh Lord! must Nebraska submit to these gold standard outrages?

IMPERIAL TOOTHACHE.

Friends of imperialism will be pleased to learn that Emperor William the First, and the official flunkey around the Imperial Palace at Washington, are coming to the front with a proper observance of truly royal ceremonials. For example, we point with imperial pride to the dignified and elaborate way in which the entire royal household conducts itself on those painful occasions when it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to afflict His Majesty with a toothache. An impressive account of what takes place is duly chronicled in the Court Record, otherwise known as the Cincinnati Commer-

cial-Tribune. Its Washington correspondent, under date of April 26, informs an anxious world that, "The President's teeth have pained him for more than a year. During the excitement attendant upon the war with Spain the pain became so insistent that the President finally was compelled to take a day off and get a dentist to reconstruct the outer surface and internal economy of the offending molars, cuspids and bicuspid. When the dentist has a day at the Executive Mansion the employees whisper the news among themselves, and business is practically suspended. An hour or so before the arrival of the dentist an attendant brings the pain-producing paraphernalia which are the necessary accoutrements of his profession. Upon the arrival of the operator the President is summoned, the machinery is placed in position and the Chief Executive of the greatest Nation on earth 'goes up against the real thing.'"

Perhaps some of the oldest residents of the country can recall a time when the "Chief Executive of the greatest Nation on earth" was known to have the toothache in cheap Jeffersonian simplicity, much like other citizens of the republic. That is, he carried his teeth with him, with the grossest informality, and had them patched or pulled on the plebeian premises of a dentist—aye, sitting even in the same chair occupied by the vulgar rabble. A certain Executive named Grant had this low, inferior way of getting his teeth repaired.

All things, of course, have so changed now under the new imperial conditions and dignities, that even dental decorum is observed. So vital are His Majesty's molars to the peace and safety of his subjects on two hemispheres that the dental mountain has to come to Mohammed; all public business at the Palace goes into a fearsome trance, while the official family holds its breath and engages in silent prayer. As we are only in the dawn of Imperial greatness, some of us may hope to see the day when congress adjourns for a week or so out of compliment to His Majesty's ingrowing nail.

The masses of solid foam that appear on the Missouri river are a phenomenon always commented on by the spectators; the stuff gathers to a thickness of six to eight inches, of about the consistency of baker's bread. It is formed from the streaks of scum on the surface of the water, which again is composed of tiny bubbles, caused by the waves and whirlpools of the river. The condensation into the dense foam in question occurs in eddies and other places where these streaks are driven together by the current, and is purely the effect of pressure.

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