

THE present Nebraska legislature is witnessing some experiments in the Senate of that body, which is controlled at last by a coalition of democrats, anti-monopolists and "reformers" against the "straight" republicans. Instead of following the precedent of allowing the President of the Senate to select the committees, a committee of Senators was elected to choose them, in a less arbitrary and partisan manner. In consequence of this most commendable innovation, each committee so selected shows a careful majority of coalitionists among its members and an accidental selection of a coalition chairman. Indeed, consistency, thou art a jewel. Evidently our state solons have persued the fable of The Farmer and His Ox, in Webster's Elementary Spelling Book.

THE death of the foremost statesman of the French Republic has created a profound sensation throughout Europe and America. He was not a political demagogue, but a true patriot, an earnest and enthusiastic worker for the establishment and perpetuation of the first republican government in France worthy of the name. Leon Gambetta will ever be identified with the newer and nobler type of French radicalism—equi-distant from Bourbonism and Imperialism on the one hand and Communism on the other—in a word the progressive republicanism from which everything was to be hoped, nothing to be feared. We say was, for in his death the Radical party loses much of its prestige and power, and already fears are expressed that the masses, whose hero he was, will be more easily led into Communism without his restraining hand. The volatile nature of the French people does yet, and always will, render them more or less dependent on the character and will of individual leaders, and the powerful but benign magnetism of Gambetta may easily be exchanged for the influence of a leadership more dangerous to the young republic. To-day France is the most prosperous and contented of European nations, and to Gambetta more than any other one man is this condition of things due. That the result of his patriotic labors may not now be overturned by a more reactionary leader is the hope of all friends of true republicanism. In any event, France is to be pitied for the loss of this political genius in the very prime of his vigor and importance. His enemies feared him, his opponents admired him, and his followers worshipped him. His was the resolute nature that would not be daunted; the combative will that would not brook denial; the strong character that made itself felt by all with whom it came in contact. All friendly nations reach forth a hand of sympathy to France in this hour of bereavement, and strong Germany pays a still higher compliment to his influence and ability, as she breathes

a sigh of relief and remarks: "His death does more to assure the peace of Europe than any event which has taken place in the past year." It is not probable that the end of any other Frenchman's inveterate hatred and determination to avenge in time the insults and humiliation of 1870, would have called forth this expression of a securer feeling.

THE fashionable manias of English society find some sympathy and following in the Eastern United States; but out here in the West, our blunted sensibilities or lack of "culchah," or something, renders us incapable of appreciating with any degree of utterness the true lah-de-dah sentiment, and the extent to which our aping of each current English craze or custom can scarcely be called enthusiasm. So it is that after the "underdone young man" had excited the rapt attention and devout admiration of the Hub and the neighboring lesser foci of civilization in obedience to the mandates of Oxford and London—we, poor heathen, unmindful of our own short-comings, and foolishly happy in our ignorance, failed to discover in this disciple of Ruskin that which so stirred to heretofore unknown depths the soulfulness of our Eastern cousins, but viewed with simple and untaught wonder his manners and peculiarities with much the same feeling of curiosity that would mark our examination of an unusual zoological specimen. And now it is the same way with the Jersey Lily. Transplanted to Eastern American soil, her British-lauded beauty of face and form, the too-ness of her acting, and the truly professional questionability of her personal character, drew immense and refined audiences to rhapsodize and enthuse over her, and produced her Gebhart mash. But as she approaches the setting sun, the audiences grow smaller in proportion to the lower order of their civilization, and even the Gebhart side-show attachment fails to make the combination a complete success. At Chicago the Langtry's beauty is announced as not extraordinary, and her acting as less than ordinary. As Bill Nye would say, Oh, why is this so thus, and if so, will it become even more thus as she loses herself farther and farther in these western wilds of inartistic and unappreciative barbarism? That this condition of things should exist with us is indeed deplorable. Is there no way by which we may be awakened from our monotony of sturdy common sense? Shall we always be obliged to give ourselves away like this? From this time on let us resolve to emulate the worthy example of our Eastern countrymen, to reject our commonplace notions of American excellence, and strive to admire, regardless of expense, all that our English benefactors may see fit to send us for our enlightenment and admiration.