

The report that J. D. Calhoun will resurrect himself from his Florida tomb and once more give his intellect a chance in the columns of a Nebraska daily newspaper, gives sincere pleasure to his many admirers in this state. Major Calhoun is too good a man to allow himself to be obscured in Tampa. He is one of the ablest men who have served up democratic doctrine to the people of this section, and the *World-Herald* will be conspicuously benefitted by his services.

This week the case in the supreme court against ex-State Treasurer Hill and his bondsmen has attracted much attention. There is still a lack of unanimity in opinion as to the outcome of the case, but there seems to be an increasing opinion that the ex-treasurer and bondsmen will not be held. It is said, by the way, that more than one of the bondsmen has been alarmed at the prospect and taken measures to "protect himself"; in other words has transferred his property.

Omaha is forced to acknowledge that, whatever may be her shortcomings in other directions, Lincoln can play whist. At the tournament held at the Union club rooms, Saturday evening there was the usual display of Omaha confidence, and when the Lincoln players secured a second victory the shock was so great that some of the visitors had not fully recovered when they left for home the next day. Never before has there been so much interest in whist as now. An inter-state tournament which would take in the cities of Lincoln, Omaha, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, St. Joseph and Atchison, is contemplated. Whist players in a number of Nebraska interior towns have indicated a desire to come to Lincoln to play, and there is no doubt that a state tournament comprising such cities as Beatrice, Nebraska City, Fremont, Grand Island, Kearney, Hastings and Lincoln could be arranged without difficulty.

POINTS IN POLITICS.

MANY important offices are to be filled in this fall's election. Candidates will be nominated for the following offices: sheriff, three judges of the district court, clerk of the district court, county judge, county commissioner, county treasurer, county clerk, superintendent of public instruction, coroner, surveyor, three justices of the peace, constables. It is impossible in the space of an article of anything like reasonable length to consider all of the candidates for these offices. They rise up on all sides and confront the voter at every turn. At no time in the history of the county has there been a larger number of candidates. Probably this year's crop will exceed all others.

The election of three judges of the district court greatly complicates the situation. All three of the present judges, Hall, Holmes and Tibbets, live in the Fourth ward. County Judge Lansing is also a Fourth warder. Hall and Holmes are both candidates for a republican nomination, and Lansing is regarded as an aspirant for renomination. These various candidacies for judge have a depressing effect on candidates for other offices who live in the same ward; for instance on Sam E. Low, who would like to be clerk of the district court; on Mr. Rohman who also wants the same office; on Harry Wells, who would like to be county clerk; possibly on Charlie Caldwell, who is mentioned as a prospective candidate for sheriff; on W. S. Hamilton, who is said to nurse an ambition to be county judge; and on some four or five other active politicians in the Blue Stocking ward who have erected lightning rods.

Just how the judgeship tangle in the Fourth is coming out nobody knows. But at this stage in the game it does not seem probable that the ward will go into the convention asking for two judges. Hall and Holmes will doubtless fight for the delegation, and the lesser candidates, in this event will have to hang their ambitions on the tails of these two kites. There is some objection to Hall on account of his silver views, but he is capable of putting up a strong fight. Holmes will have experienced campaigners like Field and Bob Graham on his side. So that the contest promises to be full of interest.

There has been some talk of taking the selection of judges out of ward politics by having the republican members of the bar get together and recommend three men for candidates. In conversation with politicians this week I found a considerable sentiment in favor of such a course. This would leave the candidates for other offices in the different wards to fight out the battle without regard to the judgeships.

Sam Low is being energetically pushed for district court clerk. Mr. Rohman, his nearest antagonist, opposes his candidacy on the ground that he, (Rohman) has been in the county longer than Mr. Low and that Mr. Low is one of the owners of the *News*, a newspaper that lately made strenuous efforts to defeat republican candidates. The young republicans, who are especially active in Low's behalf, assert that he has resided in Lancaster county ever since he was legally entitled to vote and that no man, young or old or middle aged, has rendered more enthusiastic and effective service in the cause of party success than has Mr. Low. So far as Low's connection with the *News* is concerned I can state, with full knowledge of the facts, that however great a republican's disapprobation the *News* may be, he is not justified in withholding his support from Mr. Low on that account. The latter has not, since he ceased to be editor of the paper, and its republicanism was not questioned during his editorship—had any voice in shaping its policy. He is simply a minority stockholder and is absolutely powerless to influence the ruling element in any way.

The Fifth ward is true to its traditions. It has candidates for nearly all of the important offices, and the complications in this precinct closely resemble the condition of affairs in the Fourth. Tom Cochran wants to be county judge. John P. Maule has not, as yet, been rewarded for his efforts in last fall's campaign, and one of the district court judgeships would about fit his ambition. W. L. Browne aspires to the same office for which Cochran is a candidate. Ed. R. Sizer is a life sized candidate for clerk of the district court. John McClay and A. D. Burr are also considered as candidates for the same office. But McClay will hardly oppose Sizer when it comes to a show down. Gran Ensign, who made a gallant fight for sheriff two years ago, is again a candidate. There are also candidates for clerk of the district court and other offices.

Ensign is regarded as a promising candidate for sheriff. There will be a repetition of the old fight between the city and the county for this office. If anybody from the city gets the nomination it is not improbable that it will be Ensign. Alva Smith, of Waverly, who was nominated for this office two years ago, only to be pounded into the earth on election day, will insist on a renomination. Most every body else is convinced that Mr. Smith is not the proper kind of a man to nominate, but that gentleman refuses to accept the rebukes he

has already received as an indication of what would befall him in case of a renomination. And Old Long Legs will drag himself into the arena again. The Tall Sycamore has swayed in the winds that blow in the neighborhood of Hickman for so long that his hold in the political ground work has weakened. Mr. Trompen has no particular claim on the office of sheriff, and the county can certainly do better than either of these two men.

Fred Beckman, the present incumbent wants another term as county commissioner, and thus far there does not seem to be any disposition to contest his candidacy within republican lines, although it was said some months ago that there would be several candidates for that office.

Maxey Cobb will have no opposition for renomination for county treasurer.

J. S. Baer, the present efficient county superintendent of public instruction, has served two terms. A good many people would like to see him continued in office.

Dr. Winnett who was appointed coroner to succeed Dr. Crim, resigned, will be a candidate for the nomination.

The remaining candidates—and there is an army of them—will be mentioned and considered in future issues of THE COURIER.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

SECOND SERIES.

No 5.

In the early stages of my acquaintance with him I was impressed by his simplicity, innocence and ingenuousness. Some people have known him for years and are still of the opinion that he is free from guile. My opportunities for judging of his character were exceptional, and I was able, after two or three years of more or less intimate association, to penetrate the outward showing of simple minded candor and arrive at something like an adequate understanding of his inner self; and I am lost in admiration of his depth and cleverness.

Imagine a rather undersized man of particularly modest appearance; whose countenance is as frank and open as the day; whose eyes gaze at you with a tender, innocent expression; whose manner is retiring; whose disposition is quiet. This is his description. It might be added that he wears a moustache and a cutaway coat. He is one of those happy men who go through life at a leisurely pace. Nobody ever saw him in a hurry, and nobody ever saw him fail to "get there" when once he started. He walks while others run, but somehow he gets to the goal as quickly as anybody. He is under forty and his complexion is fair. He has important business connections, and is widely known and generally liked. His quiet manner, backed by a considerable mental reserve power, inspires respect. He never speaks except when he has something to say; his deliberate, honest form of expression invariably commands attention.

He is among the shrewdest, deepest men in business in Lincoln. He is capable, in his quiet way, of engineering large schemes to a successful conclusion, with a minimum of apparent effort, leaving most people in entire ignorance of his performance. Under an ingenuous exterior he fairly revels in adroit diplomacy. His depth is generally not suspected, and he is thus enabled to do many things that another man could not. If he is in want of some particularly important information he

goes out after it, taking his innocent eyes and bland countenance along for accomplices. In the most casual and disinterested manner he will broach the subject on which he desires the information, and the eyes and the candor reflected in his face, obtain, in most instances, that which he seeks. He has one habit that is distressing to his friends—that of pretended ignorance while he makes his victim tell him all he knows—this is one of his chief pleasures. To sit in silence while those around him are airing their imperfect knowledge on a subject he thoroughly understands, and finally to confound the company by his ultimatum is to him a never failing delight. He often asks a friend about a certain thing and after hearing what he has to say volunteers twice as much information on the subject as the friend possesses.

After one gets to know him pretty well and is a little suspicious of him he is still far from easy to understand. One does not know, and cannot tell from his manner, whether he is serious or not; this ability to hide his real feeling enables him to do some effective joking—still in a quiet way. His imagination is susceptible of the most remarkable flights. He has a penchant for telling stories, and he has the rare gift of being able to spin the most impossible yarns, easily and naturally. His imperturbation cannot be disturbed. His eyes look out with innocence, and his whole face beams with truth. He is a living picture of complete candor.

SHEEPSKIN JOHNSON.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

"A skalk keep dosh moany all same," said Sheepskin Johnson.

Sheepskin Johnson had driven into Sutton from his farm on School Creek, northwest of town. Karl Petterson had driven into town from his farm down on Turkey Creek, southwest of town, and the two Sweed farmers, meeting on the corner of the street, fell into conversation as farmers will.

Karl Petterson had advanced the idea that some grocery dealers from Chicago were trying to organize a syndicate of Sweed farmers in Clay county which would be known as the Clay County Farmers Mutual Mercantile association, and that as Sheepskin Johnson had a small wad of money laid away in the bank for a rainy day it would be a good idea for him to put that wad into the deal. Now Karl Petterson is a good talker and had presented the plan in its most plausible light; and being known as a fairly thrifty farmer, his argument would ordinarily have considerable force.

Sheepskin lit his pipe, smoked quietly and listened with his eyes blinking slowly, nearly closed. His face, from an outside view, had a sleepy and listless expression, but his mind, on the inside was wide awake. When Karl had run through the full length of his argument he drew forth from his overalls pocket his pouch of tobacco, refilled his own pipe and waited for a reply.

"A skalk keep des moany," said Sheepskin. His countenance now assumed a more animated expression, and turning his cold grey eyes on Karl, and using the long bony index finger of his right hand to emphasize the arguments which he punctuated in the palm of his left, he continued.

"Ven A come fram Sveden A had yoost hundred sixty doaler. Da been plenty faler all time vant des moany. But A stick to des money all time. Ven A come fram de ship, some faler in New York want to sell me a dog. A look pretty green den, but A stick to des moany. One faler in Chicago he want to sell me f...ht, but A stick to des moany. A come to Sutton.