

it, and also how mixed things ought to taste.

There are others who advise getting "him" interested in a Chataqua circle, then he will have to stay at home to get his two hours' a day reading done. Then there are the various kinds of social clubs, dancing, card and eating clubs, that may perhaps satisfy his desire to roam. It is a wife's duty to find out by experimenting just what her husband needs and then to apply it conscientiously. These few suggestions are printed here in order that the new Fall bride's may be helped to a knowledge of how to handle their subjects with precision and knowledge. It is never too early to begin. It is sometimes too late to mend. Joking aside, it is companionship that wins and keeps. It is not good housekeeping or faultless dress; it is not a good disposition, it is camaraderie, and the discouraging, hopeless thing about it is that it cannot be cultivated or inculcated. Two, to thoroughly enjoy each other's society for ever must be born comrades.

Albany people say that Senator Hill voted for Bryan. There was only one Palmer and Buckner ballot found in the box when the judges came to count the votes in his precinct, and when people saw it recorded in the returns everybody thought it must have been cast by the senator. When they spoke to him about it he smiled and said nothing, although one neighbor asserts that he admitted that he did not vote for McKinley. And now comes one Frederick Beall, a well known and reputable citizen of Albany, who is engaged in buying and selling lumber, and has accumulated considerable wealth by observing the maxims of the wise, and declares that he is the guilty man. He objects to being deprived of the distinction of being the only gold standard democrat in that precinct, and is willing to make affidavit that he voted for Palmer and Buckner and that, as a consequence, Senator Hill could not have done so.

George DuMaurier, in his story of "The Martian," says, speaking of M. Laferte, a retired iron master, who was of gigantic stature, six foot six or seven and looked taller still, as he had a very small head and high shoulders; "I had grown immensely fond of this colossal old *bourru bienfaisant*, and believe that all his moroseness and brutality were put on to hide one of the warmest, simplest and tenderest hearts in the world." *Bourru bienfaisant* and the rest recall Judge Mason's person and character.

The illustrations in "The Martian" are drawn with a freer hand than DuMaurier's illustrations in Punch show. The long notched lines have the sweep and the economy of Gibson's added to Du Maurier's attractive personality. At the end of Part II the story is scarcely more than begun. Barty Josselin, the hero, has not breathed yet, though Du Maurier's efforts at resuscitation have been faithful. Trilby's vitality was strongest in the first pages, and she faded away into mysticism with the last pages of the book. She developed from a woman into a myth. Barty Josselin is not exactly a myth, neither is he a flesh and blood boy to North American readers whose freedom from tradition has made them extra-exacting in regard to realities. But it is early to criticise.

COMFORT TO CALIFORNIA.

Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route. It is carpeted; upholstered in rattan; has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast. While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5. For a folder giving full particulars, call at the B & M Depot or City office Corner Tenth and O street.

Geo. W. Bonnell,
C. P. T. A.

POLITICAL POINTS.

And, Politics!
Could I claim as many apostles as dost thou,
I certainly would maintain a more dignified
and righteous mien.

It is evident that the political soothsayer of the News—or rather the individual who poses as such—will persist in making a monkey of himself, in spite of the efforts of his friends to head him off. After glibly intimating to the political public that he is the confidential adviser and dictator of Ed Sizer, John Maule, Dr. E. L. Holyoke, Sam Melick, and the local ministerial association, he sallies forth to tell us "who Major McKinley will appoint as postmaster at Lincoln." The most uninterested person must admit that the News' assertions in regard to this office have no foundation whatever, and illustrate how ridiculous a writer on political subjects can make himself when not a master of his line of work. The News man avers that Mr. H. M. Bushnell is not a republican—an allegation which of itself proves the maker thereof as being either aberrated or a prevaricator. The News endeavors to disparage Congressman Strode's influence by the emphatic declaration that he will have no weight whatever with the next president.

Such statements, emanating as they do from the News, do not carry an iota of conviction with them. It is very fortunate for Messrs. Strode and Bushnell that they have encountered the opposition of the News. As a matter of fact, the day when the News wielded a telling influence in politics is past. Besides, those of us who are conversant with the past relations between the News and Mr. Bushnell are aware of the motive of the News' aggressiveness toward him.

But saints preserve us! The News' prophet (nit) springs the name of the Right Honorable Charles Hercules Gere on a patient and unsuspecting populace! Verily, we may ejaculate, "What next!" for if politics is politics, and we believe it is, Charles Hercules may as well "fly the postoffice coop." The name of John Currie would be as acceptable to McKinley, in a political sense, as that of Mr. Gere. However, if the fates should decree his appointment as postmaster or any other federal office, it would be a gross insult to the loyal and original McKinley men of this city. Mr. Gere has done nothing to merit this lucrative position. The Journal did not support McKinley any more or more effectively than did the Courier and the rest of the republican papers of Lincoln. One thing is dead certain—the Journal did not give McKinley its strength when he needed it the worst—just prior to his nomination. "Nay, doo!" The Journal was then a "patriotic newspaper." It advocated a Manderson delegation. It believed in "state pride," and kept the McKinley apostles guessing so much that they thought more than once that they had their last guess.

When it was apparent to a blind man that McKinley had a "throw down" the Journal, following to the letter its ancient policy of "being with" the man with a gas pipe cinch, deserted Mr. Manderson with the haste that it would a leper, and rallied to the support of Our William, managing to sneak into our tent just a few days before the St. Louis convention. This being true, has Mr. Gere or his "heavies" since the nomination been of any more benefit to McKinley than the services of hundreds of other Lincolnites? Look and be assured. In truth, were not the creations of Mr. Gere's individual pen, a short time prior to McKinley's success, a detriment to him?

And while Mr. Gere was extolling the virtues and heft of Manderson, the

Call poet was gridding out McKinley poems by the page, while the News' bard contented himself with dedicating five odes daily to the same personage. And yet the News' sensational prophet has the stupidity to declare that Charles Hercules Gere may be considered as a possible successor to J. H. Harley's position. Well, pshaw!

Whether J. E. Houtz is a candidate for postmaster or for some other fat job is not at present clear to the naked optic. It is whispered, however, that J. E. has a rope attachment to something that he deems "just as good," even though it may be a substitute for his originally intended. In any capacity, Mr. Houtz would be highly satisfactory. He's the proper thing for the proper place, and if he is afflicted with office fever—and present signs indicate as much—the prescription McKinley will recommend will doubtless prove an effectual cure.

But where will the redoubtable Tom Pie Kennard come in? Well, without exaggeration, speculation or reflection, it may be stated that the venerable and genial Thomas can give half the young political bucks "carls and spades" and then beat them out. Thomas, esq., while a spring chicken, is not from last spring's brood. He has seen at least sixty winters, not to mention the numerous summers he forgot to tell us about. This is not his maiden effort for office, and we'll bet a hundred that he would be no more earnest or diligent in his canvass than he is now if it was. Just how Tom goes after political honors is a matter of publicity, and no one knows what a scrapper he is better than C. H. Gere. Mr. Kennard is a fighter from the floor up. He doesn't know what an obstacle is. He ripped and snorted for Billy Mc. from the jump. He fumed and—cussed, and with the assistance of W. Morton Smith, Lou Stewart, J. E. Houtz and some other Fourth ward stalwarts, finally downed the Manderson "push." And Thomas will more than likely succeed in his effort for office, but whether his eye is glued to the postmaster's chair is not known. It should be stated for the benefit of Mr. Kennard that he was one of the original McKinley men in this state, as was also Mr. Houtz.

But has anyone ever considered the chances of Capt. Phelps Paine and Col. Lelwyn Lynx Lindsey, for federal office? They have a chance for securing plums, if we are to judge from past occurrences. Mr. Lindsey cut quite a swath at the St. Louis convention, and is credited with having turned many colored votes to Our Bill. It is not presumed, however, that Mr. Lindsey is sighing for the postoffice. Capt. Paine believes that anything in the way of federal porridge is a good thing, and—there are others. Notwithstanding that Capt. Paine was practically born and raised at the public crib, he did valiant work for William of Ohio, and along with many others is deserving of some mark of recognition.

But to again refer to the News prophesy. In it's benighted article referred to it did not enumerate L. L. H. Austin as a probable postoffice fixture. No, the News passed Austin up, as it has done for quite a spell. But regardless of the agonizing pain and mortification the News would experience were its antagonist in all matters to be appointed, it cannot but countenance the fact that Mr. Austin is the most formidable of all candidates for the position of postmaster. The Courier, in launching this assertion, desires to state that it has no interest in common with Mr. Austin, and does not expect to support him as the only available man for this position. It is the self-evident fact that Mr. Austin was the first newspaper man in Lincoln to support William McKinley

for the presidency that impels us to so declare. That this is true can be substantiated by looking up the files of his newspaper. It is also known that during the Manderson reception at the Lindell, when an attempt was made to secure for Manderson the support of the Lincoln press, Austin and Morton Smith refused so to do, a circumstance which decisively settled the Manderson scheme. It is not certain that Mr. Austin is a candidate, but to those others who have their eyes covetously fixed on Mr. Harley's shoes, we say, "Never mind your own chances; watch those of Mr. Austin."

About two of the sickest men in the state are Fred Miller and O. W. Palm. Each of them was offered nomination on the state ticket, the former for secretary of state and the latter for treasurer. But the outlook for populist success was not flattering at that time, so these gentlemen permitted all kinds of nominations to go by default. Now they are thinking of what Shakespears said about "there being a tide in the affairs of men," etc.

Billy Bright—Pa, after what flower will the next state legislature be called? Billy's Pa—I know not. You may tell me if you will.
Billy B.—The poppy, of course.

"What will the pop legislature do about the fire and police commission?" is now the subject of much speculation. The pops have the requisite vote if they wish to tamper with this question; but if they do, what good would it do them? Such legislation would stir up the greatest feeling, and instead of rebounding to the credit of the populists it might prove to be their greatest bane. With questions of insurance, bonds, and other questions of pressing importance, it is believed that the legislature will find plenty to do, without dabbling in matters of local political import.

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