

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

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THE COURIER PUBLISHING CO. W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.

25 C.

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

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25 C.

The governmental aspect of the financial situation is thus vividly photographed by the plain spoken New York Sun:

"A more serious cause for anxiety is the absence, as yet, of the manifestation of anything like commanding financial ability either at the capital of the nation or in this metropolis. The president is not, indeed, expected to be himself a skilled and experienced financier, but he can call to his aid the best experts of the country and profit by their counsels. Yet his secretary of the treasury is a cipher, and though his message to congress was presumably written after consultation with those whom he is thought competent to advise him, it is remarkable for its lack of all recommendations save that of the stoppage of silver purchases. It is silent in regard to the tax on state bank circulation, silent in regard to the increase of national bank circulation. It says nothing about legalizing the present unauthorized gold reserve fund, and nothing about giving explicitly to the secretary of the treasury the power to procure gold for that fund by the sale of bonds. It tosses the whole subject of the finances bodily into the lap of congress, to be wrangled over at pleasure. This might be pardonable if either in the house of representatives or in the senate the party which elected President Cleveland was represented by a man competent to shape legislation on financial matters and to conduct the debates on them to a successful termination, but no such man has as yet appeared. The republicans are more fortunate in having in the senate, in the person of Senator Sherman, a well-informed and able financier as well as debater, but he is a selfish and dishonest politician, who would rather the country should go to ruin than that it should be helped by any measure which would benefit his opponents."

It is not exactly clear wherein Senator Sherman has merited the charge of selfishness and dishonesty. The senator has this far shown himself willing and anxious to render every reasonable aid to the party in power in straightening out the financial tangle.

That Congressman Bryan should make a speech was inevitable. And he came to the front on Wednesday. He talked three hours, and the newspaper correspondents say that the speech was a scintillating combination of brilliancy and audacity. Of course it was fine. His plea for free silver began with the victory of Charles Martel, at Tours in 732, which rescued Christian civilization and established the course of history for centuries, and ended with his telling President Cleveland that he, Cleveland,

doesn't know what he is talking about. Mr. Bryan is one of the smoothest talkers in the country. His smile is the smile of the cherub; his voice comes rippling over the audience like the music of laughing water, now and then dropping into plaintive notes resembling the dying grasp of little Eva; he has the grace of Chauncey M. Depew, and his manner is candid enough to convince a saint or a sinner. Of course when Mr. Bryan said that "I have heard from the boards of trade and from the chambers of commerce, but I have not heard from the farmers or the men in the workshops," and other things about the "people," with grace and beauty, and the sacred fire of oratory scintillating from him, and with the tears of righteous indignation in his eyes and on his handkerchief, of course, the people applauded, and when he got through, of course, people said it was a great speech. It was. It must be admitted, however, that the country is hardly nearer to salvation than it was before the speech, before Mr. Bryan told about Martel, et al. But we are proud of Mr. Bryan. We are proud of Mr. Morton and Mr. Bryan, and any other Nebraskan who can command the attention of the country as they do.

A CONTEMPORARY suggest that Chicago ought to change its name. It says the French can neither speak nor spell the word by which the world's fair city is known, and that hardly any Englishman can pronounce it rightly. A German needs years of training for its utterance. An Italian raises laughter in the Palaisance when he ejaculates it. Jewish newcomers from Russia wrestle with it for a long time, though its first syllable is of Hebrew sound. The colored people of the far south smile when they try to get it off. Even a member of the tribe of Indians from whose language the word was stolen, says it has been corrupted out of reason. There are stories from old Ireland about the attempts of the natives of that country to speak or spell the title of the naval ship Chicago, which put in at the port of Queenstown last month. Some of them pronounce the first syllable Kee, which is in accord with the Italian usage, soften the next consonant c, sharpen the vowel a, and then strike out into the open pasture. It is suggested that the last syllable of the word would make a good enough name. "Anybody can say Go, even an infant, or a cannibal, or a Midway person, or a truckman. The adoption of that plain yet expressive verb as the name of the western place would save mankind a lot of trouble, and relieve many people from pain in the mouth." But Chicago will hardly change its name because it gives some people a pain in the mouth. It has given a large number of people, notably envious New Yorkers, a worse pain than that, without feeling particularly conscience stricken.

THE egregious It, Seth Mobley, the man who draws \$240 per month for dawdling at the Nebraska building in Chicago, under the supervision of the rattle-brained cracker man, Joe Garneau, not content with the comparative obscurity which he has hitherto enjoyed, has of late manifested a disposition to make himself as notorious as his principal, and he has been writing the most ridiculous nonsense for the Omaha papers. Now the only security for adulated, shambling excuses like Mobley is in obscurity, and this specimen of Nebraska's capability in the production of misfits, made a great mistake when he rushed into print with his drivel. Mobley would be overpaid at \$240 per year; yet he receives this amount per month for doing absolutely nothing, and now that he has called public attention to himself it really seems that Mobley is the culminating atrocity of Garneauism. Mobley alone is enough to queer the exhibit. This precious representative of Nebraska journalism has the effrontery to insinuate that the criticism of the Nebraska exhibit is due to the inability of the critics to procure free admission to the fair. Perhaps Mr. Garneau's wine suppers have made Mobley entirely crazy. That is the most charitable view to take of his utterances. But he should be suppressed. There is certainly no demand on the part of the state for chattering empty heads at \$240 per month. Mobley is after all worse than the Nebraska building. That is a monumental pile of tremendous blunders that Crouse and Garneau have to answer for, and Mobley is the capstone.

The democrats of Ohio could have selected no worthier opponent of McKinley than Larry Neal, the man who wrote the free trade plank of the Chicago platform, and dubbed the protection measure proposed by McKinley, the "culminating atrocity of class legislation." The contest will necessarily be fought very largely on national issues, and the result will be interesting as indicating the trend of public opinion on a question answered so decisively last November. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that Governor McKinley will be triumphantly elected, an election by the way that will, in the minds of many republicans, make him particularly available as a candidate for president in 1904.

THE cost of the world's fair up to August 10 was \$23,102,921.16. The Paris exposition cost less than \$9,000,000. There is as much difference between

our own fair and the one held at Paris as there is between one of Mr. Garneau's cracker boxes and the Bee building or between Mr. Garneau and a man with ordinary common sense.

COMPARISON is a great thing. Considered by himself Governor Crouse is an obstinate old humbug, a disgrace to the intelligence and patriotism of the people of Nebraska; but when we compare the governor of Nebraska with the governor of Colorado, the former actually appears to have some excuse for living.

SILVER may be having a hard time of it, but it is faring a great deal better than one of its predecessors in the American money line. Silver has at least one leg left to stand upon; but Wampum has no standing whatever.

THE PREVAILING DEPRESSION. Mrs. Astorbilt entertained a party of twenty last night in her hovel on Jersey flats. Beer was served in cordial glasses.

PRETZELS in fancy shape, tied with colored threads, were the cotillion favors. The supper was served on small barrels, and the pieds de cochon a la vinaigre were intensely appreciated by the assembled guests.

Schwarzhelmer and O'Shea catered in their admirable style, their well-known preparation of the Jersey Mosketo, a deliciously gamey bird, satisfying even the palate of Mr. McAllister.

The hostess was exquisitely attired in a lovely combination of essui-mains, trimmed with noix de Bresil. An unfortunate contretemps happened to Mrs. Van Schuyler's wheelbarrow, which was unfortunately overturned, owing to the lack of illumination and her wheeler's carelessness. The lady, we rejoice to say, escaped with nothing more severe than a shaking and a disheveling of the lovely converture in which she was robed.—Town Topics.

Avoided the Danger. There was a look of wild distress upon her face. She rushed from the train and clutched the conductor by the arm as he stood upon the platform.

She was not beautiful, but interesting. It was nearly a minute before she was able to give coherent utterance to her thoughts. Presently, however, she was able to gasp a little.

"I—I've been robbed."

The conductor gazed calmly into her face and shook his head.

"Madam—"

His voice was gentle but firm.

"You are mistaken. You were not in the sleeping car."

She could not divine his meaning, but a certain sense of peace took possession of her.—Exchange.

What to Expect. The facetious man had built himself a nice new house with a stone veranda and steps up in the front and took a friend to look at it.

"Very nice, very nice indeed," said the friend critically, "but it has such a set look. Lacks expression, you know."

"Of course," replied the owner, "but what else could you expect from a house with such a stony stair?" And he sat down on the steps and laughed.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fair Suggestion. Old Party—So you wish to marry my daughter?

Young Party—Yes, sir.

Old Party—Well, you won't do. You are not up to my ideas of what my son-in-law should be.

Young Party—Possibly not now, sir, but after I've lived with you eight or ten years I'll improve.—Exchange.

Unpleasant Memories. Ethel (rummaging in grandma's drawer)—Oh, grandma, what a curious old key this is.

Grandma—Yes, my dear. That was your grandfather's fatchkey.

"And you keep it in memory of old days?"

"No, my dear; old nights."—Exchange.

Wanted the Law on His Side. "Well," said the lawyer to the rural justice, "you sent for me?"

"Yes," said the justice. "I want advice about this here prisoner. He's been ketched stealin' hogs, as I hain't got no lawbook I don't know of 'em entitled to lynch him or not?"—Atlanta Constitution.

How to Get at It. Swipes (looking over the baseball record)—Let me see. How do the Chicago stand? Here it is. Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh—

Swiggles—If you want to get at it quickly, why don't you begin at the bottom and read up?—Chicago Tribune.

His Field. "What's the subscription price of your new paper?"

"Two dollars a year."

"Is it intended for any particular class of readers?"

"Yes, it's for those who have \$2."—Truth.

Didn't Like to Hear It. Alice—Oh, dear, it is so awfully hot. I know I look just like a boiled lobster, don't I?

Mabel—Yes.

Alice—You horrid, mean, old thing!—Minneapolis Journal.

A fine line of canned soups, 25 cents per can. Miller & Gifford, grocers.

"The Best" Laundry, 2208 O street, telephone 573, H. Townsend & Co., proprietors, Lincoln, Neb.

New Imported Swiss Cheese. Miller & Gifford, grocers, opposite Burr block.

There may be some nicer and cooler places to enjoy a plate of delicious ice creams than Chas. June's pavilion, but they are not to be found in this neighborhood.

Mountain Rose Pine Apple is better and cheaper than any other in the market. Miller & Gifford.

The finest grocery store in the city. Miller & Gifford.

HE ROOSTS IN A TREE

In 1868 Hulitt Hazewell and Flippant Daniels, of Windham county, Connecticut, had an argument, says the Chicago Evening Post. Hazewell was a rabid democrat, and Daniels, who was postmaster of the village, was a no less rabid republican. Hazewell knew Horatio Seymour was sure to be elected. Daniels was just as sure that Grant was to be successful. Both men were angry, and finally Daniels said: "Well, Hulitt, if Seymour's elected I'll be hanged if I'll stay in the country." Anxious to show as deep disgust at the prospect of republican victory, Hazewell said: "I won't leave the country, Daniels; but if Grant's elected I'll climb a tree and stay there."

And he did. He climbed a chestnut tree and he has been there ever since, except when he has had to get down to till his farm or go to the store. By the time Grant was inaugurated he had built him a home in the tree. It rests in the forks of several large limbs twenty feet from the ground. It was built of joists and boards securely fastened to the limbs and trunk of the tree. The roof is shingled, the sides covered with clapboards, and it is altogether as well built in every part as it would have been if it had been intended to rest upon the ground. Of course it is small, but there is sufficient room for the accommodation of the occupant. There are three tiny apartments, all well furnished, well lighted and thoroughly ventilated. A ladder leads from the ground to a platform in front of the entrance of the house.

The tree is an immense one for Connecticut. At the base the trunk measures nearly five feet through. The heart of the trunk is decaying and Hazewell has built a cellar under the roots, to which it is possible to descend by a ladder inside the trunk. This cellar is never reached by frosts, he says, even in the coldest weather. The owner does not lead a solitary life by any means. Like Robinson Crusoe he has tamed the birds and animals that haunt the tree and made companions of them, and they receive favors at his hand with the utmost confidence in his friendship. Among the branches he has built a small platform that serves as a table for the birds and the squirrels, who are fed daily; and while they eat he sits near by and watches them and occasionally picks up a bird or a squirrel to fondle it. In the summer, when the doors and windows of his house are open, the birds fly in and the squirrels frisk about at will. When a visitor appears they fly to Hazewell and perch upon his head and shoulders, evidently trusting him implicitly. In the nesting season the boughs of the tree are alive with birds, and an early morning hour spent with the tree dweller, the air trembling with the delicious music of the feathered songsters, is an experience long to be remembered.

Strange Amusements. In 1854 the public punishment of criminals became a prominent feature of carnival. It was felt to be a serious check upon the gaiety of the festival, but excused as an awful example for such as were inclined to profit by the general license for criminal behavior—rendered necessary now that precept had been found inadequate to cope with the disorders. Later on the chief and most celebrated criminals were specially reserved for carnival, on the first Saturday of which they were punished. Such as were guilty of disorderly conduct during carnival itself were usually flogged, and the necessary apparatus for this stood ready in several parts of the city. We are reminded of their existence today by the name Piasetta della Corda, and they remained up permanently until destroyed by the people in 1798. Courtneys were also publicly chastised if caught masked or dressed as men in the Corso—the public executioner not being above seeking popularity by making victims of the most prominent. Thus in 1858 was publicly chastised Cecca-buffona, the favorite of Cardinal Antonio, nephew of Urban VIII.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Testimony of a Friend. Attorney General Hendrick of Kentucky prides himself on the fact that he rose from a farm laborer to his present place of dignity and honor. He was telling some friends in Frankfort the other day of his early struggles and called a negro who was passing to attest the veracity of his statements. "Brother Bradley," said he, "is an old fashioned, blue gummed negro and a boyhood friend of mine, by whose side I have worked many a day in the cornfield. Wasn't I a good man in the cornfield, Brother Bradley?" "Oh, yes, sah," said the ducky, "you was a good man for a fact, but you suttinly didn't work much."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Big Drop. Friend—Have you dropped any flesh since you bought a bicycle? Puffer—Gad! I dropped exactly 196 pounds the first time I straddled it.—Truth.

A Battle for Blood. Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

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Above Sailors Trimmed or Untrimmed, in all Colors From 49 cents up, at the

Funke's Opera House Corner. Famous O and Twelfth Streets.

The Young Idea Shoots.



The Sister's Beau—So, Johnny, you're going to be a chemist, like papa, eh? And did you know this diamond of mine was the same substance as charcoal? Johnny—No.

The Sister's Beau—And hasn't papa told you that? Johnny—No. He said it was paste.—Life.

Nickel in the Slot. "Help! Help!" Loud and clear this cry of distress rang through the rotunda of the Administration building early this morning, startling the sleepy guard who sat in a darkened corner.

He listened intently. Without he heard the shuffle of the feet of the first workmen on the gravel walk. The hum in his head gradually increased, lulling him into a peaceful slumber, and in his imagination he was just arresting a visitor who had asked him where the Manufactures building was, when the cry for help again rang out and brought the guard to his feet.

He tiptoed to the door, and standing within its shadow he listened. Suddenly from without the door came a moan, followed by another. The guard rushed out of the door and there beheld, to his surprise, a young man, the shape of whose head and the cut of whose clothes proclaimed him to be of the species "dude."

"Who called for help?" demanded the guard.

"I did," the dude said.

"What is the matter?" asked the guard.

"Woe is me," the dude moaned, looking at the slot in the machine. "I came this morning and unthinkingly dropped a nickel in this slot, which requires only cent. Please help me to get back 4 cents."—Chicago Record.

Wanted More Faith. A clergyman who was settled some years ago in a southern town was in great favor with the colored brethren and was frequently called upon to "sit in council" with the members of one of their churches in a neighboring town.

Among these members was an old ducky, with grizzled hair, who had in a high degree the gift for "responses" so much cultivated by the people of his color. He was always ready with "Amen!" and more than ready with "Glory!" but his particular fondness was for the fervent ejaculation, "De Lord gib us more faith!"

On one occasion, when the clergyman in question had been called upon to discourse to this congregation, he illustrated his "practical talk" with the story of an occurrence which he had himself witnessed not long before. As he finished it he said earnestly:

"Now, my brethren, you would hardly believe, would you, that any man could have witnessed such a scene as that almost at your very doors?"

As he paused, there came a tremendous groan from the old ducky, and with great fervor he ejaculated, "De Lord gib us more faith!"—Youth's Companion.

Canon City coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich. An old soldier, came out of the War greatly disabled by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the U. S. Army. HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Table with 2 columns: Destination, Rate. Includes Denver, one way; Denver, round trip; Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Cheyenne the same rate; Chicago, one way; Chicago, round trip; St. Louis, one way; St. Louis, round trip.

Big Drop in World's Fair Rates. Round trip tickets to Chicago will be on sale via the Burlington Route at GREATLY REDUCED RATES as follows: July 31, good to return leaving Chicago August 4 and 11. August 7, good to return leaving Chicago August 11 and 18. Tickets not good in sleeping cars, otherwise first class in every particular. For further information, apply to Bonnell at B & M depot or Ziemer corner O and 10th streets.

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E. C. ROBERTSON. Cor. 11th and N Streets.

Notice. Elizabeth Hanna and Charles Hanna will take notice that on the 26th day of July, 1893, Frank M. Miles, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you as defendants the object and prayer of which is to settle and quiet the title forever in Frank M. Miles, as well as the possession thereof to lot number nine (9) in block number thirty-seven (37) in Dawson's addition to South Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska. You are required to answer said petition on or before the eleventh day of September, 1893. Dated this 26th day of July, 1893. FRANK M. MILES.

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