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IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29, 1893.—(Special Courier Correspondence.)—This city at its very lowest ebb of midsummer dullness, has been aroused from its lethargy by the sweet but emphatic voice of Miss Madeleine Breckenridge, alias Vinton, alias Paul-Pollard, distinctly asserting her fixed purpose to have either blood or pecuniary vengeance, and forcibly reiterating her determination to take her cause into her own hands should the "law's delays" stand in the way of that justice which she asserts is her due. In consequence of the fair Madeleine's perturbed state of mind, it may well be that the body guard of detectives, armed to the teeth, with which the venerable Mr. Breckenridge sees fit to surround himself on his wanderings to and fro, is not altogether *de trop*; though the idea of a still robust and able bodied man not being able to protect his person, without the aid of salaried myrmidons, against the designs of one weak, if rather desperate, woman, is in itself so ludicrous as to have become a standing joke, and does not go far towards proving the much boasted moral and physical strength of the superior sex. Our silver-tongued Kentuckian, however, evidently believes that "discretion is the better part of valor."

A great deal has been said about the power of the speaker of the house of representatives. Any old member of congress will tell you that the speaker holds the house in the palm of his hand. The new member is surprised when he makes his appearance on the floor of the house to find that apparently the speaker has more to do with passing bills than all of the other 356 members put together. He finds that it is by the grace of the speaker that he makes any appearance on the floor of the house, and that if he wishes to gain consideration for a measure it is not so much to the majority that he must appeal as to the speaker. He might have 354 other members in favor of his bill, and if the speaker is opposed to its consideration it could not be passed. Men who have held the speaker's chair have been openly charged with "packing" committees to prevent legislation to which they were opposed, and with refusing to recognize members who had a claim to the floor because they wished to urge the consideration of obnoxious legislation.

I asked Mr. Crisp to tell me in just what this peculiar power of the speaker consists. He said: "The house can consider only a small proportion of the business which comes before it in each congress. Some one must determine what business shall be considered and what shall be put aside. The committee on rules, which determines this question, is the speaker's committee. He holds the balance of power. There are two republicans and two democrats on the committee and the speaker is the fifth member."

Recurring to the charge that has been made from time to time that speakers of the house have so arranged committees as to influence legislation which it was known they would have to consider, I asked Mr. Crisp if he thought that the speaker was justified in arranging a committee in this way.

"The speaker," he said, "is often influenced in making up a committee by what he knows to be the sentiment of a majority of the party on questions which that committee is to consider. The will of the majority in the house is the will of the party to the speaker. That is all that he can consider."

A gentleman met Henry Watterson on his way home from Washington the other day and asked the brilliant Kentuckian what was the news of the national capital. "Oh, nothing much," replied Mr. Watterson. "There are only two men in Washington who know all about the silver question. One is Stewart, who owns all the silver, and the other is Daniel, of Virginia, who hasn't got a cent."

The recent advices received by Secretary Morton from his agent in Europe, Mr. Mattes, fully confirm previous reports regarding the shortage of certain crops in many parts of Europe, which, he represents, is likely to guarantee a very large demand for American forage crops, including corn, although he does not think it likely that much of the latter will be used as human food. He represents that the tariff complications between Russia and Germany are likely

to render the people of the latter country especially dependent upon the United States for their supplies.

In connection with the gossip about Mr. Gresham's assistant secretary of state, Mr. Quincy, and the appetite he has developed among Massachusetts democrats for office holding, this little story is told:

"A young man desired a position in the postoffice department, and applied to his congressman. He was told he could get no place until a vacancy should arise. He waited several weeks, and one day, when his money was nearly exhausted, he went down to the Potomac beach. He found there many brothers, and among them a young man whom he recognized as a clerk in the division where he had sought a place. The clerk ventured beyond his depth, and was drowned. When his body was brought to the shore the applicant lost not a moment's time in hastening to the congressman.

"Now, he said, 'I can have a place; there is a vacancy.'"

"Where?" asked the congressman.

"Why, a clerk in the division" (naming him) "was drowned this afternoon."

"The congressman looked at him sadly. 'I regret to inform you,' he said, 'that you are too late; the place has been filled.'"

"How can that be?" shouted the applicant in despair. "The man has just been drowned."

"Yes, I know," replied the congressman, "but the place has been filled. It was obtained by a Massachusetts friend of Mr. Quincy's, who saw the clerk go in, and guessed correctly that he could not swim."

A Whiteed Sepulchre.
I met her at the sea side,
As she strolled along the sand—
A dainty little maiden dangling flowers in her hand.

She seemed coy, and somewhat shyly
Drooped her head, as on I passed,
And my memory wandered vaguely to some
Long-forgotten past.

And I set my brain a-thinking,
As I pondered o'er and o'er,
Where on earth I met that maiden walking
Now along the shore.

Was it at Bar Harbor stately,
Or 'mongst Saratoga's herd,
Newport, Narragansett, Seabright?—but I failed
To find the word.

Then I suddenly remembered
That I'd seen that dainty girl,
Do the sensuous dance du ventre in the Midway
Pleasance whirl. —The Cynic.

SUSAN VS EVELYN.

A Unique Pugilistic Encounter in Chicago—The Elite in It.

There was a good deal of talk in Chicago last week over the prize fight for a purse of \$1,000 that was fought in the stock pavilion up at the fair grounds, but that affair, I fancy, must have been very tame in comparison with one of a somewhat similar nature that took place recently, so I hear, in a barn in the rear of a fashionable Lake avenue mansion. In this case, so I am told, the contestants were two radiant belles of the neighborhood who, backed and seconded by their respective brothers, fought eight or ten lively rounds with gloves of the kind known as "pillows" before an audience composed of the youthful elite of the locality. At the opening of the proceedings the odds ruled, I am told, about 6 to 5 against Susan and 5 to 3 on Evelyn—take your pick; but long before the last round wagers on the latter proposition could not find takers. The contest was finally declared against the stately Evelyn, who is quite tall and fair enough to make a most exquisite Elaine in a Tennyson tableau, and her vanquisher, who is not nearly so pretty but very much more muscular, was carried off in triumph by her backers. The costumes in which the young ladies fought were a sort of a cross between that of the ballet and the sea, and as the backers of the vanquished maiden are not at all satisfied with her defeat it is not at all improbable that a return match may be made in the near future. —Town Topics.

Recess at St. Joe.
The St. Joseph fair has come to be regarded as one of the great annual racing events of the west. This year unusual care has been taken with the speed program, and the purses that are hung up insure a most successful event. The fair begins Monday, September 18, and ends Saturday, September 23. On Thursday, September 21, there will be one purse of \$10,000. There are already over seventy entries for this race, which will be a free for all trot. Martha Wilkes, Belle Vara, Little Albert, Greenleaf and Phoebe Wilkes are among the horses already signed. A free for all trot will occur September 22, for purses aggregating \$8,000. Nearly \$50,000 will be given away in premiums. It is said that fully 500 horses are now in training for the St. Joe fair.

RANDOM NOTES

Few people realize the magnitude of the installment business that is done in this city. In furniture and house furnishing goods particularly a large percentage of the sales are on the installment plan. "Don't you lose a good deal of money by these people moving away with your goods or changing their residences, and other ways?" asked a COURIER representative of the proprietor of a large furniture house in this city that does an extensive installment business. "Well, yes," he replied, "but not as much as you might think. You see we almost invariably secure ourselves by chattel mortgage, and then we keep a pretty close look out on our customers. Comparatively few move out of the city, and as long as they remain in town it is a difficult matter for them to give us the slip. In larger cities installment houses are occasioned a good deal of trouble by their patrons moving around in order to avoid payment. In a big place it isn't easy to find them. Various expedients are resorted to to trace hiding delinquents. I have heard of houses sending out through the general delivery letters something like this:

[Delivery Department.]
CINCINNATI, ———
Mrs. (some name), MADAM (or Sir): We hold a package addressed to you, but our deliverer fails to find you at the above address.

By furnishing us with your present address the package will be promptly delivered.

Respecting the unavoidable delay, I am, respectfully,
JOHN LING,
Assistant Superintendent Delivery, Per H. P. S.—If not delivered within one month the package will be sold on our regular monthly "sales day."

"This is plainly a violation of the postal laws, but it is sometimes done, nevertheless. Of course when the unsuspecting victim sends in his or her address the house pounces down and generally gets the money. And lots of 'em are caught this way."

News paper enterprise sometimes takes unique form. The News, for instance, in its desire for a "scoop," perpetrated the following Monday evening.

"An announcement that will awaken much surprise and regret is that of the death of Fred C. Sholes, the well known young business man, which will have probably occurred ere this paper reaches its readers, from typhoid fever, at the family home, 1930 E street. Deceased was about thirty years of age and had worked himself into an influential business position in this community. He was connected with the firm of Cooper & Cole Bros., was secretary of the Cooper Radiator Manufacturing company, and was the contractor who had just completed the stand-pipe on South street."

There is a popular idea that it is not in good taste to speak of the "deceased" while the "deceased" is still alive, and inasmuch as Mr. Sholes did not die until several hours after the News was issued, that enterprising paper committed a rather unfortunate solecism.

Professor F. W. Taylor, who is in charge of the horticultural exhibit at the world's fair, modestly asserts that his department makes up for the short comings in other features of the Nebraska exhibit. He says there is no finer fresh fruit on exhibition than that contributed by this state, and that it appears to very striking advantage in comparison with the wax works and preserved fruit displays of other states—and this is an indifferent fruit year in Nebraska, too.

Among those who got scared during the recent financial flurry in this city is Mrs. Fedawa. She drew \$7,000 in gold out of one of the banks, and had it locked up in a safe deposit vault, where of course it does not draw interest. It is still there.

The case of the farmer, Doodey, by name, who lost \$500 through a fire last Saturday is another warning to those foolish persons who are carrying around or hiding money that ought to be in the bank or invested in some way. He drew the money out of a Lincoln bank, and had it sewed up in one of his wife's dresses. When the house caught fire the dress was consumed and the \$500 went up in smoke. Cases are reported every day in which smaller amounts were lost in one way or another. Where a man has money burned up or stolen, he immediately regains his confidence in the banks—after the money is gone.

The \$80,000 or thereabouts paid out by Receiver Hayden, of the Capital National bank, this week will have a good effect in this city. Most of the money paid out went to Lincoln depositors, who can use the cash in their business to good advantage.

The failure of L. Meyer & Co. occasioned almost as much surprise as

the sudden collapse of the Capital National bank. Of course the amount of money involved was not anything like the immense sum that represents the stock of C. W. Mosher; but the Meyer failure was a sensation because of the supposed solidity of the concern, and because Louis Meyer has for years been regarded as one of the most sagacious and substantial financiers in the city. No one ever doubted Louis Meyer's solvency, and he was regarded as one of the most prosperous citizens of Lincoln.

The failure rightfully belongs with the aftermath of the Capitol National bank failure. If Mosher hadn't wrecked the bank, Louis Meyer would not have failed. The amount he lost through Mosher's insolvency, and he was regarded as one of the most prosperous citizens of Lincoln.

Meyer has been in business in Lincoln since 1872 or 1873, and he has always enjoyed the best of credit. Of late years he has dealt extensively in loans and warrants, operating with money obtained from Des Moines. It is supposed that his mercantile business was in good condition. The failure was due to his outside financial operations. His brother, Willie Meyer, who confined his attention to the store, goes down with the wreck.

People who have followed the Mosher case will remember that Judge Dundy very kindly allowed the bank wrecker to stay out of the federal penitentiary for an indefinite period, so that he could assist Receiver Hayden in straightening out the affairs of the bank. This week Mr. Hayden, through his attorney, requested Mosher's assistance. And Lincoln's Napoleon of finance laughed. He put his thumbs in the armpoles of his vest and laughed. He said he couldn't do anything. Mosher has been indicted and hounded the public at every turn. Of course he never intended to render any assistance. In the meantime he continues to run the Douglas county jail, spending most of his time on the streets, however.

SONS-IN-LAW.

A Philosopher's Reflections on the Subject of His Daughters' Husbands.

My two sons-in-law. I see them in my mind's eye walking on either side of me, the one short and slim with a spiritual countenance, the other tall, handsome, and impressive-looking. Their main object in life seems to be to help me on with my overcoat, and to guide my senile steps over street crossings, though Dr. Meredith tells me that I am good for twenty years yet, and that I haven't an unsound organ in my body. They disagree with me in politics so politely that I am fool enough to open my best wine when they come to dinner. They dog my footsteps; they silently pass judgment upon me, and I shall never be able to shake them off until I am dead. Why did they come to worry us? We were so happy before we knew of their existence. Out upon them both!

Alas, poor philosopher! Shall I begrudge to my darlings the happiness that I have known in the too swiftly fleeting years of our married life? Love has come to claim my flesh and blood even as it claimed me and Josephine a quarter of a century ago never to lose us from his silken chains. Love the immortal, the transfigurer of souls, the unsealer of eyes which in vain have sought the light which streams from eternity, thou hast come to work anew the old, old story, even though thy coming rends my heart-strings. Down selfish, stubborn fumes of senile cynicism; I bow to the law of life. Come to my embrace, Oh, sons-in-law; I love you, I bid you welcome to my heart, even though you regard me as one for whom the grave is yawning! Listen how bravely I call Jim—Jim—Jim, a thousand times Jim. And you, the other one, whose name I do not know, but whose fell purpose I have detected, when your name is divulged to me I will call that too.—From "The Opinions of a Philosopher," by Robert Grant, in the September Scribner.

Pleasantries in Rhyme.
He breathed a song into the air,
The echoes bore the notes along,
But they would have borne them better had
He breathed an air into the song.

I never had a railroad pass
But that it wrung my modest nature
To feel the trainmen took me for
A member of the legislature.

For rates and open dates of the Nebraska state band or orchestra apply at the COURIER office, 1134 O street, telephone 253.

POLITICAL TALK

Republican politics in Lancaster county was never in such a ferment as it is at present. Never were there so many candidates seeking preferment and at no time was there so much bad blood engendered so early in the contest. No matter who may be chosen, there is almost certain to be soreheads to placate and wounds to heal. However, every good republican is hopeful that party strife will be avoided, and that the g. o. p. will enter the campaign with the assurance of victory.

Here is the array of candidates up to date; gaze on them:
Treasurer—Maxey Cobb, Denton.
Sheriff—Henry Hoagland and A. C. Langdon, Second ward; Louis Otto and Gran Ensign, Fifth ward; Ernst Hunger and W. J. Bebout, Sixth ward; Alva Smith, Mill precinct; John J. Trompen, Hickman; J. H. McMurtry, on the fence.

County Judge—J. W. Lansing and W. S. Hamilton, Fourth ward; C. Y. Long, Sixth ward; John S. Bishop, Third ward.

County Clerk—J. D. Woods, Fourth ward; H. C. McArthur, Fifth ward, and John T. McDonald, Sixth ward.

Commissioner—Joe McGraw and W. B. Taylor, Fifth ward; H. F. Mitchell, Centerville; E. N. Cobb, Bennett; Chas. Miller, Yankee Hill; and many others.

Register of Deeds—John E. Douglas, First ward; F. W. Redford and John H. Fawell, Third ward; W. C. Griffith, Fourth ward; W. H. Clark, Fifth ward; W. E. Churchill, Sixth ward; John Harrop, Seventh ward; D. C. Berry and Pat Dore, Lancaster precinct.

Considerable perturbation was occasioned in political circles Wednesday evening by the apparently well authenticated rumor that certain republican wire pullers had met and fixed the following slate:

Treasurer—Maxey Cobb.
Sheriff—John J. Trompen.
County Judge—J. W. Lansing.
County Clerk—H. C. McArthur.
Register of Deeds—W. C. Griffith.
Commissioner—Joe McGraw.

A thorough canvass of and persistent inquiry among the men usually credited with an intimate acquaintance with the machine failed to confirm the tale, and the belief is prevalent that a meeting was held and the slate made up within the hidden recesses of Captain Phelps Paine's extremely vivid imagination.

Increased interest was added to the campaign Thursday by the announcement that J. H. McMurtry, the well known real estate man, had entered the lists as a candidate for sheriff. When seen, Mr. McMurtry disclaimed any intention of joining the race for office. Still the tale goes marching on.

H. C. McArthur is credited with being Woods' chief opponent in the race for county clerk, and he is said to have entered into a tie-up with Joe McGraw in the Fifth ward in order to shut out Gran Ensign, Bill Clark, Louis Otto and the other aspiring politicians. Meantime, Colonel William Clark modestly asserts that he carries the Fifth ward in his vest pocket, and the other fellows down there must come and see him.

The pathway of the Singing Pilgrim is not strewed with the garnered flowers of summer these balmy September days. In truth, it is a thorny path to fame he is journeying. The judge was occasioned considerable surprise, distress and disgust when he arose the other morning and found treason rampant within his tent. Colonel Long, his chief clerk, had thrown fealty to the winds and announced himself a candidate for the exalted position at present graced by his chief. The Pilgrim's wrath absolutely waxed uncontrollable, however, when he was informed that Colonel Long was religiously circulating a statement to the effect that the judge was a defaulter. Colonel Long emphatically denied circulating such a specific charge, but admitted that he had said the party did not dare re-nominate Judge Lansing, for if he was again chosen he would go down to certain, inglorious and ingominous defeat. Judge Lansing straightway nailed the false report, and Thursday morning summarily fired Colonel Long.

The political enemies of Judge Lansing seem to be over-loaded with grievances against him, chief among which are that Joseph Wurzburg, ex-chairman of the democratic county committee, is holding a nice fat job in his office and that Lansing bolted Graham last spring. They also urge that Lansing is a weak

candidate and is sure to be defeated if nominated, in support of which they show that Lansing was a minority candidate when elected before, and received over 500 votes less in republican Lincoln than the combined vote in the city of Judge Whitmore, democratic, and Wynn, independent, candidates for county judge. But Lansing has made a good judge and will probably succeed himself.

Speaking of register of deeds, the race has apparently narrowed down to Harrop, Griffith and Redford, assuming that the latter gets the delegation in his own ward. Harrop has a large following in the country and many warm adherents in the city. Griffith will have the forty-five delegates of the Fourth ward at his back, and will fare well in the northern part of the county. Redford is also considered strong, especially in the city. J. E. Douglas, of the First ward, evidently holds the key to the situation and is in a position with his twenty-one delegates to make either of the above named the republican nominee for register of deeds, and that's no lie, either.

Within the past few days L. P. Gould, of the Sixth ward, has announced himself as a candidate for the republican nomination for justice of the peace, an office which Mr. Gould is admirably qualified to fill. Mr. Gould is a loyal and hard working young republican, and his well known ability has won for him an excellent reputation as an attorney. He would be a popular candidate, if elected.

The republican county convention will be held Wednesday, September 20, at 2 p. m.; the primaries, September 18.

Her Guitar.
She twangled a tune on her light guitar—
A low sweet jangle of tangled sounds,
As blurred as the voices of fairies,
Dancing in the noonday daisies and downs,
And the tinkling dip of the strange refrain
Ran over the rim of my soul like rain.

The great blonde moon in the midnight skies
Paused and poised o'er the trellis eaves,
And the stars in the light of her upturned eyes,
Sifted their love through the rifted leaves—
Glinted and splintered in crystal mist
Down the glittering strings that her fingers
kissed.

O, the melody mad! O, the tinkle and thrill
Of the ecstasy of the exquisite thing!
The red rose dropped from the window sill
And lay in a long swoon quivering,
While the dying notes of the strain divine
Rippled in glee up my spell-bound spine.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

BASE BALL PLAYERS' LUCK.

Do They Enjoy Greater Exemption from Accident Than Other People.

The recent serious accident to James Ryan, the veteran center fielder of the Chicago club, has set float an unusual amount of talk about the supposed immunity from railroad catastrophes which follows base ball players. It is probable that the theory is not correct. True, Ryan's case is the first instance in many years where a prominent member of the big teams was badly injured in a railroad disaster. But, after all, is it not only a case to prove the general safety of modern travel? National League base ball players nearly always travel in Pullman cars, and the percentage of accidents to Pullman car passengers has always been much smaller than to the masses who patronize day coaches of lighter weight. There are about one hundred and twenty base ball players in the National League, each of whom travels about ten thousand miles a year. During the eighteen years existence of the National League it is safe to say that its players have ridden in railroad trains to the extent of twelve million miles as individually estimated, and in these twelve million miles one representative traveller of the National League has been injured once. For a premium of twenty-five cents any traveller can secure an insurance policy on his life against death by accident for 24 hours in the sum of \$3,000. It is presumable that this premium is at least about twice as large as the risk. If, therefore a twenty-five cent premium is equal to a six thousand dollar risk on a days travel the passenger should travel 24,000 days and nights before he is injured. On an average trains run 800 miles in a day of twenty-four hours, and would run 19,500,000 miles in the 24,000 days or one third more than the percentage in the Ryan estimate. Base ball players are no luckier as travelers than are ordinary everyday people.

Bankers will Close.
Monday being labor day all the banks will be closed.

Misses Sadie and Olive Graham are in Chicago attending the world's fair in company with the family of the Hon. William H. Hoover.

Misses Cora Outcalt and Nellie Brunson have returned from Chicago.

Something good, "White Leaf Flour" \$1.40 per sack. Miller & Gifford.