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WILL THERE BE A FIGHT?

New York Tribune: We should like to know and hope soon to hear whether or not Governor Flower intends to prevent Corbett and Mitchell from fighting at Coney Island. His power is as ample as his duty is obvious. And he is perfectly aware of the fact; for, with that sort of language and that degree of emphasis which he occasionally takes pride in employing, he declared not long ago that there would be no prize fight at Buffalo during his administration. This was at a time when there was some talk of a pugilistic encounter in that city, and the circumstances were presumably such as to make a show of magisterial virtue safe and popular. What does he propose to do now? The act of preparing for a prize fight is as contrary to the law as the actual combat. The governor does not need to wait another hour. We are disposed to think that his inclination is to stop the fight. Does he dare?

New York Times: Yesterday morning every newspaper in this vicinity contained the news that a professional prize fighter from England had been called upon by Judge Newton, of Gravesend, Kings county, who submitted to him a proposition in writing in behalf of the Coney Island Athletic club to fight with another professional for a prize of \$40,000. The English bruiser is reported to have required that he should be guaranteed protection, and Judge Newton is reported to have offered to furnish him any guarantee that he might wish. We do not see how a case of violation of the law could be more clearly made out, or one in which the principal offenders could be more easily got at and brought to justice. There is absolutely, so far as we can make out, only one thing to prevent, and that is the power of the band of politicians who control the politics of the democratic party in Kings county. It is their "protection," and theirs only, that could be of any avail. Nor must it be forgotten that this is not a case of intending criminality. The law forbids what Judge Newton is reported to have done just as plainly as it forbids the actual fight. The fight will not take place until December, but if the law officers do not do their duty before November the promised protection to the bruisers may be found to be of no value.

Charlie Mitchell is as full of fight as an egg is of meat. Those who thought Mitchell was not in earnest in his pur-

suit of Champion Corbett have now found out their mistake. The British champion's tribute to the worth of Charley Noel of New Orleans is a significant factor in the dealings of the Englishman with Americans, and goes to show that he is not the ingrate that some of his American despisers have painted him. However, both gladiators are now on the battlefield. Jim Corbett writes that he is in fine form, and could do battle in four weeks if called upon; therefore, the fight for the championship of the world between these men should and will be a terror. That Corbett possesses natural advantages over his prospective adversary is a matter of fact; he has height and reach to the good, is young and the very acme of fistic science; he has grown stronger than he was, and is in every way superior to the Englishman.

Jack Dempsey has commenced training for his international fight with Burge, the Englishman. Every American should hope that the once famous Nonpareil will show some of his old form and that he will be able to do to the foreigner what he has often done to many of the ambitious fighters—give him a first class trouncing. But it is feared Dempsey is not the man he formerly was, and that the beating which Robert Fitzsimmons gave him some years ago has had the effect of destroying his great will power and ambition. If such should prove to be the case, the gallant defender of the middle-weight class for so many years is probably in for a second hiding, which we earnestly hope will not be his lot this time. Let all Americans join in wishing Jack success, but by all manner of means give the stranger fair play.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer \$100 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

High priced cloaks elegant styles.
ASHBY CLOAK CO.

The State Orchestra for Dances.
With the new social season of 1893-4, the Nebraska state orchestra announces itself ready to fill all engagements where first class music is required. The artists comprising this organization are taken from the ranks of the celebrated Nebraska state band, H. T. Irvine, director, and holds itself in readiness to furnish small or large orchestra from five or six pieces to the full grand orchestra of twenty-five thoroughly competent artists including a brilliant coterie of talented soloists. The state orchestra will be fully prepared to fill all engagements this season, the large number of musicians constantly enlisted making it an easy matter to play two or more engagements on the same evening. Director Irvine is thoroughly drilling his orchestra and regular rehearsals are making for this branch of the organization a reputation equaled only by the State band that has met with such cordial reception both in Lincoln and throughout the state the past summer. Already several season contracts with social organizations have been closed and Manager Lou Wessel will be pleased to furnish rates and open dates to all applicants either in person or by mail, at the Lindell hotel.

Dr. Burrus' Is the Place.
So says an old gentleman of about 70 years from Oakdale, Neb. He says, for the past year I have suffered a great deal with poor teeth, after trying nearly all the dental bushwackers and spending over \$45.00 and still not able to get a set of teeth that I could use. I was about to give up in despair, when I happened to read one of Dr. Burrus' advertisements, seeing that he made a specialty of making sets for old gentlemen. I determined to make one more effort and give him a trial, and can truthfully say that I at last found the right place. Mr. Burrus hit the nail on the head the first lick, and I am now going home feeling 20 years younger and with a set of teeth that are perfect in every respect. Mr. J. M. Crow says he is going to send up all the old boys in Oakdale who want a good set of teeth to Dr. Burrus, at 1208 O street, Lincoln, Neb., as he is certain that he knows his business.

The Lincoln Business college is making a great exhibit at the state fair and carrying off nearly all the prizes. It is without doubt the best place to prepare young men and women for business. The teachers employed are gentlemen of national reputation and thousands of its graduates in business testify to its superiority. Applications for admission received at the college, southwest corner Eleventh and O streets.
Althea toilet preparatories at Rector's Pharmacy.

HE RELENTED.
The Magic Word That Saved the Old Man's Reason.

Hezekiah Smith, the millionaire builder, contractor and real estate owner, was sitting at his desk. His dark, stern face from time to time writhed with an expression that bespoke agonized thought. It was evident that something terrible was preying on his mind. Presently his secretary entered and handed him a card which read:

C. CHOLMONDLEY SMYTHE.
"Smythe? Smythe?" muttered the old man. "I know no one of that name. But show him in."

"A moment later Mr. C. Cholmondley Smythe was ushered into the presence of his father. He sank languidly into a chair, remarking: "Deah me! What a doosid boah! Youah beastly man wouldn't believe I was youah son, and I had to send in me cahd."

His father looked at him first with surprise, then with stern pity. "Well," he exclaimed impatiently, for he was not in a mood to look upon the degeneracy of his race with composure, "what has brought you all the way from Fifth to Twelfth avenue? Are you in debt again?"

"Oh, deah, no!" and the fragile exquisite made a deprecating gesture. "Well, then, what is it?"

"The fact is, gubvnoh, I'm going to get mawwed."

"But Henrietta is still in Vassar."

"Henrietta? Weally, I don't understand!"

The old man jumped up in a towering rage that towered more than Babel on the plain of Shinar. "I'm going down his large cured ham fist on the dick, he yelled: "Have you dared to think of marrying any one but Henrietta Riordan, the daughter of the congressman whose influence made me the rich man I am? You were betrothed when children."

"The daughter of a ward heeler," sneered the son.

"Yes," roared the father, "and the son of a hod carrier!"

They glared at each other in silence—silence thicker than the mortar Smith put into his contract houses.

"What is her name?" the father finally hissed.

"Miss Lovina Ch!"

"What's that name again?" he exclaimed, a flush of joyous excitement oozing through his rooklime complexion.

"Lovina."
"Spell it!"
"L-o-v-i-n-a."
"With the accent on the second syllable?"
"Yes!"

"Hurrah!" he yelled, fairly dancing for joy. Then he sat at his desk and wrote out the name, whispering softly to himself "Lovina! Lovina!" Then he wrote it in large letters, and holding it at an arm's length beamed upon it.

At length Mr. Smythe became restless and disturbed Mr. Smith's blissful reverie by inquiring:
"Then am I to understand that I have youah consent?"

"What's that? Oh, I forgot! Certainly! Go and marry her whenever you like. She has saved my reason."
"Sir?"

"You see, I was half crazy trying to think of a name for the new apartment house I have just built. Lovina will do to a T." And as the son faded gently out of the room the old man whispered over the sweet name again and again and rubbed his

huge, hard palms together till they gave forth a sound like that of the sand paper boards they manipulate in the wings when the pretty soubrette is dancing a double shuffle.—Life.

He Left.
A certain allopathic physician, not more than a thousand miles from a given point in the city of Detroit, has a daughter whose steady companion is a pronounced homeopath, and for reasons not at all professional the father doesn't admire his possible son-in-law, though the daughter does. Some time ago the old gentleman found the young man at his house, and thinking it a good time to settle matters he proceeded to speak his mind very freely to the youth.

"Well, have you said all you wanted to say?" inquired the sonitor when the father had made a series of uncomplimentary and seditious remarks.

"No, I haven't," exclaimed the allopath, getting his second wind. "I want to say that my advice to you is to get out of this house at once and never come back again."

The young man braced up and smiled. "Well," he responded, "you may go to Jericho with your advice. I'm a homeopath, I am, and I don't allow any allopath in existence to prescribe for me. Good evening," and the young man sat down so firmly that the old gentleman concluded he had made a mistake and left the house himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Camping Out.

Voice From Tent—Is that you, Bill? Bring in the whisky when you come. I left it standing by the pull outside.—Life.

A Trick of the Trade.
Photographer—There now, madam, look as pleasant as you can! Try to think of something exhilarating.
Customer—Well, but what, I wonder?
Photographer—Consider, for instance, that you have only got to pay me 6 shillings per dozen cartes, while my competitor over the way charges 9 shillings!—Tit-Bits.

It Didn't Work.
"What can I do for you?" he asked of the caller.
"I came to collect for the ventilating fan we put in for you."
"Oh—er—I see. I'm sorry, but we aren't cashing any drafts at present."—Washington Star.

Old Heads.
Visitor—How old are you, Molly?
Molly—I am going on 10 years.
"Is that so? I thought you were younger than that."
"Come, now, you are trying to flatter me for some purpose or other."—Texas Siftings.

Thought Well of Them.
"Now, Mrs. Bronson," said the broker, how shall we invest this money for you?"
"I don't know," said the lady. "What do you think of those fluctuating stocks? I understand a great deal of money is made in them."—Harper's Bazar.

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"THE COURIER" VOTING CONTEST

—FOR MOST—

POPULAR BICYCLE RIDER.

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I VOTE FOR.....

THE COURIER will present to the most popular bicycle rider in Lincoln one of SKINNER BROS. & WRIGHT'S Bicycle Suits, made in the latest style and guaranteed to fit. This suit is furnished to THE COURIER by Skinner Bros. & Wright, of Denver, Colo., one of the leading manufacturing firms of the west especially for the purpose of this contest. It can be seen at THE COURIER Office, 1201 O street. The suit will be awarded to the rider who receives the largest number of votes prior to November 1, 1893. Any one can vote. All you have to do is cut out the coupon and send it in. Who do you want to have this suit? Make up your mind and send in the coupon.

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