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W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.

When the Nebraska Savings bank closed its doors some weeks ago there was much uneasiness. But when the bank finally resumed business again, and it was announced that the clearing house had come to the rescue and that the institution had been placed on a sound financial basis and would remain open permanently, confidence was in a great measure restored. Many depositors left their money in the bank, and in a number of instances there were new deposits. It was supposed that the clearing house, representing the banks of Lincoln, was back of this one bank, and there was no thought of further trouble. So, when a few days ago, the bank was once more closed without warning of any kind, it was not surprising there was some excitement. Here was a bank, with the clearing house back of it, and with stockholders of known financial strength, deliberately suspending business. Is it any wonder that the suspension was followed by a slight flurry in local financial circles? The unfortunate part of the affair is the fact that the bank ever attempted to resume unless it was absolutely certain that it would be able to remain open permanently. It was known that the stockholders were able to make good the claims of depositors, and had the bank stayed closed the excitement would have died out in a day or two. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to who is responsible for the second closing of the bank. It is said on the one hand that the clearing house got tired of putting up money and accordingly notified the savings bank that it would not render any further assistance. Again, it is said that the bank voluntarily closed down without the knowledge of the other banks. As a matter of fact, with one or two exceptions, the officers of the other banks did not know it was going to close. And the management of the savings bank is severely criticized for the action taken. Whatever may be the true facts in the case, there was bad management somewhere. Once re-opened, the bank ought not to have been allowed to close again. It looked a good deal like a confidence game, and the public became very suspicious when the second shut down came. And whatever of trouble the banks may have had the past week is very largely the result of the Nebraska Savings fiasco.

The public has begun to watch the condition of President Cleveland's health in much the same manner that it followed the waning strength of President Garfield and the insidious development of the cancer that afflicted General Grant. So much depends on this one man that his slightest ailment is magnified into impending dissolution. It is natural that there should be general solicitude about the health of the man to whom the people confided the reconstruction of a financial policy of the government, and particularly as Mr. Cleveland's threatened indisposition is coincident with extreme financial crises, when there is so much need for an intelligent head and a steady hand at the helm. Cancers have brought down some of the world's greatest men, and a peculiar shudder goes through the country at the mention of this dread disease in connection with Mr. Cleveland. Grant, Napoleon and Frederick of Prussia were killed by cancers. There is somehow a distinctive horror associated with this terrible menace. The physicians have assured the public that Mr. Cleveland is entirely free from any malignant growth; but there is a feeling that he is not beyond danger. The president of the United States owes it to himself and the country to take care of himself. Should he be seriously disabled at the present time the consequences would be most grave. Mr. Cleveland should quit working eighteen or nineteen hours a day. The people will be satisfied if he only works eight hours. The president allows himself to be too much concerned in the political complications at Podunkville, and Squeakwaken. The time that he gives to details that should never reach the president he should give to the consideration of the broader subjects of governmental policies, and to preserving his own mental and bodily strength.

When it is all over, when things have finally got down to a business basis in Colorado, when Kansas will have re-

ceived her equilibrium and when confidence and prosperity throughout the country will have once more been restored, a little observation will make it apparent that amid the crashing of banks and the falling of securities and the closing of mines and general business depression, Nebraska made a particularly good showing. In this state we haven't any silver mines, or any other kind of mines worth speaking of. Neither have we such a quantity of foolish inconclusiveness as afflict Colorado. We haven't the speculation fever of Kansas, and as we are lacking in many things that other states have boasted of; but we have that greatest of all gifts, agricultural prosperity, and Nebraska farmers are happy when the inhabitants of other states are in the worst distress. In the fair fields of Nebraska there is growing up out of the earth an abundant measure of material wealth that is worth infinitely more than all the silver of Colorado, or the speculation of Kansas. It is substantial and it means certain prosperity. In the end Nebraska will profit by the experiences of the present time. Capital will soon be looking for safe re-investment, and the agricultural production of the state and the prosperity of its citizens, will attract men and money from all parts. Nebraska with her agriculture has a mine that will never fail, and a product that will never go begging.

The World-Herald thinks like Lansing cannot by any possibility be re-elected county judge of Lancaster county. It may be that the Omaha what-is-it newspaper has sources of information which are closed to other papers and the public. In Lincoln there is a widely prevalent feeling that the next county judge will be Ike Lansing. The members of the Lancaster county bar have nearly as much business with Judge Lansing as has the World-Herald, and they are perhaps almost as well qualified to form an intelligent opinion of his ability and qualifications for the office as Mr. Hitchcock's newspaper, and the lawyers, regardless of politics, pretty generally admit that Judge Lansing has at all times tried to do his duty, and they are reasonably well satisfied with his public acts. What the World-Herald thinks can be very easily accomplished, the democrats and independents will try earnestly to bring about; but they will have to do some tall hustling to beat the "Singing Pilgrim."

Poor Mr. Mosher. He is in jail at last. And it is said that "he fares just like the other prisoners"—sleeps on the same cots and eats the same food. Things have indeed come to a pretty pass when a gentlemanly thief must be punished like an ordinary law breaker. Where are the people who have manifested such tender solicitude for the welfare of the bank wrecker? Why don't they pass around another petition and ask to have the Douglas county prison fitted up in the latest improved style with frescoes and portieres and all that sort of thing? Why don't they request that he be supplied with a chef and a valet and other appropriate bric-a-brac? Surely it cannot be that Mr. Mosher is to be allowed to suffer just like a common criminal. He didn't steal a half million to be treated like a man who steals an old coat, and it is really too bad that he should be subjected to such indignities.

Lincoln people invite burglary by hoarding money in the house that ought to be in the banks.

Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentleman's favorite.

W. A. Coffin & Co., grocers, 143 South Eleventh street.

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

Fine new line of business suitings from \$25 to \$40 in Scotch and homespun. Jeckell Bros., 119 north Thirteenth street, near Lansing theatre.

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.

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

How's This?

We offer \$100 reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Tourists Tickets to Colorado.

The Union Pacific railway will now sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo at the low rate of \$24.15 good returning until October 31st. Stop-overs allowed between Pueblo and Cheyenne. For full particulars call or address City Ticket Office, 1044 O street.

J. T. MARTIN, E. B. SLOAN, City Ticket Agent, Gen. Agent.

BETSEY BAKER.

From noise and bustle far away,
Head work my time employing,
How happily I spent each day,
Content and health enjoying!
The birds did sing and so did I
As I trudged o'er each acre,
I never knew what 't was to sigh
Till I saw Betsey Baker.

At church I met her, fair and neat,
One Sunday in hot weather,
With love I found my heart did beat,
And we sang psalms together.
When church was over, out she walked,
But I did overtake her,
Determined I should not be balked,
I spoke to Betsey Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool,
And in her conversation
I found she had just left boarding school
And finished her education.
Yet love made me speak out quite free,
Said I, "I've many an acre,
Will you give me your company?"
"I won't," said Betsey Baker.

All my entreaties were in vain,
And I was forced to leave her,
For love brought on a fever,
The doctor came, he smelt his cane,
With a long face like a Quaker,
Said he to me, "Where lies your pain?"
Said I, "In Betsey Baker."

Because I was not bad enough
He doctored me and he pilled me,
And if I had taken half his stuff
I think it would have killed me.
So I put an end to all the strife
Betwixt him and the undertaker,
And what do you think did save my life?
Why, thoughts of Betsey Baker.

I then again to Betsey went,
Once more with love attacked her,
But meantime she had got acquainted
With a ramping, mad play actor.
If she would have him, he did say,
A lady he would make her.
He gammoned her to run away,
So I lost Betsey Baker.

—Boston Transcript.

A TREACHEROUS MAID

Mme. Loufourcade, the wife of an army officer during the French revolution, was applied to by the wife of another officer to afford concealment for her husband.

Mme. Loufourcade lived a short distance from the city of Lyons. She had four servants, and the main difficulty, provided the officer could reach her dwelling without discovery, was how best to guard the secret from them.

It was finally decided that one of the females should be taken into her confidence and that the officer, who was a rather effeminate looking man, should come disguised in female attire and be passed off as a cousin of Fanchette.

So Fanchette, a rather pretty girl, was made acquainted with everything.

Captain Laverne made his appearance in due time, disguised as a woman, and so well did he look and play his part that he was not suspected by the other servants of being different from what he seemed.

In order, however, to incur as little risk as possible, he pretended to be greatly fatigued by his journey, and was, soon after his arrival, shown to a private room on the upper floor, which he did not leave again for a week, it being given out that he was quite ill.

At the end of the time mentioned some eight or ten soldiers made their appearance at the mansion and demanded the person of Captain Laverne.

"If you think there is any such individual under this roof, you can make your search," replied Mme. Loufourcade.

When the servants were recalled together, the lady perceived that Fanchette was pale and trembling.

As soon as the officer saw her he exclaimed:

"Well, wench, did you tell the truth or not? If you did, it's all right with you, and you needn't be scared; if you didn't, it's my honest opinion you'll soon be a head shorter."

"What is this?" cried Mme. Loufourcade, in astonishment.

"Well, I don't care!" said Fanchette, assuming an impudent manner. "It's time the aristocrats was put down and made to know that other people is as good as them. I heard there was a reward of a thousand francs offered for this man, who's dared to come here and pass himself off as a female, and I thought I'd just as good a right to the money as anybody."

"And for this you have sold your soul," groaned her mistress.

"Don't come any religious talk over me!" cried Fanchette. "I know more of what's been going on than you thin... Religion's been swept away by a decree, and death's an eternal sleep."

"That's all true, girl," chimed in the officer with an emphatic oath. "But while we're talking the man may get away. Here, guard, seize and bind all these parties."

There was no resistance made by the mistress and her terrified servants, and in a very short time all except Fanchette were secured with cords.

"Now, girl," said the officer, with a coarse laugh, "show us the way to your sweet female cousin."

Captain Laverne meantime was not entirely ignorant of his peril. From his window he had seen the approach of the soldiers and rightly conjectured they were in quest of himself. His apartment was so situated that he could not go down stairs and escape without being seen by some of the servants. He was alarmed, and his mind became active to devise some means of defense or escape.

He had in his possession a brace of loaded pistols, and his first idea was to barricade his door and sell his life as dearly as possible, but in looking about the apartment he noticed the fireplace and discovered that the chimney was large enough to admit his person. He could see the light at the top, and it occurred to him that perhaps he might escape, and he resolved to make the trial.

Taking his pistols with him, Captain Laverne hurriedly pushed his way up the chimney, with the view of getting on the roof, but when he had ascended some eight or ten feet he discovered to his agreeable surprise that there was a kind of recess, such as were sometimes left in old fashioned chimneys for the purpose of opening another due whenever it might be wanted, large enough to conceal him from the view of any one looking up from below.

Hardly getting into it, he breathed a

little more freely, though still with a good deal of nervous apprehension. He feared that in coming up he had shaken down a sufficient quantity of soot to betray his manner of escape and give a glance to his place of retreat. But a glance downward at his clothes convinced him that he had little to be alarmed about in this respect—for this soot had never been much used, his garments were not badly soiled, and he could not perceive dirt enough below to attract attention.

He had not long to wait before he heard the soldiers enter the room, led by the treacherous girl.

"Hal he escaped!" exclaimed the latter in alarm.

The officer swore some terrible oaths and fiercely demanded which way.

"Either up the chimney or into some other part of the house," said Fanchette. "He was here a few minutes ago."

"Quick, men, fly about, he's not up here," cried the officer, looking up the chimney. "Two of you run out and see if he's on the roof, and the rest ransack the house! If we don't find him, we'll burn it down!"

A hurried search was apparently made of the room they were in, and then Captain Laverne heard the soldiers in different parts of the house opening and banging doors, shouting and cursing. He felt his situation now to be very critical indeed, for should the house be fired he feared there might be no escape for him. After awhile the noise and tumult subsided, and every moment he was in trembling expectation of hearing or seeing something to indicate that the building was on fire, and he now resolved to make another bold effort for his life. He reasoned that those sent outside to see if he was on the roof had already rejoined the others, and he now resolved to gain the roof, and if he could do so undiscovered to venture a leap among the thick shrubbery at the rear of the mansion.

In the course of two or three minutes this dangerous feat was successfully executed, and Captain Laverne found himself once more on the ground outside considerably scratched and bruised, but not seriously injured. He now heard loud voices inside and hurriedly stole away through the shrubbery.

The searching officer, not finding any trace of the man he sought, at last became enraged at the treacherous girl and accused her of deceiving him. This impression was soon strengthened into conviction by Mme. Loufourcade and the other servants, and the whole affair ended in the release of the prisoners and the arrest of Fanchette, who was herself marched off to prison, where she died.

After the soldiers had gone Captain Laverne returned to the mansion to assure Mme. Loufourcade of his safety and then set off to make his escape from the country, which he accomplished and lived to return at the end of the Reign of Terror.—Exchange.

Ancient and Modern English Guns.

Nelson's ship, the Victory, was designed to carry 104 guns, consisting of 32, 24 and 12 pounders, ranged on her upper, main, middle and lower decks. She was also armed with a few 68-pounder carronades. The weight of her one broadside of single shotted guns was 1,104 pounds, which was considered prodigious in those days. In the account of the battle of Trafalgar, in which action this ship played so prominent a part, the broadside that she poured into the French Bucentaure is described as terrific, dismounting 30 of her adversary's guns and killing and wounding no less than 400 of her officers and men.

Compare this with our guns of the present day, when a single gun of the Nile or Trafalgar throws a projectile 100 pounds heavier than the whole broadside of the Victory, while one of our 101-ton guns discharges a projectile weighing no less than 1,800 pounds! It may be of interest to know that while only 835 pounds of powder were expended in the discharge of a broadside from the Victory as much as 3,000 pounds weight of powder is consumed in firing the broadside of the Victoria or the Sans Pareil, two of our modern ironclads.—Good Words.

The Problem of the Cradle.

Ever since the world began mothers have been rocking cradles and singing lullabies. From time immemorial the problems have existed. What can we do with this baby? Where can we put it so that it will be safe? How can we manage to secure a few intervals of peace and tranquillity? How can we still its cries and whines? How can we teach it to walk? In a word, how can we emancipate ourselves from the absorbing tyranny of these sweet babes, our offspring?

The solutions which have been invented by the solicitude, the ingenuity and the instinct of mothers have taken the form of cradles, swaddles, leading strings and gowns. The variety of these contrivances is considerable, and a description of these would form, perhaps, a curious chapter in the history of hygiene and domestic economy.—Harper's Bazar.

A Bit of Jewish Wit.

A striking commentary was recently made by a Russian Jew on the judicial corruption which sustains his country. He passed the law courts in one of the cities of his empire and noticed a fine statue placed in front of the building.

"Whom does this statue represent?" he inquired of a passerby. "Why, Justice, of course!" "How sad," exclaimed the Jew, "that justice should be relegated to the outside of the edifice and be altogether excluded from admission within."—Rabbi Adler in Fortnightly Review.

Why Snakes Are Harmful.

A great many farmers, particularly in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, encourage the presence of snakes in their neighborhood on the theory that they destroy vermin. Naturalists are now agreed they do injury by devouring toads and frogs, those animals being more industrious destroyers of vermin than the snakes.

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Towels,
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Fancy Linen Sets,
Embroideries, All Kinds,
Narrow Laces,
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Children's Capes, Bonnets and Bibs,
Torchon Laces,
 Windsor Ties,
Vellings,
Entire stock of Ribbons (except the 25c lots of Millinger Ribbons, which are worth up to \$1.00 per yard, all go at 25c yard—equal to 75 per cent discount).

A FEW LEADERS IN DOMESTICS.
Double fold ticking.....6c;worth 10c Beet Gingham.....6c;worth 8c
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If you have read this carefully come prepared to spend from \$20 to \$50, as the prices and discounts will fully warrant it. This sale to continue for the entire week. Yours very respectfully,

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