

SUNDAY MORNING COURIER

PUBLISHED SUNDAYS

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THE COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.

THE COURIER invites the youth of the city to bathe in the great plunge at the sanitarium at its expense.

INDIA has slipped free coinage in the face. The financial desideratum of Mr Bryan and Mr Burrows is now farther away than ever.

IT TOOK John Berry thirteen days and sixteen hours to ride from Chadron to Chicago. Aside from the part played in the cowboy race by the Humane society, there was comparatively little interest in the long ride.

WHEN the populists have built the railroad from British America to the Gulf of Mexico, a project will be set on foot to connect the north and south pole by means of an elevated electric railway, with branch lines to the moon and stars.

MARGARET MATHER, who decided last spring to give the stage a rest, will hardly give it, the stage, time enough to recover from that tired feeling. It is announced that she will come back this fall, reinforced by the Pabst money. And the Mather shriek and the Mather fall will be revived in all their glory.

NEXT Tuesday evening there will be a good many burnt fingers and a good many husky voices, for fire works and Fourth of July orations have their consequences; but the people will have manifested their patriotism by the noise of powder and voices, and there will be the conviction that the Great Day was fittingly observed.

THERE were enough anarchists loose in the world—and in this country—before Governor Altgeld of Illinois liberated Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, on Monday. The Chicago anarchists were undoubtedly guilty when they were sentenced, and they are just as guilty now as they were then. It is too bad Gov. Altgeld cannot go back and unhang Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engel, while he is in the business of re-distributing anarchy.

THE Butler County Press says: "Judge Maxwell is receiving more compliments than any other man in the state." The Press' idea of a compliment is certainly unique. A very large number of people in this state have come to the conclusion that Judge Maxwell makes them very tired, and the public expressions of that feeling are both multitudinous and emphatic. If the Press can twist the general protest against the re-election of Judge Maxwell into a compliment, it can do more than many of the venerable judge's most intimate friends can do.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, in her reply to her late husband's newspaper interview in relation to the divorce case, said: "I had almost sooner been accused of murder than bad taste." Mrs. Leslie will probably never be accused of the former, but she constantly invites the second charge by her own conduct. A woman who keeps herself before the public by the methods of puritan actresses and adventuresses, can certainly not be credited with good taste; and when her domestic infelicity is flauntingly trailed through the columns of the public press, she exhibits a taste that comes very near being depraved.

THE Journal shocked the public Sunday morning by expressing what closely approximated an opinion on the Mosher case. Our contemporary's remark by way of excuse for its silence in the past, that "the situation was too grave, and too many people were vitally interested in the proceedings to justify extended comment," causes one to wonder just what is the Journal's conception of the scope and province of editorial comment. Some people, may be with less knowledge of editorial ethics than the learned Journal, are foolish enough to imagine that when the situation is grave and when a great many people are interested, is just the time for editorial treatment. And we must confess that there is no particular interest in an editorial harangue in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-three, ... some obscure event that occurred, say, in the year 300. In the present instance the wonder is that the Journal ventured to express an opinion, or what might be called an opinion, as early as six months after the event occurred.

BUFFALO BILL FOR GOVERNOR.

The Chicago Sunday Democrat suggests the Honorable William F. Cody for governor of Nebraska and a number of papers in this state have endorsed the suggestion.

This is right. Let us make Buffalo Bill governor by all means.

The election of Col. Cody to the office of governor would be an appropriate climax to the series of events which commenced with the election of Lorenzo Crouse.

Crouse is himself an official freak. Buffalo Bill would be a fit successor. It is Crouse who is largely responsible for the hideous monstrosity known as the Nebraska building at the world's fair. It is Crouse who is responsible for that other official freak, Joseph Garneau, jr. It was Crouse, the governor of Nebraska, who on Nebraska day at the world's fair placed himself on exhibition at the head of a gang of Indians, and patronized the cowboys. It is Crouse who, by the continuation in office of Joseph Garneau, has given the world or that portion of it that has visited the world's fair, the impression that Nebraska is a stamping ground of Indians, cowboys, and buffaloes, where corn is the only product, and civilization, culture and taste are unknown quantities. It is Crouse and his precious commissioner, Garneau, who have made Nebraska the laughing stock of the country.

So, as long as the public has learned, through Crouse and Garneau, to think of Nebraska only as a howling wilderness, the home of Buffalo Bill and his cowboys, the land of Indians and buffaloes, let us keep the thing up by making Buffalo Bill governor.

Then we could have the state buy the wild west show and, after tearing down the state house, place it on the capital square and give free exhibitions daily; we could have Indians for policemen and cowboys for legislators, with tomahawks and bowie knives as the twin symbols of authority; we could whoop things up generally.

Buffalo Bill for governor by all means.

THE Sunday attendance at the world's fair has fooled everybody. Sunday, June 12, the attendance was 71,213, against 72,889, the Saturday before, and 77,916 the Monday following. On Sunday, the 18th, it was 59,909, against 145,094 the Saturday previous, and 85,291 the Monday following. Last Sunday 32,028 people attended the fair, as compared to 123,849 the Saturday previous, and 91,169 on Monday. The laboring men who are supposed to be unable to visit the fair any other day, haven't flocked to the fair by the million on Sunday, and it is apparent that the arguments of the Chicago papers, so far as this phase of Sunday opening is concerned, were nearly all guff.

JOEL HULL, of Minden, in one of his addresses before the crazy "north and south railroad" convention in this city, said: "The only obstacles in the way of the successful consummation of the project are the constitutional difficulties, which could be overcome." Mr. Hull is very ingenious, and his faith is sublime. To him the erection of a railroad 2,000 miles long at an estimated first cost of \$2,000,000, is as simple a matter as rolling off a log, and rolling off a log is what might be called dead easy.

Those people who are not going to the world's fair, and the public generally, cannot make better use of their time than by spending a few days at one of the Chautauqua assemblies in this state. The Chautauqua assemblies have succeeded admirably in mixing intellectual profit with pleasant recreation.

THE world's fair is not an unmixt blessing. A year or so before the opening of the fair, Joseph Garneau, jr., was enjoying undisturbed repose among his crackers and obscurity, and the public had no reason to regard Nebraska as a howling wilderness over running with buffaloes and Indians. The Nebraska building was then a thing unknown.

THE Beatrice Express propounds a query which the democratic press will probably not be very hasty in answering: it is this: "Can any one mention any new industry which has been transplanted to this country since March 4, 1837?"

THE COURIER this week begins the publication of a regular weekly letter from Chicago by its own special correspondent. This is in addition to the regular world's fair correspondence.

"I MET Eulalia on the Midway Pleasure," is a harmless little sentence; if you are sure of your pronunciation you can use it to humiliate the people who talk about U-lay-ee and playsants.

REPEALING the Sherman law is one thing. Enacting something else in its place is quite another thing.

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"WE TWO" ON WHEELS

TWO YOUNG LADIES ARE DOING GREAT BRITAIN ON BICYCLES.

Their Friends Thought They Must Be Crazy, but They Are Having a Good Time—Some Notes by the Way—Sight-seeing in Chester.

[Special Correspondence.] CHESTER, England, June 23.—When Edith and I announced that we had determined to "do" Great Britain on bicycles, great was the consternation thereof! Our friends out home in New Eng-



"WE TWO" ON THE STEAMER GOING OVER land labored with us, they pleaded with us, and they volunteered such pleasing remarks as these: "You must be crazy." "Well, I never expect to see you back again." "It's a most preposterous idea for two girls to start off alone on any such expedition," etc.

But here we are, safe and sound so far. After landing at Liverpool we immediately proceeded to have our bicycles sent to be unpacked and set up. As may be imagined, the American wheels created quite a sensation, and when we called later on for them we found them surrounded by a crowd of men and boys. The smiling clerk brought them to the street for us, and as we were preparing to mount two dignified young Englishmen who were passing stopped, and one exclaimed to the other in an audible aside:

"By Jove! There are two hoot and hoot American bicycles."

"Yes," was the answer, "and they are hoot and hoot American girls who are going to ride them too. We'll wait and see them go."

"It's an easy matter to get away from the 'vulgar crowd,'" I call back to Edie as we sail swiftly down the street, turn the first corner and are lost to sight. We linger around Liverpool for a couple of days to see the sights and "get our bearings," and then early one morning cross the River Mersey to Birkenhead and take the turnpike road to Chester, the old walled city of which we have read so much. The road for the entire distance is like a floor, but it is far too interesting to hurry over. The "genetry," with their stately homes and ancestral acres, line the sides of the road all the way, with an occasional little settlement of more common people and a country tavern or two, where we stop for a cooling drink or some other refreshments.

We stop to chat with the country people we meet on our way, most of whom are so ragged and dirty that if we met them in America we would be likely to call them tramps and give them a wide berth. Here their honest, good natured faces reassure us, and we often gain a fund of interesting information from these slow going farmer folk, who always seem to have plenty of time to stop their horses and chat. We meet party after party of cyclists, many of whom slow up as they draw near us for a pleasant word. We are informed that at Mrs. Brown's, the "half way house," we can get a good dinner, as she caters especially for cyclists. As we draw up to the door the following inscription greets us: "Mrs. Brown is licensed to sell intoxicating liquors and small beer to be drunk on the premises."

"Well," said Edie firmly, "I won't sacrifice my temperance principles and go in there, if I am hungry," and we journey on. In a short time we come to an inn that is decidedly cozy and comfortable in appearance, and we decide to stop. As we pass around to the side to the entrance the big sign swinging in the wind reads, "Licensed to sell wine and spirituous liquors."

The corners of Edith's mouth droop a little as she meets her eyes, but she walks steadily forward this time, and we enter the coziness of dining rooms, and an enticing repast is soon spread before us.

The obliging waiter asks us if we would like some beer or anything else to drink. There is considerable acidity in Edie's voice as she orders lemonade and disapproval in her eyes as I ask for a glass of porter. I silence any remonstrances by remarking that I am going to drink it for its flesh producing qualities, and as there is no occasion for her to use it for that reason she may as well drink lemonade.

We linger around until we suddenly awake to the fact that night is drawing on apace and settle down for a quick run into Chester. We dismount in front of a little shop, and I enter to make some inquiries as to lodgings or hotels.

A quaint, motherly little old lady meets me, and after a somewhat prolonged survey of my general appearance and a glance at Edie, who is standing guard over the wheels outside, says heartily: "I'm an old fashioned woman, but I have a comfortable room and a good, clean bed. The two of ye are tired and dusty. Now, then, come in and stay the night, and I'll do the best that ever I can for ye."

The place is antiquated and gloomy, but neat, and I decided to accept the invitation. Sponges, brushes and quantities of soap and water soon set us to rights, and when we come back from our room to find a table spread with the most immaculate linen and daintiest of ancient eggshell china, which is loaded with an appetizing supper for just "we two," we sit down and heartily discuss it and feel at peace with all the world. Edie creeps into the depths of a big chair, and I curl up on the comfort-

able, old fashioned lounge and listen dreamily to our garrulous little landlady.

"Dear, dear, and it's hard to believe that ye're all the way from Moricky. Ye must have hearts like oxen to start out like this, just the two of ye. And tell me why ye didn't bring some men with ye too."

Edie is convulsed with laughter in the depths of her chair, and I manage to answer with due gravity that we didn't want to bother with men and that we're better off without them.

"Well, I don't know but that ye are right, but it don't seem so. Now, ye two are traveling all over the world, and here am I, a poor soul that never gets out of Chester. I've two brothers I married and settled in your country. Mayhap ye may have heard speak of them. It's somewhere in Canada they live. Now, tell me, is that near Boston?"

"Not very."

"Well, Canada's the queen's own, and isn't Boston too?"

"Oh, no!" I hastily answer.

"Well, I've heard speak of it and of Chicago and Pennsylvania and all them places, but it's little I know of them." She hunts up a long unused lamp and fixes it up for us because folks from our country don't like candles, and her last appearance is just as we are ready for bed. "Of course ye two girls don't mind if I come in now, for I want to tell ye that the key to your door is lost, but ye're just as safe as if ye were under yer mother's wing at home. There's a nobody here but me and my man. He's a shoemaker, as his father was before him, and many a good bit he picks up by his trade. Miss Horley, she had these rooms for near three years, and she it was that lost the key to the door; but never mind, ye're all safe," and off she trots. We pile things up against the unlocked door, look under the bed and peer into the closets and then crawl into the snowy bed, which smells of lavender, and are speedily lost to the things of this world.

We rise early to explore the queer old city with its Roman antiquities and various relics of many centuries ago. We traverse the top of the wall which surrounds "old" Chester and get into the sentry boxes and peep out of the loopholes and try to imagine we are sentries watching for invaders. Red coated British soldiers travel about the city and give an added picturesque quality to the old place. I find the "wishing steps," and, according to the rule, walk up and down over them thrice, holding my breath and then "wish for what I want most." I may as well add right here that I didn't get that wish. Then I found the ruins of the mill that stands on the River Dee where the miller sang so cheerily. "I envy nobody; no, not I, and nobody envies me."

We visit the cathedral, The Rows and other points of interest, and when we are told that Chester is built on the ruins of an old Roman city and that it is impossible to dig into the earth to the depth of two or three feet without coming upon some relics of the old Romans it is



CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

only the fact that we cannot possibly carry any extra baggage that restrains us from at once starting out with shovel and pick to dig for antiquities. And so, having "done" Chester, we get out our wheels and start due east for Manchester.

CARRIE L. HODSDON.

His Pike County Reminiscences.

[Special Correspondence.] SUMMIT, N. J., June 29.—The other night a very nice, sociable old fellow came up and introduced himself as Jabez Meserole of Pike county, Pa. I told him that I had been at Milford and Dingman's Ferry and went into raptures over that lovely region and spoke of the great hunting up there.

"There ain't no sich hunting as there used to be," he said with heartfelt pathos. "When I was a boy, the quail was so plentiful up there that you could catch them in a scoop net like butterflies." "Then you were a hunter?" I asked.

"Well, yes," he replied, as if he felt offended on being asked such a question. "I used to hunt a little, but not in the ordinary way. I generally had a plan of my own. Now, when the snakes came around to suck the eggs, you don't suppose I sat up all night to kill them, do you? Not much. I set celpots for them around the coops, and in the morning I put the celpots under water and drowned the snakes and skinned them for the market. That's the way I caught snakes."

Here the old man began to laugh. "I have to laugh," he continued, "whenever I think of the snake I caught trying to suck a big china nest egg. Gosh, how puzzled he looked when his teeth slipped or broke off close to the roots like icicles! Whew, jimminy, but it was funnier than the way I used to catch chicken hawks!"

"How did you catch them?" I asked.

"Why I used to put a big fishhook well baited on a kite tail and raise the kite. As soon as the hawk swallowed the hook I would play him like a black bass until he caved in, and then I would pull him down and cook him for chicken food."

And then the old man threw his head back, closed his eyes and went into a sort of rapture trance.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Where Our Money "Is At." The amount of money held by various London banks is not far short of \$1,150,000,000.

No Civil Service Examinations There. Fully 90 per cent of Russian and Scythian soldiers are unable to either read or write.

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