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LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1894.

We would suggest to those of our friends who favor *THE COURIER* with contributions that all communications intended for publication should be sent in as early in the week as possible. We appreciate the kindly offices of those who are disposed to assist the editor; but we are especially grateful for articles or items that reach us *early in the week*.

BETWEEN congress and Coxey it is not to be wondered at that the business revival has been sidetracked.

We would like to enquire as to the whereabouts of the Weir boom for governor. This boom was due to make its appearance some months ago; but for some reason or other it fails to put itself in evidence. We are afraid it died a bornin'.

A PARTICULARLY touching spectacle was the late exhibition of neighborliness on the part of Omaha toward Council Bluffs, on the appearance of Kelley's army. Omaha very generously allowed Council Bluffs the honor of entertaining the distinguished guests, but the latter city doesn't seem to appreciate Omaha's generosity.

MR. ELDRIGE, the foreman of the *News*, being a recognized leader in the Coxey movement in this city, it follows as a matter of course that that paper should espouse the absurd project and become the organ of the deluded Coxeyites. Nothing is too unreasonable for the *News* to endorse, provided it can, in so doing, give voice to some of its cheap demagoguery.

MR. CLEVELAND's judgement in some matters is sound. He has a good measure of hard common sense, and he is one of the few public men that do not tremble every time a counterfeit workingman bobs up. He can distinguish between the sheep and the goats, and whatever may be his other faults, he cannot be accused of demagoguery. He has already begun to prepare for the reception of the Coxeyites, and we believe he will prove equal to the emergency.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR ALGERNON SIDNEY PADDOCK, who used to be a republican, must be particularly happy as he observes the manner in which Senator Allen continues to make an ass of himself, and draw upon Nebraska the ridicule of the nation; and with what satisfaction must he reflect that he, by using as a cat's paw Representative Wardlaw of Gage county, was responsible for the election of a populist senator and all of the discredit which he has brought upon Nebraska.

MAYOR WEIR, on Wednesday evening, had an excellent opportunity to make a fool of himself, and, naturally, he embraced the

opportunity with much promptness. It would have been entirely proper for the mayor, in his address to the incipient Coxey army in this city, to have told the men that they could accomplish nothing by a foolhardy march to Washington, and to have advised them to give up the proposed movement. Instead he gave the project a quasi, if not a whole hearted, endorsement. He said nothing to discourage the idea. Mayor Weir is a cuckoo. He knows that nothing can be gained by these crazy Coxey processions; but his demagogic spirit prompts him to encourage the organization of an army in this city. He can always be depended upon, in a matter of this kind, to do the wrong thing.

A CAREFUL perusal of the proceedings in Judge Scott's court in Omaha in the case wherein E. Rosewater was charged with contempt, impels us to believe that Judge Scott is very much out of his element on the bench. He ought to be in one of Mr. Coxey's celebrated armies. The judge said before sentencing Mr. Rosewater on Tuesday: "It is known that the state of Nebraska is dotted all over with the graves of men sent there with broken hearts on account of this man." We do not know how many men Mr. Rosewater has "sent there" with broken hearts, and we cannot see how this has anything to do with the editor's contempt of court. Mr. Rosewater's character as a man and his course as an editor were not at issue before Judge Scott. The judge conducted himself like a struck child throughout the case, and whether Mr. Rosewater was guilty of contempt or not, he has made a spectacle of himself that is conspicuously discreditable to the judiciary of the metropolis.

#### AN OPEN LETTER.

Oh, congress, please congress, adjourn and go home; the knell of your party has struck. You said you would bring us to prosperous times, but you chiefly have brought us bad luck. Of all the hard times which our history knows, which the nation has ever passed through, the hardest are those that are still with us now and are traceable plainly to you. For eight weary months you have spluttered and talked 'neath the capitol's beautiful dome. So please give the people a much needed rest.

Oh, congress, please congress, go home.

Oh, congress, please congress, adjourn and go home. Your "fences" are all broken down. They need much repairing and tinkering now, as the recent elections have shown. A republican wave has swept over the land from Washington state clear to Maine, and republicans say when November comes round they will sweep the whole country again, for the democrats now are as scarce as hens' teeth, wherever in searching you roam. It is time that the fences were put in repair.

So congress, please congress, go home.

There are anger and gloom in the White House today as the president studies Hill's speech, and the cabinet weeps as it joins in the grief. There are sobs and a teardrop from each. In bleak Minnesota the democrats say that in congress the traitors do brood, while Governor Tillman remarks that he thinks Mr. Cleveland is really "no good;" and while all this fighting goes merrily on, the cry oft repeated doth come from all the great nation, exasperate now:

"Oh, congress, please congress, go home."

The Wilson bill's threats, like huge burdens of lead, on all of our industries rest; depression has seized on the mills of the east and clutches the farmer out west. And yet if that bill were but laid on the shelf and congress were safely adjourned, prosperity bright would burst out in full bloom and each mill-wheel at work would be turned. So the cry rushes on from the east to the west like a tidal wave seething in foam, and the whole country joins in the angry request:

"Oh, congress, why don't you go home?"—Boston Advertiser.

It is only of late years that rheumatism has been treated as a blood disease. But that this is a correct theory is proved by the extraordinary success attending the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in this painful and very prevalent malady. It seldom fails of radical cure.

We cut all our ice from pure running water. Lincoln Ice Co. 1040 O street.