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LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1894.

For a good many years the candidates for governor in this state have been politicians—not that many good men have not aspired to that honor. But in a number of instances the men whose claims have been pressed the hardest have had little to commend them except a certain prominence or activity in politics. Hence it is that the candidacy of I. M. Raymond, of this city, meets with decided approval among business men. Mr. Raymond has the best kind of a record as a republican and a business man, and there are gratifying indications of a lively interest in his candidacy all over the state. He will have enthusiastic support in his own county.

COMMENTING ON OUR reference to the attitude of the *World Herald* and Congressmen Byran toward the two republican candidates for congress in this district, Allen W. Field and Church Howe, the *World Herald* on Monday gave additional evidence of the fact that it fears for Mr. Bryan's sake, that Field will be renominated. The Omaha newspaper in discussing the affairs of this congressional district displays an ingenuity that does credit to its reputation for cleverness; but few republicans, we imagine, will be deceived by the somewhat transparent showing made. Mr. Bryan and his friends do not want to see Field nominated and their efforts to point out for the benefit of the republicans, other men who are stronger, appeal to the sense of humor of observant persons. Such solicitude on the part of the democrats, such fear that their opponents may not nominate Howe or some other "strong" candidate in place of Field, such friendly concern for republican welfare, are pleasing to contemplate; but reiterating a former statement we have only to say that while appreciating the expressions of kindly interest that came from the democrats, the republicans of the first district nevertheless feel that they are competent to attend to the business in hand without outside assistance, and entertaining the friendliest feeling for their opponents, they are yet disposed to make the nomination to suit themselves and not the democrats. The judgment of republicans who are able to consider all the conditions that obtain in this district, in a fair and logical spirit, is that Judge Field is by all odds the strongest man in the district, and the fact that the democrats are exerting themselves to the utmost to discourage Field sentiment ought to be conclusive with republicans who desire to nominate a man who will win. As an organizer and campaigner Field has no superior, and in the matter of qualifications for the office of congressman he is preeminently deserving of a nomination.

SILVER AND GOLD.

Farewell, my little sweetheart, now fare you well and free; I claim from you no promise, you claim no vows from me. The reason why—the reason right well we can uphold, I have too much of silver, and you've too much of gold. A puzzle this, to worldings, whose

love to lucre flies, who think that gold to silver should count as mutual prize! But I'm not avaricious, and you're not sordid souled; I have too much of silver, and you've too much of gold. Upon our heads the reason too plainly can be seen; I am the winter's bond slave, you are the summer's queen; too few the years you number, too many I have told; I have too much of silver, and you've too much of gold. You have the rose for token, I have dry leaf and rime; I have the sobbing vesper; you, morning bells at chime. I would that I were younger, (yet you grow never old)—would I had less of silver, but you no less of gold.

HARD TIMES.

Should I awake some frosty morn and find
A spectre standing by my bed in white,
I would not think that I had lost my mind,
Nor close my eyes again in speechless fright.

Should it recall the evil I had done,
And say my soul for torments must prepare,
Or other horrid things to frighten me,
As I am out of work I wouldn't care.

If such a ghostly thing should come some day,
To startle me ere I arose from bed,
The only thing would be for it to say
"I've got a job for you," and I'd drop dead.

G. W. THOMPSON.

Delicious. pure. What? Why. the ice cream soda water, 5 cents per glass, at Herpolsheimer & Co.'s

BEYOND THE LINE.

The New York man, accustomed to Del's and its graces, dropped into a restaurant in one of the interior towns

"I say," he said to the waiter, "bring me a small hot bird and a large cold bottle."

"Which?" asked the waiter with a start.

The order was repeated.

"That's all right," responded the waiter, as if he had been insulted, "but what you'll git here, more likely, is a large cold bird and a small hot bottle," and he brought in a large hunk of yesterday's old hen and a bottle of beer that had been sitting in a sunny window for a sign.

ANOTHER KIND.

It was about 10:30 p. m. and the young woman was talking to the man in the case.

"What I like in a man," she was saying, "is energy; one who has some go in him."

The young man glanced hastily at the clock, then at the door, then at the girl, and got up.

"I beg your pardon," she said, blushing; "you may stay as long as you please. You are the first man that ever understood that statement properly."

A SIGN OF FAVOR.

Small Boy—My sister likes you.

Young Man (calling)—That's very nice. I like her too, very much.

Small Boy—Yes, she said she liked you because you never came often and didn't stay long.

HOOD'S AND ONLY HOOD'S

Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and to give you appetite and strength. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute another remedy is proof of the merits of Hood's.

When the ice man comes be sure the name LINCOLN ICE CO. is on the wagon, they have no pond ice. 1040, O Street.