



THE COURIER

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POT POURRI.

THAT wonderful face! How like a benediction it looks down upon us from its wreathing of starry folds. The tender, pleading eyes, with the great soul shining out from them; the resolute mouth with those sympathetic curves, that honest face—so just, so true, so pure, seem a living presence in these Memorial services, more than a pictured face upon the wall among the banners.

Will history ever give us another face that will move us to tears after all the years as Lincoln moves us?

Will another ever leave the divine pity that his has left—the love—the limitless faith? The remembrance of the man who came, God's work pressing on him—who fulfilled his mission and wiped away the one foul blot on our fair nation, with God's mantle upon him, then passed away, human love's most costly sacrifice, God's holy light between the world and him, leaving a memory half mortal and half mirth.

"Greater love hath no man than this."

Victory was ours, bells rang and cannon boomed. The victors grimy with the smoke of battle, worn and scarred, came home to victorious rejoicings. Just when light was beginning to dawn—when results were vindicating his wisdom—just when, his mission accomplished, he began to be known to the people as he was, the last sacrifice was required.

There were no laurel wreaths for him. For him the harvest came too late. Faithful power that he was, he could not live to see the bountiful, beautiful reaping that crowned his life work.

Four years and a month, he had been at the helm, while the tempest shrieked and roared. Men were mad in those days. It was a time when calm, dispassionate, reasoning was rare. No man ever found more bitter partisans; no man was ever more cruelly criticised. When his plans promulgated, his seeming audacity caused millions to tremble, till the miracle of their execution won the admiration of a watching world. No man in history was ever called as Lincoln was, to so complex a situation.

Without name, without fame, or preparation, snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and entrusted with the destiny of a nation.

A man of peace and quiet methods, called to direct a country writhing in the throes of a civil war.

Gloom was everywhere. Trials encompassed him, the days were dark, and night brought no peace. The prison-pens of Belle Isle and Andersonville haunted him. Care stamped indelible lines on the honest face, and the shadows gathered ever thicker. Four years were nearly rounded, and hope was almost faint. Foreign nations encouraged piracy—homes were bereft—tens of thousands of our fairest sons slept on southern battle fields. Our arsenals were empty our army was scattered—secession still reared its hydra head, and fainting hearts asked what had our nation left.

Almighty God, and Abraham Lincoln.

Through the darkest age of this Republic, this marvelous figure held the reins of power. He was no "man of destiny," he was a man of the time. Unswervingly with his face ever turned toward the right, this steady, loyal, true heart, met each new outbreak with unshaken integrity. Even when it seemed that the battle-field was to be transferred to free soil, he sat there implacable in his stern resolve, to see the cause of the righteous win.

His life and character, are known to fame's farthest bounds. Men will model their ideals after him, when we are forgotten. Men will do deeds of valor for his memory's sake; human nature will be more gentle, for his simple, patient life; his magnanimity, his kindness to his foes, his yearning longing for peace and right, will preach fraternal love through all the ages. The verdict of a world is above criticism.

Infinite rest, and peace have been his these many years. The great head and heart, look from those pictured eyes, to tell us of the mystic words—duty and right. To counsel steadfastness and magnanimity—fearlessness and loyalty. His life serves as a prelude and an epilogue, of the most imperial theme of modern times. Our loyal hearts always remember with an American's pride that he was "ours" and the shrine we keep sacred to his memory, we lay our most precious offerings.

AUGUSTA L. PACKARD.

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SCHOOL GIRLS AS POETS.

Why Gannot a School Girl Write Poetry.

To give the girls an opportunity to demonstrate their ability in this art and to popularize Nebraska's MODEL MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT, we offer to the three girls (pupils of Lincoln schools) who write and deliver to our store on or before June 6th the best three short poems, referring to our business, the following prizes:

First Prize, a fine trimmed Leghorn hat, - - - - - worth \$6.00
Second Prize, a fine trimmed hat, - - - - - " 5.00
Third Prize, a fine trimmed hat, - - - - - " 4.00

Full particulars of this Contest in Sundays mornings Journal and Monday evenings News. First prize poem will appear in COURIER Saturday, June 16.

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OBSERVATIONS.

The annual election of three members of the board of education has been followed by the usual perturbation on the part of school teachers in this city. Every year about this time teachers are more or less worried over the prospect, and it is doubtless a fact that fear