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LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1894.

There are spots all over Mr. Howe, the gentleman from Nemaha county, who desires to represent the First Nebraska district in congress, and these spots are selfishness, and treachery. Mr. Howe is an able man and a genial politician; but if he expects to achieve any lasting success he must remove his spots, and if he can't remove them, it is suggested that he take off his skin and sit in his bones awhile, in humility.

It is a great many years now since the cheap money cry first went up in this country, but from the day that it first got its hold on the prejudice of impressionable people, it has never ceased to sound its clarion notes in one form or another, in the ears of the people, and it has prevailed on human susceptibility to such an extent that cheap money has become a fixed and ever present issue; a principle for new parties, a refuge for malcontents. The present agitation in this state, looking to the free and unlimited coinage of silver; is the same old tune that has been sounded to the depths by General Weaver. Free coinage has for its purpose the same thing exactly that gave life to the greenback movement. There is an idea abroad in the land that it is possible, under some peculiar circumstance, to issue a kind of money that every body can obtain with ease, and that will be worth as much as other money, and free coinage sentiment feeds on this vague and curious idea. Free silver advocates like the old time greenbackers, would like a kind of money that would grow on trees, and could be gathered in bushel baskets like apples or plums. And that is about all there is to this queer hullabaloo about "the free and unlimited coinage of silver."

EDUCATION in this country has a fearful responsibility before it. On the thoroughness and universality of education depend the future welfare, even the very existence of our nation. Education has, in the last fifty years, penetrated places where it never went before; it has gone beyond what is known as the privileged class; and it has touched the great heart of the people. It has entered the shop of the laborer, and the hovel of the poor; it has extended wide its arms and invited all to taste of its blessings. But its labor in the new field has been superficial. Appealing to a class that never before came within its influence it has aroused desire instead of giving substantial benefit. Education has stirred the ambition of a class that had never known hope; it has merely touched a new field, and to the pupils is opened a vista of Utopian comfort and luxury. In a general way it has failed to instill in the minds of these new recruits the broad principles that underline true learning. Instead it has produced a fever, and the country is just now experiencing the results of the first effect of education upon minds that hitherto were utterly removed from aspiration and ambitious endeavor. The great lesson is as yet unlearned. Only a few stray seeds have taken root, and these have developed a feverish disquietude, a discontent, a vague ambition; education, so-called, has knock-

ed at the door of the people and its first effect has been to inflame, to excite. Indefinite desire to reach out and obtain to a new height has been awakened, and the field of labor has become agitated as it was never agitated before. A taste of education has called into being a long dormant ambition, and that ambition has produced a perturbation all along the line. Labor difficulties have arisen, strikes have occurred. Impatience has taken the place of the old time stolid indifference, born of ignorance. Education must now complete its work. It must teach these people the whole lesson of life, instill into them the broad principles of unity of interests and interdependence. It must show a clear light, and teach all people everywhere the true knowledge. It must take the intelligence of a class just aroused for the first time and expand it. Men who fire at co-laborers, who blow up workshops with bombs, who resort to anarchy to right wrongs, must be learned that there is a rational solution for every problem, that no good can be accomplished by a policy of destruction. When education shall have discharged its responsibility, when men of all classes shall have been made to comprehend the truth, then will so-called labor troubles cease. So long as education is content to remain where it is, with reference to the laboring class, there must be a vent for unenlightened ambition, and boycotts and industrial disorder must continue.

Have your prescriptions filled at HAWKE'S PHARMACY.

THE DEADLY FAVORITE.

Macallister McIlhenny's soul for the instant was as if a silver sun beam had fallen upon it.

The girl who had been frowning on him had smiled.

It was a smile that lighted the world in the beginning.

Macallister McIlhenny had bet his salary two weeks in advance on the favorite, and that brute had won last place by a tail heels down, and it was the season when ice cream and strawberries were ripe.

When the girl smiled, Macallister McIlhenny took hope.

"Your smile is the loveliest thing in the world," he murmured soft and low.

"Yes?" she responded, smiling again.

"Yes," he whispered, reaching for her lily white hand, "and I wish you would smile on me always."

"But I can't," and again that seraphic smile.

He gazed upon her appealingly, still araching for her hand.

"And why not?" he asked, oh, so anxiously.

"Because," she said, very gently, "I am engaged to smile on Mr. Wood this evening, who is to take me to the ice-cream parlors to participate in a feast of luscious strawberries."

Once more she smiled, but it was ashes in the mouth of Macallister McIlhenny, and he went and tore his hair, for the bulk of his bets was to go to that hated Wood, and this was how he was spending it.

THE LOVER'S THREAT.

"You—you will not do anything rash, Mr. Haralong, will you?" exclaimed the young woman in a trembling voice.

The rejected lover, pale but resolute, rose slowly to his feet.

"Henrietta Plunkett!" he answered through his set teeth, "I will! Just as surely as you stand there—proud, heartless beauty that you are—I shall be in the South Sea Islands six months from now, the happy husband of fourteen wives!"

Happy days and restful nights result from using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It so regulates the bodily functions and strengthens the nervous system that worry and fatigue are comparatively unknown and life is truly enjoyed. It is certainly a most wonderful medicine.

Albert D. Hayden, Notary Public and general stenographer
Room 5 City Block. Phone 174.

Have you seen those Hammocks at HAWKE'S PHARMACY they are daisies and he is selling them cheap.

For fine soda water go to HAWKES PHARMACY: