

Good republicans find much cause for satisfaction in the platform adopted by the state convention. The element of the party that wanted a populist declaration on the money question was not able to make any showing at all. Aggressive republican spirit prevailed, and the republican party in Nebraska remained true to its honest convictions and consistent with its established policy. There isn't any populist twang about the following: "The republican party of Nebraska has always been the consistent friend and aggressive champion of honest money, and it now takes no step backward. While we favor bi-metallism, and demand the use of both gold and silver standard money, we insist that the parity of the value of the two metals be maintained, so that every dollar, paper or coin, issued by the government shall be good as any other."

G. M. Lambertson has, from the time when there was a disposition to place the republican state league on record as in favor of the free coinage of silver, been a persistent antagonist of this idea. He, with Judge Field, was present at the league meeting prepared to fight any such proposition to the bitter end, and he went to the state convention for the same purpose, and he takes lasting satisfaction in the result of his endeavors at Omaha. He succeeded in having his own financial plank adopted without a dissenting vote. And much credit is due Mr. Lambertson for the sound platform on which the party will go into the fall's campaign.

Mr. A. K. Andriano of Omaha superintendent the mercantile reporting department of Snow, Church & Co., writes of the business situation for THE COURIER as follows: "There is little change in the business situation, although my reports from the east indicate that the result of tariff legislation is becoming very evident. There seems to be a changed aspect of business in all lines and the tone is decidedly firmer and more hopeful. Securities on the stock exchange, both at New York and abroad, are showing very firm and the indications for a rise in American stocks are very good. Locally, of course, affairs are rather depressed, owing to the crop failure and the prospects for a fall and winter trade. Retailers and wholesalers are already becoming accustomed to this view, accommodating themselves to circumstances; They have become accustomed to economy and their expenses are so reduced now that they can view the prospect of a light trade with less fear of loss than ever before."

"An important feature of the situation is the high price of feed stuff of all classes. Since the failure in corn and its remarkable rise, all classes of cattle food have gone up in price; with the partial failure of hay, this crop is somewhat scarce and selling at \$10 and \$11 a ton; chop feed is in high demand and farmers are even crushing wheat for food, finding the same cheaper than corn. A thing unprecedented heretofore, is the use of low grade flour for cattle food. All the mills in this part of the country and as far east as Illinois are running at full capacity and barely able to supply the demand for low grade flour; of course, this condition cannot last for any length of time without increasing the price of both cattle and hogs. The fact of the matter is, farmers are shipping their stock to market in great bunches and this high priced feeding can only continue for a short time. It is consoling to know that local jobbers are getting some slight benefit out of the depressed conditions which prevail."

"The small merchants who have ordered quite heavily in the east, early in the season, have, with few exceptions, countermanded their orders whenever possible and will, during the fall and winter, depend upon Omaha and Lincoln houses to supply their demands, from time to time as consumption warrants. This will bring many customers to these centers, who have heretofore purchased in the east, and is a very acceptable grain of consolation for the light trade which will prevail."

"There is the usual run in business in staple lines but dealers in luxuries complain of very dull trade. The demand is principally for cheap and medium grade goods and the high priced articles do not find a ready market at present."

The metropolitan millionaires would like awfully well to hear that

the president had vetoed the tariff bill carrying the income tax rider. Still, as they have considerable time to save up small change enough to meet this additional charge for being on the earth, they can economize or follow the Astor example of living in England. Some figurers are already at work ciphering out what some of these unfortunate people will have to shell out to help keep the country from going to the demnition-bow-wows. Uncle Sam's choicest victim is William Waldorf Astor, who will contribute about \$152,225. But as his income is in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 he will not be forced to negotiate a loan. Russel Sage and the Jay Gould estate are next on the list. Then come the Vanderbilts, Flagler, Tiffany, C. P. Huntington, Rockefeller, the Goelets, Gerrys, Havermeyers, and over a hundred others whose wealth runs from \$2,000,000 up to \$125,000,000. Andrew Carnegie is down on the list as being worth \$20,000,000, and his annual income is put at \$1,000,000, which will force him to pay tribute in the sum of \$20,000. A good many ladies will have to cut down their pin money, too, providing the legislation becomes a law. Thirty-eight fair possessors of fortunes ranging from \$40,000,000 down to \$2,500,000 have been named among the heavy taxables. Among them are two Countesses, two Duchesses and one Lady. If Hetty Green doesn't succeed in keeping out of the tax-gatherer's clutches she will be forced to plank down \$40,000 annually. It will cost Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stocks, Clementia Furniss and Sophia R. Furniss about \$10,000 each if the bill goes on the statue books.

It will only be a few days now till Manager Frank C. Zehrung will throw open the "rejuvenated" Funke—that is the word he uses—with all its cheurbs and pink angels to the profane gaze of the public. Mr. Zehrung has made of the old opera house what Frank Polk calls a "symposium of beauty and harmony." Everything, from the rejuvenated whisker of the great man who wrote Sir Francis Bacon's plays, to the legs of the opera chairs will be in exquisite good taste. No catyclism of color will shock the spectator's eye. Everything will be subdued. Even the bass viol in the orchestra will be wrapped in silk. Mr. Zehrung's white and gold opera house will be a daisy, and no mistake.

Robert G. Ingersoll recently wrote an article on suicide, being a defense of self murder. Colonel Ingersoll said in part; "Under many circumstances a man has the right to kill himself. When life is of no value to him, when he can be of no real assistance to others, why should a man continue? When he is of no benefit, when he is a burden to those he loves, why should he remain? The old idea was that 'God' made us and placed us here for a purpose, and that it was our duty to remain until He called us. The world is outgrowing this absurdity. What pleasure can it give 'God' to see a man devoured by a cancer? To see the quivering flesh slowly eaten? To see the nerves throbbing with pain? Is this a festival for 'God?' Why should the poor wretch stay and suffer? A little morphine would give him sleep—the agony would be forgotten, and he would pass unconsciously from happy dreams to painless death. If 'God' determines all births and deaths, of what use is medicine, and why should doctors defy, with pills and powders, the decrees of 'God?' No one, except a few insane, act now according to this childish superstition. Why should a man, surrounded by flames, in the midst of a burning building, from which there is no escape hesitate to put a bullet through his brain or a dagger in his heart? Would it give 'God' pleasure to see him burn? When did man loose the right of self-defense? So, when a man has committed some awful crime, why should he stay and ruin his family and friends? Why should he add to the injury? Why should he live, filling his days and nights, and the days and nights of others, with grief and pain, with agony and tears? Why should a man sentenced to imprisonment for life hesitate to still his heart? The grave is better than the cell. Sleep is sweeter than the ache of toil. The dead have no masters. So the poor girl, betrayed and deserted, the door of home closed against her, the faces of friends averted, no hand that will help, no eye that will soften with pity, the future an abyss filled with monstrous shapes of dread and fear, her mind racked by fragments of thoughts like clouds broken by storm, pursued, surrounded by the serpents of remorse, flying from horrors too great to bear, rushes with joy through the welcome door of death. Undoubtedly there are many cases of perfectly justifiable suicide—cases in which not to end life would be a mistake, sometimes almost a crime. Sometimes I have wondered that Christians denounce the