

THE COURIER

VOL. 9. No. 41.

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ENTERED AT THE LINCOLN POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

OFFICE 217 North Eleventh St.

TELEPHONE 90

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Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$2 00	Three months.....	50c.
Six months.....	1 00	One month.....	20c.
Single copies.....	Five cents.		

For sale at all news stands in this city and Omaha and on all trains.
A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

The political conventions have all been held now, and in another week the state campaign will be in full blast.

Sympathy in great gobs is going out to those simon-pure democrats, the sole remnant of what was once the democratic party in this state, represented in Lincoln by N. S. Harwood and Andrew Jackson Sawyer and Albert Watkins et al. Mr. Harwood, since Wednesday's convention, has taken a reef in that pleasantly ingenious smile that for years has illuminated his handsome features, and is wearing a crepe band around his hat fourteen inches wide. Mr. Harwood has a remarkably fine picture of Thomas Jefferson in his library. It is turned to the wall now.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Sawyer has dyed his whiskers black. He sent the following message to President Cleveland; "Invite us all down to Buzzards Bay. There's only a few of us left."

Albert Watkins wears a moon eyed garb of melancholy and has had a black border put on his linen. To keep up his spirits he recites the one hundred and nineteenth psalm before and after every meal.

Democracy in Nebraska has been flim flammed by the green goods men of populism, and there isn't enough left of the old fashioned brand, the kind that Samuel J. Tilden loved, to cover half of the bottom of the political pot. Tobias Castor, the commander of the faithful in this state holding a special private commission from Mr. Cleveland, with all the help such gallant brigadiers as Euclid Mar-

tin and the other members of the state central committee, and of the gentlemen in this city above referred to, was unable to stem the tide of populism that, sweeping down from the waste places in the arid district in the west, completely engulfed the democratic party.

To be sure there was a bolting convention; but as is usually the case with this sort of secession movements, it will not, to use an expressive colloquialism, cut any ice.

There was a good deal at stake in the action of the democracy in Nebraska in this campaign. Mr. Harwood and Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Martin and old line democrats of their stamp worked day and night to keep the democratic organization intact and prevent a further encroachment of populist demoralization. They were animated by a two-fold object—to preserve their party from destruction and to protect the business interests of the state from the harm that must come from the election of populist candidates, which, with a submerged democratic party, is a possibility that may eventuate in fact.

There is no use disguising the fact that the outlook for the republican ticket isn't as encouraging as it might be. The patriotic members of the democratic party were overwhelmed by populist fandango and with the larger element of two parties voting for Holcomb, there is a probability that the state may be carried by these political tramps and adventurers, and that another blow may be dealt to state credit. It has already received many hard knocks.

The election of Holcomb, despite the fact that he may be personally a good man, would be a calamity, which following the crop failure in this state, would have a very disastrous effect. All of the disintegrating and demoralizing elements and tendencies in the state, all of the fanatics and anarchists, the visionaries and disgruntled nuisances are for Holcomb and the election of the populist ticket will, in effect, be a declaration to the country that Nebraska after a more or less serious flirtation with the populists has at last given itself over, body and soul, to these prosperity-destroying anarchists. The situation is, indeed, serious. The defeat of the republican ticket will work untold injury to every business interest and business man in Nebraska.

Col. Ingersoll, in his second article on suicide published in last week's COURIER, wanders from his text somewhat and discusses atheism and the existence of a God and a hereafter at considerable length. His argument in favor of suicide does not differ materially

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