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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

The shifting sands of politics will bring some new faces to the state house after January 1st, and carry out to the comparative obscurity of private life more than one familiar figure. Notable among those that will be missed is John C. Allen, secretary of state. Mr. Allen, when he relinquishes this office to Mr. Piper, the secretary-elect, will have served four years, and it can be truthfully said of this official that few men who have held a state office have given such uniform satisfaction, and attained such a general popularity as Mr. Allen. He has, in all his service, given strict attention to the important and responsible duties that have fallen to his lot, and his record is particularly clear. Coming to Lincoln as a comparative stranger to the people of this city, and a novice in the administration of public affairs, Mr. Allen at once secured a most cordial recognition from the citizens of Lincoln, and from the very outset his official career has been such as to command the respect and confidence of all the people. Mr. Allen is a most competent officer, and Mr. Piper will succeed a man whose place is not easy to fill. Personally the out-going secretary is a genial, whole-souled gentleman, and his family occupies an honorable place in the society of the capital city. Mr. Allen's future plans, so far as we know, are still undetermined; but it is to be hoped that Lincoln will continue to be his residence.

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George H. Hastings, who retires as attorney-general after serving two terms, to make way for Mr. Churchill, of Omaha, has for years been a prominent and popular figure in this city. Living close to Lincoln and having for a long time been identified with the politics—the public life—of the state, this city has seen much of Mr. Hastings, and it is unnecessary to say that his departure from the state will be regarded with genuine regret by those whose business brings them in contact with the attorney general's office. Like Mr. Allen, he has given the public a business-like administration, and his record will bear the closest scrutiny. Mr. Hastings has been an honor to the office, and the sum total of his official accomplishments is greatly to his credit.

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Mr. Humphrey, the out-going commissioner of public lands and buildings, is from Broken Bow, and THE COURIER does not know whether he will return to his former place of residence or remain in Lincoln. His duties are of such a nature that he is not so prominently before the public as most of the other state officers; but Mr. Humphrey is an excellent officer. There have been important reforms in the various state interests intrusted to his care, and his work has been uniformly well done. Mr. Humphrey will retire in possession of the confidence of the people.

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One of the retiring state officers will not leave a trail of regret be-

hind him. We refer to Mr. Goudy, the superintendent of public instruction. This gentleman's peculiar management of his office has not been such as to commend him to the unequalled respect of the people. He is arrogant, selfish and not notably competent. His retirement is a good thing. The dislike that is generally entertained for Mr. Goudy will add to the warmth of the welcome that awaits Prof. Corbett.

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Mr. Campbell, clerk of the supreme court, was re-elected the other day. This officer is entitled to the highest commendation for the particularly efficient manner in which he has performed his duty, and his re-election, or re-appointment, has been productive of a number and variety of compliments that might turn the head of a man not so well balanced as Mr. Campbell.

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Mr. Moore, auditor of public accounts, and Mr. Bartley, state treasurer, now in their first terms, were re-elected, and will serve two years longer. Both have pursued a genuine reform policy and their course has saved the state—the people—many thousands of dollars.

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The most prominent outgoing official is, of course, Governor Crouse. His official career is considered elsewhere in this issue of THE COURIER.

OVERSHOT THE MARK.

There was a young woman who had been in society but a portion of a season. The other evening she was at a function, and she was introduced to a young man who has had some success in literature. The bud stood more or less in awe of him after she learned who he was. The literary young man was much impressed with the beauty of the bud and asked permission to call. This was given him. The next day the bud got to thinking of the function and remembered the request of the young man.

She went to a girl friend and said to her: "I met Mr. L. at the ball the other night and he asked me if he could call on me. I told him he could. Now I am awfully worried to think of what I shall talk to him about. Of course, he's a literary man, and he will not care to talk society and all that, and really, I don't know a single thing I can converse with him about that will interest him, and I don't want him to go away bored. What on earth shall I talk about?"

The friend sympathized with her and told her that she might talk about history or some such thing. Filled with this idea, she went home and boned up on history.

A few nights later the literary man called. He was ushered into the parlor and the bud came down in a few minutes.

"Good evening."

She bade him good evening.

"Awful hot, isn't it?"

She thought that it was.

There was some more conversation in this original strain, when he suddenly launched out like this: "What a delightful party that was the other evening, wasn't it? I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more. Everything was perfect. There was no crush. Just enough were there to make it enjoyable. The music was delightful and the refreshments superb. Really, I shall often think of that ball as one of the most charming I have ever had the pleasure of attending in Buffalo. I think that—"

During the remarks the bud had wriggled about nervously on her chair. She was on the point of interrupting half a dozen times, and could refrain no longer. With a fierce little laugh she broke in: "Oh yes, but was not that said about Mary, Queen of Scots?"

The literary man gazed at the bud in blank amazement. Seeing that he did not answer her, the bud continued in a theatrical manner: "They cut off her head, you know."

The symposium broke up just here, and to this day the literary man thinks the bud crazy, while the bud hasn't an idea what to think about the literary man.

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