

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ought to cleave to the Herald. For it is the proper kind of stuff. Its democracy is not diluted. It has no silver strain. It is the double distilled essence of bourbonism. The tone of the Herald rings true to the tune of Clevelandism. When Major J. D. Calhoun died in the ditch, with Congressman W. J. Bryan up on the bank, a few years ago, the Herald's future came to a dead halt. Of course Calhoun was all there was to the Herald, and when the Major left us and went to Florida, the paper that he left behind was like the Bible with the old and new testaments omitted. It struggled on for awhile in silence, and then the populists got hold of it. Death came galloping as a matter of course. Now that Jerusalem Gustavus Perseverance has dug it up from the newspaper graveyard and breathed life into it there is restored to us an old time glory and tradition of democracy. If the Herald to be will only equal the Herald that was Col. Hildebrand will add to his laurels.

The disappointed and disgruntled little man with maniacal symptoms, known as the editorial Harlequin of the state, vented his spleen this week in abuse of the state university. Mr. Rosewater has disapproved of the university before, but I have not noticed that the disapproval has had any disastrous effect, and his return to the old subject at this time only suggests the idea that his physicians should not further delay calling Mr. Rosewater off from the Bee and into the seclusion of private life where he could give his exclusive attention to his liver and apply the rest cure to his brain.

The local newspaper situation, of which I spoke last week, is nearing a climax. Mr. Austin, of the Call, and Mr. Dobbins, of the News, have been partaking of raw meat and cayenne paper for some months, and those persons who watched the progress of the feud were not unprepared for some startling denouement. But nobody counted on the explosion which took place last Friday. The article in the Call abusing Mr. Dobbins was the most brutal attack ever made in a newspaper in this city. In almost any other community it would have been followed by a fatality, or a couple of them. But in Lincoln the newspaper men have a habit of abusing each other. They are long-suffering. They confine their fighting to paper. So far as I have observed, the effect of the Call article was to make friends for its victim. Nothing could justify such an attack. It operated to the prejudice, not of its object, but of its author. It is doubtful whether such controversies as this one between the Call and the News are interesting to any considerable number of readers. They are certainly not profitable. And in the future, if this sort of thing is to continue, my advice to the disputants is, Confine yourself to the living. Cut and slash away if you must, but keep out of the graveyard.

Wednesday the same paper that attacked Mr. Dobbins directed its batteries against Fritz Westermann, president of the Young Men's republican club. Several columns were taken up in telling what a bad man Mr. Westermann is. Journalism is a great thing.

Somebody in this city is indulging in a dangerous pastime. Anonymous correspondence is bad enough under any circumstances, but when directed to the infamous ends sought by one vicious and industrious letter writer in this city, it becomes a crime, and no punishment is too severe for the offender. I believe The Courier is on record as opposed to capital punishment, and lynching is to be condemned on general principles, but this infamous and cowardly person has no good reason for remaining on this earth, and whether the person be a man or woman, I am not sure that lynching would not be justifiable. Ordinary modes of pun-

ishment are too slow and ineffectual for this sort of infamy. The good names of a number of estimable ladies and gentlemen are wantonly assailed, and the damnable letters have been scattered broadcast, with a threat that more are to follow. It ought to be possible to ferret out the perpetrator of this outrage, and the victims would be doing good service in tracing the calumny to its source. I can only hope that the excuse for the offense is some form of mental irresponsibility.

If I could hear a sermon like that Bishop Newman gave at St. Paul's last Sunday I should visit the holy sanctuary oftener than I do. And yet it was not so much the bishop's sermon as his presence that left with one a vague impression of force and the power of righteousness. The age of picturesque men is pretty well over; but the bishop is one of the few that are left. When you first see him you think of Gladstone. He has the "grand old man's" air and he carries himself like a patriarch of old. He moves in the pulpit with sureness and speaks certainly, with absolute conviction as though no one could dispute him. His gestures are full of the power of conviction and his words are those of one having authority.

At last the groans of the citizens and the prayers of the Methodist conference availed and we got some weather with an edge on its teeth. Then the sudden resurrection of fall overcoats of antique patterns worn with straw hats and summer trousers made the streets of the town interesting to gaze upon.

This week the Lansing starts out with five plays and next week I am informed that it will play about the same number. This looks encouraging. They are not all of the best by any means, but that is another consideration. At least we will not have a dark house three or four nights in a week, like a country town. The weather is more favorable now, and I hope that the Lansing will be well patronized next week and all weeks that it is enterprising enough to offer amusement almost every night. This ought to be a good year for the theaters.

POINTS IN POLITICS

Day before yesterday I was asked by a republican who said he intended to vote for at least one populist candidate for a county office, "What difference will it make to the republican party if it should lose one or more of the county offices this fall? There isn't any politics in it, and we may just as well vote for men, leaving the party out of consideration." Theoretically the question of party politics should not enter into local elections. Theoretically it does not matter to the tariff question or the silver question whether the man we elect mayor or sheriff is a democrat or a republican or a prohibitionist. But if we depend on national elections to keep the parties alive the parties would not long endure. The republican party to be strong at the top has got to be strong at the bottom. If it is to be powerful in national contests it must be well organized, with a certain, definite hold locally. This is practical politics. For instance, in Nebraska, if all the city and county offices throughout the state were in the possession of the populists or the democrats the republican party would be at a decided disadvantage in the general election in the presidential year. It would lack organ-

ization, and the opposing party or parties would have every advantage. In Lancaster county the populists have controlled the two best offices, that of sheriff and clerk of the district court, and it is no secret that the populist party has been kept alive and strengthened by the possession of these two offices. The republican party is naturally in the majority in this county, and there is no reason why it should not control all the offices in the county.

The difference it makes is that the republican party would be strengthened and the populist party weakened by the election of the whole republican ticket. And in this campaign there is no reason for any republican not voting for every republican candidate. There are good men on the other tickets, but they are

no better than the republican candidates.

SWEET WILLIAMS

Fu' mony flowers the woodland hau'ds
Wi' in her clasps arms,
Yet only ane that she enfaun'ds
Ta me bath passin' charms.
It is nae leddy-sleeper fair
Wi' scarlet rebbons tied,
Nae vi'let that wi' maiden-hair
In modesty doth hide.
It is nae tiger-lily bau'd
Like bit o' crimson flame
Nae pulpet-look o' green an' gowd,
It has nae sic a name.
It is nae Scotia's bells o' blue
Ringin' sae sweet an' fain,
Tho' fair they be an bonny too,
It is nae just the ane.
If ye nae sic a thing can guess
Yer judgment is nae guid,
It is Sweet William, naething less,
Fairest in a' the wood.

Isabel Richey

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The Largest and Best Equipped
Eating house in the city.

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BY WEEK \$3.00

A. G. OSMER

PROPRIETOR



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latest things in fine
footwear we are the
people who have
them such as



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NEEDLE OPERA WELT, NEEDLE OPERA TOKIO,
NEEDLE SQUARE TOKIO, TRILBY TOKIO.

Fine French Calf Polish

Webster & Rogers

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First publication August 28

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LETTERS. In the county court of Lancaster county Nebraska, in re estate of Anthony Deffenbaugh, deceased. The State of Nebraska to Roy Deffenbaugh and to any other persons interested in said matter.

Take notice, that a petition signed by Susan Deffenbaugh praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to Susan Deffenbaugh has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 24th day of October 1895 at 9 o'clock a. m., and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may grant administration of the said estate to Susan Deffenbaugh.

Notice of this proceeding shall be published three weeks successively in THE COURIER prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 20th day of September A. D. 1895.

(seal) I. W. Lansing,
county judge

First publication Sep 28
SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of

the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Benjamin Lombard, jr. is plaintiff, and Mary J. Smell et al are defendants. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 29th day of October A. D. 1895, at the east door of the court house in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit:
Lot number eight (8) in block number one (1) in North Lincoln, in Lancaster county Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 26th day of September A. D. 1895.

Fred A. Miller,
Sheriff

You'll never realize what "real good bread" is until you have made it of Shogo flour.

Under new management

MERCHANTS' HOTEL

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Special attention to state trade, guest and commercial travelers. Farnam street elevator open pass the door to and from all parts of the city.