

he worked up some more glory in an attempt to have one of the United States battleships named after Nebraska. Then he tackled the river and harbor bill and succeeded in persuading congress that \$80,000 should be taken out of the treasury and dumped into the Missouri river between Omaha and Council Bluffs. Mr. Mercer is a statesman, and THE COURIER is glad to assist the people of Omaha in whooping it up for the sandy-complexioned patriot.

Omaha has taken hold of the Trans-Mississippi exposition scheme with a determination that will probably be productive of a successful result. Omaha isn't much on union Gopots, but it is great shakes when it comes to fairs, as any one knows who was fortunate enough to have been present at Governor Furnas' celebrated mixed show last autumn, when the Feast of Mondamin was spread for the Knights of Ak-Sar Ben, and the city was illuminated from Fred Krug's brewery to the Coliseum, and the court ball shone with magnificence and fair Isadore Rus'. Ah, those were happy days, if the wind and the dust did blow our hair and begrime our faces. That ball, and the beautiful Isadore! What matter if our hair was awry and our faces dust-laden so long as we could behold the fair Isadore. And speaking of balls, what kind of a terpsichorean fete will there be in connection with the Trans-Mississippi exposition? Omaha cannot afford to take a backward step now. Much is expected of her and she must rise to the occasion. If Isadore cannot be secured for the gushing gratification of the swells of the metropolis and the surrounding country maybe Katie Putnam or Corinne might be induced to attend. At any rate there must be a ball and it must have the features that so brilliantly distinguished the memorable court ball.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat surveys the democratic situation and comes to the conclusion that the free silver advocates will be victorious at Chicago. His opinion is shared by a good many close observers. The sound money men of the democratic party are clearly in the minority, but the idea has been prevalent that diplomacy or finesse or tactics—or a harsher word if you like—would carry the day notwithstanding. There is still a chance that this may happen.

But accepting the most common view there is a possibility, indeed there is a probability, that the proceedings of the national democratic convention will have a personal interest for the people of Lincoln and Nebraska. Mr. Bryan, the boy orator of the Platte, the smiling silver singer, may be nominated for the presidency, in which event the sound money democrats would, to a considerable extent, be driven into the republican party. And there would be an effort to give Mr. Bryan populist support throughout the country.

Mr. Bryan is the strongest man the silver people could put forward. Let us here in this state, regardless of politics all hope (and pray) that he may be nominated. Nebraska must have a candidate for president, and if he come from Lincoln so much the better. We slipped up in the matter of the Mander-son boom, and our only hope now is Bryan and Bentley, the latter being Nebraska's candidate for the prohibition nomination for president.

We need advertising, and if Lincoln could have any more effective advertisement than the Honorable William Jennings Bryan the fact has not been demonstrated. Bryan would overshadow Battle Ax plug. And what more could anyone ask? With Bryan the free silver nominee for president there would

be opened on the country a flood of melodious eloquence that would sweep things, and tickle the fancy of people everywhere. The air would vibrate with silver tones. The tintinnabulation of tin, tin, tin, and the titillating tumult of the din, din, din would echo from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, and the smile of the Honorable William Jennings would unfold and amplify until it would take in the continent, and in its glad, benignant rays the people would forget drouth and poverty and sorrow. And Lincoln, as the head centre and source of all these blessings would be more celebrated than Oshkosh or Pear's soap. To be sure Tobias the Silent, and Col. Nathan Harwood and J. Seedless Morton and Dr. George Lambastum Miller and Andrew Jackson Sawyer and the rest of the hard shell clan would feed off chagrin and throw mud on the whelming Bryan lustre; but they have had their day. Give us Bryan for president. Stand up for Nebraska! Stand up for Lincoln!

Lorenzo Crouse, ex-governor, made a spectacle of himself at the republican state convention. Mr. Crouse while governor had the rare faculty of making himself ridiculous once or twice a week, and a trip abroad and an extended sojourn in the quiet fields of Calhoun have not changed him any. His resolution censuring Senator Thurston might have done credit to a callow stripling striving after notoriety. Coming from a man who has been a congressman, assistant secretary of the treasury, and governor, it stamped its author as being in the narrow middle ground between imbecility and hysteria. The senile Crouse would do well to drop back into the obscurity which has enveloped him for the past two years, and content himself with the memories of Garneau and other vagaries that marked the administration of Governor Holcomb's predecessor, rather than venturing to take part in public affairs and cope with reasonable men. Crouse's act at the state convention was the crowning act of folly. Go back to Calhoun, venerable sir, and avoid the madding crowd, else you may be bruised by the rocks that are falling around you.

THE EDITOR.

"With a Difference"

I'm weary waiting here,
The chill east wind is sighing,
The autumn tints are sere,
The summer flowers are dying.
The river's sullen way
Winds on through vacant meadows,
The dying light of day
Strives vainly with the shadows.
A footstep stirs the leaves!
The faded fields seem brighter,
The sunset gilds the sheaves,
The low'ring clouds look lighter.
The river sparkles by,
Not all the flowers are falling,
There's azure in the sky,
And thou, my love, art calling.
—Juliana Horatio Ewing.

Purple Pansy, Her Majesty's Perfume, is the gentlemen's favorite amongst the latest odors. At Riggs drug store, Twelfth and O sts.

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Mrs. Pyle, having purchased the Model restaurant in the Salisbury block, Twelfth and M streets, heretofore conducted by Mr. Scott, is giving her undivided attention to the work of making this the most popular restaurant in the city. Mrs. Pyle has a most desirable class of customers, and the patronage is steadily increasing. It easy of access from the business points of the city and the appointments and service are all that could be desired. Table board by the week, \$3; ticket good for 21 meals, \$3.50.

The Cough which Lingers because of a run down condition of the system, and is not affected by ordinary cough medicines, will yield readily to **Scott's Emulsion** because it gives strength to the weakened body and enables it to throw off the disease.

50c. and \$1.00. All Druggists.

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Is doing the best and finest work in the city and his prices are the most reasonable. Call at the studio and examine the work and be convinced. Remember the place

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Commencing this morning we will offer our entire stock of white embroideries at an average reduction of 33 1/3 per cent. It is the most complete stock of embroideries we have shown for several years, and this sale is made simply because the stock is too large.

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