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L. WESSEL, JR., Editor and Sole Proprietor.

FRED BENZINGER, Associate Editor.

POPULATION OF LINCOLN, 60,000.

THE board of education has selected Burr Lewis of Lockport as principal of the high school.

THERE is now one railroad tunnel in Nebraska. It is on the extension of the B. & M. out beyond Alliance.

AUDITOR BENTON has been in Denver this week attending a national convention of insurance commissioners.

GOV. TRAYER is expected home next week and will be accompanied by his wife, who spent the summer in Massachusetts.

THE Wesleyan university has established a chair of literature and elected Miss Minnie Jay to fill it. Woman to the front.

SENATOR JOHN I. NESBITT of North Platte denies that he is a candidate for Judge Reese's seat on the bench of the supreme court.

THE good women of the city have begun a crusade against the city jail. The average city dungeon is a fine field for missionary work.

ONE Lincoln employer did the handsome thing on Labor Day. Jas. O'Neil, the plumber, gave his men a half day off without "docking" them.

THE report of Commandant Henry shows eighty-six out of the 800 soldiers' homes. In all 123 veterans have been admitted, but thirty-seven have been discharged for various reasons.

THE managers of the state fair assure us that this year's exhibition will exceed all previous fairs in the number of entries, and of course there are many features added this year never before attempted.

THE governor has issued an order forbidding dissipation and intemperance at the state militia encampment at about to be held in Beatrice. He has ordered the proper officials to arrest guilty men and have them court-martialed.

A LITTLE incident happening at Kearney the other day may be the beginning of a new era for the state of Nebraska. It was the signing of the contract for the erection of the big cotton mill for which the town gave a bonus of \$250,000.

COL. E. D. WEBSTER has gone east to join his wife, who has been an invalid at Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and unable to come to Nebraska. She has improved so far as to permit a trip to Washington, where she and the colonel are visiting their daughter.

THE railroads say they cannot make a coal tariff to conform with the recent order of the state board of transportation reducing the rates from forty to fifty per cent. They ask for a hearing to show cause why, and the board must in fairness give them a chance.

LABOR DAY was not generally observed as a holiday in Lincoln. The labor unions had a parade and listened to addresses by Hon. Frank Ransom of Nebraska City and Mr. W. J. Bryan. Senator Ransom stood sponsor in the senate last winter to the bill creating Labor Day.

COUNCILMAN LOUIE MEYER is a most sensible man. He is credited with the idea of the state officers and city officials visiting Omaha's celebration in a body. He very sensibly says there is room for both cities and the people ought to be neighborly instead of scrapping.

SOME of the bankers are "kicking" at the fee charged by the examiners. In some cases one of them examines two banks a day and the fee charged is \$20. That is pretty good pay, but the bankers ought not to have a monopoly of extortion. The examiners are not in the business for their health.

ONE of Omaha's three state senators, John T. Paulsen, died Tuesday. He was born in Schleswig-Holstein in 1835 and came to Omaha in 1857. He was a blacksmith and a tinner and for twenty years was in the milk business. In 1881 he turned his attention to real estate, and did well out of the boom.

A PROMINENT politician has returned from the G. A. R. encampment at Milwaukee with the news that Speaker Watson of Nebraska City has assured Senator Manderson that he will accept the president's appointment and become district attorney for Alaska. Common report says the place is worth \$5,000 a year, but this politician has been led to believe there is only about \$2,500 in it.

ELSKWHERE in this issue of the COURIER will be found an exceptionally well written account of a Lincoln girl's trip to Seattle. It is by Miss Lillian G. Potvin, who, with her mother and sisters, went to join Mr. Potvin in the northwest. THE COURIER readers may be favored with further accounts of her wanderings in a future issue. On account of this letter the installment of editorial excursion is deferred.

AMUSEMENTS.

My God, man, how much comic opera do you expect for ten cents! The performances at the Eden Musee are given hourly and the operas had to be cut down accordingly. The design was to take the prettiest music and give just enough of the speaking lines to indicate the plot. A great many people whined away an odd hour or two listening to the music, and that is what the Musee is for. The best known comic operas were never before played to a Lincoln audience in any form for less than five times the price charged by the Musee. The repertoire included Krininie, Mascotte, Olivette and Girofle-Girofla. The last will hold the boards today and tomorrow, the management having arranged to keep open house on Sunday. In the curio hall is an Albino child, said to be the only one ever known to have blue eyes, and a large collection of war pictures has interested a great many. In the upstairs theatre a most popular series of the tricks of spiritualistic mediums, and a woman does an astonishing performance with fire.

During fair week the Musee will be open from nine in the morning till ten at night. Eaton & Hogan's Georgia Serenaders will occupy the big stage. In the little theater will be seen the American Novelty company headed by the Putnam twin sisters; Lee, the juggler; Mile. Ollie Leonard, the serio-comic vocalist, and Mons. Strickstein with his troupe of songsters. In the curio hall the Australian fire worshippers will give their weird songs and dances. These strange people are now on their way to their koms in the Pacific, and this will probably be the only chance of Lincoln people to see their strange customs.

FOR FAIR WEEK. Manager McReynolds has engaged two popular fair-week attractions for next week: Milton Nobles and Charlotte Thompson, who will divide the week equally. Milton and Dolle Nobles will present "Love and Law," "The Phoenix" and "From Sire to Son." Milton is not only an actor, but a clever writer who produces his own plays. In "The Phoenix" he is the seedy bohemian with his blood-curdling romance for the Weekly Chambermaid's Oen, in which occurs that now common expression "And the villain still pursued her." The play has been seen by almost everyone, but still holds its place in popular favor. "Love and Law" is a new piece that gives Nobles an opportunity to play an Italian part that always catches the audience. "From Sire to Son" is Nobles' newest play. The first act occurs in a mining town in California and is romantically conducted. We see nothing of the conventional type of the familiar western play, and it may be objected that the author has given too much refinement and "gift of speech" to several of his characters; but that is a small matter compared with the daring originality of having all the characters, including the sheriff, meet in Venice four months later in regulation evening toilet. This is done for a dramatic purpose however, and the purpose is well met.

THOMPSON. Charlotte Thompson will appear at Funke's on Thursday evening in "Jane Eyre," on Friday evening in "East Lynne" and on Saturday evening in "Heart's Astray." The New York Herald says of this star, Miss Charlotte Thompson is of charming presence and gifted by nature with rare talent. She is most undoubtedly in the foremost ranks of the article world. There are few, if any, who have all the advantages which Miss Thompson possesses. Her manner is natural, and the absence of stage conventionalities is not the least charm of her impersonations. Her action is free and graceful, and she possesses a depth of sentiment and passionate nature which gives a vivid reality to every emotion. At times she has also vivacity and archness, and all the buoyant and electric spirit of glowing genius.

NOTES. The audience at "Monbars" was an attractive assemblage in the matter of dress as well as in other respects, and one of the most pleasing details was a number of ladies without the stage hiding piles of millinery so disconcerting to the fellow behind one of them. Among them were Mrs. K. K. Hayden, Miss Maggie Mullen, Miss May Burr and Miss Kemper of Burlington. If it were not for the objection of some super-sensitive souls the COURIER would start a roll of honor with the names of those ladies at the head, and it may do so anyway. If a lady distinguish herself by good sense and thereby win the applause of man, why isn't that as worthy of mention as a fetching gown made by a hired modiste? There are hats for feminine wear that are quite unobjectionable even at the theater, but at "Monbars" were several whose owners would have blushed for shame if they could have heard the comments upon them.

Manager McReynolds distinguished himself at the opening performance of the season by arranging a fountain in the foyer and adding floral decorations to the house. It is not everyone who can accomplish so novel a feat as that of making geranium blossoms grow on palms and ferns, but the ingenious Bob is a versatile fellow whose genius no pent up conventionalism can bound.

Harry B. Brown, treasurer of Funke's opera house last season, has relinquished the place to take a course in the business college, but will retain charge of the Proscenium. Frank Handy, late of Cincinnati, is now handling the box office.

The ladies who have been raving over Mantell and his elegant costumes for the past two or three days may be interested in the information that the "Miss Sheldon" who played the part of Madame Blanche is known to the aw as Mrs. Mantell.

The rehearsals of "The Messiah," which will be given about Christmas week, have been resumed at the First Congregational church.

Musical Training. Prof. F. M. Gibault returned last Saturday from his summer sojourn in Paris. The professor had five weeks among relatives and friends at Bordeaux and in viewing the wonders of Paris, and like all true Frenchmen he was sorry to tear himself from La Belle France, but he knew a large class of young people were anxiously awaiting his return to this beautiful city of the far western plains. The professor comes back refreshed and rejuvenated in mind and body, and is better equipped than ever to induct beginners in his profession. His studio is at the Lindell hotel, and he has classes in both vocal and instrumental music. Quite a number of his pupils insisted on resuming study at once, and his classes began last Monday. The professor will be pleased to consult with anyone desiring to pursue the study of music.

Five O'Clock Dinners. Commencing Monday evening, Sept. 14th, Lindsey will serve a five o'clock dinner running two hours. All the delicacies and the very best the market affords. If the dinner pays he will continue; if not, the same will not be served after the two weeks' trial. This new deal will suit the large number who have expressed a desire for five o'clock dinners. Price 35 cents.

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A LINCOLN GIRL'S TRIP.

SEATTLE, WASH., Aug. 28, '90. When the day and hour fixed for our departure from Lincoln arrived we found it almost impossible to leave—even the elements warred against us. Nature exerted all her forces to prevent us from forsaking our own lovely city. The rain descended, the lightning flashed and the thunders rolled; even that most beautiful stream unjustly called Salt Creek (but what's in a name?) poured forth its briny waters over its banks in a noble effort to wash out the railroads, and to compel us to stay at home. Could you blame it for shedding its tears on such an occasion? However, nothing daunted by small mishaps, we determined to persevere in our attempt, resigning ourselves to long pauses waiting for delayed trains. From Lincoln to Denver nothing of a very exciting nature occurred. The scenery along the route through Nebraska consists, as you know, entirely of rolling prairie interspersed with fields of corn, oats and other grain, showing a wonderful degree of cultivation. It is not really poetical, perhaps, but is eminently practical, which is far better in this world of ours.

We spent a day very pleasantly with friends driving about Denver sight-seeing, etc. At 8 p. m. we left by the Denver & Rio Grande for Salt Lake City. We entered a narrow-gauged sleeper more inconvenient than the one we had left, but that mattered little, for this was to be the most enjoyable part of our journey—the "Trip to the Rockies." Upon inquiry I learned that we would pass through the Royal Gorge, a most lovely bit of scenery at 5:45 a. m. It seemed hard, but when the idea entered my head to be up and on the rear platform of the car at that hour, I seized upon it and decided to put it into execution. I had had some little experience before with porters neglecting to arouse me at the desired hour, so determined to trust to myself. With my watch grasped firmly in my hand I calmly lay down and invited sleep. Such was my great anxiety that I awoke nearly every half hour during the night. I remember once awakening at a few minutes before 3 a. m., and I thought: that another short sleep might yet be mine before the eventful time would arrive. Alas! for human confidence in one's self! The spirit indeed was willing, but—your know the rest. By a hurried glance at my time-piece in my next awakening moment, I saw the hands pointing to 4:30. I realized that "my dream was ended." After lamenting for a short time I arose and with some friends went out on the platform. "Scenery!" do you ask? Yes, mountain scenery unsurpassed in its grandeur. In front, at sides, and all about us these lofty monuments of ages reared their summits high above the clouds. Soon we were ascending a steep grade on our way to Marshall Pass. Beneath us lay a lovely little valley so fertile and green, so tranquil in its repose. "All the air a solemn stillness" held. There was nothing to destroy the clearness of the atmosphere, and the summits of peaks miles distant might easily be seen, some barren and rocky, some crowned with forests of pines and firs and others capped with snow. Far in the east a light flush could be detected in the soft haze surrounding the summits of the mountains. It soon changed into a deeper and a rosier hue, and the white, fleecy specks floating about in the clear blue of the sky, assumed various tints and shades as a few rays of light peeped forth over the mountains, heralding the approach of the sun. In a moment that glorious orb itself burst upon us with all its dazzling splendor. How everything was suddenly changed! New life and spirit seemed infused into all nature, and what was calmly beautiful before was now radiantly and brilliantly so. The trees appeared a brighter green, the ripples of the little streamlets sparkled as they ran, chasing each other down the hillsides; the flowers, which had been closed in sleep by the gentle touch of night, now opened to the glorious light of day, by the glittering and the sparkling at our feet and on all sides could be detected the wealth of mineral in the mountains. Everything about us united in a mute but joyous welcome to the God of Day.

The passage through the Black Canon was perhaps the most fascinating part of the trip. Walls of rock rose on either side of us, hundreds of feet above our heads, while the river ran beneath us, in its shallowest parts clear and blue and sparkling as it rippled over the stones; in other parts forming miniature falls and cascades, the daintiness of the foam and spray as the water dashed against the rocks forming a picture in strange contrast with the one which met our eyes when we raised our heads and gazed upwards at the rocks, magnificent, yet awful in their power and strength. Some huge masses, bare and on end overhanging the abyss below, seemed ever ready to plunge beneath and bury all within their path in utter terrible darkness. All that day we speeded along, enjoying just such grand scenery, of which a brilliant sunset formed not the least attractive portion.

About 7 o'clock Friday morning we arrived at Salt Lake City, and feeling the fatigue of the journey, we decided to stop and recuperate. Of course we spent all the time sight-seeing. We saw the new Temple and the Tabernacle, tested the acoustic properties of the latter, and interviewed a Mormon elder. In the afternoon we went out to Garfield Beach and enjoyed a most delightful bath in Salt Lake. Some of our party seemed a little afraid of the water so they went out only a few steps, then decided that they had better return to the pavillion, or they might miss the car which would start for the city in about two hours time. The rest of us went bravely "out to sea" and laughed at the others on shore. After a pleasant evening listening to Robert Mantell in "Monbars," we retired to rest.

Our traveling the next day through Utah and Idaho was not very pleasant—naught but a wide stretch of sandy desert for miles and miles, covered with sage-brush. After entering Oregon our trip was more enjoyable, as we traveled along the bank of the Columbia river, a most beautiful stream and in some parts very picturesque, especially at the Cascades and Bridal-veil Falls. Perhaps the most picturesque feature of the scenery was the colonies of Indians camping out along the banks. At some places where we paused long enough to permit a sandbar to be removed from the track, the noble red man and his family would come up and gaze at us, evidently classing us amongst the seven wonders of the world. We were delayed by the sand-bars and entered Portland four hours late. The timber country seen along the route to Tacoma is really beautiful. On both sides of the track were magnificent forest-crowned hills. Some of the trees had already assumed the dress of Autumn. Mountain daisies peeped forth just above the grasses, while scarlet berries, luxuriant creepers, and tall, stately ferns combined to complete a perfect foreground to this lovely picture. As usual, we were not on time and it was dark when we reached the wharf at Tacoma, darker still when the steamer arrived at Seattle, and we were only too happy to be at our destination at last. The end of our wanderings for the present—is it not an appropriate place for the closing of this letter, which also might be properly termed "wanderings." Of this "City of Tents" more anon.

Sincerely Yours, L. G. P.

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