

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## TOWN TALK

The vicinity of the county jail was given a lurid hue last Monday by numerous red flags and cards warning the public to beware of smallpox. A prisoner named Frank Kennedy, who was awaiting trial for burglary, had been stricken with an ailment resembling the dread epidemic on Sunday. One physician was called and pronounced it smallpox. Other physicians and the health officer, probably with the wish as father to the thought, concluded that the prisoner had rubbed a drug upon his body to produce eruptions similar to those in smallpox, hoping thereby to secure his liberty. However, precautionary steps were taken at once to prevent contagion and the afflicted prisoner was removed to sequestered quarters. The wisdom of this precaution was soon demonstrated. Another prisoner was found to be afflicted the next day, and both cases were discovered to be nothing else than smallpox.

Rarely has it occurred within the memory of the living that doubts are not expressed at the discovery of the first case of smallpox in a community, and seldom is it that those doubts are well founded. Seldom is it the case that physicians agree as to the genuineness of the disease upon discovery. There appears to be a general determination to brand nothing as smallpox until it has proven its identity beyond the possibility of a doubt and can be disputed no longer. It generally takes one or more deaths to settle its identity. Why this is the case is almost inexplicable. Perhaps because the people of a city deplore publicity of that sort. They think it will hurt the city in a business way. Be the cause what it may it is unwise, and more than unwise, to refuse to recognize this epidemic when it afflicts us with its despicable visitations. Anything that resembles smallpox should be promptly recognized and quarantined without thought of financial consequences. An effort to deny its existence is likely to lead to exposures and but multiply its direful consequences. Instances have been known wherein the doubts of a physician as to the genuineness of a case of smallpox have led to great fatality.

Down in the neighboring city of Plattsmouth some ten years ago a suspicious disease broke out in the family of a German tailor who had a residence back of his shop on the main street. Several reputable physicians, among them the late lamented Dr. R. R. Livingston of that place, pronounced it a case of smallpox. Dr. U. H. Dogge, once notorious in Lincoln, was then located at Plattsmouth. He declared with a persistence that should have been born of more correct judgment that the case was not one of smallpox, but what he termed "wasser-pocken," which translated from his German meant water-pox. Strange to say, as in many similar instances, the people took the most hopeful view of it and believed it "wasser-pocken," said to be an ailment of moderate virulence. Before they discovered that their confidence had been misplaced hundreds had been exposed. The result was soon painfully apparent in an overflowing pest house, a depleted city treasury, a ruined city commercially and a score of fresh grave-diggers in the cemetery. Twenty families remember Dr. Dogge to this day along with the loved ones laid away without the comforts of their ministrations at the deathbeds, and the city of Plattsmouth never recovered the wonderful thrift that was interrupted by a doubt that led to calamity. There was a costly lesson learned that awful summer in Plattsmouth. When we find a case of smallpox let us admit at once that it is smallpox and not only avoid but prevent exposure. When anything looks like smallpox would it not be better to believe it smallpox than to encourage risk? The error will then be on the safe side.

Meantime Jailer Langdon and his family are now confined at their home in the close-quartered jail and their friends can but shudder at their proximity to the infected corridor. And the result upon the score of prisoners is so constructed that the jailer's family must be brought more or less in contact with prisoners and attendants, and possesses none of the conveniences that might be expected in such an edifice doing service for such a populous and wealthy county as this. It will doubtless be gratifying to the friends of W. H. Irvine, now confined for the killing of C. E. Montgomery, to remember that he is quartered in a room entirely separate from the jail proper, but his proximity to the latter but the knowledge of his contact with attendants will hardly give his friends much comfort.

The people of Lincoln are to be congratulated upon the certainty of a great attraction during fair week outside of the many attractions of the fair itself. "The Last Days of Pompeii" at Lincoln park will bring to Lincoln during the ten days for which it has been secured probably as many people as will the fair itself, thus doubling the attendance. It has proven a drawing card of wonderful potency wherever it has been produced, and the prospects are that with fair weather and the rain-maker successfully muzzled or subsidized, it will prove equally advantageous for Lincoln. It is claimed by those who have witnessed it to be the most stupendous and magnificent spectacular effect ever produced, and its immense cost, somewhere in the neighborhood of \$20,000, will probably not be mispent, even though the public spirited people of Lincoln may have to stand a proportion of it in the way of guarantees.

The ugly disturbance among the elect out at University Place has progressed one step to a culmination, and if the first step is indicative of the final result it augurs ill for Chancellor Creighton's enemies. Dr. J. L. Greene, the chancellor's ardent friend and champion, has been acquitted of the charge

of plain lying. In an interview published some time since Dr. Greene contended that the chancellor was being persecuted for personal spite, and gave a few reasons for the personal spite. Chief among the chancellor's enemies was Rev. J. S. W. Dean of Seward, and Dr. Greene claimed that he had some grounds for personal spite and specified what he believed they were. Dean filed charges against him at once for lying and wanted him fired from the church. The trial at University Place during the past week developed a woeful lack of that filial affection and charity that are ever assumed to be the attributes of the Christian. During the two days of the inquiry unmistakable evidences of very bad blood were shown by some of the ministerial exponents and lay brethren. And in the end it took the jury of lay brethren but five minutes to acquit the doctor. It is generally accepted as an indication that Chancellor Creighton will prevail against his persistent accusers. Meantime he has brought suit in the courts against his accusers for \$20,000 damages he claims to have sustained by the charges, and if they are not proven against him it will doubtless go hard with the zealous gentlemen who have proclaimed them.

The policemen's picnic at Lincoln park last Wednesday was an eminently successful affair. The program thereof published in enjoyment was imperfectly carried out, but the enjoyment was probably general as if it had been, and not one member of the force was found in the capacity of a citizen needing attention from himself in the capacity of an officer. The proceeds of the picnic must have netted a handsome figure, which, it is rumored, is to go to the payment of the attorneys who conducted the case for the successful litigants in the excise board muddle as to who had the power of appointing and removing policemen.

The fact that THE COURIER said a few words commendatory of the *Journal's* report of the McKinley speech and reception seems to have caused both the *News* and the *Call* to jump into the pool little weekly with both feet. Come now, gentlemen, please permit us to say when we want to, a few kind words about those whom we wish and think deserving. Remember we do not kick when you speak ill or well of anyone. Give us just a little show for free speech. Or, by the way, brethren, can it really be that our few remarks have caused jealousy among you? And a moment, dear *News*—we did not say anything about the *Journal's* being "possessed of a staunch and fearless editorial policy," neither was there anything printed about "editorial tact" as you would have it appear in your "Pertinent Topics" of Monday. Seems strange, doesn't it, that one cannot comment on the work of a co-laborer without having a lot of competitors jump up and howl with pain. What's the matter, gentlemen, does the shoe pinch somewhere?

The return of Hon. W. J. Bryan from Washington, which occurred last Wednesday, may be regarded as the signal of the speedy inauguration of a spirited congressional canvass. Mr. Bryan has worn of during his official career in the national capital, much of the boyish geniality that was his in the former campaign. Contact with public duties of grave importance have imparted an air of gravity and slight reserve to his demeanor. He has fallen heir to the sterner characteristics of men in public life. His friends realize that he has a hard fight before him if he wins a re-election. Judge Field has a record, also, as a winner and the district is naturally largely republican. The indications are that Bryan will receive a heavy vote from the people's party, but it remains to be seen whether or not it will be sufficiently heavy to return him to congress. As far as Cass and Lancaster counties are concerned he will likely get the independent vote.

The chances are that Hon. Frank Ireland of Nebraska City will not be in the race for the gubernatorial nomination on the democratic ticket. He is more than likely, however, to go after the nomination for lieutenant governor in which he shows undoubted wisdom. With Shrader of Logan as the people's party opponent and with the republican candidate hampered by the reflection that he is taken second-choice because of the lack of the required term of citizenship on the part of Rev. J. G. Tate, he doubtless thinks the trip to the lieutenantcy is much the easier and surer. And then, in case Van Wyck is elected governor and an independent legislature makes him United States senator, Mr. Ireland, if elected, will find himself strictly in it as governor. He is said to have received overtures from other men desirous to accept the nomination for lieutenant governor, and is reported to be closely weighing the probabilities of the campaign.

Lincoln has been strictly in it this year, and it may be said every other year, for conventions and big meetings, and every time such an event occurs the necessity of an auditorium is emphasized. Unless some steps are taken to soon secure one, the day is not distant when Lincoln will wake up to find that she is no longer the convention city of Nebraska.

In order to stimulate American composition *The Ladies' Home Journal* has just made public an attractive series of liberal prizes for the best original musical composition by composers resident in the United States and Canada. The prizes call for a piano composition, a pleasing ballad and a popular song, an anthem and the four best hymn tunes. The competition is open until November 1st, next. The opportunity has an additional attractiveness since the prize compositions will form part of a series for which Strauss is writing an original waltz, and Charles Gounod and Sir Arthur Sullivan each an original song.

The most delicious ice cream and ices in Lincoln can be found at the Bon Ton parlors—Poehler's old stand.

## FROM SARATOGA

(Special Courier Correspondence.)  
CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA, N. Y. AUG. 6, 1892.—DEAR COURIER: I have tried time and again to find time to write you, but the program of one's life here is a busy one. Always something to do. The hotels are crowded and it is claimed that over 30,000 visitors are in town today. August is Saratoga's harvest. Just to think of it, you can have your choice of going to a hop tonight at either of the following hotels: Grand Union, United States, Clarendon and Kensington, while this afternoon the Grand Union will give a children's party on their lawn. All the large hotels have concerts upon



U. S. COAST LINE BATTLE SHIP

their piazzas at 10:30 every morning and at 8:30 each evening. The orchestras are larger and better than ever this year. At 11:30 each morning the races take place, and it is really a beautiful sight to see the many handsome carriages and tally-ho coaches going out filled with elegantly dressed ladies. Next week the Grand Union hotel is to produce "As You Like It" upon their lawn with the trees and grounds as natural scenery. Maurice Barrymore, Rose Coughlin, Wyn, Maldon (the wrestler), and other well known stars are to be in the cast. Friday night next, Congress Hall will give its annual children's carnival under my direction. The *Ermine Gavotta* by twenty-four children, Spanish dances, also the *Baby Song* from "Wang," will be given with Rosalind Mahler as Prince Mataya (a boys costume). Lawn tennis is all the rage again; nearly every person you meet carries a racket. Quite an interesting lawn tennis tournament was held here this week. Last Thursday evening the Kensington hotel gave a novel polka dot party. Everyone wore a polka dot costume, tie, etc., patches on their faces and their hair powdered. The theatre has some New York attraction nearly every night. The afternoons here are devoted to riding and driving to the lake, where elegant concerts are given and the famous Saratoga chips are devoured by the bushel. Two Germans are on the tapis at our hotel, and they are to be novel, in fact none but new figures will be introduced.

The weather here is delightful, the thermometer reaching about 75 or 80 degrees during the day, while I have never slept under a cover at night. When next you hear from me I will be in New York city, attending the convention of the American society professors, procuring all the new dances. I will send you a letter describing them.

With kind regards to my Lincoln friends, I am yours,  
JACOB MAHLER.

## Badinage.

(These three girls are exchanging confidences, and telling each other what sort of men they like best.)  
First Girl—I like a man with a past. A man with a past is always interesting.  
Second Girl—That's true; but I don't think he's nearly so interesting as the man with a future.  
Third Girl—The man who interests me is the man with a present.—Judy.

## WORLD'S FAIR BATTLE SHIP.

One of the features of the world's fair will be a battleship exhibited by the United States naval department which is now nearly completed and a picture of which is shown herewith. It is a structure which, to all outward appearance, is a faithful full-sized model of one of the new coast line battle ships. This imitation battleship of 1893 is erected on piling on the lake front in the northeast portion of Jackson Park. It is surrounded by water and has the appearance of being moored to a wharf. The structure has all the fittings that belong to the actual ship, such as guns, turrets, torpedo tubes, torpedo nets and booms, with boats, anchors, chain cables, davits, awnings, deck fittings, etc., together with all appliances for working the same. Officers, seamen, mechanics and marines are detailed by the navy department during the exposition, and the discipline and mode of life on our naval vessels are completely shown. The detail of men is not, however, as great as the complement of the actual ship. The crew gives certain drills, especially boat, to pedo and gun drills, as in a vessel of war. The dimensions of the structure are those of the actual battleship, to-wit: Length 348 feet, width amidships 69 feet 3 inches, and from the water

line to the top of the main deck 12 feet. Centrally placed on this deck is a superstructure eight feet high with a hammock berthing on the same seven feet high, and above those are the bridge, chart-house and the boats.

At the forward end of the superstructure there is a cone shaped tower, called the "military mast," near the top of which are placed two circular "tops" as receptacles for sharpshooters. Rapid firing guns are placed in each of these tops. The height from the water line to the summit of this military mast is seventy-six feet, and above is placed a flagstaff for signaling. The battery mounted comprises four 13-inch breech loading rifle cannon, eight 8-inch breech loading rifle cannon, four 6-inch breech loading rifle cannon, twenty 6-pounder rapid firing guns, six 1-pound rapid firing guns, two Gatling guns and six torpedo tubes or torpedo guns.



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All of these are placed and mounted respectively in the genuine battleship. On the starboard side of the ship is shown the torpedo protection net, stretching the entire length of the vessel. Steam launches and cutters ride at the booms, and all the outward appearance of a real ship of war is imitated.

## Said in Fun.

All chickens have been ordered to leave Asbury Park at once. Some of the hens have been laying on Sunday.—New York Herald.

A contemporary lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes taking fire. One of them is "to keep as cool as possible."—Tit-Bits.

The weather bureau evidently thinks the thermometer is worthy of its higher.—Washington Star.

A visitor to Venice thus writes to his home friends in all honest sympathy: "Venice is a nice place, only I must say I think it's damp. It must have rained tremendously before our arrival, for at present we can only get about the streets in boats."—Tit-Bits.

The fact that women are now wearing suspenders would go to prove that they are anxious to take some responsibility upon their own shoulders.—Yonkers Statesman.

In a private letter to the editor of a magazine the editor of the *Billville Banner* describes Chaucer as "the most talented dialect writer of his age."—Atlanta Constitution.

It is a wise railroad stock that knows its own par.—Texas Sittings.

"See here, waiter, this pie hasn't any apple in it." "Water—I know it, sah; it is made of evaporated apples.—Lampoon.

People who imagine the average messenger boy can do nothing quick will be surprised to learn that one has been discovered fast asleep.—Yonkers Statesman.

In Texas it is unlucky to find a horse shoe, if a horse happens to be attached to it.—Texas Sittings.

Dion Boucicault's advice, "Never make love to a woman through an ink bottle." A gentleman just arrived from Philadelphia reports that the people there are becoming much interested in a new song called "Ta-ra-ra-boom-der-a."—Washington Star.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" simpered gay Miss Oldgirl to her youthful intended. "Why, my darling, I do," responded he in mild surprise.—Baltimore News.

Of all the methods for capital punishment the guillotine still takes the head.—Yonkers Statesman.

The only way it pays a person to be his own lawyer is to keep his own counsel.—Philadelphia Times.

When a man "feels his oats" it is not always evidence of his being a stable character.—Yonkers Gazette.

It is strange how crowded the thoroughfare looks to the man that's chasing his straw hat down the street.—Binghamton Leader.

Whatever may be the case in ordinary matters, it is certainly true that figures do not lie when in a bathing suit.—Philadelphia Times.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.—Boston Transcript.

After the pickpocket has succeeded in getting his hand in he takes things easily.—Binghamton Leader.

If good behavior would take anybody to heaven the devil would immediately start.—Ram's Horn.

## Comparatively Happy.

He—Are you happy now that you are married?  
She—Comparatively.  
He—Compared with whom?  
She—Compared with my husband.—Life.

## Surprised Pig.

Little Pete never intends to misstate things, but his very figurative imagination sometimes gets the better of his facts. He starts out to tell something which is perfectly true, but before he is done he has generally drifted off into some picturesque exaggeration. The other day he exclaimed to a companion:

"Just think, Billy! Out in Chicago they are going to be cruel to the pigs any more when they kill them. They're going to chloroform them."  
"How do they do it?" asked Billy.  
"Why, they just put a sponge in front of the pig's nose and he goes right to sleep, and when he comes to himself he says, 'Why, my ham's gone!' And by and by he says, 'Goodness! Somebody's saved my leg off!' and then he finds out that he's all cut up!"—Youth's Companion.

## MRS. HARRISON.

So much has been said in the papers about President Harrison, his eminent ability, his grand figure, stately form, etc., that it might seem to view a picture of Mrs. Harrison and get a brief sketch of the president's wife. Mrs. John A. Logan in her popular *Home Magazine* some time ago published a readable letter written by herself, and we can do no better than reproduce it, though somewhat abbreviated. The picture is also reproduced below through the courtesy of Mrs. Logan: "Prior to the nomination of Gen. Harrison as a candidate of the republican party for the presidency, little was said or written of Mrs. Harrison, notwithstanding her husband had held many prominent positions in civil and military life, but since that event the press has been insatiable in its eagerness to publish everything they could learn of her. That Mrs. Harrison has been a devoted wife and mother there is not the slightest doubt. She has been earnest, conscientious and faithful in the performance of the duties of her busy life, furthering all movements in the interest of Christianity and education within her power. As the wife of a young lawyer she was never found wanting. When her husband laid down his profession of lawyer and adopted that of a soldier she did not tinge of weakness, but with womanly devotion and courage accepted the unavoidable, and tried to make the best of everything—inspired him with hope that their separation would be brief and that he would be among the fortunate.

She undertook the charge of their home and children, and with a practical knowledge of domestic economy, conducted affairs at home successfully. His promotion in the service brought her a rich reward for her patience and devotion, and after his return, and the people were ready to multiply his honors, and called him to the highest honors of his state, she was equal to every position, discharging its duties with the same modest, sensible and dignified grace that had characterized her in the quiet life of the wife of a private citizen.

Unnumbered instances might be told of her generous heart and benevolent deeds. For years the writer was associated with her



in a charity that is today not only a monument to a martyred president, but to the untiring and faithful labor of women, among whom Mrs. Harrison worked long and well. Her handiwork of needle and brush has brought many dollars into the treasury of this institution. Those who have known her best and longest are her truest friends and are readiest to be her champions. Her elevation to the position of "first lady in the land" and mistress of the White House has made no difference in her. She is the same cordial, matter-of-fact, benevolent, sensible woman, without any of the airs or frivolities of a heartless fashionable woman.

In presiding over the executive mansion she has reflected great credit on her sex by her easy and graceful manners and powers of discrimination in according all the consideration due them. If erring at all it is on the side of doing too much at the expense of her health. Of her it may be truly said: "She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." When historians compare the women of administrations of this country they will give Mrs. Harrison a place among the ablest and best."

## The Nesbit Shoe Store.

The Lincoln Shoe Company who recently purchased the boot and shoe stock of S. B. Nesbit, is open and ready for business. The new firm has rearranged the stock, which is the newest and most stylish in the city, and is offering them at big bargains in all lines. It has been generally commented upon that the Nesbit stock contained the finest and most approved line of footwear ever brought to Lincoln, and the fact that the goods are now being offered at prices way below competition, should be sufficient inducement to every one that needs shoes to take advantage of the opportunity offered at an early moment. The same gentlemanly corps of salesmen are in attendance, and the same courtesy that has heretofore been shown the trade still exists. Remember the Lincoln Shoe Company when you want footwear of any kind. Nesbit's old stand, 1015 O street.

## Summer Goods Must Go.

Just now Louis Meyer & Co. are making big sacrifices in all lines of summer dry goods, and it will pay you to go there in every case before making purchases. The firm has bought heavily for fall trade, and as the goods have already commenced arriving and will all be in by September 1st, they must have space now taken up by summer goods for the new stock. So then if you can use anything in the line of summer dry goods, now is your chance. In fact, prices in most instances are so low that it would pay to buy them and lay them aside for next spring. In the grocery department Meyer & Co. continue to take the lead in fine imported goods, but their line of staples is equally well represented. Call and see Meyer & Co., or call them up. Telephone 76.

## The Merchants' Great Outing.

All is now in readiness for the great merchants' picnic and outing. Wednesday next

is the time set for the occasion and no pains or expense have been spared to make it a magnificent success. The committees have been untiring in their work and now all that is needed is a big turnout. Everyone is invited and the more that come the better will be the sport. A large display announcement on page eight of this issue gives further information regarding this great event.

## Inadvertently Old Fashioned.

They were lingering in the deepening twilight of the front lawn. It was hard for him to leave. Standing together there, with a soft glance directed into eyes that spoke back love divine, they presented a pretty picture.

"And will you always love me?" The confidence of his bearing indicated that he had canvassed the situation previously, yet the trusting girl seemed rejoiced to reply.

"Until death do us part," she cooed.

She rested her brown curls trustfully upon his shoulder.

"No, Emeline, no."

She started as if an iron had been thrust into her heart. Pale with astonishment, trembling in every limb, she contemplated her lover.

"Billy."

Her tone expressed a world of anguish.

"Do you doubt me, Billy?"

"No, my darling, but—"

As he spoke the clouds parted, and through the rift the moon sent its rays to bathe his brow in silver light.

"You forget!"

He gazed upon her with ineffable tenderness.

"—that we live in a progressive age."

Slowly the color returned to her beautiful face, but there remained a look of perplexity and doubt.

"Why, Billy?"

He raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Emeline, don't you know that it is not until death do us part, but—"

Her lips moved as if to utter a reproach.

"But, according to modern usage, until you have me adjudged insane and shut in an asylum."

With a glad cry she threw herself into his embrace.

"Oh, Billy, how!"

A kiss temporarily interrupted her discourse.

"Could I be so old fashioned as to say until death do us part?"

The moon was lost to sight, and in the darkness he effected his departure.—Detroit Tribune.

## Little Johnny Was All Right.

Mrs. Terwilliger had the misfortune to occupy the flat directly underneath the Browns, and every day she was driven to the verge of distraction by the noise made by little Johnny. She was just on the point of making a complaint when she met Mrs. Brown, who was engaged in tying a piece of crape on her doorknob.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "Is there a death in your family?"

"Yes, my dear," sobbed Mrs. Brown. "It is my poor old grandmother."

"I'm so sorry," sympathized Mrs. Terwilliger. "I thought it was that mischievous little boy of yours."—New York Evening Sun.

## Got What He Wanted.



"Oh, let me drink of thine eyes; Oh, let me drink; oh, let me drink!"



"Drink, then, and shut up!"—Life.

Hotting the O street grocer, has anything you may want in the way of lunch or picnic specialties, such as puddings, jellies, confections, beef, potted meats, deviled ham, fish of various kinds, pickles, oils, and dressings, canned fruits, vegetables, cookies, potato chips, etc., etc., and so on and so on.