



Clifford Blackman
A Boston Boy's Eyesight
Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes. I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla
because of the wonderful good it did my son." ARNOLD F. BLACKMAN, 2848 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

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CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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POPULATION OF LINCOLN, 65,000.

TOWN TALK

Eastern social economists are just now discussing with considerable fervor the advisability of relieving materially the exclusiveness of polite society. The tendency has been to make wealth the predominating test of one's social standing, and while there were, of course, a few people of affluence who could not, if they so desired, secure admission to the best circles, still poverty was even a more effectual bar than a questionable character. The lower, middle and upper classes in society have for centuries been measured by a financial scale as exacting as that which requires ten mills in every cent and ten dimes in every dollar. A reform is proposed as likely to be conducive to the pleasure and profit of all concerned. It is to make respectability the test, with due regard, of course, to mental fitness. Could such a reform be inaugurated, who can say that it would not prove a blessing to all? No true American can doubt that it would. It would be a social reform entirely in harmony with the principles upon which this grand government is founded. Aristocracy is peculiarly a garment of monarchy, and is distasteful to the unit of a republic. As an aristocracy is essential to the preservation and perpetuation of royalty, so must its social contrast be found in time, if not absolutely essential, at least most conducive to the perpetuation of a republic. The idea that one man or one woman is better than another simply by reason of surroundings or possessions is not republican and has no rightful place in American social regulations.

That such a reform would be productive of great good to all classes needs no deep argument to prove. By reason of its very exclusiveness society's first circles are losing their brightest charms and must in time lapse into insipidity. The modern duds, so utterly out of tune with everything American except his feminine consort in the social scale, is a product of our present social system. He is probably the horrible example that has aroused the American people to a contemplation of the social situation. If so, he has not been evolved in vain. It may sound harsh to say that the best heads in ultra-exclusive social circles have concluded that in order to secure re-inforcement of brains, new elements must be injected into their ranks, but it is true that such a situation confronts them. The brain of the modern creation of social exclusiveness has become "muffled," and needs rejuvenation.

There is an equally potent consideration on the other side. All respectable people would welcome more general recognition in what may be known as local social circles, and the hope of securing it only through strict respectability would encourage right living. There would be immeasurably fewer outcasts were right-living sure to win social recognition. The inducements to gain positions of affluence would not be so apt to tempt to sin in its various forms and degrees, and social rottenness in shining raiment could not meet at respectability in plain attire. Men would not so readily sell their integrity, and women their honor, for gold, were integrity and honor the halling signs of society rather than gold. The social leaders who would attempt such a reform are philanthropists of the most pronounced degree, and when they have inaugurated it, if they may ever hope to do so much good, will have done more to better humanity than all other elements of the social fabric will have done. It is to be regretted that many of those ladies and gentlemen who aspire to prominence as missionaries for the christianizing of the world not only recognize but practice and encourage aristocratic ideas of social exclusiveness, and apply to their associates a gold test as rigid and exacting as if an assayer were stationed at their door as inside guard. Were the rich and the poor in Lincoln, or the respectable elements, regardless of wealth, on better terms socially, who cannot see that Lincoln would be the more delightful for it!

The supreme court has recently reaffirmed the opinion that any dog running at large without a collar bearing thereupon the name of its owner can be killed without fear or compunction, as no action can be maintained for the killing, and that any dog found upon a public road, no one having control of him being near, is running at large. This is a law that is acceptable to everyone, unless it be to the owners of curs, who are indeed legion. Another section of the same syllabus somewhat ambiguously provides:
A dog that persistently assails people passing along a public road in a threatening manner is a nuisance and may be killed by any person so assailed.
One would think that if a person perist in passing along a public road in a threatening manner, any dog which has the courage has a right to assail them, but that no dog with good canine instincts will do so. People who pass along public roads in a threatening manner are none too good to be assailed by dogs. The supreme court probably intended to say that any dog which persistently assails in a threatening manner, people passing along a public road, is a nuisance and may be killed by the person assailed. This is another instance where the omission of a diminutive comma, or a careless arrangement of words, put into the mouth of a dignified tribunal something it had not designed saying.

However, if people will bear in mind the opinion of the court and fortify themselves for attacks from vicious curs, they can do a great work in attaining a great nuisance which the city council is afraid to tackle. It might be a good idea to carry along some bait, however, with which to coax the victim into the public road.

Although he has held the attention of the civilized world by his official career since he departed his home in this city, Hon. Patrick Egan may well feel proud of the respectful attentions shown him by his former neighbors upon his return for a visit last Tuesday evening. It was an expression of regard for him that must have touched the heart of any man. It was not a political demonstration, for although republicans naturally felt the most pride in his career and were probably most anxious to attest it, still many of the foremost democrats in the city joined with fervent good will in the friendly expression. Mr. Egan was welcomed, not exclusively as a republican, but as an American, a Nebraskan and a citizen of Lincoln. The warmth of friendship of Lincoln people for their distinguished fellow citizen penetrated even the stubborn wall of political rivalry. Hundreds of people, ladies and gentlemen, met him at the train and vied with each other in extending greetings and assurances of welcome. It is safe to say that after the banquet to be tendered Monday at Hotel Lincoln in his honor, by the board of trade, real estate exchange and citizens, Mr. Egan will return to his far-away post of duty and honor with re-kindled warmth in his heart for the memory of his Nebraska home, so that when he shall have fulfilled his mission in Chile his first thoughts, when he starts upon his return, will be of Lincoln and his many warm friendships here.

This department was a little premature last week in accepting as likely the pretensions of republican party leaders, who claimed that the coming legislature will be controlled by republicans. However, there is some consolation in knowing that it will not be an independent legislature. The count of the votes show that there are three parties in the coming legislature, the democratic contingent holding the balance of power. This being the case, the coming session promises to be the liveliest ever held in the state. The fight for the United States senatorship will be a hammer. It now looks as if a republican cannot be elected, as the independents and democrats combined have a majority of four on joint ballot. There is no independent mentioned for the place who could secure the support of the democrats. There are, however, two men who can draw support both from democrats and independents. They are W. J. Bryan and G. M. Hitchcock. The latter, through his paper, the Omaha World-Herald, has won many friends among independents, although he is presumed to be a democrat. Bryan stands even better among the independents, and it may occur, and it indeed seems likely to occur, that they will conclude to support him. And then what a wrestle would occur when it came to the election of his successor as congressman.

A good many politicians are heard complaining because one cannot, under the present law, vote a straight party ticket by a simple scratch of the pen, but must mark an X opposite the name of each man for whom he wants to vote. This need be no just cause for complaint. It was the wise design of the framers of the law to compel each voter to read over the names, hoping that he would thus be induced to vote for the best men. It is only when a candidate cannot bear comparison with his rival that he clamors for the straight ticket method of voting.

"I see," remarks an old-time campaigner, "that a local editorial writer, in dilating with great verbosity upon what a magnificent statesman Benjamin Harrison has proven himself to be, gives him credit for having suppressed the Sioux ghost dance outbreak. I had always thought that the credit for subduing the Sioux belonged to W. F. Kelly and Bob McReynolds."

One of the proprietors of Burlington beach recently ran for office. He was elected. There are 439 colored voters in the city. Next year Burlington beach will have bathing quarters especially prepared and set apart for the colored people. The ballot is a powerful argument.

In the advertised list of letters uncalled for at the Lincoln post office during the past week was one for D. G. Courtney. It is more than probable that Hon. A. W. Field could tell where the man lives, for whom the letter was intended.

Mrs. S. F. Ryan, fashionable dress making room 78 Burr block.

Mrs. Gosper's is a popular place for the ladies. They get their nobby headwear there and likewise have their heads nobbily embellished there. See?

New line of picture mouldings at Cowles, 119 South Tenth street.

ROCK SPRINGS COAL at the Lincoln Coal Co. Phone 440.

M. L. Trester makes people happy by selling them lumber and coal at 1140 O street.

Card cases and ladies coin and specie purses in morocco, Russian leather, dongolar kid and French calf at Rector's Pharmacy.

Trester has the prettiest display of any dealer in Lincoln at 1140 O street.

Mrs. Gosper leads in millinery, as she always has. The new invoice of fine patterns hats just received convinces every one more than ever of that fact.

When you want real values for your money, in jewelry, call on F. B. Harris, 1123 O street.

You can always get fresh bread at the N. Y. bakery. They bake twice daily.

M. L. Trester, building material and coal, 1140 O street.

In Advance.
Russ! Sage has for some years been in the habit of giving five dollars once a year to a friend of his boyhood days. This year, when the pensioner made his annual visit, Mr. Sage was unable to find five dollars in his roll of bills and was on the point of putting his old friend off when the latter exclaimed: "But I am in more desperate need of money than ever before, Mr. Sage. Why not give me one of those ten dollar bills?" "Well, I never thought of that," replied Mr. Sage in a matter of fact way, "here, you take this ten dollars and give me a receipt for two years."—Argonaut.



Bill—There's a deal of poetry about the moon after all.
Tom—There ain't no poetry in nothink when it gits down to its last quarter.—Life.

He Loved Children.
After she had seated herself in the ferry boat little Willie broke away from her and began rolling around in the dust and dirt before us all.
"Ah, madam," whispered the old gentleman, "do not try to stop little Willie. I love to see the child have fun."
"Yes, indeed."
"It does my old heart good," he went on as Willie turned a double somersault; "it carries me back to the early days. I tell you, ma'am, there is nothing like youth."
"That is true, sir," she said sweetly.
"It recalls to me, madam, the old farm, where I once romped, a care free mortal all the livelong day."
"Willie is such a good boy," she ventured as William yelled "Rats!" three times and threw up his hat.
The old gentleman suddenly let out a roar that echoed over the river.
"Wow-w!" he gasped, howling with pain.
"Mercy, me!" exclaimed the woman, starting.
"Why don't you teach your boy some manners? He has just stuck a pin in my leg."
"But he is only a harmless child, sir."
"Wow-w!"
"And his conduct carries you back to the early days."
"Wow-w!"
"And youth fades so quickly, sir."
"Wow-w, ma'am—wow-w, I say!"
"And it reminds you of the days down on the old farm."
"That will do, ma'am," he gasped, rising and starting at us all. "I see, ma'am, that I am in the presence of a spoiled child—your sweet William. You expect we should all sing and dance, but you are mistaken, ma'am—mistaken to the utmost. I predict, ma'am, that your boy will grow up a burglar and a horse thief, and if he doesn't break his mother's heart before he is twenty-one my name is mud, ma'am, mud, I say!"
And he fung himself out the door. Then mamma took little Willie to her arms and did exactly what all mothers would under the circumstances.
She called William her darling boy and kissed him on the dirty nose.—New York Herald.

Other Material at Hand.
Colonel Gilkerson's wife and daughter returned yesterday from their first summer at the seashore. The colonel was at the depot with the family carriage to meet them, and after the first effusive greetings were over he turned his eyes indulgently on the tall, beautiful girl and said:
"Well, Angeline, how did ye like it?"
"Oh, popper," she exclaimed, "it was just heavenly! I never enjoyed anything so much."
"Hem!" observed the old man reflectively, "did ye get to 'love old ocean and its roar' an all that sort of business?"
"Oh, no, indeed! I didn't have any time to love that."—Detroit Tribune.

His Fatal Mistake.
Whyte—Why, old man, what's the matter with you? I never saw you look so disconsolately seedy in my life.
Browne—Matter enough, dear boy. I bet five dollars on the races last week, and the horse I backed got left.
Whyte—Five dollars? Well, what of that? The loss of five dollars didn't break you, did it, old man?
Browne—No; that didn't break me, of course. The trouble was, I tried to get square.—Somerville Journal.

Too Late.
Kodakfiend—Say, Biggs, I would like to come up and take your house. It would make a charming picture.
Biggs—You are a little late in asking or you might.
Kodakfiend—What, has some one else taken it?
Biggs—Yes, the sheriff.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Difficult.
Cholly—Clever woman, that. She is really short and squat, but by means of her train and carriage she makes you forget it.
Dick—I don't see anything clever about that. With a carriage and a train one can carry anything off.—Harper's Bazar.

That Horrid Child.
"Good morning, my boy; is your father in his study?"
"No, sir; papa has gone to the dentist's to have mamma's teeth attended to."
"Oh, indeed!"
"But mamma is in."—Petit Parisien.

What Was Left.
Griggs—I hear you proposed to Miss Moneypenny the other night.
Griggs—Yes.
"How did you come out with your suit?"
"I saved most of it."—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Harsh Method.
Maud—Now when I am asked to sing I never say, "Oh, I can't!" but I always sit right down at the piano.
Mamie—And let the audience find it out for themselves? Yes!—Truth.

Fall Business

Is now in full swing, and while the increase in the volume of our business has been highly satisfactory, we are striving to still augment the popularity of our establishment by selling

**Dress Goods, Cloaks,
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of every description, at popular and extraordinary low prices. Interesting bargains in every department. We will not be undersold. We want your trade and will make it profitable and interesting to everyone who calls at the

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No reserved seats for the Matinee—so come early.

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