

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

PUBLISHED SATURDAYS

COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

They are going to organize a new political party out in Colorado. Colorado's capability in the line of political d--n foolishness exceeds that of Nebraska, and that is saying a good deal.

Our modest contemporary, the Call, has canvassed the situation, and finds that the afternoon newspaper is much more popular than the morning newspaper. It isn't the time of day that makes a newspaper popular; it is what's in it.

The Saturday Morning Courier started eight years ago as the Capital City Courier by L. Wessel, Jr., was purchased May 1, 1885 by THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY. Mr. Wessel retaining a portion of the stock and continuing the business management. This week Mr. Wessel disposed of his stock and retired from the management of the paper. He will assist the new management for a time, however. THE COURIER will be maintained as heretofore, with an endeavor to add such improvement from time to time as will enhance its interest for the reading public.

When you say no to a man who wants to borrow \$5000 you may be repaying a prospective millionaire unaware--and one who will some day repay the loan with big interest. Many years ago Chesney M. Dewey loaned this amount to an impetuous inventor and now according to reports, the man whom he befriended is to leave him \$1,000,000. The man who loans money for the fun of the thing invests in a lottery in which the money is prize. Mr. Dewey was paid this \$1,000,000 in \$500 lots and he never took a cent. In all probability the money is a lie.

Our somewhat wiggly contemporary, the News, has suddenly found out that it has a deep admiration for Judge Maxwell. The News says: "Judge Maxwell stands for a principle that is one of the constituent parts of the republican creed, that the members of the judiciary should place themselves above party." That is exactly what is wrong with Maxwell. He has worked up his legal decisions to the light of political opinion. He has sided politics and law to such an extent that in many of his decisions it is very hard to ascertain where politics ends and where the law begins. In one sense Judge Maxwell is "above party"--in that he rides party like a hobby horse. And it may be added that he rides not one party, but all. Maxwell is a demagogue and he ought to be turned down and broken off.

The News is gratifyingly sound and outspoken when it comes to discussing Nebraska's Napoleonic financier. It is indeed true that Mother has played a gigantic confidence game from the start. The News says:

He has been rich and poor, stockholders and dependents alike, out of their money; he has been some of them to sign a petition asking for his immunity from imprisonment on the pretense that he would return a portion of his ill-gotten gains; he has begged the government's attorney and the court, the marshal and the men who were promised his assistance in unpeeling some of the bank's affairs.

And the most surprising thing of all is the docility or gullibility of the people in this city. Mosher sided up the Lincoln public as an aggregation of fools, and humiliating though the admission may be, it does not seem that he under estimated to any very great extent. Lincoln people can have nearly if not quite \$1,000,000 stolen from them, and they hardly know that they have been robbed.

The Courier has on one or two occasions maintained that while there may be here and there a flaw in Ross Hammond's poetry, there are no weak places in his prose, and as we read the lively article by the editor of the Fremont Tribune sent the Maxwell-Frick contest in Dodge county, we are constrained to reiterate our unqualified admiration for the quality of the prose which emanates from the able and evenly balanced Dodge county editor. Mr. Hammond's style is pleasing, and what is more of more importance, his matter is the proper kind of stuff. He is especially well adapted to discuss the peculiar freak yelped Maxwell who imagines he is a candidate for the supreme bench, and in handling the subject he is not in the least disappointing. That Maxwell is a political "carpet bagger" would be guessed, and Mr. Hammond's various statements concerning this ambitious personage have the double merit of truth and force. Mr.

Hammond is supporting the candidacy of J. E. Frick also of Dodge, and his spirited article was called forth by the peculiar and somewhat disreputable methods used by the Maxwell adherents in seeking to cast discredit upon Mr. Hammond and his candidate.

Approx of the retirement of Mr. Wessel from THE COURIER a few weeks of history may not be out of place. It was in November, 1885, just after Mr. Fred Funke, now deceased, assumed personal management of his business, that a contract was entered into by Mr. Wessel for the weekly publication of an advertising sheet in newspaper form, for distribution gratuitously throughout the city. On the 9th day of December the first issue of "The Capital City Courier and Amusement Guide" was sent forth, and 5,000 copies found their way into every section of the city and suburbs. The paper contained four pages of four columns each. The first part was given over entirely to theatrical affairs. The remaining pages contained society and personal news and discussion of local events. At the close of the first theatrical season the Courier had completed the mission for which it was started, and would have been discontinued, sine die had it not been for encouraging inducements offered for its continuance. Success followed the efforts of Mr. Wessel, and in a short time the paper was enlarged to six columns, the same number of pages. Its scope was broadened, and the Courier was made a family paper. Its name was curtailed by dropping "Amusement Guide." A paid subscription list was started, which has continued to grow with satisfactory rapidity. In 1887 another enlargement was made, and the form of THE COURIER has been substantially unchanged since that date.

Difficult to Obtain Information.

A Pittsburgur who is spending a week or two in the country 100 miles away says that one day he spied an ancient native fishing on the bank of a stream and undertook to inquire about the success of his sport.

"Fishing good today?" he asked. The fisherman shifted his "chaw" of tobacco to the other cheek with great deliberation and at length replied: "Fair to middlin'." "Catch many?" "Oh, yes." "How many?" "Well, I caught quite a lot and threw 'em back in the river." "But what is the net result?" The old man looked around slowly and with great distrust in his tone replied: "I would think you could see I ain't fishin' with a net."

Worse Still.



She--I am going to give you only one kiss, for you have been smoking. He--You told me you didn't mind it. She--No, but Fido does.--Truth.

She thought Wessel thought him. He had loved her very tenderly and for a long time, but she had scorned him. He was so worn, either, for he would have turned when trod upon, but she recked not this. It was enough for her that she did not care for him.

This is usually enough for any woman; also for any man when the boot is on the other foot. His condition had at last become unbearable to him, and he resolved to win all or lose all.

It was late one evening when the fateful moment came.

"Will you marry me?" he asked her in plain, untrilled English, for he could trust himself to nothing in the ornamental line.

She spurned him scornfully.

"No!" she replied, with sarcastic, hateful, cruel emphasis. "No!"

The word pierced the heart in his bosom. His lips quivered, and at first he could not speak.

"Have you any more to say?" he asked at last plaintively.

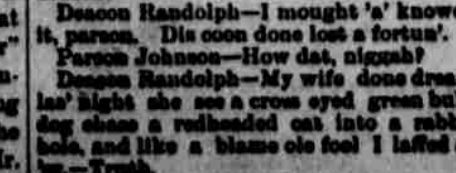
"No, sir," she replied. "What more could I say?"

Again he shrank at the cruel thrust.

"I didn't know," he murmured tremulously, "but I think you might have said, 'No, I thank you.'"

Then he fled away.--Tit-Bits.

Chances Swept Away.



Parson Johnson--4-11-44 jus' come out, deacon! Deacon Randolph--I mought 'a' knowed it, parson. Dis oon done lost a fortune! Parson Johnson--How dat, nighab? Deacon Randolph--My wife done dream las' night she see a cross eyed green bull--dog chase a red-headed cat into a rabbit hole, and like a blame ole fool I luffed at 'em.--Truth.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

I have often vaguely noticed how the things of life are great and mighty without appearing so. For example, look the carpet sack, whose print is on the floor, and its influence alters the dearest relations.

Note how the small banana skin that lies upon the curb. By instantaneous magic death the magic, poor disturber.

Mark how dignity and gentleness show their courtly manners by the lavish warm expressions on the merry little fly.

How the sanctity of worship melts before the sudden breeze. And the violent explosion of an unexpended sunset.

How the all wise man of science shakes in undignified alarm. As some fond, aspiring mother lays a baby on his arm.

How the normal gracious nature overflows with rage and scorn. When confronted with the knowledge of a collar button gone. And how many able bodied, self respecting, stalwart men. Have been "knocked completely under" by a stylographic pen! --Brooklyn Life.

What He Saw.

The country store in the sunny south is the rendezvous for all the village inhabitants, large and small, black and white, where the news is circulated and jokes perpetrated.

A group of loungers were seated in a store of this kind when a coffee colored coon with sloping shoulders and ears at right angles to his head shuffled through the doorway.

"Hello, Pomp," said one of the loungers. "You're looking just like that lion I saw this morning."

"Lion?" said Pomp, with his hair on end. "Where was he?"

"In Jake Smith's livery stable." "Shol' What'd he look like?"

"Oh, he had legs and body and long ears." "Das wasn't no lion, yo' poor white trash," returned the darker disgusted.

"Dat was a jackass." "Well, you look just like him," answered the loungers, with a grin.

Pomp saw the joke, though he didn't like it to be on him. Just then a neighboring planter entered the store, and the negro saw a chance to repeat the jest at another's expense.

"Morning, Mass Johnson," said he; "yo' look jest like dat lion I saw yesterdy."

"Where did you see a lion, you fool?" was the courteous response.

"Down Mass Smith's livery stable. Had legs on body an big long ears." "That wasn't a lion," said the planter.

"Den what was it?" asked Pomp eagerly. "Why, a looking glass, you black ooon," answered the planter contemptuously amid a general roar of laughter.--Yankee Blade.

Very Sad.

A funny thing happened to me the other day. I took lunch with a friend down town, and after that we hired a hansom to drive over to Cortlandt street ferry.

I made a bargain with a cabby. The price was \$1.

When we got to the ferry, I left my friend, but having an errand on Vesey street, close by, I, of course, told cabby to drive there.

Of course I didn't expect him to go out of his way--even that distance--for nothing, so I handed him \$1.50.

As it happened the half dollar was folded in the bill.

Cabby looked at it, took it, as he thought, the situation, sniffed and tossed his head.

"Begorry, an O'll not take it." "Why not?"

"Begorry, an it's chatin a pore mon ye'd be, is it? Indeed an I niver sar the looks fr manness--niver."

"What's the matter with you?" said I, indignant enough. "What do you want anyway?"

"A quarter av a dollar," said he doggedly, "and not a cent less."

All this time the dollar bill was in my extended hand in full view. I deliberately unfolded the bill, showed cabby the half dollar, put it back in my pocket, replaced it with a quarter and gave it to him.

He took it of course. What else was there to do? But his expression as he drove listlessly away was one of the saddest things I ever saw.--Exchange.

Suspicious Well Founded.

There was an air of abstraction about her as she took his hat and cane. When he kissed her on the right cheek, she neglected to turn to him her left.

Now and then a sigh fluttered her gentle bosom.

"Do you remember?" "There was a deep shade of anxiety upon her face as she spoke.

"--saying to me last evening that you would always love me!"

He folded her to his bosom affirmatively. "Are you sincere in that?" she asked tremulously.

"Darling, can you doubt me?" "Then you intend to love me forever and ever?"

"Yes, my pet." "The tears came to her eyes.

"I just suspected," she faltered, "that you really didn't intend to marry me."

For a time no sound was heard save the warm, sensuous music of a girl learning to play the piano in the next flat.--Detroit Tribune.

Much Better.



"So you were well acquainted with Mr. Banger before I married him?" "Yes; I knew him better than you did, it seems."--Life.

Awkward.

Crummer--I always hate to go to a party at Mardison's.

Gilleland--So do I. Mrs. Mardison works so hard to make people feel at ease that she makes everybody uncomfortable.--Exchange.

Three Girls.

Estrie (an artist)--You look awfully well today. I should love to paint you as you are.

Blanche--I wish you would. Your sketch wants a portrait of me so much.--Truth.

A Lamentable Failure.

"There," said the superintendent of the lunatic asylum, "is a young man who got out to be a great public benefactor. After years of thought he finally completed a gigantic plan of philanthropy, a scheme which he expected to bring joy into the hearts of millions of grief stricken mortals and peace into thousands of unhappy homes--its failure sent him here."

"How infinitely pitiful," mused the visitor, "and what was his idea?" "It was a device for preventing trousers bagging at the knee," responded the superintendent, with a long drawn sigh.--Detroit Tribune.

His Invariable Reply.

He had placed a fine diamond ring on her finger in token of their betrothal. For awhile she was supremely happy. Then a terrible thought occurred to her.

"Had her sweetheart ever loved another?" "Was she the only girl who had ever won his affections?"

"She would ask him and end the doubt." "Frank, dear?" "What is it, sweetness?"

"Has any other girl ever worn this ring?" "No, indeed! I get a new ring every time I am engaged."--Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Complete Letter Writer.

Mistress--I found in your room a letter of mine that had been taken out of my writing case. What is the meaning of this?

Cook--Oh, ma'am, I only want to copy it for my sweetheart!

Mistress--What can he want with it?

Cook--Please, ma'am, he's in the army and doesn't know how to write me a love letter.--Buxton Alleriel.

A Sure Way.

Farmer--Look here! Those powders you sold me were no good.

Feddler--How's that?

"You said they would make hens lay the longest."

"Yes, that's what I said." "The hens I gave it to are all dead."

"Well, won't they lay the longest that way?"--Texas Sittings.

His Awful Threat.

"Since you reject me," wildly exclaimed the infatuated youth, "there is nothing for me to do but to promptly put an end to my miserable existence."

"Promptly to put an end to my miserable existence," if you will allow me to correct you, Mr. Tankersley," replied the Boston young woman, pale with horror.--Chicago Tribune.

Hard Living.

"What is the matter, Mosky?" asked the tumblebug of the mosquito. "You look pale and worn."

"I am," replied the mosquito. "I wasted last night on a French wax doll, thinking in the dark that it was a fat little baby. I'm nearly starved."--Harper's Bazar.

His Trade.

His Honor (to prisoner at the bar)--Did you ever learn a trade?

Prisoner--Yes.

His Honor--What trade?

Prisoner--I learned to trade horses.--Truth.

Notice of Removal.

The business office of the SATURDAY MORNING COURIER has been moved to 1201 O street.

Mr. Bryan Will Talk.

A number of ladies prominent in charitable work have secured the services of Congressman W. J. Bryan to deliver a lecture on the silver question this evening. This is the only lecture that he will deliver during his stay in Lincoln, as he only came home to make arrangements for returning to Washington with his family.

Single Tax Club.

The Lincoln single tax club will meet in the high school building Tuesday evening, September 12. The public is invited.

For correct styles and prices in ladies cloaks and raps go to the Ashby Cloak company, 1114 O street.

The finest grocery store in the city. Miller & Gifford.

For all social doings the Nebraska state band or orchestra is what is always most desired.

W. A. Coffin & Co., grocers, 143 South Eleventh street.

When you and your best girl are out for a stroll always make a bee line for June Ice cream pavilion Thirteenth and O streets.

Jeckell Bros. new tailoring establishment, 119 north Thirteenth street near the Lansing is the popular resort for stylish garments.

June the caterer, Thirteenth and O streets is anxious to serve all parties, picnics and festivals with ice cream ices, cakes, etc., and will appreciate a call from all intending entertainers.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich. An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfeebled by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the U. S. A.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by causing prompt action of the alimentary canal.

NEW FALL STYLES

MILLINERY

NOW BEING SHOWN BY THE

Funke's Opera House Corner. "Famous" Corner O and Twelfth Streets.

BROWNING, KING & CO.'S

BEAUTIFUL NEW STORE,

1015 TO 1019 O STREET,

WILL OPEN SOON.

The entire Stock will be new and it

will pay you to wait.

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WE'LL MAKE IT DECIDEDLY LIVELY

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Line for the Fall and Winter and will begin at once to quote such prices in all departments as will make competition quiver. Come in and see our new patterns and you'll buy nowhere else.

CHAMBER SUITS, PARLOR GOODS, DINING ROOM SETS,

And all fancy and staple pieces at prices that touch the pocket-book easy during stringent times. Won't you favor us with a call.

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