

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

PUBLISHED SATURDAYS

GOURIER PUBLISHING CO.

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WILL HAVE AN OPINION.

There were Independents even before the time of Oliver Cromwell, and there will be people calling themselves Independents until time collides with eternity, and the cows come home to stay.

Under the word Independence has been hidden some of the most narrow minded bigotry that ever existed. Not always, but very often, the people who espell their Independence with a capital I have hide bound fanatics.

And Independent newspapers, as a rule, are either conscienceless cheats, or willy-nilly specimens of journalistic imbecility that grate twaddle in the place of sense.

A newspaper that doesn't stand for anything, a rag that is wafled to and fro by every varying breeze, among hanging limp in a dead calm of editorial stagnation, does not have and cannot occupy any considerable place in the esteem of thinking men and women. An active mind is necessarily partisan; it is human nature to take sides.

There are republicans and democrats who, notwithstanding their adherence to party are nevertheless independent, and manly enough to make an honest stand for the sake of conscience and honor, and there are republican and democratic newspapers whose independent thought, vigorously expressed, is far more conspicuous than their partisanship.

The same reason that impels a daily newspaper to affiliate to some extent, with some one political party, applies with equal force to a weekly paper, and THE COURIER, without surrendering a measure of that true independence that should characterize every newspaper and individual, will henceforth be conducted as a republican newspaper. If there is no opening in this city or state, we propose to make one. But THE COURIER will earnestly try to be independent and fair, though republican, and we believe we can succeed in this endeavor.

All of the features which have for years been a part of THE COURIER, will be retained with such improvements as we are able to make.

The Young Men's Republican club, in endorsing William McKinley, doubtless voiced the sentiment of the republicans of this city. McKinley is the logical presidential candidate for 1896, and it is altogether probable that the young men who voted for the resolution Monday night may have an opportunity to vote for McKinley presidential electors in '96.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Some of Blaine's warmest admirers were democrats, and many republicans are pleased to pay tribute to Grover Cleveland. Senator Sherman is reported to have said the other day: "I am an old man, and perhaps I have taken on the narrow-mindedness of age. It is hard for me to believe that any democrat can be a patriot. I lived through a hard and trying period in our country's history, when we republicans came to look upon all democrats as traitors and enemies of the government. That belief has remained with me as the years have gone by, and I repeat it is not easy for me to see perfect goodness in one of the democratic persuasion. But no one can view the conduct of Grover Cleveland without being convinced of the greatness and goodness of the man. His integrity, his fearlessness, his gifts of mind must be plain to every one not utterly blinded by partisanship. Cleveland is, perhaps, the broadest-minded man that ever sat in the president's chair. Beyond any of his predecessors he has the courage and the faculty of pushing all cabal and intrigue aside and of addressing himself directly to the people. Friends, personal following, party, are nothing to him compared to the people. With my natural distrust of all democrats I might be tempted to look upon Cleveland's conduct merely as a bit of the cheat of politics, but in honesty I must admit that I have watched this man in all the crises of the national life in which he has had a part, and I cannot shake off the conviction of his superb abilities and his magnificent patriotism. Sherman is something of a stoic, and this extravagant laudation of the democratic president does not seem quite in keeping with his character and temperament. But there is something in Cleveland that compels admiration. Here is a man, educated in the most degrading political schools in the world, whose common instincts found nothing revolting in the duties of the sheriff of Buffalo, who grows out of himself and his surroundings into a new character; who, as he develops, enters the white house and becomes a statesman. It is a pro-

gress that has had few parallels. Mr. Cleveland is a broad-minded, patriotic president, and he is very generally respected by members of all parties.

MAJOR CALHOUN is a clever artist. He has succeeded in making his paper, the Lincoln Herald, a very skillful typographical reproduction of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. The gentlemen who are running the News are not nearly so successful. But then they have got a more difficult job on hand. They are trying to reduce Mr. Bryan and his theories to type and paper, but there is still some republicanism in the News, and somehow things get pretty badly mixed.

A MILLINER IN SOCIETY.

NEW YORK society is just now in a perturbed state. It is trying to determine the sentence to be imposed on Mrs. Field, daughter-in-law of the late Cyrus W. Field. This lady's husband is heavily in debt by reason of the failure of his brother, and to assist him in meeting the obligations resting upon him she has gone into the millinery business in Fifth avenue. Whether, after having entered trade, she shall be entitled to the same social distinction which she has hitherto enjoyed, or whether society shall put the seal of its disapproval gently but firmly upon this enterprising woman, is a subject that is occasioning considerable controversy in the metropolis. The center of which, from the social standpoint, is a family descended from a crafty and penurious trapper and trader of the fur bearing animals of the north. The society that admits a Ward McAllister and accords a measure of consideration to this flock of froth, and opens its doors to men who made their money by manipulating railroads and stocks, crowding widows and poor stockholders to the wall for their own aggrandizement; men who have wrung money out of sugar, nails, gas, lead, iron, petroleum, guano and other ill-smelling fertilizers, patent medicine and lotteries of different kinds, hesitates and proposes drawing the line at Mrs. Field because she becomes a partner in a millinery establishment. Mrs. Field is said to be intellectually qualified for association with the most cultured people in the metropolis, and there is no reason, consistent with American institutions, why she should forfeit the place she already holds in New York society. In fact if the nature of one's occupation has anything to do in determining one's place in the social scale, Mrs. Field, having become a milliner, should be given a niche several notches above the people who have made and are making their money out of lard and old bones and sich.

REPUBLICAN voters will elect delegates to the county convention Monday. In this year's ante-convention contest, as in all others, there are some strong wire pullers who will make weak candidates before the people; but there is every prospect that the ticket that will be made up Wednesday will be composed in the main of strong candidates who will be elected.

MAJOR CALHOUN HAS THE BLUES.

THE editor of the esteemed and tastily tinted Herald, Major J. D. Calhoun, is an excellent gentleman whose naturally optimistic turn of mind has been seriously affected by a too extended adherence to the principles of democracy, or more properly speaking, the principles of the democratic party. He would like to take a cheerful view of things; but he has preached calamity so long that it has become second nature to him to find fault and scold.

To the Call's assurance that the "sound of the resumption of business is heard in the land," Major Calhoun pipes a melancholy wail.

"Business as we have known it in the brisk and booming west will never be resumed," chants the major, "—unless there should be an entire change in the monetary policy that now seems to dominate the country."

Somebody must have stopped his subscription to the Herald, or something equally disastrous must have happened. The major continues: "There is no remedy; what is done cannot be undone. Our situation may be ameliorated to the point of bare endurance—by the exercise of much patience and great self-denial—so that we of the west may survive until the slow and gradual return of better times. This is the best that can be hoped for, and a cheerless prospect it is, and who expects more or better will be disappointed."

Really, we are alarmed for Major Calhoun.

Because the government refuses to cheat the whole country for the benefit of a few silver mine owners in Colorado, because it refuses to listen to men like Mr. Bryan who would destroy the stability of money, men who would run the financial policy of the nation to the tune of the wheels in their heads; because the government insists on running its finances on business principles, Major Calhoun is convinced that we are doomed to irretrievable disaster.

It is a settled fact that the government will pursue an honest policy with reference to its finances, the silver kings of Colorado who want to unload, and Mr. Bryan and others of that ilk, notwithstanding, and factories are opening, wages are being restored, banks are

resuming business, money is being put in circulation and business is steadily improving.

Business in the brisk and booming west is getting better every day, and it will continue to improve.

Major Calhoun is just now looking at things through a particularly dark glass presented to him by Mr. Bryan. He ought to smash it. He would then be able to see things as they are.

THE Y. M. C. A. needs a good president, and Chancellor Canfield is declining to serve interfered with the progress of that institution.

A WILL-O-THE-WISP.

IT is said that Ingalls is getting into the current of politics again with a view of reaching the United States senate through the governorship of Kansas. In other words Mr. Ingalls will be a candidate for governor next year, and if elected, with a republican legislature, will be a candidate for senator. Mr. Ingalls might with a great deal more propriety become a candidate for the office of grand-sachem of the order of professional cranks and political prostitutes. This place he might easily secure—much more easily than he could win his way back into the esteem of sensible people. Ingalls and our own Van Wyck were made out of the same stuff. Both are frauds. The Kansas statesman-out-of-a-job has a pepper box in the top of his head in lieu of brains, and some people are deceived into mistaking his spicy pyrotechnics for intellectual brilliance. Ingalls is in politics for what there is in it, and most people have wearied of this political will-o'-the-wisp. But the people of the state to the south of us worship cranks and burn frankincense before fanatics, and it may be that Ingalls will be able to bunko himself into a political job once more.

FROX present indications it is probable that the republicans in this county who are anxious to send a Maxwell delegation to the state convention will receive a blow on the same spot, relatively, where the chicken got the axe.

HE SHOULD HAVE A REST.

THE republicans of Dodge county settled the Frick-Maxwell contest a week ago; but some of the brethren outside of the county have since insisted on meddling with the affairs of the county to an unheard-of extent.

All of which is in exceedingly bad taste.

Judge Maxwell has no reason to complain of the treatment he has received from the republicans of Dodge county, and it is time his adherents there and elsewhere accepted the inevitable.

Maxwell hasn't the support of his county in this campaign, and he cannot be considered a candidate.

The Maxwell talk won't amount to anything any way, and it might just as well stop.

The judge has earned a rest, and it should be given to him.

FOOT NOTES.

There should be some way of convincing people that it were well for them to go off somewhere and fall asleep, when they have arrived at the point where they make the rest of the people tired. Judge Maxwell reached that point and turned the corner some time ago, and yet he insists in keeping in the way. The judge having refused to take a tumble to himself will in a very short time be sent into a dose with such soundness and force that he will be likely to remain there.

Within the past two or three weeks there have been many encouraging evidences of the restoration of confidence and rehabilitation of business activity. But it is doubtful if anything in this city has had such a wholesome effect as the resurrection of the Musee band. It was not to be expected that confidence could be maintained when the Musee band had ceased to play. Now that its strumulous tunes are again heard, Lincoln is herself again.

We have no data at hand touching the biography of R. W. Furnas, except his age, which is 74. Ex-Governor Furnas is the youngest old man in Nebraska. In the race which he has been running with time for seventy-four years he has always managed to keep a few paces ahead, and now when he is turning the last quarter he is making a spurt that is leaving time away behind. Optimism is this gentleman's most distinguishing characteristic, and while fellows who are many years his junior, are corrugated with wrinkles and nearly bent double, he is straight and sound and smooth—all the result of optimism and a careful diet. The ex-governor is as happy as the day is long, and with him the day is unusually long. The state fair, or the preparation for the state fair, involves several million separate items, and any other man burdened with this great care would fume and fret himself into a sickly skeleton, but with Furnas work is play, and he seems to grow heartier every day. Here's to Furnas! May he continue to grow younger every year, and may his genial presence grace the state fair for many years to come.

The society editor of THE COURIER regrets exceedingly that in this week's rush mention of the Jueto club was unfortunately omitted out of the society department. If it were not for the police this would doubtless be one of the most successful social organizations in the city, as under the guidance of those royal gentlemen, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Gus Sanders, it could not be otherwise than delightful for those who appreciate that kind of entertainment which it was the purpose of the club to promote. But, as is always the case, there are people on the outside of the club who are jealous and who want to break it up, and this week Mr. W. J. Cooper, in his capacity of chief of police, so far forgot himself as to materially slow the progress of the organization. Mr. Courtney and Judge Lansing tried to restrain Mr. Cooper, but that gentleman wouldn't be restrained and the result was that the club was pretty nearly smashed to pieces. The authorities do not seem to endorse the object of the club or the practices of its members, and at the present moment the outlook for this newest and most unique social organization is not particularly brilliant. Between hard times and the police society in Lincoln is having a tough time of it.

Death of Mrs. Zehring.

Within the past few weeks death has made cruel inroads in this city. And of those who have been taken many were old residents whose removal is keenly felt, particularly by those who have long resided in Lincoln.

Mrs. John Zehring, whose death occurred Wednesday evening at 10:50 o'clock, at the residence on H street, has been so long identified with Lincoln life and was so generally known and esteemed that her demise caused general sorrow. Mrs. Zehring was the daughter of Daniel Connell. She was born October 7, 1835. In 1853 she removed to Buckingham, Tama county, Ia., and on November 27, 1854, she was married at that place to John Zehring, of Toledo, Ia. In 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Zehring came to Nebraska, settling in Lincoln, June 11, 1874.

Two children were born to them, of whom Charles, the eldest, died in infancy. Frank C., the remaining son is a prominent young business man in this city.

Mrs. Zehring was a member of the First Congregational church. She was for many years prominent in society in Lincoln, and she was ever actively engaged in dispensing hospitality to her countless friends, and performing such friendly and charitable ministrations as were prompted by a generous and loving heart. Her gracious hospitality, kindness of manner, and the many acts of devotion known so well by her friends will long be remembered. Recently illness kept her in comparative seclusion; but up to within a few weeks of her death she was able to see her intimate friends who gladly testified their affection in such a manner as to lighten as much as could be the burden of the approaching affliction. For the last few weeks she sank rapidly. She passed away in perfect peace, surrounded by those who were dear to her. Her death is a very severe blow to her family and brings sincere grief to many loving friends.

Mrs. Zehring was a member of the well known Engleside club, her's being the second death in that organization since its formation, thirteen years ago. The other member was Mrs. E. B. Fairfield, who died in 1882.

Mr. Zehring, Mr. Frank Zehring, Mr. D. Connell, of Gladbrook, Ia., Mrs. Zehring's brother, and Mrs. Wood, of Traer, Ia., Mrs. F. A. McBride, also of Traer, Ia., and other relatives and friends were at the bedside when the end came.

The funeral services will be held tomorrow, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from the residence. The remains will be interred at Wyuka.

No person should travel without a box of Ayer's Pills. As a safe and speedy remedy for constipation and all irregularities of the stomach and bowels, they have no equal, and, being skillfully sugar-coated, are pleasant to take, and long retain their virtues.

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

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This property is rapidly increasing in value and is a sure and safe investment. Free street cars, free lunch, speeches and etc., a good is assured. September 26 at 10 a. m. Read ad on page 8.

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Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Cheyenne the same rate.	
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Chicago, round trip	16.40
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For further information, address M. V. Richards, Land and Immigration Agent B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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