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LINCOLN, NEB., MAY 4, 1895.

The new mayor has made some good appointments. He has made it plain to the public that he is influenced by considerations other than "pulls" in politics in making important appointments. His appointment of Malone as chief of the fire department was dictated by a desire to preserve the efficiency of this department. Mr. Malone has demonstrated his marked fitness for the position, and the council in refusing to confirm him acted contrary to the wishes of the taxpayers of the city. The new city physician and deputy city attorney and other appointees of the mayor are capable men and satisfactory to the public. Mayor Graham has done well thus far.

The New York Herald the other day published expressions on the financial question from such men as Joseph C. Sibley, Governor John P. Altgeld, Senator Palmer, Lewis Speery, Senator Allison, Charles S. Fairchild and W. J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan said: "The issue in 1896 will be the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present ratio of sixteen to one, without waiting for the consent of any other nation on earth. The president may lead the gold standard democrats in an effort to control the next democratic national convention, but the effort will be in vain, because the party will stand by the gold and silver coinage of the constitution." Mr. Bryan discussed the attitude of republicans on the money question and intimated that the republican party will split wide open on silver. There is some disagreement on this question within republican lines, but there is nothing as yet to indicate that there will be a split. The wish and not facts fathered this thought of Mr. Bryan's. Senator Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is a free silverite after Mr. Bryan's own heart, but of all the prominent candidates for the republican nomination for president Cameron is the only one who marches under the 16 to 1 banner. Reed has temporized a little, but he is far from the advocacy of free coinage. Harrison is committed to a policy of sound money. McKinley has given assurance that he will keep clear of the sentimental side of the money question. Senator Allison in a recent speech said: "Our free silver friends, for the purpose of doing justice and equity, insist that mortgages given within four years, and debts contracted within six months, be scaled down fifty per cent. Is this equity, or justice, to either class of people? Is there a man with soul so dead as to ask congress to be guilty of this injustice?" On what Mr. Bryan bases his prediction that the

republican party will split wide open on silver does not appear. Don Cameron and a few men of his calibre are not enough to split the republican party. So far as the democratic party is concerned the split is a present fact, not a possibility of the future.

The waves carry the drift-wood far out to sea; and sometimes they bring it back to the starting point. When Major J. D. Calhoun was a candidate for postmaster, relying on Congressman Bryan to get him the appointment, and was turned down, he was not happy. He thought Mr. Bryan might have stayed by him. He loosened stakes and drifted from the scene of his disappointment, settling in Tampa, Fla. Now he drifts back again. According to report he is to become an editorial writer on the *World-Herald* under Mr. Bryan, the man who failed to have him made postmaster. Perhaps in his great rejoicing over his return to Nebraska he forgets the small matter of his erstwhile disappointment and consequent resentment.

It was in the month of May, two years ago, that the dreadful panic began. For one year business all over the country was much disturbed. There was trouble everywhere. The month of May, one year ago, found the people suffering from the general depression, but the panic had spent its force. There was no longer any excitement, only discouragement. This year May is ushered in under auspices decidedly more favorable. Since the first of the year there has been a general improvement in business, and just now the outlook is especially bright. In Nebraska May brings the promise of a rich agricultural production. Rain has come at proper intervals, soaking the ground in every section of the state. The soil is in excellent condition. There is a song of a glorious harvest in the air. The grass is green about us. Fruit trees are laden with blossoms. Nature is radiant in her garb of spring, and the heart of the people is glad.

George W. Ledigh, the newly appointed warden of the penitentiary, may be and doubtless is a good man; but his appointment is nevertheless, to be regretted. It has stirred up Uncle J. V. Wolfe, and from the point of view of the public, it is much better not to have Uncle stirred up. For Uncle will insist on writing letters and otherwise exploiting himself in a notorious manner. And just now, in these beautiful spring days [it is much better to listen to the songs of the birds and look upon the wonderful unfolding of nature than to listen to Uncle's sordid complaints. Uncle finds fault with Governor Holcomb for the appointment of Mr. Ledigh and voices his dissatisfaction at the governor's refusal to appoint him, Uncle, to a good, paying office. Now Uncle has been monkeying with politics for so many years that he should have learned the politician's first lesson—to keep quiet when you are sat upon. Uncle's cries are undignified and reflect small credit on his common sense. His comparison of Governor Holcomb with a fat pig is in bad taste. Even if there was a resemblance it ill becomes Uncle to point it out. Of course the grief which nestles in the breast of Uncle is intense. We can well imagine that. To have left the democratic party and become a populist, thinking to find thereby a short and sure path to office, and to have been so many times in sight of the goal, only to have the goal moved farther away each time is tuff, as Chimnie Fadden would say. But

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BEST SODA IN THE CITY.

Uncle ought to have known that every populist could not get office, and if at this late day, he is sorry he left his old party for a place in the shifting sands of populism, he ought to suppress his lamentations and put on a smiling face. Poor old Uncle! You are destined, it seems, to fill out your days as a simple private in the ranks, and you might as well stop kicking.

This week THE COURIER comes to its readers, THE COURIER, changed in form and general appearance, the change being, we believe, a decided improvement. From this time on THE COURIER will bid for advertising and subscription patronage with redoubled energy. The editor, whose management of THE COURIER was for some time interfered with by his duties as editor of the *Evening Call*, will give his entire attention to this paper in future, reinforced by Mr. F. T. Dean, who has sold his interest in the Fassett-Mickel Printing Company, and the various publications controlled by that company, to take charge of the advertising for THE COURIER. Mr. Dean is well known to the merchants of Lincoln, and his connection with this paper will, we believe, prove to be of much value, not only to THE COURIER, but to all advertisers.

When the ice man comes be sure the name LINCOLN ICE CO., is on the wagon, they have no pondice. 1949 O Street.

"Rob Roy" ties, the latest. Browning King & Co.

Strange Case.

Gray—I hardly know what to think of that boy of mine. The young rascal has fallen in love.

Beard—Well, that is natural enough. He is 19 years old, isn't he?

Gray—Yes; but instead of falling in love with some woman past 30 as a normal nineteen-year-old boy should, he has set his affections on a girl of 15.

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OPENS MAY 5, 1895.

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Shipped pure and unadulterated direct from the distillery. Pronounced a pure and wholesome tonic-stimulant by the medical fraternity everywhere. Gives life, strength and happiness to the weak, sick, aged and infirm.

If you cannot procure it of your druggist or liquor dealers, upon receipt of \$1.50 we will express prepaid to any address a full quart sample bottle of Old Elk Rye or Bourbon.

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