

THE COURIER

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1897.



ENTERED IN THE POST OFFICE AT LINCOLN
AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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THE COURIER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

Office 1132 N street, Up Stairs.

Telephone 384.

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Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$2 00
Six months.....	1 00
Three months.....	50
One month.....	20
Single copies.....	05

OBSERVATIONS.

The trouble at the state house is a bad case of politics. Just now the pops and the republicans are calling each other names which it is not worth while to repeat. When two pure-blooded members of the African race are mad at each other—"black nigger" is the favorite epithet. When a black republican and a black pop disagree it is impossible for the general public to pick out the spotless one. They both look black, and they are both in suspicious company. The pops have been crying "wolf, wolf" for so long that when the object of their fright begins to cry "wolf" the people are puzzled.

After all the honest farmer has nothing to propose. He despises the means at hand for increasing the productiveness of the soil or for adapting the cultivation to the exigencies of drought. He simply wants to make it hot and dry for everybody else, and so far this session he has succeeded. If the conditions of agriculture under which hard work is certain and a crop uncertain can be modified by irrigation and scientific treatment of the soil, a populist legislature, which is supposed to represent the farming interests of the country, should be generous to the agricultural school which is striving by the laboratory methods of study to do for farming what that method has done for chemistry, electricity and medicine. But the real farmers are not sent to the legislature. Those who loaf about the streets howling calamity

while the weeds grow and the machinery rusts are the kind that are now skillfully spitting tobacco juice in the capitol building. Such correctness of aim was never learned in a plowed field. It takes hours of practice on a country sidewalk sprinkled with nail heads to produce such sharp-shooters as the present legislature contains. It is unfortunate for the state that as a rule only the farmers without crops and the lawyers without clients get an opportunity to make new laws for the state and change the old ones. The real farmer and the able lawyer have business of their own, which, save in exceptional cases, they do not sacrifice to hold office.

"Beware the vengeance of a woman scorned." Mrs. Cushman K. Davis of St. Paul, Minn., has defeated the hopes of ex-Governor Merriam of Minnesota, first for a cabinet position under McKinley, and then for an appointment as ambassador to Germany. Mrs. Cushman K. Davis is the Becky Sharp of St. Paul society. Ten or fifteen years ago Senator Davis, who was then a private, but very brilliant citizen of St. Paul, allowed his first wife to get a divorce from him and immediately married the present Mrs. Davis. Society in St. Paul is as tenacious and as touchy as it is elsewhere. Although Senator Davis had money, talent and a brilliant future, in marrying he had snapped his fingers at society, had flouted it, and society has ignored him ever since. His conduct might have been overlooked in Chicago or Brooklyn, even in New York if he had pre-divorce claims upon forgiveness there. But never in St. Paul. That old fur-trading station has the same basis of aristocracy that Philadelphia has, viz., long residence in St. Paul with enough money to dress and ride and live up to the position, and enough morality to keep respectable. It is not the old Dutch and money as in New York, nor Mayflower seasickness and money as in Boston, nor money as in Chicago, but just ancestral residence in St. Paul and money. The denominator is the same in each case. But in Philadelphia the richest cannot buy an entrance to that society to which old families decayed to one dress suit have easy access. Such a state of affairs with reservations and allowances for the broadening effect of western migration exists in St. Paul. Because the movement between, and displacement of the upper layer of society by the under layers, is freer in western society, that society is more careful that the standard shall not be lowered. Although blindly charitable to the favorites of fortune who remember to break the laws of convention only in secret it is inexorable to the man and woman who openly defy its laws.

As many a "taboo" has entered New

York society through the Prince of Wales' set which lets in American gold without much examination of what is attached to it, Mrs. Davis expected to enter St. Paul by way of Washington. She said when Mr. Davis was elected United States senator: "I'll make those old hens flock around me yet." To which a dowager replied, when it was repeated to her: "Perhaps so, but there will be a great deal of cackling first." And so far the Washington receptions to which the Davises have been invited have had no perceptible effect on the St. Paul temperature.

Ex-Governor Merriam is the particular friend of Mark Hanna, but that did not save him. Mrs. Davis' opportunity came with the appointment of Senator Davis as chairman of the foreign relations committee. She openly announced that she and the senator had determined to block any official appointment for Governor Merriam under this administration. "Rather than complicate matters and give cause for offense to so powerful a factor in the senate, with its present slender republican majority, the president held a long confidential chat with Governor Merriam and explained candidly his position. Realizing the hopelessness of the cause, the governor discretely retired from the field." Speaking of St. Paul's likeness to Philadelphia, it is interesting to discover that Mrs. Merriam is a native of the Quaker city.

Mrs. Buckingham and Mrs. Hardy, who died last week, were notable women. They were in the second decade of their lives at the time of the civil war. That five years' struggle with the preceding discussion in the press, pulpit and platform of the question of slavery and the greater one of union made the women of that period more serious than a generation which has been undisturbed by a national disagreement. The earnestness with which they learned then to face life is out of date now. They got used to standing up for a principle, when it was necessary, even if it was dangerous. Such training gave to the war women, pro-slavery and abolitionist alike a sternness, a seriousness, an inability to take things lightly that the new century does not comprehend.

Elizabeth Nancy Horr was born in Lansingburg, N. Y., in 1826. When she was about twenty years old, her father failed in business and came west to Hannibal, Mo., just south of that celebrated line which separated slavery from freedom, where there was more friction and distrust than in the southern states because the population was mixed; free niggers and slaves, abolitionists and slave-holders in about equal proportions. But the rich people who composed the larger part of "Miss Lizzie's" patrons, in the school which

she established, were slave-holders. But there was no such school as hers in all that western country. She could only take a limited number of pupils and her tact and sweetness overcame the prejudice which the people had against Yankees. My childish memories are of a gentle lady whom everybody spoke of with love as "Miss Lizzie." Around her centered all that was most cultured. Miss Lizzie was quoted and invited to her heart's content. These southern people know how to glorify time for a guest. They appreciated what she was doing for their sons and daughters, and nothing was too good for that Yankee girl who had shouldered the burden when it slipped from her father's shoulders. At the end of ten years she put into his hands a receipt for all the debts which he had been unable to pay. In spite of the war her union sentiments and her rebel pupils, her school went right along. Like Barbarie Frietchie she kept the flag waving in their faces but they forgave her much because they loved her. They turned to her for advice in sickness and in trouble, and when the war was over Miss Lizzie's popularity was undimmed. She left Hannibal to marry the Rev. Ebenezer Buckingham, for twenty-five years the pastor of the First Congregational church of Canton, O. When her husband, and later his daughter, Mrs. Lewis Gregory, died, she came to Lincoln and assumed the care of Mr. Gregory's bereaved household. Her mother's last years were shadowed by the same cloud which dimmed Mrs. Buckingham's mind for the last seven years. Hers was a life of burdens borne lovingly and willingly for others, and of great accomplishment for herself of culture and character. In reality "Miss Lizzie" died ten years ago and was buried in the hearts of those who knew her gentle deeds. But it is well to recall her as she was before the darkness of a mind diseased hid her from sight.

Charlotte Abbott Hardy, who died last Friday, had the modern spirit. In 1852 she was graduated when few women strove for a degree at Ingham university, and in 1889, when many women were studying, she took another degree from the C. L. S. C. Although in type she belonged to the women already referred to, whose stern training accustomed them to serious views, she was most gentle in expression and most charitable to all. Every generation has a characteristic type. These representatives of the first half of the Nineteenth century are disappearing. The recognition of their beauty, sweetness and strength is the only tribute we can pay.

Mrs. McKinley's unfortunate physical condition will prevent her, in spite