

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

MEDITATIVE MUSINGS

ITEMS IMAGINATIVE AND OTHERWISE.

Intended to Tickle the Risibilities or Induce Philosophical Discussion.

While sauntering about the city Tuesday evening I dropped in for a few moments with Dennis the hatter, and while observing himself and clerks busily engaged at work at the stock, I was told that the popular goods furnisher was taking stock. Further more I learned that he was about to leave for Michigan where he has another house similar to his Lincoln establishment. Mr. Dennis expects to leave early next week and after involving his eastern store, together with his partner there, go east to purchase a new stock for the spring trade. Dennis has had a brisk run of patronage all the season, and the fact that he carries the finest line of goods in the city furnishing line in Lincoln, probably accounts for it. Aside from this he is a genial, enterprising merchant, is entertaining to patrons, endeavoring to suit their various tastes in a pleasant manner and has won friends generally among the finest trade in the city. His line of goods will compare favorably with similar houses in Chicago and the east, as goods of most any description from a cheap tie to the finest dress and party tie, fullness goods, etc. I trust Mr. Dennis will have a pleasant trip east and profit by the investment he makes. As for Lincolinites they all have reason to expect a large and elegant line of fashionable goods on his return.

"Don't you know" said a merchant to me the other day as I was walking down O street that the habit of boys reading nickel novels seems to be on the increase? Admitting that I was not aware of the fact, Mr. Merchant continued; "why right over there," and he pointed across the street "is a boy walking along slowly reading a novel. I have noticed it much of late, continued he and just yesterday I inquired at one of the newstands and they told me they had an immense sale of literature. It is a burning shame that parents are not more particular with their children in observing their habits," and he was about right. It seems when many boys get at the age of nine to fifteen years they have a perfect mania for this kind of reading. The glaring pictures with such titles as "Dave Dick and the Detectives," "Jim the Murderer of Dave the Plucky Dog," and such tales. The result from reading such trash is always seen in the boy when he enters manhood. At about nineteen he becomes "tough," drinks red liquor, uses vile language, and generally puts in his time loafing. Afterwards he finds the jail, and from bad to worse. Mothers and fathers should look to their children and if they have a desire to read, furnish them with papers like the *Golden Days* and *Youth's Companion* and such. These will educate and not degrade.

We think there is no class of tradesmen subject to more criticism or fault finding than the milk-man. Next to a mother-in-law comes the milk vendor for news paper "whacks" and stale jokes, which we think all wrong. Let us have charity, and exercise a greater amount of forbearance. Should his "rich new milk turn sour in a few hours don't be hasty in your condemnation, perhaps a water famine in his neighborhood makes it impossible to wash his pots and cans and the immediate cause, or should you find a minnow in your coffee-cup put it away without any comment, perhaps some thoughtless boys have been playing an innocent joke on his spring, or finding the milk a little thinner than usual we are liable to fall into a violent passion and denounce all milk men, never stopping to reflect that the thinness might have been caused by an extra pressure from the waterworks or an extra spurt of the pumps by which the milk instead of being half water as the honest dairy-man intended became two-thirds water. The pump not the milk-man should be blamed. Let us denounce the pump-makers who should be compelled to manufacture pumps that could be relied on to yield a regular stream. The following lines are supposed to have been written by a milk-man.

Speak gently of the enemy,
You know not of the power,
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour,
Hence we say, have charity.

I am told that virtually the new club house talked of by the Union Club has been dropped and the matter laid on the table *sine die*. It was hoped that this club, which certainly has wealth enough, would carry out their intentions and in order to encourage the venture a number of new members were solicited and obtained. It was then thought that the club house was an assured fact and it was for this reason the new members joined forces with the club. But now I find the affair has again practically died out and nothing has been done, at least so I am told by a member. Now then, a club house is what the young gentlemen are after and sooner or later will have it. So why not take the initial step and organize a permanent association and let the work go on. The Pleasant Hour Club, for instance, could easily arrange for such an enterprise and in my opinion has the right kind of metal in it to make the thing a success. Many of its members are wealthy and a company selected from the club could easily arrange matters. This subject has been breathed to me a number of times of late and there seems to be a deep interest felt in the movement. Wake up, you denizens of the social arena, put on your thinking cap and go to work. A little push and energy will accomplish much. It is not said that a \$100,000 house must be put up, begin small and the increase will certainly follow. Let's hear more about the club house.

St. Paul Ice Palace.
1355.
The St. Paul Ice Palace and Winter Carnival opens Jan. 25th and continues ten days. The above figures represent the amount to be charged for the round trip via the Elkhorn Valley Line. The "Sioux City Route." For full particulars inquire at their office, 115 So. 10th St.

The latest and best thing out is the Elkhorn Valley and Chicago and Northwestern palace sleeping car line running daily between Lincoln and Chicago. Berths assigned in advance of a trip, if desired, at only 15 So. 10th St. and 115 So. 10th St. and 115 So. 10th St.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

He Was Somewhat Mixed on the Medical Terms.

The other day a small boy appeared at school after a day's absence, and without an excuse.
"Why were you absent yesterday?" the teacher asked.
"My sister has the ammonia in the left leg," said he, "an' I couldn't come yesterday, an' they couldn't tend to my excuse this morning."
"Ammonia in the left leg?" exclaimed the teacher.
"What do you mean?"
"That's what she has got, ma'am," the boy insisted.
The teacher was in doubt whether the boy was simply getting up a smart answer or whether he had made a mistake. She sent him home with a note of inquiry, therefore, and learned from the reply that his sister had been ill with pneumonia in the left lung!—Boston Transcript.

Equal Rights Demanded.

Harry's father is a railroad man, and at dinner one night announced that he was soon to have a vacation. For some reason, common to many children, Harry does not always like to say his prayers, having asked his mother once if she shouldn't "think God would get tired of hearing the same prayers over and over." On the night in question, after being prepared for bed and told as usual to say his prayers, Harry turned to his mother and, in an earnest, argumentative tone, said: "Mother, don't you think I ought to have a vacation, too?"—New York World.

An Exact Statement.

"Johnny, I find three mistakes on the first page of your letter," said a mother to her 9-year-old son one day. "You have spelled 'until' with two 'u's,' 'very' with two 'r's,' and left out the word 'brother' in the last line."
"I don't call that three mistakes, mamma," replied the boy, calmly; "I call it two mistakes and one forget."—Harper's Bazar.

Startling Transformation.

A very small boy, who had hitherto only seen his little baby cousin crawling about the floor, on entering her home, very unexpectedly found her moving around on her feet.
"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, "she's walking on her hind legs."—New York World.

Nothing if Not Fashionable.

Nothing if not fashionable. The glancing pictures with such titles as "Dave Dick and the Detectives," "Jim the Murderer of Dave the Plucky Dog," and such tales. The result from reading such trash is always seen in the boy when he enters manhood. At about nineteen he becomes "tough," drinks red liquor, uses vile language, and generally puts in his time loafing. Afterwards he finds the jail, and from bad to worse. Mothers and fathers should look to their children and if they have a desire to read, furnish them with papers like the *Golden Days* and *Youth's Companion* and such. These will educate and not degrade.



New York Tailor (dubiously)—You say you want a crease on each trouser leg?
Young man—Certainly; it's all the go.
New York Tailor (reigning)—Well, you are the one that's to wear 'em. Where do you want 'em sent?
Young man—East St. Louis.—New York Sun.

Remarkable Presence of Mind.
Pat Hoolihan, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within twenty-five feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on for your life, Pat," shouted his fellow workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Shtand from under!" he dropped and lay senseless on the street.

Whisky was used and Pat finally came to, when asked why he did not hold out longer he feebly replied:

"O! was afraid the wire 'ud break."
He recovered.—Life.

Reducing the Surplus.



Two old sports, accustomed to catch the granger at poker are playing against one another.
"I call you. What ye got?"
"Four aces."
"What's yer outside card? I've got four aces myself."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Compliments of the Season in Chicago.
Miss Laker—I should think, after the decided jilt I gave him, that Mr. Armorer would have too much self-respect to send me a present. It's a pretty little toboggan, though, isn't it papa?
Papa—Toboggan? It looks to me more like a shoe horn.—Judge.

Pretty Well Fixed.

Omaha Dame—So your daughter is engaged?
Council Bluffs Dame—Yes; she is to marry a Council Bluffs gentleman.
"Is he well off?"
"I should say. He owns half a share of gas stock."—Omaha World.

AT THE FUNKE.

PAST AND PROSPECTIVE ATTRACTIONS AT LINCOLN'S LEADING THEATRE.

DANIEL SULLY.
The eccentric Irish comedian, Daniel Sully, occupied the boards at the Funke Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week. The first night "Daddy N. Jan" was presented to a big house. The play had been seen here before, but everybody wants to see it again. There is a happy mixture of rollicking fun and natural pathos that combine to make it a very interesting as well as "taking" play. Mr. Sully has gathered about him a most excellent company of comedians, who ably set off the stellar attraction. "The Corner Grocery" was given the second evening, but on account of the prevailing blizzard the attendance was very light. The company is a favorite one with Lincoln audiences, who would gladly welcome a return engagement.

TONIGHT
W. J. Fleming's company of artists will present a dramatization of Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days." This is one of the finest spectacular plays on the road requiring forty people and two car loads of special scenery for its presentation, all under the special supervision of the well known manager, W. J. Fleming. It is a play of a character seldom witnessed in Lincoln, and will draw an immense house. Prices as usual.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

On Monday next Miss Marion Abbott will appear at the Funke in the old favorite, "Only a Farmer's Daughter," a play abounding in excellent situations and dramatic climaxes. Miss Abbott is one of the youngest stars on the stage, but being of true dramatic instinct she is rapidly nearing the top. Perhaps the best compliment that could be paid Miss Abbott was the remark made by the eminent New York physician and surgeon, Dr. Cross, who, on leaving the theatre, remarked: "The death scene, as enacted by Miss Abbott, was so painfully realistic that I, feeling confident that she carried away by her emotions, had become unconscious, made my way quickly behind the scenes, when to my extreme astonishment, I saw that genius had more than inspired the situation. She is indeed a rare artist."

TUESDAY EVENING.

The same company will present "Moriarty the Corporeal." This is a very laughable play replete with humorous situations and is guaranteed a button-buster.

THE IVY LEAF.

Will be given Thursday evening by Mr. W. H. Powers' excellent company. The following extract from the Louisville Times will give our readers some information regarding the play: The play presented at Macaulay's last night, under the poetic name of "The Ivy Leaf," is a pleasing, bright and original piece. The scene is laid in Ireland, and the characters are all Irish, but only the brightest and best side of life in the Emerald Isle is shown. The picture is a quiet but deftly drawn one, in which local coloring is unmistakably and accurately laid on, yet without sacrificing the naturalness or the vitality of the story. "The Ivy Leaf" is an intelligent and distinct attempt to give the stage something of a genuinely dramatic character, and is by all odds the most commendable play seen here this season.

A Farewell Party.

Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Newmark entertained a party of about twenty-five young folks at their residence on L street. The affair was given in honor of Mr. Leon Elsfeld, who has been head clerk at the Globe Clothing House for several years, but left this city Wednesday for his former home in Burlington Iowa.

During the early part of the evening the Donkey game was the amusing feature; later on cards were introduced and about eleven o'clock elegant refreshments were served to which all did ample justice. The spread comprised everything delicious and substantial in seasonable edibles and while sipping the wine several elegant toasts were offered to the future welfare of the gentleman in whose honor the affair was given. Mr. Elsfeld left Lincoln very reluctantly, but naturally returns to home and his happy surroundings with the pleasure that is not known by the person who has not lived under parental roof for several years. During his stay here he made many warm friends, and won trade for his popular house. At Burlington Mr. Elsfeld will have charge of his father's extensive business, and the COURIER joins friends in wishing him abundance of success and a happy future.

St. Paul and the Northwest.

Points in the above directions are reached best by the Elkhorn valley line. Connections are sure and the line most direct. Get tickets at 115 South Tenth street or depot, corner S and Eighth streets.

They know just how to please you with oysters in every style at Brown's New Vienna Café.

Travellers, Take Notice.

Hereafter passengers holding local tickets reading from Lincoln or stations east to Ashland, Omaha, Plattsmouth, or Pacific Junction will not be carried on No. 2 leaving Lincoln at 1:50 p.m.

P. S. EUSTIS,
General Passenger Agent.

Canon City Coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

Attend the great sale of dry goods—every thing goes.
OAKLEY & CO'S.

Great Remnant Sale at
O. R. OAKLEY & CO'S

How to Get a Crowded House.

First Actor—I am going to have my benefit next Saturday night.
Second Actor—You are?
"Yes, but I'm puzzled to know how I'm going to fill the house."
"That's easy enough done."
"But how?"
"Invite your creditors."—Texas Siftings.

Setting Her Right.

Miss Webb (of Boston)—Have you ever read Kant, Mr. Wabash?
Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—Er—excuse me, Miss Waldo, but do you mean "Don't?"—New York Sun.

THE CITY ON THE SEA.

INTERESTING NOTES ABOUT VENICE.

A Gondola Ride on the Moonlit Waters of the Adriatic—A Trip to Milan.

Written for THE COURIER.
It was a lovely morning when we left our Marble Hotel, once a palace in Venice, and entered with our luggage, the gondola which was to convey us to the station. Again we passed beneath the beautiful "Rialto" and by numerous gondolas freighted with passengers and goods to all parts of the city. On the grand canal are many old and historic palaces, where the great senators for many centuries maintained almost royal splendor. All this is changed now under the reign of Victor Emmanuel and his son. Under the constitutional privileges now enjoyed the people have more freedom than under the imperial republic of the Doges. In the dual palace, the long line of portraits of the Doges is ended with that of Daniele Mannin, the last of the Doges, who struggled for the re-establishment of the republic.

Our gondola stopped for a half hour to admit of our visit to the famous Venetian glass works. These unequalled fabrics are yet extensively sought for by nearly all the countries of the globe, and the activity at the ware house shows how large was the trade. Re-entering our gondola we passed by the grand central market. Although not the market day, the fertile climate of northern Italy and the rich adjacent islands furnished abundant and varied products from the land of the vine and the fig. The delicious fruits that appeared on our hotel table were evidences of a land of plenty.

Our railway station was at the end of a long stone causeway reaching to the city in the sea, and is at the end of the Grand Canal. We found admirable order on reaching the station, and had only to indicate to an official our hotel and we were politely conducted to our gondola, not a big "omnibus boat" but such a light and airy boat as our fancy long ago pictured. Our party numbered five and we had this boat all to ourselves. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the single gondolier, as he quietly and rapidly paddled his boat over the smooth waters, we realized the poetry and exhilaration of the scene. The sudden change from a dirty and noisy railway to this quiet evening ride on a gondola to our hotel, put our party in lively spirits. We had several rides on the canals of Venice but none that equalled that first night. One evening we enjoyed, on the grand plaza in front of our hotel, which opened on the harbor, crowded with citizens and strangers, who meet on summer evenings to enjoy the invigorating sea air and indulge in refreshments. We can testify to the superiority of Venetian ices—our party was a unit in testifying to their unequalled deliciousness. We had eaten Philadelphia ices, but Venetian ices excel.

We enjoyed every moment in Venice. Its grand cathedral of St. Marks, the bronze horses—once removed by Napoleon and taken to France, and then under more peaceful times returned. The pigeons that are fed at the public expense at 3 p.m. daily on the plaza, are the descendants of that famous carrier dove that brought to Venice the first news of a victory in the east under the republic, and now no doves are killed at Venice. At 2 p.m. over a thousand pigeons flocked to the window of a palace to receive the daily rations.

We visited the lace factory and strolled through the brilliantly-lighted shops on three sides of the plaza, rich in all decorative art, in jewels, precious stones, lace and glass works, in which industries Venice still leads the world. We passed through the "Bridge of Sighs," looked into the "Lion's Mouth," went down to the dark stone dungeon under the water, saw where the poet Byron passed the night, to realize how it was, but seeing was enough for our party. We recrossed the "Bridge of Sighs" to the palace, and looked on all its art treasures, and came away with some vivid impressions of the genius of Italian painters, in which the Venetian school makes it a thoroughly honest and reliable medicine. It is Peculiar, in a strictly medical sense; first, in the combination of remedies in which they are prepared; third, in the process by which the active curative properties of the medicine are secured. Study these points well. They mean volumes. They make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar in its curative powers, as it accomplishes wonderful cures hitherto unknown, and which give to Hood's Sarsaparilla a clear right to the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

From quiet Venice, with no dusty roads, no horses, no dogs, no noisy traffic, we took the cars for Milan, the capital city of Lombardy. But a word more about Venice. It is two and a half miles from the mainland. Its 15,000 houses are situated on three large and 114 small islands, formed by 150 canals and connected by 378 bridges. Of its 132,000 people one-fourth are paupers, but since the middle of the century business has much increased and Venice is one of the busy seaports of the Adriatic. The large pauper population are employed at starvation wages in the manufacture of laces and other similar fabrics. The laces that sell to the rich at fabulous prices are made by pauper labor at 15 to 20 cents per day.

But we cannot stop for details, our train is ready and we rapidly pass through the richly cultivated gardens of Northern Italy. Its extensive vineyards, fed by the rich soil of the high Alps by the disintegrating force of the elements, and spread by rapid mountain streams along its valleys, and thence by an extensive system of irrigation, watering nearly every foot of the plains. The fields are green all the year round, and as many as ten crops have been taken from the same field in the year, where the olive flourishes as well as the grape and the fig, and melons are in delicious abundance. The mulberry nourishes the silk worm, which industry has brought wealth and comfort to the land. Rice is no mean product, as it is easy to flood the meadows and large crops are produced.

Our train stops only a few minutes at Verona, old Verona, with its crumbling walls, its vacant castles and its old, old churches. We reached Milan by daylight and were soon settled in our comfortable hotel not far from the Piazza del Duomo. We are now in the center of Lombardy, famed for its riches and its influence on the fortunes, politically, of Italy. The state is now tranquil and there is every indication of prosperity in the city. There is a rush of visitors from the New World, and nearly every hotel has many Americans. Evidently American civilization is helping to infuse Europe, every new invention which brings comfort to homes, convenience to trade are here found. Hotels and streets are furnished with American electric light.

and American ideas on a hundred subjects are contributing their influence to the higher civilization in the future of Europe.

SIGNA.

The Lion's Mouth was an opening in the outside wall of the palace, where secret informers might deposit information of disloyal persons without being known. It became a means of fearful cruelty and injustice.



Woman (who has given a cold bite to a tramp)—You don't look very healthy.
Tramp—No, ma'am, it's indigestion, caused by eating between meals—other people's meals.

A Pleasant Hour.

Monday evening while Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Bell were enjoying the every day existence of life at their home, a tap at the door gave evidence that some one bade admittance, and on opening the same, a young army of intruders took possession of the premises and informed Mr. Bell that this was his forty-first birthday and that they had come to make the occasion a memorable one. The company comprised about twenty-five couples, the gentlemen being members of Canton Ford No. 2, of which Mr. Bell is a member. Mrs. Bell who had been "given a pointer on the quiet" had prepared an elegant spread and when the participants sat down to relish the feast they found one of the most sumptuous suppers they had ever enjoyed and the entire occasion went merry as a wedding bell, until time for going home arrived and here lies a joke on some one.

A committee had been appointed on transportation in the person of Mr. E. B. Hyde, and when all had repaired into the world without, they were pleased to find a car in waiting. Mr. Hyde informed all that he felt as big a man as Jay Gould and on being asked why, said that he too had the command of a railway car and gave orders as to how it should be run. Imagine our friend's chagrin, when after riding several blocks, he found he and his party had taken the wrong car, and now the gallant Edward is the center of much joking.

Leap Year Party.

A very enjoyable leap year party was given at Masonic Temple Wednesday evening. The ladies had charge of all the arrangements, escorting the gentlemen to the hall in carriages and doing the agreeable generally. The merry dance lasted until nearly two o'clock, when the ladies escorted their guests to Brown's where a delicious repast was enjoyed. The committee of arrangements, Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Belcher and Mrs. Belcher, were highly complimented for the excellent manner in which the whole affair was conducted. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Misses Fenderson, Wilcox, Smith, Selad, Holland, Drone, Messrs. King, Micklethood, Hitchcock, Williams, Fox, Babitt, Brown, Mann, Selad, Kitchen, Bohanan, Ambrose, Hedley and Graham.

What "Peculiar" Means.

Applied to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the word peculiar of great importance. It means that Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from other preparations in many vital points, which make it a thoroughly honest and reliable medicine. It is Peculiar, in a strictly medical sense; first, in the combination of remedies in which they are prepared; third, in the process by which the active curative properties of the medicine are secured. Study these points well. They mean volumes. They make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar in its curative powers, as it accomplishes wonderful cures hitherto unknown, and which give to Hood's Sarsaparilla a clear right to the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered."

CHRONICLE OF A VICTORIAN LADY.

"Our paper is two days late this week," cries a Nebraska editor, "owing to an accident to our press. When we started to run our edition Wednesday night, as usual, one of our galleys went away, allowing the forward side flake to fall and break as it struck the under flange. This, of course, as a press man knows anything about a press will readily understand, left the galley blank with a flip flap to support it, which also sagged and broke off the wipper check, so became the flaking from between the galley and the flange, which also caused trouble. The report that the delay was caused by overindulgence in intoxicating stimulants by our own right eye being caused by our going into the hallway of the press in our anxiety to start it, and pulling the coupling pin after the slap bang was broken, which caused the dingus to rise up and walk us in the optic. We expect a brand new gilder fluke on this afternoon's train."—Chicago Tribune.

Glorious Possibilities Ahead.

Dr. Lemery—Yes, we are still working on the Panama canal and have good hopes. By the way, you have the advantage of a press. American Tourist—My name is Keely.
"Ah! The Keely who is inventing a new motor?"
"The same."
"How fortunate we have met. When my canal is completed I will use your motors to run our towboats."—Omaha World.

Justifiable Pride.

Husband (complacently)—I did something today which I think no man ever did before.
Wife—What was that, John?
Husband—You know how muddy the streets were after the rain?
Wife—Yes.
Husband—Well, I turned the bottom of my trousers up before they got soaked through.—New York Sun.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

He Preferred a Quick Death to Blackburn's Talk.

I heard a rather interesting, though somewhat apocryphal, anecdote the other day in connection with Senator Blackburn's first canvass for congress. Blackburn, so the story goes, happened to be passing through Owensboro, the country seat of Owen county, on the occasion of the hanging of a noted criminal. As a hanging is a rather exceptional episode in the state of Kentucky, the candidate for congressional honors concluded he would remain in the place a few hours and witness the "event." The gallows was erected in the public square, so that no citizen, however humble, should lose the opportunity of seeing the unusual spectacle. It was, in fact, a gala day, such as the history of Owensboro had seldom recorded. The sheriff, in a spirit of true Kentucky hospitality, invited Blackburn, as one of the distinguished guests present, to occupy a seat on the gallows. Blackburn did so. After the preliminaries had been arranged, the sheriff consulted his watch and discovered that it was not quite 12 o'clock, the hour fixed for the execution. Turning to the prisoner he said:

"You have ten minutes yet to live. Is there anything you desire to say in the meantime?"
The prisoner sullenly replied there was not. At this instant Blackburn sprang from his seat, and, advancing to the edge of the scaffold, said:

"If the gentleman will allow me his remaining ten minutes I will be glad to announce myself a candidate for your suffrages. If elected to congress—"

Here the prisoner impatiently exclaimed:

"Say, you! Is your name Joe Blackburn?"

"Yes, sir," replied Blackburn, politely.

With an expression of intense disgust on his face the prisoner turned to the sheriff.

"We won't stand on a few minutes more or less," said he, "when the alternative is presented of death on one hand, or listening to one of Joe Blackburn's long winded speeches on the other. Flip the trap and let me go."

The good natured sheriff obligingly "flipped the trap," and the next instant the desperado swung into eternity, while Blackburn clambered down the gallows, exclaiming as he went that he had lost the greatest opportunity of his life.—New York Tribune.

Justice Harlan's Remedy for Cheek.

Justice Harlan tells a story of a man who came to his house one night, an entire stranger, sent in his card, and when the judge came down bluntly told him that he proposed to make a fortune for both himself and the judge, if the latter would furnish him information about a certain decision that was pending and was expected to affect stocks. The man proposed to furnish the capital and do the trading. He was willing, moreover, to divide profits equally. The justice was so completely taken aback by the man's cool impudence that he scarcely knew what to say, but the humor of the situation struck him at once, and he asked the caller if he would kindly stand up under the chandelier where he could get a look at his face. The stranger stood the scrutiny without flinching. Then the judge said:

"My friend, you have asked something that is not only improper and impossible, but your proposition ought to tempt me to kick you out of my house. I scarcely know why I do not feel in the mood to do it. I do not think that you are aware of the significance of your proposition, and therefore I shall not treat this as I otherwise would. I am not going to enter into a speculation with you, as that would be wrong; but I will tell you how you can get the information you seek before any one else."

The man's face brightened up, when the justice continued:

"On the day when the opinion is delivered I cannot tell you when that will be—come to the supreme court room and take a seat on the front bench. Then, as it is read, the sound will reach your ears first. Good evening."

And as the man, with a somewhat crest-fallen mien, turned toward the door, the justice added, with peculiar emphasis in his voice:

"Wait a moment, sir; you should thank me for not kicking you down stairs."
But the man with one bound had already cleared the hall, and was tearing down the street when the justice thoughtfully returned to his study.—New York Tribune.

Mistook His Guest.

A judicial joke is out and will start the rounds on the United States circuit. Everyone knows how expert and almost unerring the proverbial hotel clerk is when he takes in and sizes up a strange guest, as he writes his name for the first time upon the book before him, and how accurately he fits him and his pocket book with a room. It was about three years ago, when, having successfully steered his canoe between Scylla and Charybdis in the United States congress, Judge Spear ascended the bench of the United States court in Macon. He arrived in the city at night, and, going direct to the Hotel Lanier, registered "Emory Spear" in a business like hand. When he had finished his autograph the alert clerk was already studying his keyboard, evidently a little perplexed as to details. But presently he turned and asked: "Mr. Spear, what line do you carry?" "Mr. Spear" looked at him and repeated the question in evident astonishment: "What line do I carry? I don't understand you, sir. Do you allude to my politics?" "No, sir, but I wanted to know whether you required a large or small sample room." Explanations followed, and the hotel clerk always keeps mighty quiet when he goes into the United States court room.—Savannah News.

Dan Rice Entrapped.

Dan Rice, the veteran showman, was nicely fooled one day, as he was engaged announcing the wonders of his circus outside the tent. A man standing with a little boy in the crowd near by cried out: "I'll bet you a dollar you cannot let me see a lion." "Done!" said the showman, eagerly: "put down your money." The man placed a dollar in the hand of a bystander, and Dan did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There you are," said he triumphantly: "look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion." "I don't see any," responded the man. "What's the matter with you?" asked the showman. "I'm blind," was the grinning reply, and in a few minutes the man pocketed the two dollars and went away.—Exchange.