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Bathing caps at Rector's Pharmacy.

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For rates and open dates of the Nebraska state band or orchestra apply at the Couriers office, 1134 O street, telephone 253.

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.

Latest novelties in Spring Millinery, the finest in the city. Caldwell Sisters, 208 South Eleventh street.

Miss Bertha Snyder, stenographer and typewriter. Correspondence, law work, and all kinds of shorthand work promptly and neatly executed. 1134 O street. Telephone 253.

Miss Mabel Merrill, the well-known artist, is again at her studio, room 3, Webster block, where she will be pleased to execute orders in pastel and oil paintings. Lessons given.

The new Courier Publishing Co., 1134 O street, is now ready to accept orders for all kinds of fine printing and engraved work. Wedding invitations, calling cards, etc., a speciality. Phone 253.

When you want prompt service and fair treatment and the selection from the largest stock of groceries in Lincoln call on W. A. Coffin & Co., successors to J. Miller, 143 South Eleventh street.

Halper's market, old reliable market, now moved to Thirteenth street, opposite Lansing theatre, is where ladies should call for their meat orders. Telephone orders over No. 100 receive prompt attention.

At Brown's Royal Cafe ladies will now find a large and airy dining hall on the second floor, where all kinds of lunches or meals are elegantly served. Ladies entrance first door west of Cafe, 124 North Tenth street.

IN THE FIELD OF SPORT

Cycling Notes. Omaha brooms were out in force.

The prize list was undoubtedly the finest yet offered at any league meet in Nebraska.

For once, at least, the Omaha boys expressed themselves pleased with their reception in Lincoln.

The "smoker" in the evening, held at the Grand hotel, was thoroughly enjoyed by one and all. The "push" was not noticeable.

Twenty-five converts were made to the League of American Wheelmen; there being that many applications received at headquarters.

Our genial president, J. E. Howe, who has been up in Omaha for the past month, came down to help make the meet the success it was.

Manager Hickey puts the total admissions at 20,000, making it the banner day for Lincoln park, and to the wheel meet much credit is due.

Mr. C. L. Reiseron, chairman of meet committee, left for Fort Scott immediately after the races to attend the Kansas division L. A. W. races, which took place there on the 5th inst.

All old timers were well pleased to see L. E. Holton, of Omaha, win the two mile L. A. W. championship of the state. Mr. Holton is a hard worker, a thorough gentleman, and has the good will of all in his success.

As an announcer, Mr. E. K. Milmine was an entire success, although he had been under the weather for some time. He managed to get his voice out and give the good people an idea what an announcer sounds like.

Everything went off very satisfactorily, the public especially being highly pleased with the races; there were but few drawbacks, the lack of programs being the only serious one. This was caused by the crush of work and short time to do it in; they were in the hands of the printer, but failed to materialize.

The prettiest and most interesting race of the program was the five mile handicap with twenty-eight starters, wherein A. L. Banks, a 16-year-old boy of Denver, with a 180 yard handicap, with one spurt passed the field and came in an easy winner. A. J. Sullivan, the next youngest participant, with a 400 yard handicap, made a good showing, camping on the scratch and a 50-yard crowd's trail very neatly; but that became monotonous, whereas he forged ahead and endeavored to find an opening, but he had the track fenced too high for him, and this is what cost him the race, bringing him in a good second. These youngsters are making the "old ones" look well to their laurels, not only here, but from all over the country come reports of the remarkable work of the "kids."

A Bicyclist's Disease. One evil traceable to bicycling is the confirmed stoop which has already declared itself in many wheelmen, a result common in the less strongly built bicyclists of the Continent as to have found its way into classification as the "Kyphosis bicyclistarum."

The dorsal curvature posteriorly which used to be rare in boys under 14 years of age, is now that the bicycle is so largely used, very frequently met with, particularly among those young bicyclists whose spinal column is developing more rapidly than the ligaments and muscles and in whose case, therefore, the equilibrium between those parts is more or less disturbed.

Were it merely an unsightly deformity the stoop in question ought to be combated in every way; but confirmed dorsal curvature posteriorly has consequences of its own quite mischievous enough to call for immediate counteraction. The displacement, embarrassed functional activity, and arrested or diseased development of these organs, which kyphosis inevitably induces, are all too serious to warrant the slightest neglect in remedying them.

Exercise of a kind to accustom the spinal column to an action directly antagonistic to the inclination forward of the bicyclist's attitude is what is needed. The use of the Indian clubs or such similar means of incurvating the spine anteriorly, throwing out the chest and maintaining the head erect, should be practiced with that object. All the undoubted advantages of bicycling may thus be retained, without that cultivation of the stoop which tends to take a cubit from the stature of its inveterate exponents and to impose a hunchbacked development on what it would then be a figure of speech to call the rising generation.—Lancet.

Lacrosse Notes. W. B. Walton of Lincoln acted as referee in the Omaha-Kearney game.

Bert Peach, the star player of the Toronto team, will start Monday for Lincoln.

The date for the Shamrock match has not yet been fixed but will in all probability occur about the end of July.

J. Russell Brydon—the centre player of the Lincoln's—has gone on an extended tour through the eastern states. He is accompanied by his wife.

One of the prettiest games of lacrosse ever witnessed in the west was played in Kearney on July 4 between Omaha and Kearney and resulted in favor of the latter by two goals to one.

The next championship match will be played in Lincoln late in July and will be the most exciting game that will be played this year. The Lincoln boys are working like Trojans and will all be in the pink of condition for the match.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORT.

Choyanski vs. Fitzsimmons. Choyanski and Fitzsimmons have been matched to fight before some club for a stake and purse of \$15,000. Experts say this will be the greatest fight of the century. Fitzsimmons has been beating all the middleweights easily, but this time he goes against a man who has traveled in the heavyweight class, who is perhaps the best general in the ring save Mitchell, and whose gamehood has never been questioned. Those who would like to know best say that this time Fitz will have his hands full and that the Californian will give him the battle of his life.

Just now it is not known where the



MISS MABEL ESMONDE CAHILL. The lady tennis champion of America for two years past is Miss Mabel Esmonde Cahill. She came from England several years ago and won the American championship in about the first tournament she entered. She belongs to the New York tennis club.

battle will be fought. It is not likely that the Roby club will give the purse. The recent affairs before this organization have been rank failures and it is not likely that its managers will risk putting up the big purse Fitz and Choyanski will demand. But wherever these two come together the fancy from all points of the compass will gather to witness their meeting. Indeed there are many admirers of the game of fisticuffs who would rather see Choyanski and Fitzsimmons come together than Mitchell and Corbett. They believe the latter may prove a walkover for one of the contestants, but when Choyanski and Fitz meet they feel sure it will be a long and bitter and well contested battle.

Pete Jackson on the Situation. Peter Jackson is the lion of the hour in London, just now. When asked by a reporter to give the reason why Corbett preferred meeting Mitchell rather than him, he had this to say: "I cannot say that I can. Probably he had reasons of his own. As far as I am concerned, however, I was always ready and willing to fight Jim Corbett for the championship of the world, and my manager, 'Parson' Davies' vainly endeavored to get on a match with Corbett, but the latter chose to give the preference to Mitchell, which was his privilege, no doubt, to decide as he did."

"Have you any objections to giving your opinion as to the probable winner of the forthcoming Corbett-Mitchell fight?" "Yes, I have; but I have no objections to telling you what I think of the two men. Corbett is unquestionably very clever and strong, and he has, moreover, height and length of reach in his favor. Furthermore he has defeated a man who was looked upon as almost invincible, and it must be admitted that, that is a great thing in his favor. But remember, I consider no man invincible. Then, again, as regards Mitchell, I find that as far as the ring is concerned; everything he has ever said he would do he has done, and done it well, and whatever others may say of him I believe no gamer man ever stepped into a ring. He has grit and science also, and Corbett will find him a hard man to defeat."

"Will you fight the winner of that match?"

"I can't say anything until the fight is over."

An incident occurred at this juncture, which is worth recording as showing the estimation in which Jackson is held by those with whom he comes in contact. T. H. Ismay, of White Star line, approached Jackson and, seeing that he was being interviewed, said: "I desire to state that during the entire voyage Mr. Jackson was first favorite in the smoking compartment." Jackson acknowledged the complimentary reference to himself by raising his hat. Mr. Ismay subsequently returned and said, jokingly, to Peter: "Are you aware that since we left New York, American securities have fallen?"

"How do you account for that?" said Jackson, with a smile on his face. "Oh," said Mr. Ismay, "owing to the fact that you have brought such an amount of American gold with you to England." Peter then saw the joke and enjoyed it by laughing heartily.

Money Prizes for Pennant Winners. E. B. Talcott, treasurer of the New York club is quoted as saying: "At the fall meeting of the National League and American association, I will introduce a measure to make up a purse of \$5,000 to be contributed jointly by the clubs of the National League and American association, which shall be divided as follows: \$2,500 to the players of the first team at the finish, \$1,500 to the players of the second team, and \$1,000 to the third. There are several magnates who are in sympathy with the idea, and who will aid in pushing it through. The race is so close every year that possibly a single error and the subsequent loss of a game may lose the championship. This, however, does not make the second team much weaker than the first, and it should receive nearly as much credit. The players of the leading teams are always doing their level best, and they should be rewarded. A team that wins the pennant, of course, comes in for general praise and the players become heroes. But I think they should receive a more substantial reward for their work. Also the second and third teams, who have undoubtedly done their best. It is with this in view that I propose to ask the national league and the American association clubs to offer a \$5,000 purse. It may be met with disapproval, but there is no harm in proposing the scheme."

Derby Aftermath. "I made him a rich man in two minutes and thirty-six seconds, and that is all I got out of it." Thus said Garrison, who rode Boundless in the Derby. The owner received \$50,000. He gave Garrison \$1,000, and Garrison is worth because it was not \$5,000. What a mighty man your jockey is! The horse did nothing. It was the jockey. So the

jockey thinks. What the horse thinks it is impossible to ascertain. The rider is the person of consequence in a horse race. But what shall we say of the trainer who through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease has developed the best running and staying qualities there are in the horse? Where does he come in? Put Garrison's proposition in another way. He admits that all the work he did was in two minutes and thirty-six seconds. Is that labor entitled to a compensation of \$1,000? There are men who work two years instead of two minutes and thirty-six seconds and their compensation is not \$1,000. Let it be admitted that the jockey rode with skill. But is skilled labor of this kind worth \$500 a minute, much less than \$2,500 a minute that Garrison thinks is its real value? If there had been no wreny waiting at the post Boundless might not have been the winner, in which event though Mr. Garrison exerted his skill to the utmost what would his compensation be? If the young man wants more money let him look to the bookmakers. Their combined winnings because of Mr. Garrison's alleged skill is far in excess of the winnings of the owner of Boundless.

Mountain Rose Pine Apple is better and cheaper than any other in the market. Miller & Gifford.

Kindly Meant.



Mr. Macmonnies (an old friend)—Well, look here, old man, I'll tell you what really brought me here today. The fact is, my wife wants her mother painted very badly, and I naturally thought of you!—Punch.

Plans For the Future.

"My daughter now attends the girls' college. It is so difficult to find husbands now that we have concluded to let her study law."

"And your son?"

"Oh! he declares that no girl is proficient in cookery nowadays, and picture that he is he has decided to qualify as a professional cook!"—Deutsche Wespen.

No Loss.

Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you.

Bride—Oh, that'll be all right, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to go into housekeeping, so you won't lose me after all.—Tit-Bits.

Got It Mixed.

Elderly Gent—I thought I told you I wanted a boy to go along and grub my hook?

Boatman—Didn't he do it?

Elderly Gent—No. Instead of grubbing my hook he hooked my grub.—Truth.

Dark Omen.

They were speaking of superstitions, and Mrs. Dix said, "What is it a sign of to have the family cat howl outside at night?"

"Of a death in the family if the man is a good shot," replied Mr. Dix emphatically.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

The Kind That Counts.

Jaxon (dejectedly)—Is your wife a dress reformer too?

Paxson—You bet she is! Only today she told me she was reforming some of her old gowns for the girls.—Detroit Tribune.

The Wrong Place.

He—Do you know, darling, I have never kissed any one before!

She—Well, this is no kindergarten.—Life.

To a Fair Desertor.

When in the autumn days long fled I talked of love to you,

You did not turn away your head As sometimes now you do.

And when my kisses pressed your lips, Around my neck you'd twine

Your arms. But now your finger tips Are all I claim as mine.

Oh, can it be that love grows cold As you grow older, dear

And that the story now is old That was so new last year?

Nol! It's not this. 'Tis other men That claim you now the more.

For you were twenty-seven then. But now—'twas twenty-four.—Truth.

IN AMUSEMENT LINES

Appropos of Willard's production of "The Professor's Love Story," now running in Chicago, Elwyn A. Barron says in the Inter Ocean: "We think it is one of the most pitiable things conceivable in dramatic art that the fame of that exquisite comedian, Joseph Jefferson, should be passed down to posterity sustained by the rags and patches of that wretched travesty of comedy, 'Rip Van Winkle.' Notwithstanding the fact that he plays other, better, and more difficult parts with consummate skill and indescribable charm, the public has been taught to think of Mr. Jefferson as the incarnation of the vagabond vulgarized by Mr. Boucicault from Washington Irving's dreamy legend. The high position in dramatic art is defined not by a single star but by a constellation, and is achieved not by the ideal acting of one part but by the excellent interpretation of many; and the actor determined to occupy the pinnacle toward which his ambition guides him must mount, not vault, to the eminence. The actor must keep the public aware all the time that he is capable, and that he cannot do by holding too long to one style of performance. There is so much proof of this in the annals of the modern stage. Some of us remember what wonderful things were predicted of Frank Mayo when it was thought he was the best young romantic actor on the stage, and when he was reckoned heir presumptive to the Shakespearean estate. It was said one time that he had fair to become the Hamlet of the American stage, and several of his interpretations of Shakespearean character were praised in almost extravagant terms. But in an evil hour that idyll of autumn leaves and mosses and sylvan haunts and waives, 'Davy Crockett,' fell into his hands and the future of Mr. Mayo was transfused in a conuskin cap and a pair of buckskin leggings. He was never able to disengage the public with Davy Crockett sufficiently to enthrall them with Hamlet or any other noble of the drama. There is not the shadow of doubt that he was a fine actor in the classic roles, and it is more than probable that he would have made high reputation and enduring fame had he continued to act them, nor been betrayed by the siren voice of the success that attended his presentation of 'Davy Crockett.' It was impossible to vault from the uncouth mannerisms of the ignorant backwoodsman to the polished graces and scholarly melancholy of the Prince of Denmark; and, if he is anxious for the future, we hope Mr. Willard will not be beguiled by the popularity of 'The Professor's Love Story,' which, we repeat, should be his pastime, not his dependence, bubble the box office as it may."

It is said that James A. Bailey has purchased the interest of the P. T. Barnum estate in the Barnum circus, for \$750,000.

Mrs. W. J. Florence will retire from the stage permanently.

Eugene Cowles this week leaves the Bostonians, going to Italy for a year which he will spend in improving his voice.

"A Trip to Chinatown," in New York, has reached its 608th performance.

The Bostonians have cleared \$140,000 on Robin Hood.

At the Parks.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Many people have been disposed to complain of the heat in the last few days, but Manager Hotchkiss and the proprietors of Burlington Beach have been positively beaming. How the people have crowded the beach these hot afternoons and evenings! And invariably relief has been found in the refreshing water of the lake or the cooling breeze.

On an extremely hot night the visitor to Burlington Beach is apt to appreciate the manifold advantages of this resort. It is always cool at the lake, and there are so many pleasant kinds of amusement. Bathing is always popular, and the beach is now in better condition than ever. Most everybody who visits the lake goes sailing. Everybody can sail a boat, and the sport is highly enjoyed.

Nearly 20,000 people visited Lincoln park on the Fourth of July. It was the biggest day in the history of this resort. The array of attractions was imposing, and everybody went away well pleased. C. J. Kilpatrick, the one-legged trick bicycle rider, has given exhibitions of fancy riding every afternoon this week. His ride down the stairway is really remarkable. His engagement will close Sunday afternoon when a special exhibition will be given. Manager Hickey has just closed with the Ideal opera company, numbering 25 people, for an extended engagement, commencing early in the coming week. This company is one of the strongest summer opera companies on the road including a number of really talented people. A large repertoire of popular operas will be presented. This will undoubtedly be the banner summer attraction of the season.

Cushman park was thronged last Sunday and again on the Fourth of July. Tomorrow, Sunday, there will be another monster picnic under the auspices of the Germania societies. Some special arrangements have been made for this week's picnic, and the indications point to a very large and enjoyable gathering tomorrow. As usual trains will be run at frequent intervals during the afternoon and evening from the Burlington depot. The time table is given elsewhere, nowhere in

the vicinity of Lincoln is there a pleasanter place than Cushman park. There is an abundance of shade, plenty of good water, with ample facilities for rowing, etc., etc., and there are dancing pavilions and refreshment halls conveniently located. There will be plenty of good music tomorrow and a specially arranged program. Mr. Andrus assures the public that every visitor will be cordially welcomed. The Germania picnic will be one of the greatest picnics of the season.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

An Oyster Stew.

A well dressed and prosperous looking citizen entered a well known oyster saloon not far from Sixth and Chestnut streets and called for "a stew, rich and well done, and," he added, "don't make the dish too full." When the stew was placed before him, he proceeded to season it. First he shook a salt caster over the milky soup about a dozen times; then he gave a red pepper bottle an equal number of dashes. This he followed by liberal quantities of vinegar, sherry wine, Worcestershire sauce, catchup and several dippfuls of horseradish. He next broke up one dozen water crackers into the stew and mixed the whole business up into a sort of mush.

Having thoroughly stirred it together, he looked around at the astonished observers and said in a loud voice: "I've often wondered why they put all these things in front of a fellow when he calls for oysters. I've now given the thing a trial, I wanted to see what a stew would look like with all of 'em in it. This will cost me a quarter, and I'll give \$1 to anybody that'll eat the mess."

Nobody volunteered to earn the dollar, and the man, after emptying part of a glass of ice water into the conglomeration, walked up to the cashier's desk, paid his bill and marched out. "Well," said the waiter as he removed the dish, "if there ain't some of the blindest cranks in this world, I'll be blowed."—Philadelphia Record.

Remove.

As they reclined beneath the grateful shade of the veranda their conversation turned to various topics.

They were real nice girls apparently, and their rosy cheeks told eloquently the story of graham bread and dress reform.

"Really?"

It was she in the shirt waist with crooked stripes who was speaking.

"I feel ashamed that I don't know more. I haven't!"

There was a cloud of regret in her eyes. "—made the most of my opportunities."

A sigh deep enough to extend at least to the top of her shoulder blade escaped her.

"The?"

The girl with the four roses on her hat was a bit impatient.

"—iden!"

"Yes," persisted the other, "I mean what I say. I had a switchboard in a telephone exchange for nearly a year, and I can't truthfully say that I learned half as many things as I might have if I applied myself."

A katydid broke forth in a tumultuous, joyful strain at that moment, and the conversation came to an end.—Detroit Tribune.

A Choice.

One of the talents of the restaurant waiter, according to the humorous paragraphers, is fertility of resource. The story of the waiter who told the smart young man who ordered elephant on toast that he must pay in advance is time honored.

From France comes another story of a waiter's ingenuity.

A patron ordered a filet saute. He was told that the cook was out of filet saute. Then he ordered chicken. That, too, was out.

"Why," he asked the waiter, "does the bill of fare offer a choice of three dishes?"

After a moment's reflection the waiter earnestly replied:

"You see, sir, it is the proprietor who takes his choice."—Youth's Companion.

A Sad Reminiscence.

Stranger—I should like to view the interior of this church.

Guide—Then I will wait here till you come out again. Something happened to me there three years ago that has left a painful impression on my mind.

Stranger—Ah, but then I won't hurt your feelings. But what was it? Do you mind telling me?

Guide—Not at all. The fact is, I was married in this very church three years ago.—Humoristic Blatter.

A New Name.

In the public schools there are many pupils to whom furnace heated buildings are a novelty, and the word "refrigerator" seems too much for them to remember. Not infrequently it is called "the refrigerator," but a New England youngster here in school has capped the climax by asking, "Please, may I sit on the janitor?"—New York Tribune.

A Bit of Romance.

"May I kiss your hand?" said he.

"You may not," said she.

"Why not?" he pleaded.

"Because—ah—hands are not made to be kissed."

Then he looked higher and kissed her in the right place.—Truth.

"A Long Story Boiled Down."



—Life.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.