THE BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not. "Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with elequent word or thought
From mouths of wonds-fal men.

But deep in a walled up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part— Lol there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouae song, No banners to gleam and wave! But, oh! these battles they last so long— From babyhood to the grave.

Yes faithful still as a bridge of stars, the fights in her walled up town— Fights on and on in the endless warm Then stient, unseen, goes down!

O ye with banners and battle shot And soldiers to shout and praise! I tell you the kingliest victories fought Are fought in these stlent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame! With splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kingliest warrior born!

THE SENTENCE.

Ahmanzade Mehemed, the sirdar of the Ahmanzade Mehemed, the sirilar of the auxiliary troops of Tunisi, was known on account of the rigorous discipline that he exercised over his soldiers. "It is not the enemy you must fear, but me," he would often remark to the young soldiers who came to increase the ranks. Thus his army was an army of heroes, who had no fear on the battlefield, but who trembled in the researce of their leader. nce of their leader.

presence of their leader.

The first campaign in which they fought was at Albania, in the battle against the rebel Greeks, and on that occasion Mehemed's men proved themselves efficient. It happened that Mehemed one day ordered sight soldiers to remain in ambush at the "five fountains" of Arta, at which point the Greeks were likely to open their attack. They were to stop any one who should try to pass by, and they were strictly cautioned not to dismount or fall saleep. The soldiers executed with exactness all their instructions.

structions.

A vehicle which attempted toward midnight to cross the line unobserved was discovered and stopped. The man who had charge of the oxen which drew it ran away, abandoning his wagon. On this wagon was a barrel. It was easy to ascertain what the barrel contained, even without dismounting and without falling saleep. You only had to open the bunghole to smell the pleasant odor of liquor escaping from it. And it must have been an excellent liquor, compounded largely of figs and raisins. The Giaurri (Christians) undoubtedly knew what was good.

aurri (Christians) undoubtedly knew what was good.

The soldiers had not been forbidden if they select liquor to drink it. And really they did not drink directly from the barrel. They merely sunk bulrushes in it, through which they sipped the sweet and intoxicating liquid. Was it not harmless to sip with such thin rushes? One could scarcely call that drinking. But justly does the prophet remark that wine is a deceitful beverage in which the devil has had his hand, since this drink brings men to every evil.

First the soldiers asked each other why they should sit in their hard saddles when the gress made such a soft bed on the gress. And if they lay there for only a short while nobody would know it. They could tie the horses to the wagon, and these certainly could tell no tales. After they had diamounted the infernal drink persuaded them that it was a useless task for eight men to remain on guard. Four would suffice, and the rest could sleep. To the four men who were to keep awake the waiting for their turn seemed too long, and they agreed that two might sleep while the other two remained true to the orders.

agreed that two might sleep while the other two remained true to the orders.

Maruf and Befer were the two designated to watch for the rest.

"Do you know," said Sefer to his friend—

o you know that one man is of the same ine in this case as two? It will do just well if only one of us watches. Do you

Maruf amented.
"I propose," continued Sefer, "that we play a game of chess. The losse will have to watch, and the winner may sleep."
Maruf accepted the conditions.
The two Bedouine prepared the ground in frent of where they stood, and with their spears they traced a square, dividing it into its smaller squares. Then they substituted for the regular pawns the fruits of the woods. The wild pears became kings, the apples queens; the castles were represented by acorns, the bishops by rose hips, the knights by nuts and the pawns by berries. The men thus provided, the game began by the light of the campfire.

At first Sefer held the advantage, but that inebriating drink overcame him little by little, so that he was not in condition to distinguish his pawns. He lost his queen and was very near being checkmated.

"Sefer, you are in a bad mess," remarked Maruf when he saw that the game was in his hands.

"You are right." I am as sleepy as the sea

"You are right. I am as sleepy as the sea when it is calm."
"You are losing the game."
"I can see that too."
"Well, lie down in the name of Allah. I

"Well, lie down in the name of Allah. I will watch for you."

Sefer shook his friend's band in grateful acknowledgment of the sacrifice, and he thought he spoke to him, but he only dreamed it, for he fell asleep immediately.

Maruf, on the contrary, kept his eyes open, and leaning on his gun he looked at his alceping companions. But that devilish drink began to murmur softly:

"Why do you not sit down? You could mee just as well."

As soon as he was seated Satan again began to tempt him.

"Why do you tire your eyes? If you shut one of them, you will see with the other just as well as with both."

Maruf reflected that if his eyes were closed his sars were open, and that he would be ready to start at the smallest danger that might threaten his companions and himself. And with the firm purpose of not falling asleep he slumbered as heavily as the rest.

In the meantime the hidden Greeks came all of a sudden upon the sleeping men, untied the horses of the Turks, and would certainly have killed them had not Maruf's horse, as though he foresaw the danger, begun to neigh. The first to awaken was Maruf, and in a few moments the rest were ready. They ran to get their arms and stood on the defense, now fully awake and sober.

They threw themselves on the enemy, but it was of no avail. The Greeks had mounted the horses and laughed at the Turks, who endeavored to overcome them on foot.

Maruf's horse alone would not submit to he Greek who had mounted him and be-an to rear and plunge until he had suc-seded in throwing the rider. He then ticked him and returned to his owner. Eight men had one horse left among hem. What was Mehemed going to say?

The Bedouins, yet young, were cast down at the thought of eleath. The knew their leader would have no pity for them, and still sadder were they at the loss of their beloved horses. Of what use is a man with

Mortally worried at the punishment they expected, they returned to headquarters and, brought face to face with Ahmanzade, they narrated what had happened, how they had disobeyed his orders, how they had fallen asleep after drinking the liquor, how the last two watchmen had played chess, and finally how they had lost their horses. Ahmanzade was not in the habit of making a display of passion when he had to pass sertence. In his immovable face no one could read whether he decreed

"As for eight men there remains only one horse," he remarked, "you will agree with me that there are seven of you too many. I have never read in the Koran nor in the Azorat that eight men should ride one horse, and as you are such good players sit down and let skill decide which of you is to be the man who is to have the one

is to be the man who is to have the one horse. All the others are sentenced to die."
Having said this, Ahmanzade had four chessboards brought in, for the Turks are in the habit of carrying chessboards with them, even in war. As soon as the men were arranged he ordered the Bedouins to begin their play.

begin their play.

Twelve of the best marksmen were ready with their rifles to shoot the losers. Two or three gave in at once to their stronger adversaries. In others despair battled with craftiness against the advantage of their more skillful opponents, and the for-mer would win when the latter had vic-

tory in their hands.

The losers were immediately removed, and the noise of several shots indicated that they had ceased to exist.

The first tilt was over. Four had lost, four were winners. These last were paired. New hopes and new fears. A danger would pass unobserved, and he who had made the error would raise a cry which was his death

Again two lost, and again two were shot.
And now only two remained—Maruf and
Sefer. They found themselves, as they had
been before, in front of the campfire. They
were the best players. They began the
game with a good deal of caution, resting
their foreheads on the palms of their hands,
thoughtfully calculating every move, without hesitating, but without hurrying.

For a long while neither of the two succerded in obtaining an advantage. For each Again two lost, and again two were shot,

peeded in obtaining an advantage. For each gain there was an equal sacrifice.

The spectators nod to each other when either one makes a brilliant move. Little by little the number of pawns on the chessboard diminishes; the main figures lie scattered to the right and to the left; the situation becomes plainer; a few more moves, and Sefer will lose his castle!

Maruf has one more castle than his adversary, and this means a good deal at the present stage of the game. The crowd be-lieves that the game is in his hands.

All of a sudden great drops of sweat cover the forehead of Maruf—a fear overtakes him; he trembles through all his body. He has noticed that if his adversary sacrifices his queen instead of his castle he can checkmate him with the bishop. Would Sefer see that move? On that depend life and death!

death!

Sefer looks at the chesaboard for a long while. His looks betray that he has seen the move that will save him. But he does not touch the men, and he seems to hesitate.

"Maruf," he asks all of a sudden, "how many children have you at home?"

"Four," is the answer that comes from trembling lips.

"You have a good wife?"

"An excellent wife," answered Maruf, with a sigh.

with a sigh.

Sefer passes a hand over his face and begins to murmuras though he were praying.

Then he asks for water. He washes his eyes, his hands first the left hand, then the right hand. Unseen two guardian angels watch ever by those who pray.
"Yesterday night you gave me the game so that I might sleep," he says.

Maruf does not answer, but bows his head

"You have always been a good friend of mine, Maruf.

Maruf lets his head drop on his breast en-tirely overcome. Sefer then slowly lifts his hand to the chessboard and makes a move, not with the queen, but with the castle. "Checkmated!" you hear murmured on all sides. Maruf has won and Sefer lost.

all sides. Maruf has won and Sefer lost. Sefer rises quietly, offers his hand for the last time to his friend, Maruf, who seems nailed to his place, and signals to the soldiers to be ready. Two seconds later a shot announces that the tournament is over.

But Maruf does not stir. With intent eys he looks at the board, and with trembling hand he puts the pawns in their places, but like one who does not know which are the places assigned to them. The other men are confused with the pawns, the white with the black.

"Get up." exclaimed Ahmanzade. "Ride your horse; you are to live!"

The man, however, does not move and continues with his vacant stare to arrange the chesaboard, making strange moves with the figures.

"What an abaurdity!" he exclaims, laughing recklessly. "One has a turban and the other a horse's head!"

"Pick him up," orders Mehemed. And two soldiers lift him. Maruf, however, continued to laugh with a lunatic's laugh. Heaven, earth and men were now alike unknown to him.

known to him.

During the last move he had become mad.—Translated From the Hungarian For

A Conscientious Cab Driver. A famous English actor once undertook

A famous English actor once undertook to take part in a certain amateur performance at Richmond, but as he had to act the same evening in the first piece at the Haymarket, as Lord Fopling, he had not much time to lose. He accordingly stepped from the theater into a cab in his stage attire and used the vehicle, on his way to Waterloo station, as a dressing room, taking out of his carpet bag the smock frock and gaiters in which he was to play his role later on. He had not a minute to spare, and, throwing his fare to the cabman, was about to rush into the booking office, when he found himself pinioned from behind—the driver had got him fast.

"Let me go, you fool. I have paid you sixpence more than your fare already." "Hang your sixpence! You are a murderer! Police, police!" The actor was soon in custody, and this was his accuser's story, "This countryman has murdered a nobleman who engaged my keb in the Haymarket!" It took some time to explain matters, and in the meantime the actor lost his train.—San Francisco Argonaut.

"I wonder why it is," said a delicate woman the other day, "that we do all sirts of healthful things in summer from which we are debarred in cold weather, such as indulging in fresh air in profusion, esting fruit and vegetables, taking more exercise, etc., and yet who is really better in body in summer than in winter? I know I am not."

—Philadelphia Press.

TERRIBLE LUCK.

One by One His Children Went Back on Him. A gentleman who was rusticating in the northern part of New Hampshire took a tramp along the bills one day recently. In

passing a hillside farm he saw an aged granger hoeing a very stony potato field near his house, and the gentleman stopped to converse with him.

"Your potatoes seem to be doing well?"

"Oh, I reckon I'll hev a few pertaters," rejoined the farmer drily, as he stopped hoeing the rocks off the vines and gianced at the stranger curiously from under the wide brim of his weather beaten straw hat.

I suppose."
"Pay! Nuthin pays me, squire, but I did
expect a leetle or suthen from my crop of

young uns."
"Children turned out bad, eh?"

"Jes' so, stranger. The hull on 'em has been a dead loss to me. Dan'l—I named him for Dan'l Webster an give him a good eddication—he's a hoss doctor; practiced on my old mare, an she died. Zeke went inter what they call the green goods business—
keeping a grocery store, I s'pose—but he
busted up, an he writes me that he's now
workin in a place called Sing Sing; says
he's got a good stiddy job, but the pay ain't
good, and he's allers wantin to borror a
dollar from me. Sam an Hi went ter brakin on the railroad, an I had ter new the in on the railroad, an I had ter pay the funeral expenses of both of 'em. Maria Ann got married to a drummer at the county fair last fall, an went up in a balloon, but they came down safe an hev ben honeymoonin with me an the old woman ever since. Lizy, my youngest, ain't wuth her keep, an she's a-teasin me to buy her a bysuckle—me, who hain't laid eyes on a \$5 bill sence the war. I tell ye, stranger, I'm the most unfortinit old critter with my young uns that ever lived," he groaned. "You certainly have had bad luck with

"I should say I had. Now, there's Bill Durkee up ter Colebrook, he's had the greatest luck with his. They supports him in good style, an Bill hain't done a stroke work fur five years."
"All smart and steady, eh?"

"That's where you miss it, squire. They ain't any on um taken that way." "How is it they get along so well, then?"
"How is it they get along so well, then?"
"They are all freaks and have all got good stiddy jobs the year round. Sal weighs 'bout a ton. Mirandy's got tremendous long hair, an his oldest boy was born without legs. An here I be without even a mammoth hog or a two headed calf," sighed the aged farmer as he went back to his hoeing.—Boston Journal.

Not to Be Bunkoed.

The old fellow had come to Chicago to see the World's fair, but he was inclined to be suspicious and cautious. He had gone to the little hotel that he had been told to go to, but he eyed every one about it with more or less suspicion. He had settled down in the office to read a paper, when a clerk approached him and asked, "Are you Jacob Wilder?"

"Hey!" he said, instantly on the alert.
"Are you Jacob Wilder?"
"Want me to play kyards or somethin?"

'No. I simply want to know"-"I writ my name in that there book nee," he interrupted, "an I won't sign

"I don't want you to sign anything."
"I reckon you're goin to tell me me'n
your father was old friends." "No, I'm not," replied the exasperated clerk, "but you're Jacob Wilder. I have a

The old man shook his head doubtfully.

"John—that's my son, you know," he said slowly, "didn't tell me nothin about any scheme o' that sort. I reckon you'd better hang onto the letter, mister. I ain't takin no chance of bunko or flimflam."

"Maybe it's from your son," persisted the "Thet's so. Mebbe it is," he said, scratching his head. "Well, jest you lay it down on the table, an I'll take a look at it, but I

ain't a-touchin of it till I see what it is."
He took a look at the address and then
picked up the letter. "It's John's writin,"
he said, "an I reckon it's all right, but don't you take none o' my letters out o' the postoffice again. Jest you tell the postmaster to lay 'em to one side, an I'll call fur 'em myself every day reg'lar till I go back."—Chicago Post.

Musical Item.

Mr. Morris Parke called at the house of Mr. Hudson Rivers, and they were having a quiet chat together when a peculiar noise

What is that noise I hear?" asked Mr.

"Now you've got me," replied Rivers.
"It is either my wife singing or the dog
howling in the back yard. I am always
getting myself into trouble by mistaking one for the other."-Texas Siftings.

Very Tough. Customer-If you ever send me another piece of meat like the last one, I'll take

away my custom. Butcher-Wast was the matter with it? Customer—Why, it was so tough that when it was cooked I couldn't even get my fork into the gravy.—Harper's Bazar.

Cause of the Rush. Visitor-What's the matter with the women over there, guard? Panic? Guard-No. A cadet's just come duty.-Chicago Tribune.

Running a Great Rick.



Della-You don't me an to say that you have jilted that fellow who was on the beach with you last night? Dorothy-Yes, I found out that he didn't

have a cent.
Della—But he was better than nothing!-Special attention to state trade, guest and mmercial travelers. Farnam street electric irs pass the door to and from all parts of the



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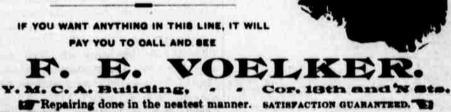
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