

BALADE OF WILL BROKENBRIDGE.

Now harken all ye elden men, whose beards are white as snow, unto my tale of Brokenbridge—which fills my heart with woe. This poor old man, a statesman proud, and eke of goodlie fame, until he met a damsel young, who brought his head to shame. For when upon a journey far he rode one summer day, there came to him a pretty miss, who unto him did say—“Will Brokenbridge, I ken thy face, and we have met before,” and made the dear old man believe that she knew him of yore. And Will, whose heart is ever true to damsels fair to see, did seat himself beside her there, and talk right gallantlie. A day or two had scarcely gone, when Will he did receive a letter from this damsel fair, which made his heart to grieve. She wrote to him in sore distress, and bade him come for sure, for she had caught a heart complaint, which only he could cure. But when he came unto her there, and heard the doleful tale, he did suspect that she had plans his virtue to assail. Now, had he fled away at once, and left the wicked thing, no trial he would have to stand, and we no song to sing. But women all since Adam's time, know how to keep a man, and thus a naughty *liaison* betwixt these two began. For when the sun began to sink she took him out to drive; the drive it ended not till ten which had begun at five. Poor Will he wept, and pray'd the maid her ardor to restrain, and strove to keep his honor pure with all his might and main. But Will could not withstand the force of that young lady's sway, and she did make poor Will to rue the kindness of that day. And so for years this tempting maid kept William in her net, until with sorrow and distress he gan to chafe and fret. She wound her spells about his heart, and kept him at her side, although to fly her wicked wiles the good man often tried. They like two birds together dwelt, and eke did often sing—but suddenly the spell was rent, when Brokenbridge took Wing. When Maddy found her bird had flown she raised a fearful row, and swore to make Will Brokenbridge to keep his marriage vow. But Will he was already wed, and had a wife so true, so then to make it hot for him his sweetheart did him sue. And in the court before the world, and bench of legal scholars, she sued poor Will for breach of prom., and fifty-thousand dollars. Now, all ye old and giddy men, be warned by this, my tale, and keep away from damsels fair whom virtue will assail; But if you must love something young, and can't get it by marriage, why go and take it out to drive, but in—an open carriage.—From Town Topics.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER XIII.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction, and then doeth as he please.

He that keepeth his mouth closed keepeth his reputation for wisdom; but he that openeth wide his lips shall lose it.

The sluggard often stumbleth over that which the diligent seeketh in vain.

A righteous man hateth lying; but other men lieth, and he must keep up with the procession.

Righteousness keepeth him that is upright in the way; but wickedness showeth him a short cut.

The ransom of a man's life is sometimes a pair of blue eyes; but there are cases on record where it was not an AI deal.

The light of the righteous may be waiting for the gasoline man, while the lamp of the wicked burneth brightly.

Only by foolishness cometh a fight; with the well advised there is no scrap.

Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished. In times like these this applieth to wealth gotten by other means.

Good understanding giveth favor; but with an old pair of shoes the road is rocky.

He that walketh with wise men shall seem to be wise; but he may be a fit companion for fools.

Evil pursueth sinners; sometimes its eyesight is bad, and other people get rapped.

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children, and the children's children bloweth it in.

SOCIAL HYPOCRISY.

CUSTOM takes a man from his comfortable fireside whether he will or no, and sends him out smiling and singing, while mentally kicking himself.

Women in society are past masters in the art of hypocrisy. Society demands an offering of flattery, and we develop in hypocrisy as we become adepts in flattery.

We revile a man when his back is turned and greet him like a long lost brother when he turns around.

Men pose as lovers of books when they are simply admirers of polished morocco binding and calfskin and gilt lettering. People often tell of books they have read when they haven't even seen the title page.

We all pretend to admire true worth rather than outside trappings; but we salute the scoundrel or the nincompoop who goes dashing by in his splendid equipage, and somehow do not always see our friend who has true worth and poverty stamped all over him, as he jogs along on foot.

We go into raptures over a picture when we can't tell a Corot from a Rosa Bonheur and can hardly see any difference between a crayon drawing and a photogravure.

We sacrifice truth in order to conform to the standards that custom has set up, and to bolster up our reputation.

We gaze at the stars with our shoes in the mud.

We profess to be ingenuous, but we are striving for effect.

THE WISE PEOPLE OF THE EAST.

One sometimes meets with people who make surprising statements or admissions. After all, the wisdom of the world is not all held within the boundaries of Boston and New York. People who come from even those places disclose no little ignorance. It seems almost impossible for New York and New England people to form a correct idea of the west. The ignorance of really intelligent people is almost inexcusable. An incident happened in Omaha not long since which illustrates this. A certain Miss Benfey of New York city was making a tour of the west and stopped in Omaha. She is reported to be somewhat of an elocutionist, and doubtless a cultivated lady. In any event she was entertained and gave a reading which quite pleased her hearers. Afterward in conversation, she was heard to make some remark about the New York Sorosis, this, in the hearing of a Lincoln lady, who is not only loyal to Lincoln but otherwise accomplished; though not a member of the Lincoln Sorosis she is familiar with its work and proud of the organization. She at once expressed the wish that Miss Benfey might meet the Lincoln Sorosis. “And where is Lincoln pray?” was the astonishing reply. Honors were easy. If Miss Benfey had not heard of Lincoln, neither had Lincoln heard of Miss Benfey. But really are there many intelligent, cultivated people who have not heard of our great university, our dozen of higher schools, and the other interesting things connected with this city? Either we must advertise more, and that is vulgar perhaps, or our eastern friends must allow their intelligence to spread a little beyond the limit of their own vicinage.

B.

CHOICE REAL ESTATE.

THE COURIER takes great pleasure in calling the attention of its readers to its new advertising department—notices of real estate for sale, rent and exchange, which will hereafter be found on page 18.

Hard work keeps constantly at it, and every once in a while it passes genius in the race for success.

What Do You Take

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Famous offer of 50 dozen Leghorn hats in black and white at 63c. is a good one, as they are really worth \$1.25.