

this. The intention of many of them was to come as near overturning as possible, without actually doing so.

In my early boyhood days, before moving to the west, I had been an excellent coaster, but over ten years had elapsed since I had coasted down such a hill as that in —. It was no trick at all for me to ride a western broncho, and to mount an innocent looking sled seemed no greater task. I was certain my former skill would come back to me at the first trial. Of course natural courtesy prompted me to ask a young lady to coast with me. She accepted. She did not know what fate awaited her; but ignorance was bliss. I had gone to the hill that evening with no intention of coasting, but the blue hood and sparkling eyes of this young lady had touched a tender spot in my heart, and I allowed the impulse of the moment to get the better of my customary prudence. Several of my friends urged me to coast, and one of them was only too willing to loan me his sled. He saw fun ahead. I thought I saw fun also.

The sled was backed up and we got ready. The lady seated herself so that her feet rested on a small bar in front that joined the runners of the sled. I grasped the sled with both hands, gave it a start and seated myself quickly upon the back part, leaving the right foot hanging free in order to steer the sled.

The sled was going rapidly. I looked over the right shoulder of my companion and saw no trouble. I glanced back and no danger seemed imminent. I began to feel happy. The sled went faster and faster. The wind whistled in our ears and bit our cheeks, but that was nothing.

A vicious little urchin, coming up the hill, threw a branch of a dead tree in the way of the sled. I gave a vigorous kick to send the sled on one side of it. I had guided it in the wrong direction. I felt a grating sound beneath the runners. The snow flew up like spray. The sled was over half way down the hill when it struck the obstacle and was going at a terrific speed. It gave a turn sideways and tried to back down the hill. It failed in this and so attempted to turn around and make a new start.

As a result the sled, the young lady and myself parted company and began an independent race for the bottom of the hill.

I saw a vision of a blue hood and ribbons in the air, I saw the sled turn two somersaults and finish the race on its back, and as for myself, I thought I was in close proximity to some of the heavenly bodies. But no time was allowed for reflection. The race was ended when the bottom of the hill was reached. When I reached it, the sled was there. The blue hood and its owner were farther up the hill. I hastened to the young lady and offered condolence, such as it was, though I was in no mood to speak gently. She accepted it after giving me a scolding that made my ears tingle. The urchin, the cause of our mishap, had fled. Revenge at that moment was impossible. The sled had won the race in spite of us.

After we had ascertained that no serious injuries had resulted from the accident we began to ascend the hill. The sled followed meekly behind. Our friends met us half way and took particular pains to comment on bruised noses and swelled heads. The young lady, however, loyally took my part. We repaired damages as well as we could by the fire light and then went home.

I had ascertained that a sled became as unmanageable as a broncho, at times, and needed a skilled hand, or foot rather, to control it. But I intend sometime in the future to try another coast with the same young lady. In the meantime I shall practice sliding upon the cellar door until I can control a sled under any circumstances.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The new court house to be erected here the coming season promises to eclipse any building of the kind in the west. The whole structure will be composed of the best material attainable, and will be nicely finished on the outside as well as within. Probably no place in the whole country has needed a court house worse than Lincoln. The building has been postponed so long it is but fitting that we should have a fine building now. The city authorities have been very patient and waited long before they undertook building till a structure could be erected that would be an ornament to the city. The bar are united in admitting that it will be superior to any building of the kind in the west for the solid excellence of its structure and for convenience. We congratulate the citizens of Lincoln in securing such a prize.

The first act in the republican campaign drama has just been opened in this city by Ben Harrison of Indiana. He had begun the work of this campaign, he said, by a resolution not to rake over the old coals as heretofore, but to forget the past and bring his party to victory upon new issues. Such an assertion as this would be impossible for the average politician to successfully carry out, we have always advocated, and we are not disappointed. Before he had fairly started he had forgotten his promise and launched out into the field of defamation and abuse which characterized his speech to the end. Such a speech as this is just what we expected from him, and just what we can expect from any professional politician of any party. It seems to be impossible for politicians to adapt their views and shape their speeches to the present, but they have to point back to victories their party achieved sometime in the vague past. When party leaders can confine themselves to issues that directly affect the people and not rehash dead issues, then and not till then can we hope for a reformation in our political system.

The Emmet anniversary celebration called out a large number of our citizens, and among them many students who sympathize with Ireland in her noble efforts for freedom. Mr. Gannon's speech was a master piece of oratory and showed clearly that he understood the situation, and he urged that the time for action had now arrived. After seven hundred years of oppression and iron rule by England it is time that something should be done. The situation of Ireland to day is not much better than it was centuries ago, yet the leaders of the home rule party have never advocated anything but a peaceful revolution, hoping by such means to bring about a change without bloodshed. This plan under the leadership of Gladstone and Parnell made rapid progress for awhile, but at present it seems to be at a standstill. The people have waited patiently for better times, and now as their goal seems about as far off as ever, who can blame them for urging that more forcible means be taken to secure her ends. We, as Americans, have the profoundest sympathy for the cause of Ireland. The time was, when our country was under the grip of the British lion, but by the untiring efforts of Samuel Adams and other patriots the people were aroused from their lethargy and fired with a spirit of resistance. They found out that bloodshed was absolutely necessary to secure freedom, that nothing could be accomplished by patience and suffering, and accordingly took sterner measures. The people of Ireland today are dangerously near the point where revolution begins. They have waited for a peaceful settlement long enough and are now demanding more radical measures. Ireland to day is at