"CORN RREAD" MURPHY.

What He Has Been Doing For the Agriculture Department.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, May 25, —Colonel Charles J. Murphy, the special agent of the de-partment of agriculture, who has been teaching Europeans the value of corn bread as an article of food, was here a few days ago and told an interesting story concerning his "missionary" work in that line. Colonel Murphy, it will be observed, has an Irish name, but he looks like a German, and, it may be explained. he talks the German language with great fluency. His big, shaggy head, snow white hair and frank and placid countenance give him the air of a good natured burgomaster. He is a most entertaining talker, and it is no wonder that he has interested the Germans, the Danes and the Belgians in the subject of "Ameri-

Colonel Murphy, who is familiarly known to the department of agriculture as "Corn Bread" Murphy, first engaged in his missionary work some 10 years ago. "It struck me as rather surpris-ing," he says, "that Indian corn and its food products, so well and 'avorably known in this country, were practically unknown to the people of Europe. The cheapness of such food, as well as its excellence, suggested to my mind the advantages it might possess over food prepared from the native cereals of Europe. began studying plans for its introduc-tion and concluded that popular exhibitions in the principal cities of Europe might accomplish the purpose." Thereupon Colonel Murphy tried to

interest various American boards of trade and agricultural societies in the enterprise, and failing in this he finally went abroad in a private capacity. He was accompanied by his wife, and to-gether they organized cooking schools and corn exhibitions in various European cities and everywhere explained to the people how palatable and nutritions were the food products of American maire. Their work finally attracted the attention of the department of agricul-ture, and about three years ago Mr. Murphy was appointed a special agent of our government and was commistioned to carry on the work in his offi-

cial capacity.
"This made the work easier," says the colonel, "and since then as an agent of the government I have been able to approach foreign officials that I could not

Colonel Murphy and his wife have directed their missionary efforts mainly toward the Germans within the past two years, and so great has been their success that more than a score of mills for grinding American corn have been erected and ing American corn have been erected and are now in operation in various parts of the empire. At least a half dozen mills of this sort have been erected in Berlin and its immediate vicinity, and the German government recently decided to issue to its soldiers a daily ration of "Murphy bread." This bread is made of two-thirds portion of rye and one-third of cornmeal and is called in the official record "Murphy broad."



e German soldiers are usually sup-

The German soldiers are usually supplied with rye bread, but the authorities after careful tests concluded that a bread made of part rye and part cornmeal was much better and quite as cheep. The result of the official recognition of cornmeal by the German government has been its increased use in various parts of the empire, especially among the middle classes.

During the Russian famine two years ago several shiploads of American cornwers sent to the region bordering on the Black ess, and Colonel Murphy, by direction of the department, sent an agent there to aid in the distribution of the corn and to teach the natives how to prepare it for food. The work was successful, and not only were the famine stricken peasants relieved by the timely and appropriate gift, but in their adversity they learned the excellence of American mains as a food product, and a demand for its importation has sprung up in that portion of Europa.

Colonel Murphy held several corn expositions in the United Kingdom, and especially in Edinburgh did he meet with success. The English, the Irish and the Scotch have long been familiar with American mains to a slight extent at least, so that no "missionary" work was needed among them, as it was in other parts of Europe. "In Ireland," says Colonel Murphy, "cornmeal mush in the form of "stirabout, as it is called, is largely used. When several shiploads of meal were sent over during the famine of 1848, the peasat "a at first refused it, but hanger soon arove them to its use. Since then it has slowly come into favor themselves the notato is preferred.

ine of 1848, the peasar's at first refused it, but hanger soon arove them to its use. Since then it has slowly come into favor, though the potato is preferred when plenty, in spite of the fact that corn is cheaper and more nourishing.

"The principal drawback to its use in Ireland as elsewhere in Europe is that the peasants do not know how to cook it. In Germany the cooking is all done by the bakers, and no family makes its own besad. Warm bread is practically unknown, and as corn bread is best when it is warm its superior advantages cannot be fully appreciated under the existing conditions. The bakers, however, are learning this, and in Germany they now make it a point to deliver the corn bread freshly baked as soon as it comes from the owen.

GROBGE RANSON APPERSON.



SURPRISED AT HIM.

The Thought Any Artist Would Know What She Meant.

It is never wise, it is never kind, to "put an airs," and when those persons who en-leavor to clothe themselves in vast superi-arity come to grief it is seldom that they succeed in obtaining any especial sympathy in their discomfiture. A well known American artist was last summer sketching in the galleries of the Louvre in Paris. Being at work, he had of course something the appearance of being a habitue of the place, and as such he was several times addressed by the visitors.

On one occasion he was approached by a couple of ladies, one of whom asked:

"Can you tell us where to flud the statue
of Cupid and"—

She paused in the evident hope that he would help her out, but he had heard the name Psyche pronounced in so many different ways that he was curious to see what would be made of it now. The visitor, finding that he would not pronounce the name, turned appealingly to her companion, and the other lady said with much

"Why, of course you know. The famous tatue of Cupid-and the person who is with

There was a very different air about the lady who one day haughtily said to the

"Will you be so kind as to direct me to the statue of Catherine de Medici?" "The statue of Catherine de Medici?" he repeated in some perplexity. "I don't re-

The smile of the visitor was more superior than ever as she replied:
"Oh, it is one of the best known statues

here. I supposed that any artist would know where it is to be found."

There was so much scorn in her accents as she pronounced the word "artist" that the gentleman was at once amused and an-

noyed.
"I am an artist," he said, "but I cannot belp you unless it might be that you have made a mistake, and it is the Venus de Medici you are looking for."

The expression which came over the face of the superior questioner was both ludi groun and self betraying.
"Why," she stammered, "it was a Venus de Medici that I wanted, of course. Do you

know where that is?"
"Oh, yee," he answered, smiling. "Any artist can tell you that."—Boston Courier.



"Why, Weginald, dear boy, what is the

"Oh, Awthur, I'm in the most terrible distwess! Here The Proper Thing says fweek coats are to be made longer this spring. If I don't follow the style at once. my weputation as the best dwest man at our club is gone forever. And if my new coat is made any longer I'll walk on it and twip over it, and vulgar people will laugh and say unkind things and—and"— (Collapses completely.)—Life.

THE ANGEL'S TOUCH.

Copyright, part. The earth in jewelu sumber tay. Restring terfore the break of day. Aut miste with dewy breath Hofus entraded field and hill So client was the land me still. It seemed a world of death.

But when the morning conspered night There stead an angel in the tight-His lace was sweet and mild "Ame for summer's gene," men said. "The earth is cold, the flowers are dead?" The anget beard and smiled.

And tenderly he said his hand Upon the sed, and all the land Frembied with sweet surprise. And mother tirds, in lenfy buwer. C'nned jovous melodies.

The sea to fragrant rights turned. All the fall rolers of heaven burned L'pon the blushing earth And from the worm's brown shroud them

A buttern, with wing affaire. Heloiring in new birth.

Then unto men the anget said:
"Rehold the world ye thought was dead!
Why will ye blind your eyes?
There is no death. What seemeth such.
Watte only for the Master's touch.

HELEN & CONAME.

JONES' BIRTHDAY.

Be Wouldn't Make a Fool of Himself, and

Mr. Jones has just had a birthday. It marked an epoch in his life and in that of Mrs. Jones, too, and neither of those excellent people will be likely to forget it very

Mrs. Jones had been mysterlously busy embroidering something which she kept wrapped up in oiled silk. Then at times her eyes would fall on Jones with a sort of tape measure glance, as if taking dimensions and questioning whether something would fit. Smiles of satisfaction would also chase each other across her face as she gazed.
"I wonder what she's up to," mused
Jones, "a four-in-hand for me to hang my

self with, or another smoking jacket only fit to be buried in. I do hope Providence will avert any such calamity."

He changed his mind and took up an-

other course of thought, when Mrs. Jones asked him which he would prefer could be have his choice, a gold headed came or a rosewood revolving desk.

"Maria's been saving up her money," he said to himself. "I'm in luck this time." The morning of his birthday came, and at breakfast Mr. Jones found his present in a small package at his plate. He unrolled it savagely and saw a blue satin ribbon with red letters and some clasps attached.
"You've always needed one, dear," said
Mrs. Jones as she regarded it with admir-

ing eyea.

"What is it?" growled Jones. "What's
the name of the object?"

"It's a napkin holder, Jeptha. You put
the band around your neck"—

"Not if I know it."

"And the silver holders"—

"Ti ey won't hold me!"

"K. a the grumbs from"—

"K .p the crumbs from"-"W at are the eletters?"

"T. ey are French, dear"-"O , the English language gave out, did

"And wish you bon appetit."
"Bene what?"

"It means good appetite, you know"——
"! o, I didn't know! And if you think I'm a pug to be rigged up in harness you're aw, y off. That's what!" "I ut it's only to wear at meals," apolo

"I'm out of the bib age, Mrs. Jones, for

"I'm out of the bib age, Mra Jones, for good and all"

"I think you're very unkind, Jeptha," retorted Mra Jones. "It's a real shame!"

"I should say it was, Maria. Look at me," continued Mr. Jones savagely, "D'you suppose I'd sit here and eat with that boneplty thing around my neck? Not much! I can make a fool of myself in one language, but I ain't going to do it in two."

Mra Jones sobbed as she laid the relic away in the china closet, while Jones muttered feelingly:

"Another household idol smashed into smithereens!"—Detroit Free Press.

Net long ago the crthodox elergyman of a New England town was called from his study in the evening to marry a young couple who were waiting in his parlor bent upon matrimony. The young people appeared to be from an humble walk in life but were beaming with happiness.

At the conclusion of the ceremony there was a process of some length. The brid

was a pause of some length. The brid looked inquiringly at the groom, and h gazed back at her with a happy but som-what vague expression of confidence. At last the bride stepped forward in a nesitating manner, and drouping an claim

orate courtesy said: We-we are-very much onliged to you

sir, and we hope that at some time we san be able to retaliate."

Her husband looked at her with undi-guised pride in her ability to cope with a word of such length and elegance, and the minister bowed the couple out with a grave a face as he could call up with the remarkable wish ringing in his cara-Youth's Companion.

The Chicago Side of It.

Beekman Streete—Let me see, didn to meet you at the Paris exposition in 1889; Brodweigh—Yes. I spent a whole mont

So did I. It was a pretty expensive tr for me, I temember. Cost me an ever 1.0: from the time I left N' York till I go., back."

"It was a costly trip for me, too-abou

Yes, it was worth it. By the way you're coing to the Chicago exposition.

"Yes, I expect to spend a couple of wee; there anyhow, though I don't like to stories I hear about the extertion ever body is getting ready to practice on visi

"I don't either. A friend of mine that has figured the whole thing up says it will cost as high as \$55 or \$40 a week if you serverything that's to be seen and stop a first class botels."

first class hotels."

"That will make it—let me see—about \$75 for a two weeks' say, \$40 for railway fare there and back, including sleeping and dining cars, and you'll have to spend some thing for cigars and incidentals while you are in Chicag... if course. Seventy-five and 40 make 115, and—why, great Scott, \$10 can't do the thing for less than \$150 to use your life! I'll just be hanged if I'll de 15' —Chicago Tritune.

"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

A Case Where Paint Heart May Loss Fair Lady.

N. B.—Five minutes before the dialogue begins Mr. Pullen has offered his hand to Miss Delane and been accepted by her. George-Are you happy, Netta?

Netta (softly)-So happy, George! George-Upon my honor, I never so much

as hoped you'd say yes. Netta-It came over me just in a minute, when you spoke. I never knew before how much I cared for you.

George-There was really no reason why you should, was there? Netta-What a modest boy! I saw some

reason, didn't I? George-I don't understand it; hopestly I don't, only I am awfully happy, Netta.

Netta-Well, then, so am I. Yes, you may sit there if you like. But-ob, well,

I suppose you may now. George-Then I will, darling. (He does.) I mean, you know, it isu't as if I were a good looking fellow-

Netta—You're not quite a fright, dear. George—How sweet of you! But of course I'm not handsome, like—well, like Jack Fountain, for instance. Netta-Oh, everybody admits Mr. Foun-George-But it doesn't matter if you

don't mind, does it? Then I'm not aw-Netta-Even I can't have everything.

George—You deserve everything, dar-ling—or a swell, like Hightowers, Netta (laughing apologetically) — Oh, other things being equal, I confess I should

ike to be a counters.

George (ecstatically)—It's just that you fell in love with me, Netta—just that!

Netta—Yes, just that!

George—Because, you see, I haven't got a mint of money, like Sir Pompey Gold-more, your millionaire friend. I can't cover you with diamonds, as he could.

Netta (sighing)-I should have liked the George-I can't give my sweetest girl carriages and horses or a house in Park

ane or a title. Netta (pensively)-No, George, I suppose George (enthusiastically)-But you just

loved me! We shall be most tremendous loved me! We shall be most tremendously jolly, Netta. We'll have a little house, We can run to— What' the matter, dear? Netta—Oh, nothing. Could you move a little? You're—you're crushing my dress. Geoge (moving a very little)—I'm so sorry. Is that better? We shall be always together—no crowd of tiresome people to bother us. And there's nothing I won't do for you, Netta. Just think of all you're giving up for me! Why, all those fellows giving up for me! Why, all those fellows

re dying for you! Netta—Those fellows: Who, George?
George—Well, I suppose there's no harm
in talking about it now. Why Fountain
and Vere and Hightowers, and even that scoundrel-

Netta-Do you really think they are? George—But you never cared for any of tem-you never had a word to say to them!

Netta-I didn't know-George-You chose poor, plain George Netta (smiling faintly)-I dare say I was very foolish.

George—You were, darling. I say, won't the girls he surprised? Netta—Surprised? Why should they be? George—You see, they all thought you were going to make such a brilliant match

-they never thought of me! Why, only the other day Sophy was saying that she thought you were going to take Hightow-ers if— (He pauses.)

Netta (with asperity)-If what? Go on George (deprecatingly)-Well, darling, she said, if you could get him. Of course

Netta-Do be careful, Georga You're rumpling my hair dreadfully. I was only stroking it, sweetest Netta-Well, I'm not a cat. (A pause.)

George-Netta, I must go and tell some ody. I can't bottle it up any longer. Really it surprises me more every minute. Netta-You seem to think it will surprise everybody.

George—Rather! That's the best of it, isn't it? It shows a man should never despair. My own love. I— Why, Netta. dear, what's the matter? Have I done

dear, what's the matter? Have I done anything wrong?

Netta—Oh, I'm very sorry—I—it's not your fault. George, do you think it would be wise to tell people just yet?

George—Why, what's the matter?

Netta (wit! a sob)—Oh, I'm a miserable girl! No, don't take my hand again, George.

George—Tell me, darling! What is it?

George—Tell me, darling! What is it?
Netta (tying her handkerchief in a knot)
—I—I m very sorry. You mustn't be angry
—promise you won't be angry? But—
haven't we been a little—hasty?

George (with amasement)—Hasty?
Netta—Of course I'm very fond of you,
George—very, very fond. But we must
consider other things, mustn't we? Just
for the moment I was carried away, but what you've been saying about the ad-vantages of— You needn't look at me as if

were a this f, George. George (c. dly)-I really don't understand what you mean, Netta. If you want to take back-

take lack—
Netta (anxiously)—Oh, you're not going to be cruel, George! You see, we shall be so very, very poor, and—I never ought to have let you persuade me.
George—I think I understand now,

Netta (relieved)—I knew you would. You are always so kind and—and sensible. George (roughly)—I understand you any

Netta (rising with dignity)-At least you need not be rude.

George Rude? Could anything be rude

to you! Netta (reproachfully)-1 never asw you like this before.

George-I think we have both been en-

George—I think we have both been enlightened today.

Netta (pathetically)—I did expect you
to appreciate my motives.

George—I believe I do. Good morning,
Miss Delane. (He takes his hat.)

Netta—Oh, are you going? Perhaps it
is best—and—and wisest, George. We shall
forget this little trouble and be friends.

She holds out her hand.)

George (deliberately, ignoring the hand)

George (deliberately, ignoring the hand)

—I hope never to see your face again. (He goes out, slamming the door.)

Netta—What a bear! How could I have thought # tiked bim? (A pause.) Yet I did rather. Poor old George! I never thought of all that before. (A pause.) I suppose I did treat him rather hadly. Oh. suppose I did treat him rather badly. Oh, but it's the only wise thing!

Ent ra servant.

Servant—Lord Hightowers is in the drawing room, miss, and Sir Pompey Goldmore has called too.

Nette—Say I'll come in a moment. (Exit servant.) Poor George! What an awk ward old creature he is! Is my hair tidy I wonder. Black and White.

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