

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Not long ago a millionaire was dying in New York; the fire of life was bottled and he couldn't pull the cork, and so he gave the conflict up and called his folks about, to watch life's burning taper as it flickered and went out. His wife was standing near him and to her he feebly said "I have a few directions to impart ere I am dead: To die, to quit, to croak, my dear— to "shuffle" and go hence— would almost be a pleasure were it not for the expense. But we have always lived in style and, when I go away, 'twould hardly do to have my body hauled off in a dray. So let my casket be the best, and hire the finest hearse; I know it seems extravagant, but then it might be worse. And now to business— you well know I have a large estate, perhaps two-million dollars represents this aggregate. This I have willed to you alone, and I sincerely pray that you will guard it—do not let a dollar get away. The stocks and bonds in yonder safe are precious things, my dear, on which large dividends accrue with each succeeding year; and then those sea side tenements yield handsome profits now—not less than thirty-five per cent. or thirty, anyhow. The row of flats on Beemer street, after my interment, will need sharp looking after and you'd better raise the rent. And let this increase liquidate my funeral outlay, and be more strict than I have been in forcing them to pay. Last fall the man at '95, whose name I forget, moved out still owing me 40 cents, and has not paid it yet. And there is now a widow at "249," who has been sick all winter and is now in decline; she has three little children, and is back two weeks on rent—evict her now and let her find a cheaper tenement. She has a few cheap paintings and a looking glass or two—you'd better seize and sell them for the two weeks rent past due. A few words more ere I am gone—cut down the servants' pay, the coachman can do very well on fifty cents a day—turn off Jake, the stable man, he's getting old, though when I got him he was worth his weight in gold. Now let me see that street-car stock before I pass away; that was a prime investment and has yielded mighty pay. Hold fast to it—don't sell!—good bye!—I'm getting short of breath; farewell! gold, silver, stock and bonds—I can't foreclose on—death!"

It is a long road from here to Washington; and mighty poor sledding.

Gen. Coxe ought to arm his peaceful soldiery and set them to killing potato bugs in the rural districts of Maryland, my Maryland. It is a healthful exercise, benefits the country and the farmers would be willing to pay a fair price for a thorough job.

The man who is industrious at all times, sober part of the time and honorable without shadow of turning, will never find himself in a position to lay down his arms and pick up his legs and start for Washington under the plea that the government must do something for him or he is a gone goose. The righteous are never entirely forsaken. They may feel used up, dejected and forlorn temporarily, but it is only for a day or during the life of a democratic Congress. All things come to him who works and waits. The darndest hour is just before dark, and there is hope while life endures. Economic conditions may not be such that justice is meted out as it would be if this was a perfect world, but what's the use fretting about it? "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," as the poet says, but we cannot change human nature nor revolutionize affairs by the sweat of our mouths. We must take the earth as we find it, and do the best we can to make it better by cultivating the ideal in ourselves and improving the breed so far as lies in our power. There is more philanthropy, more unselfishness, more brotherly love in the world than there ever was before at this time of year. True manhood is recognized as it never was before. It takes precedence over the genius of a large bank account. It is worth more to the possessor than silver or gold, has the the only intrinsic value that is legal tender the next world, and makes a person feel all right in this, whether school keeps or not. It is useless to fret because of financial revulsions. These things occur about every so often in all civilized countries, and it doesn't help those who are temporarily thrown out of employment to march on to the seat of government to the sound of Carl Brown's bazzoo or J. S. Coxe's mouth.

Mr. Mosher, at the Windsor Floral palace, P and 11th, will plan designs for your lawn beds free, and plant them if you desire.

MUSICAL.

The rendition of the "The Last Judgment" by the choir of the Congregational church on Sunday evening was a genuine treat. The choir had been drilled and was conducted by Mrs Raymond; this fact alone was sufficient to guarantee that the performance should be a finished one. Few conductors possess ability to direct a chorus and also play the organ at one and the same time, but this work was successfully accomplished by Mrs Raymond. The attack was prompt and strong and there was good work done in shading. The soloists were all home talent except Miss Anderson who quite sung her way into the hearts of the audience. Her voice is clear and strong and had the charm of freshness which added no little pleasure to her listeners. Mr. Wurzburg's singing, always so correct, lacked the feeling necessary to make the work expressive. Miss Becker and Mr. Barnaby are so well known and their voices always so welcome that no comment is necessary. The quartets "Blest are the Departed," and "God Shall Wipe all Tears," were particularly beautiful. It is hoped that the choir may be induced to repeat the performance for the benefit of the many who were unable to get into the church.

Tuesday evening Mrs. Will Owen Jones will give a piano recital at her residence, 1418 L street. The following program will be rendered.

March from Suite op. 91,.....	Raff.	
Kamenoi-Ostrow,.....	Rubinstein.	
Sonata op. 31, No. 3,.....	Beethoven.	
Allegro; Scherzo; Menuetto; Presto con fuco.		
Berceuse,	}	
Nocturne, C minor,		Chopin.
Ballade, A flat major,		
Battle Song,.....	Weber-Kullak.	
Les Joyeux Papillons,.....	Gregh.	
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12,.....	Liszt.	

LEMEN BROS. GIRCUS.

The features of Lemen's circus this season will be Rajah, the big elephant, and Tom, the boxing kangaroo. Rajah has been in this country one year and is gradually becoming civilized and accustomed to the ways of the American circus. The circus posters this summer will say that Rajah is "a veritable moving mountain whose stately tread makes the earth tremble," and the writer of circus literature has not stretched his elastic imagination much in making this statement, either. Rajah is without doubt the largest elephant in captivity anywhere. He is two inches taller than the late lamented Jumbo was in life and weighs 3,000 pounds more. The reporter did not take the agent's statement for this, but measured the big brute himself and can therefore speak as one having authority. Rajah's keeper, Frank Fisher, stays by his side day and night and the two are as much in love with each other as a newly married couple. Frank is an old time elephant trainer and is loaded to the muzzle with interesting stories of the habits and intelligence of the "big uns." He has been with the Lemen show about a year and has been connected with all the big shows at different times. Lemen Bros circus will exhibit at Lincoln, Monday May 14.

BASE BALL.

The base ball season was opened most auspiciously Thursday, Lincoln playing with Quincy. It has been pretty effectively demonstrated that Lincoln can play ball, and already there is enthusiastic talk of the championship. The home team played to well and the visitors, Quincy to ill, Thursday to make the game interesting. The score was 14 to 0 in Lincoln's favor. The last game of a series with Quincy will be played this afternoon. Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Lincoln club will play on the home grounds with Rock-Island, and Thursday, Friday and Saturday with Jacksonville.

The Capital City Cycling club made a run to Ashland last Sunday. Tomorrow there will be a club run to Crete, starting at 9 a. m.

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