

were of most infrequent occurrence. The rescue society may have and doubtless has accomplished some good; but it can't begin to keep up with the demands; and it is fast becoming evident, even to those people who clamored for the kind of a policy Mayor Weir has followed, that the result of the so-called reform is not only discouraging, but in some respects, alarming.

Town Topics says: "That great and good philanthropist, Mr. Geo. M. Pullman, is, I understand, the object of a good deal of commiseration in Chicago just now, owing to the tendency of certain unthinking and misguided people to heap obloquy upon him by reason of the Pullman company's alleged intention to evict such of his tenants, or former employees, as may be in arrears with their rent. How people of intelligence can regard the matter in any light save one I cannot for the life of me perceive. Mr. Pullman, as every one knows, owns the town of Pullman. The houses in it are his. The people who live in the houses are not doing so for love, but on the understanding that they pay rent. They have not paid the rent, because they have not the money to pay it. If they wished for the money to pay Mr. Pullman his rent they could obtain it by resuming their work in Mr. Pullman's car shops for exactly the wages that Mr. Pullman chooses to pay them and no more. Nothing could be simpler. It is Mr. Pullman's unquestionable right as a landlord, to turn all his non-rent-paying tenants, together with such invalid wives and sickly, half-fed children as they may have had the stupidity to collect about them, into the street. The luxury of living under a roof is reserved for people who can pay rent. Mr. Pullman's non-rent-paying tenants should remember this. Their lot after all is not a hard one. The air of the town of Pullman is soft and balmy. The sand of the surrounding desert is soft enough to sleep on comfortably. There is plenty of water in Calumet Lake to drink. The grass is good to eat. Nobody need complain. Let there be a truce to the silly carping."

"I met a man the other day enjoying ideal contentment," said an occasional contributor to THE COURIER. "He had been a cowboy, and enjoyed the experience. He could bury a dead man with the same serenity with which he would rope a Texas steer. To him life had been, and was, a constant comfort. His wants were few and simple, and supplied with only the slightest exertion. He had never married, though he never missed a ranch dance, and was popular with the girls who were there. He had ranged over miles and miles of canons, in summer, and in winter, and knew what hardship was. The morrow had no cares for him. He said distinctly that all he needed was board and clothes, and he was not over choice about either. His team had been turned out to pasture with a kind of mental reservation that if feed continued to become scarcer and higher and horses of less and less value no attempt would be made at recapture. If an opportunity offered to use the team, and his necessities really demanded that some work should be done he might look them up. What did he care for money and the luxuries of civilization? Assured of a week's board, no trouble fitted across his brain, and he could spend days and days idly listening to the tales of village or country. Frank and apparently honest he did not hesitate to tell any one all the scrapes he had had, and to take satisfaction in the rude code of morals he had set up. One winter season he and some companions lived in a lonely dug out and had a royal time. The ponies found their own living. They slaughtered and cured their own pork and beef, did their own culinary work, and fared sumptuously every day. They had money and bought many things they could have had without objection. If time hung a little heavy they looked up the claim of some non-resident, and either filed a contest themselves or procured some one to contest. Then at once they became important witnesses. It was immaterial on which side. If the party having the claim was sharp enough to see them he could hold on without difficulty. If the other man saw them, good-bye claim. While doing the witness act they were boarded at a good hotel and received \$2 a day for their time. Nothing could have been more agreeable. The weak were sure to have their friendship. Some horrid man attempted to contest the claim of a poor girl who was working to secure a homestead. She had no witnesses, and little money to defend. Our hero assumed the role of detective. He made the acquaintance of the horrid man and finally offered to give him \$40 if he would dismiss the contest. The bargain was made. Our detective made out a check for

the amount and had an accomplice identify him and certify that the check was good. The next morning he went upon the witness stand and exposed the whole deal, which, under the laws, forfeited all right of contest. He then explained that the check was drawn on a bank which had failed months before. This transaction was entirely meritorious from his standpoint. It was really quite refreshing in these troubled times to find a man so contented, and so constituted that tariff laws and currency questions could not ruffle his feelings in the slightest degree."

So Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew are coming to Lincoln again after an absence of several years. When this precious pair were last in this city they were objects of far greater curiosity than now. Then Mrs. Potter was in, what might be called the first blush of her notoriety, and about Bellew there centered enough scandal to make him an interesting figure. But both have ceased to attract the attention they once did. They have been away for a long time, and in this country not much has been heard of them beyond an occasional bit of salacious gossip that would somehow find its way from India where they enjoyed, according to report, a profitable season. People have ceased to comment on the relations of these two picturesque persons who have made their own character a marketable commodity. Things are taken for granted.

President Cleveland's first administration is responsible for Mrs. Potter's appearance on the stage. Mrs. Potter had gone in for recitations and amateur theatricals and all that sort of thing, and in Washington she was taken up by Mrs. Whitney, wife of Mr. Cleveland's secretary for the navy. This lady, with immense wealth at her command, had immense facilities for showing off her protegee, and she made the most of her opportunities. For one winter under Mrs. Whitney's patronage, Mrs. Potter was an important personage in Washington society. No swell entertainment was complete without a recitation by Mrs. Potter, and these recitations were, by the way, sometimes *risque* enough to interest the most blase devotee of society. Finally, as many will doubtless remember, Mrs. Potter made an immense sensation by reciting Sim's "Ostler Joe" at a reception or entertainment given by Mrs. Whitney. This selection was considered extremely *outré*, and the beauty, as she was then called, was severely criticised for offending the delicate sensibilities of Washingtonians with such a coarse and suggestive selection. There was no end of talk, and Mrs. Potter became a central figure almost immediately, and it wasn't long after the "Ostler Joe" episode that she went on the stage.

She went to London to study and buy gowns, and she was shrewd enough to take advantage of the waning glory of Mrs. Langtry as a professional beauty. She found her way easily enough to the Prince of Wales and succeeded in awakening sufficient interest in that quarter to greatly perturb the Jersey Lily, who in a now historic interview, quoted the Prince as having said that Mrs. Potter's arm was not pretty. Mr. Potter, meanwhile, was left in New York, and it was said that the domestic relations of the Potters, which were apparently felicitous up to this time, would be undisturbed by Mrs. Potter's appearance on the stage. It was going to be a model arrangement. She was going to act but she was going to remain faithful to James Brown and they were going to show the public like Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, to whom reference was made last week, that a stage career isn't incompatible with conjugal bliss. But it wasn't long before it, was evident that Mrs. James Brown was getting a little swift for James Brown. Bishop Potter, of New York, James Brown's brother who has a great regard for the conventionalities, went to London to reason with the woman who would be an actress and, if possible, dissuade her from her purpose. But the Bishop returned unsuccessful. Mrs. Potter persisted in her determination, and she has been on the stage almost continuously for the past five or six years.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All city taxes of any kind now due and delinquent should be paid by September 1, or the same must be reported to the county treasurer for advertisement and sale.

E. B. STEPHENSON, City Treasurer.

Fresh country milk at Central Milk Depot, 134, south 11.