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Olive Schreiner's prose poem, "The Wine Press," has had few imitators, but Oscar Wilde has followed in her footsteps, producing a series of sketches based on scripture, which he has treated similarly. The following are samples:

"It was night-time and He was alone.

"And He saw afar off the walls of a round city, and went toward the city.

"And when he came near he heard within the city the tread of the feet of joy and the laughter of the mouth of gladness, and the loud noise of many lutes. And he knocked at the gate and certain of the gate keepers opened to Him.

"And He beheld a house that was of marble and had fair pillars of marble before it. The pillars are hung with garlands, and within and without there were torches of cedar. And He entered the house.

"And when He had passed through the hall of chalcedony and hall of jasper, and reached the long hall of feasting, He saw lying on a couch of sea purple one whose hair was crowned with red roses and whose lips were red with wine.

"And He went behind him and touched him on the shoulder and said to him 'Why do you live like this?'

"And the young man turned around and recognized Him, and made answer and said, 'But I was a leper once and you healed me. How else should I live?'

"And He passed out of the house and went again into the street

"And after a little while He saw one whose face and raiment were painted, and whose feet were shod with pearls, and behind her came, slowly as a hunter, a young man who wore a coat of two colors. Now the face of the woman was as the fair face of an idol, and the eyes of the young man were bright with lust.

"And He followed swiftly and touched the hand of the young man and said to him, 'Why do you look at this woman in such wise?'

"And the young man turned around and recognized Him and said, 'But I was blind once, and you gave me sight. At what else should I look?'

"And He ran forward and touched the painted raiment of the woman and said to her, 'Is there no other way in which to walk, save the way of sin?'

"And the woman turned round and recognized Him, and laughed and said, 'But you forgave me my sins, and the way is a pleasant way.'

"And He passed out of the city.

"And when He had passed out of the city He saw seated by the roadside a young man who was weeping.

"And He went toward him and touched the long locks of his hair, and said to him, 'Why are you weeping?'

"And the young man looked up and recognized Him, and made answer, 'But I was dead once and you raised me from the dead. What else should I do but weep?'

THE MASTER.

"Now when the darkness came over the earth, Joseph of Arimathea, having lighted a torch of pinewood, passed down from the hill into the valley. For he had business in his own home.

"And kneeling on the flint stones of the Valley of Desolation he saw a young man who was naked and weeping. His hair was the color of honey, and his body was as a white flower, but he had wounded his body with thorns, and on his hair he had set ashes as a crown.

"And he who had great possessions said to the young man who was naked and weeping, 'I do not wonder that your sorrow is so great, for surely He was a just man.'

"And the young man answered, 'It is not for Him that I am weeping, but for myself. I too have changed water into wine, and I have healed the leper and given sight to the blind. I have walked upon the waters, and from the dwellers in the tombs I have cast out devils. I have fed the hungry in the desert where there was no food and I have raised the dead from their narrow houses, and at my bidding, and before a great multitude of people, a barren fig-tree withered away. All things that this man has done I have done also. And yet they have not crucified me.'

Rev. John Snyder in the *Globe Democrat* discusses southern literature, and modern didactic fiction, saying in part:

The venerable "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has been recently discussing modern writers and their methods. He speaks in the highest terms of the two writers who may be said to represent the Southern type of genius, Geo. Cable and "Craddock." It always

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