

THE COURIER

VOL. 9. No. 44.

LINCOLN, NEB., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ENTERED AT THE LINCOLN POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

OFFICE 217 North Eleventh St.

TELEPHONE 90

W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.
 LUTE H. MORSE, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Subscription Rates—In Advance.

Per annum.....	\$2 00	Three months.....	50c.
Six months.....	1 00	One month.....	20c.
Single copies.....	Five cents.		

For sale at all news stands in this city and Omaha and on all trains.
 A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. Rates made known on application.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His Philosophy as Disclosed in His Writing.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll,
 Leave thy low-vaulted past,
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Travelers change their guineas, not their characters.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

With most men life is like backgammon—half skill and half luck.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions

that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we can not help smiling at, but they are smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

Don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long.

The sea drowns out humanity and time. It has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity; and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibration as in twanging them to bring out the music.

I look upon a library as a sort of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstance or universal principles.

What a comfort a dull but kindly man is, to be sure, at times! A ground glass shade over a gas light does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape and stood at the head of his profession at once.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail, and not drift or lie at anchor.

I have written many verses, but the best poems that I have produced are the trees that I have planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments, and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy array.