

THE END OF IT ALL.

The proud man, fat with the fat of the land,
 Dozed back in his silken chair;
 Choice wines of the world, black men to command,
 Rare curios—rich and rare—
 Tall knights in armor on either hand—
 Yet trouble was in the air.
 The proud man dreamed of his young days, when
 He toiled light-hearted and sang all day.
 He dreamed again of his gold and men
 Grown old in his service and hungry and gray.
 Then his two hands tightened a time; and then
 They tightened, and tightened to stay!

Ah, me! this drunkenness worse than wine!
 This grasping with greedy hold!
 Why, the poorest man upon earth, I opine,
 Is the man who has nothing but gold.
 How better the love of man divine,
 With God's love manifold!

They came to the dead man back in his chair,
 Dusk liveried servants that come with the light;
 His eyes stood open with a frightened stare;
 But his hands still tightened as a vice is tight.
 They opened his hands—nothing was there,
 Nothing but bits of night:

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

When Saturday comes and the end draws nigh,
 Or a week goes out to the sea,
 Do you then look back with a sorrowful sigh,
 Or expect to go off on a spree?
 When the day is done and the shadows slow
 Creep around your empty table,
 Do you think of the days that yet will go,
 And the hearse and shroud so sable?
 Or do you sit there,
 In bright sun's glare,
 Gloating with gormand's fill;
 With never a care
 If you creditors swear
 About that unpaid bill?

* * *

If you do, young man, this old gentleman who is talking would admonish you to brace up. Get a move upon yourself. Of course, you are moving now; moving rapidly down the hill of life—going certainly to an uncertain destiny—but who knows where? Did you take a day off yesterday? It was not cold, a little damp. And if you did, did you figure out where you made some blunders in the six days that unwound and leaped into eternity, "Know thyself." It was written well of old, and yet precious few of the countless millions ever try to get acquainted with themselves. The world is not all shadow—it hath its griefs and its sorrows—yet the sunlight the golden sunlight of God, pierces through the banks of clouds which are sorrow; pierces through the bleak and diemal mist which spreads its gloom—and happiness is in store for all and all—the only requirement to possess it being, do good.—AL FAIRBROTHER.

THE HAMLET OF HOGUS PO.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month, on the eighth day of the week,
 On the twenty-fifth hour and the sixty-first minute, we find all things that we seek.
 They are there in the limbo of Lollipop land, a cloud island and resting in air.
 On the nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the Valley of Overthere.
 On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the Valley of Overthere.
 On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair; And there is where our dreams will come true. and the seeds of our hope will grow.
 On the thitheward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po.
 On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the Hamlet of Hocus Po,
 We shall see all the things that we want to see, and know all we want to know;
 For there the old men will lament, the babes will never squeak, In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hide-and-goseek.
 In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hide-and-goseek,
 On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month, on the eighth day of the week,
 We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish whatever we try,
 On the sunset shore of Sometimeorother, by the beautiful Bay of Bimeby.

GOMING ATTRACTIONS.

"A Bunch of Keys" will be presented at the Lansing tonight. All the music, features, songs, dances and medleys are new, and a good deal of new business has been introduced so altogether, it is almost a new comedy. The company is entirely new; and includes Miss Ada Bothner as *Teddy*; Harry Foy, *Grimes*; and Charles W. Bowser in his original creation of *Snaggs*. All the original scenery is used by the company, including the famous hotel scene with the two upstairs rooms.

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Katie Emmett, the bright and vivacious little comedienne, who has achieved equal success in boys parts and as persecuted but happy Irish colleens, will appear at the Lansing theatre December 7th in a grand scenic production of "Killarney," a play in which she has the double role of the charming *Kittie Burke*, sweet-faced and silver voiced, and of the rollicking lad, *Terry Doyle*, out at your service and always in mischief.

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