



There is still hope that Mr. Oppenheimer and Dr. Tyndale will succeed in getting "The City Council" on the stage. It is expected that this long looked for event will occur some time next month. If the yellow dog doesn't suffer too much it is the intention to organize a new company and put the play on the road.

It is gratifying to the friends of Mr. William Reed Dunroy, one of THE COURIER'S most valued contributors, to note the increasing recognition which his work is receiving. His prose and poetry as they appear in THE COURIER are now being generally reprinted in the eastern papers. His poem "Violets" was given an honored place in a recent issue of the Philadelphia Times.

Citizens of Lincoln who incline to the use of the gun are just now visiting the interior and western part of the state and bringing back with them the most marvelous tales and also game well perforated with shot. It is going to be a close race between Frank Cooke and F. W. Brown, with J. H. Harley occupying a prominent place in the field, to the season's end. A judge should be appointed to take account of the birds actually brought home, with an affidavit in each case, and who would not be influenced by the Munchausenism in which all three of these gentlemen are notably proficient.

Miss Leiter is going to marry Viscount Curzon and the Mrs. Malaprop of Chicago will become the mother-in-law of a title, according to the *World-Herald*. The story of her attendance at the reception given at the American legation in Paris, when her daughter danced with all the "etages," ought to go down in the chronicles of the family. The same evening, when someone told her that Miss Leiter was out strolling on the piazza in ball toilet, such an imprudent thing for a delicate girl to do, Mrs. Leiter answered: "Oh! no, indeed; my daughter may look delicate, but she is the most indelicate girl I ever knew."

If there exists any doubt as to the success of THE COURIER as a prophet a comparison of the "Matrimonial Prospectus" published in this paper last August with the matrimonial developments since that time will effectually dispel it. It was foretold that W. E. Hardy and Miss Gertrude Laws, Ross Curtice and Miss Grace Burr, Beman Dawes and Miss Bertie Burr, George Woods and Miss Rachel Brock, Lew Marshall and Miss Nellie White, W. F. Kelley and Miss Martha McClure, of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., W. D. Robinson and Miss Fay Marshall, the Hon. G. M. Lambertson and Miss Sherwood, of Southport, Conn., would in the near future appear before the altar; and subsequent events proved the truth of the prophecy in each instance. Reference was also made to two or three prospective matches that up to the present time have not materialized. It is believed that in one case at least there has been a change of plans; but of the others THE COURIER can report progress. There is some material now for another prospectus—not so much as was at hand last August; the coming June and October will witness the marriage of a goodly number of people more or less prominent in society. Two or three weddings are already known to be fixed for June.

Mr. Wack, whose engagement to Miss Ellen Beach Yaw was spoken of in these columns last week, has submitted to an interview and his story of the engagement is interesting. He says: "About six years ago I was assigned by the St. Paul *Globe* to attend a musicale given at the home of A. B. Stickney, of the great Western railroad. It was a very swell gathering. Incidentally, I was introduced to Miss Yaw, who was on her way from studies in New York city to join her mother, who has lived in California for many years. The Yaw home is at Crescenta, in the mountains, about eighteen miles from Los Angeles. Delightful place. When I met Miss Yaw at the musicale I had not heard of her before. Her personality attracted me very much and during the next two years we corresponded regularly. It was about this time that I published my first novel,

'Alidor,' which is dedicated to Signor Jannotta. The signor is now living in Halstead street, Chicago. At that time he was living in St. Paul. Very pleasant man, indeed. I got the title from Signor Jannotta's opera, 'L'Alidor,' produced at the May festival in St. Paul in 1890. In my story it was the name of a mine. The novel was printed first as a three month's serial in the *Globe* and was so successful that I thought I would put it in book form. It treats of the peculiar social conditions existing among the miners of the Mesaba iron range. During my correspondence with Miss Yaw her letters revealed a woman of peculiar mental force, of rare precocity, of unusual individuality, and naturally there was a great attraction for me in finding such unexpected talents. Miss Yaw was evidently 'taken' with my letters, for she asked me to write for her a series of essays on certain subjects, on art, literature, the love of nature, the beautiful in nature, domestic life, friendship, happiness, and certain psychological and philosophical questions—a sort of Emersonian symposium it was. I did so and from the essays and letters our friendship grew. At the conclusion of my series of essays, written at Miss Yaw's request, we decided to learn more of each other's minds and began the exchange of 100 essays on various subjects. Some of mine were in a serious vein, others were mildly humorous, others mere sketches, after a style of work I had been doing for the *Globe*. There was nothing emotional or sentimental in any of them. They were written much as literary exercises; there was nothing beyond, nothing more than the great pleasure gained in the writing. The series of 100 essays was concluded last fall. In the meantime I had offered Miss Yaw encouragement and advice regarding her career as a singer. I wrote the first extended notice of her and published it in the *Globe*. I aimed to give her a fair and honest estimate of her ability and prophesied for her a great future. The article was generally reprinted, as I have many friends in the east and west. Since then I have endeavored to aid Miss Yaw in every way possible. I am now pecuniarily interested in her tours. We have been engaged about a year, but the fact I had supposed known to a few intimate friends only. The date of the wedding? Probably not before two years. You see I do not wish to interfere with Miss Yaw's success and her studies. The public takes a greater interest in a young artist if she be single. Miss Yaw goes to Paris soon and thence to Switzerland and later to London, where she expects to sing and hear the grand opera season at Covent Garden. Miss Yaw and I have preserved the essays exchanged. Several publishers, with an eye to the sale which would accrue from Miss Yaw's fame, have made me offers for their publication, but we have not decided yet whether we will permit them to be placed in print, in revised form." In age Mr. Wack appears to be under twenty-eight. His manner and conversation are easy and entertaining, and his disposition, seemingly bright and sunny, makes friends for him readily. Miss Yaw is twenty-three years old, and was born in Buffalo, N. Y. Her mother was well known as a singer of sacred music. The family moved to California when Miss Yaw was quite young and has lived there the greater part of the time since. Miss Yaw's brother travels with her. She has been studying and singing for eleven years, but has been concertizing scarcely more than one year. Her principal teachers were Delle Sedie and Bax of Paris.

BITS OF SIDE LIGHT.

(Written for THE COURIER.)

The latest calling cards are made of very thin pasteboard—almost as thin as note paper. Beveled edges are **About** things of the long ago. Pasteboard cannot be made to **Paper.** look rich, even if beveled and gilded. The characteristics that distinguish paper from other materials are thinness, lightness, smoothness, cheapness. Artists have the sense never to alter the character of a material. They do not emboss paper till it looks like stamped leather, nor give it a grain till it looks like wood. The more perfect the deception the more dispisable it is for being a cheat. Wall papers should have first of all, the quality of paper. The influence of environment on character is constant, unconscious and in the end prodigious. Some homes are filled with articles that look just as good as the genuine thing. The illusion vanishes only when a strong light falls on them or when disappointed hands touch them. A perfect copy of a basket of fruit in wax will cause suspicion of every other article in the room. Children reared in a home filled with veneered furniture, a log that never burns up in the grate