

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the way, are keeping their eyes open, and there is a prospect that a successor to Canfield may be found before the next college year. There continues to be some talk of Nebraska candidates for this place; but it is hardly within the range of possibility that any citizen of this state will be chosen.

Since the publication of "Coin's Financial School," a vast amount of jocularly has been injected into the controversy over the money question. One of the latest gold stories runs as follows:

"Bill an' me split," said the bank robber, as he grew reminiscent over a glass of his favorite beverage. "Ain't ye heard of it? No? W'y we wuz nabbed one night w'ile we wuz turnin' a trick a little way out. Bill wuz that ugly that he like to spoilt the whole game.

"You see it wuz this way: We'd piped a bank that wuz an easy game, an' Bill an' me went down to do the job. We got in dead easy an' we got the vault open 'thout much trouble, an' there right in front of us wuz a lot of large yellow shiners. Naturly I made a grab fer 'em, but Bill, like a blamed fool, jumped fer a lot of silver in the back of the vault.

"'Wot ye doin'?' sez I.

"'I'm arter the stuff,' sez he.

"'Here it is,' sez I.

"'Not much,' sez he. 'I've been studyin' this here currency business, an' my principles is silver.'

"'Silver be hangid!' sez I. 'You'd make every honest cracksman do his work with a horse an' dray.'

"'I'll not go agin my principles,' sez he, 'fer any goldbug.'

"'You're a lunatic,' sez I. But he stuck to his fool principles, an' in tryin' to get away with about a ton of silver he split a bag an' the bucks rolled out an' hit the floor with a noise like the ringin' of liberty bell, an' we had to break an' run fer it. That's w'y Bill 'an me split. I ain't pertickler just who I work with generally, but I don't want no silver men in mine. I ain't no pack mule, nor yet no Hercules."

I LOVE THE WEST WIND ON MY FACE.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

I love the west wind on my face,
The wind that blows through infinite space,

That comes all damp with summer showers
And sweet with the breath of prairie flowers.

Forever changeful, willful, wild,
Now fiercely blowing, now tender, mild

Fresh and strong and pure and sweet
Wind of the west I softly greet

Thy coming at night, or noon, or dawn
Wind of the west blow on and on.

I love the west wind on my face,
The wind that leads the clouds a chase,

That combs the fields of grain and grass
And greets the wild birds as they pass,

That cools the herd boy's heated brow
And kisses the farmer at the plow—

Fresh and strong and pure and sweet
Wind of the west I softly greet,

Thy coming at night or noon or dawn
Wind of the west blow on and on.

WILLIAM REED DUNBOY.

Have your watch repaired at Fleming's

—1224 O street.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(Written for THE COURIER by C. Y. Smith.)

No 6

Cologne, Prussia, July 8, 1892, 11:30 P. M. "Now blessings light upon him who first invented sleep; it covers a man all over, thoughts and all like a cloak. It is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, hot for the cold and cold for the hot."—Cervantes.

In the morning, so my note book tells me, I had a German breakfast, of chocolate buns and honey. What do you think of that for a repast for a hungry man? But this is a custom; light breakfasts—a lazy man's diet. There is nothing very substantial about a bun, unless you eat lots of them; but I haven't room to do that. Chocolate is good as far it goes, and aside from being wet it assists in swallowing the bun. Honey is good on buckwheat cakes, but is an improper companion for chocolate; it takes the sweet out of it. I couldn't make a fair meal from these three foods with a day's exercise before me. So I ordered a beefsteak.

As I stepped from the door I saw directly across the square the tall gothic spires of Cologne Cathedral. The chimes were ringing. What a wonderful structure! The finest ecclesiastical edifice in all Europe, except possibly the cathedral at Milan. It was founded in 1248 and received the finishing touches in 1890. In 1795, so the story goes, the French used it as a storehouse for hay. In other words in 1795 it was used as a barn. The French in these days were a sacreligious class, but it seems they could have found some other place in which to store hay, although in size it was well adapted to such a purpose. Its length is 450 feet, width 201 feet and height of nave 150 feet. I don't know how much hay could be stored in this space, but undoubtedly all the French had at that time. The tower is 511 feet high, and the bell weighing 25 tons was cast from cannon, taken from the French in 1870. This sort of evens things up; the cannon to be regarded as an offset for the claim against the French for storage of hay.

The interior is rather sombre. The grandeur and beauty are found on the exterior. There is no place to sit down. When one has walked around for some hours peering into the several nooks and corners he is possessed of that tired feeling. The only place to rest is against some immense stone column which reaches from the floor to the great roof above. The windows are very beautiful; very fine specimens of stained glass. The inner gallery of the choir affords a very fine view of the interior. At every turn and at every conceivable place one is confronted with a contribution box; a mere nickle in the slot machine where one may drop in his odd pennies. The funds from each box are to be used for a separate purpose, and it is remarkable what a large number of purposes there are for which money can be used. No wonder the poor are getting poorer and the rich richer, when they are required to keep these boxes full. They are found in all Catholic cathedrals in Europe and the poor classes who come daily to these immense cathedrals to worship before the shrines, to count over their beads one by one and utter

the prayers, are the ones who keep the coffers full. Services are seldom held, but on Sunday the cathedral is full of worshipers kneeling humbly before the several altars.

When Empress Helena came from Constantinople she brought with her the bones of the Magi, and these now rest in peace in the Chapel of the Magi. Several ancient paintings hang in the various chapels; one the "Dombild" painted in 1410 by Master Stephan is worthy of note.

In A. D. 50 Agripina, daughter of Germanicus, hustled around and finding a spot to her liking founded a Roman colony on the banks of the Rhine, by name Colonia Agrippinensis. This is the site of the present Cologne. Traces of the walls built by the Romans still remain and are an object of interest. One curiosity is the large pump, or stone or iron with a long, sweeping iron handle, some ten feet high, seen embedded in the high walls or standing alone in the open squares surrounded by children.

A pleasant stroll in Cologne is along the river banks by the docks, without the city walls, in the shadow of the two magnificent towers of the cathedral. It is at its best by moonlight when the four turret towers surmounted by bronze statues on either end of the bridge crossing the Rhine stand out in bold relief against the sky and the moon's silver rays dance and sparkle on the water. All else is sombre and dim save the path of the moonlight and the

lights along the shore. The great spans of the bridge slowly emerge from their dark prison and the boats in the river assume pleasing forms as the orb of night peeps up from the distance beyond and sheds its light on the darkened view. The chimes in the cathedral fairly ring with joy at the entrancing scene—Moonlight on the Rhine. Such scenes are rare and they make one serious.

But I was not alone on my moonlight stroll along the banks of the Rhine. I had a fair companion with brown eyes and golden hair. She knew all about the science of the heavens; could tell all about the stars and knew of the latest theories concerning Mars. And the dog star, she knew that too. Moonlight strolls are of frequent occurrence in Europe. 'Tis, I presume, a universal custom.

In the morning we left Cologne behind, taking a steamer down the Rhine. It is a delightful sail and gives intense pleasure. On either bank of the winding river are seen the castle ruins built on high rocky bluffs, apparently without access. They are now mostly shattered piles of old time glory, with tumbling walls partly covered with moss and wild flowers. The steep banks are terraced and covered with vineyards and every bend in the river brings to view the most delightful scenery. Indeed the Rhine is unsurpassed for beauty around, but the ruined castles which stand out boldly against the sky give it the finishing touch of charm. I don't know

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