

report in respect to the memory of Mrs. Wing, after appropriate resolutions were adopted.

The senior class of the university gave an elaborate reception to Chancellor and Mrs. MacLean at the university school of music Wednesday evening. The seniors were there en masse and by nine o'clock some seventy-five of them were strolling about the parlors engaged in the gentle art of being amiable. The affair was notable in being the "umpteenth" reception tendered the chancellor and his wife.

Mrs. John Dorgan gave a reception to her friend Mrs. Muir on Friday afternoon.

The Pleasant Hour club will give a dancing party at the Lincoln hotel next Friday night.

The Lincoln club will give its second dancing and reception next Wednesday evening at the Lincoln hotel.

The university boys are rejoicing over a victory of twenty-four to nothing over Doane. The red lantern swung from the tower of University hall Tuesday night to announce the fact.

The Beta Theta Pi give a dance at their chapter house tonight. It is the first Beta party of the season and the boys will probably make it a gay affair.

A Courier representative came across the following interesting private circular addressed by the Whitebreast Coal Co. to its patrons. The prices quoted ought surely to attract a large business:

We want your trade for Domestic Coal and will do everything in our power to please you. The following are our prices, well screened and put in your bin: Scranton or Lackawanna hard coal, \$8.40; Elk Mountain Colorado hard coal, \$8.40; Canon City lump, \$7.65; Canon City nut, \$6.65; Excelsior lump, \$6.65; Excelsior nut, \$6.15; Colo. Robinson lump, \$7; Colo. Maitland lump, \$7; Keb. Iowa lump, \$4.60; Keb. Iowa nut, \$4; Keb. Iowa Mine Run, \$4.40; Rock Springs lump, \$7.65; Rock Springs nut, \$6.65; Hanna lump, \$6.65; Hanna egg, \$6.65; DuQuoin, Ill., lump, \$6; DuQuoin, Ill., nut, \$5.50; Smoky Hollow lump, \$4.60; Smoky Hollow nut, \$4; Smoky Hollow Mine Run, \$4.40. We also handle all grades of Iowa, Missouri and Weir City District Steam coals, and our telephone is 234. Yours truly,

WHITEBREAST COAL & LIME CO.
JOHN T. DORGAN.

MUSICAL THOUGHTS

SUNDAY AFTERNOON MUSICALS

Beethoven's Marche Funere differs widely from the celebrated marches of Haendel and Chopin. Haendel's has the splendor and pomp of death, the pride of ornate obseques, with the tossing of sombre plumes, the trappings of black stately horses. Chopin's has the wailing of a nation over a lost chief, the keen agony of shrilling notes, the sick jarring of dulled cymbals. This of Beethoven is calm, grand, awed, never pompous, sternly solemn. It tells of the "grandeur of the dooms we have imagined for the mighty dead," of the vasty hall of death, the dignity of life's great ending. We are tending to make death a thing either of silly ridicule or of sillier sentiment. Such music forbids both. It faces death as it is, a mystery of infinite hope and of infinite fear, a graduation into eternity, a crossing the bar into the vibrating ocean of unmeasured space, a passing the grim gate through which we tremble into the unknown new, of splendor or of sleep. There is no glad music of death. All through life, the churches hail it, from afar off. But when it looms imminent, the glad strains cease. The dirge rises, solemn peals of Dies Irae, or of De Profundis, majestic Requiem. This music of Beethoven's—like all his graver music—comes perhaps the closest to triumph. Its gloom is not morbid. It hails gravely the coming grandeurs. It paces, with the stern heart-beat rhythm of the A major symphony, into the awaiting dark. This march is not a dirge. It says: "One has gone. Death has drawn this much nearer to me. I dread it, yet I triumph in the vastness of the thing that I fear." As Bliss Carman sings: ...to the least in every land

Whose lives are dust before his breath,
He lends for one white hour the grand Remorseless dignity of death."

Tchaikowski's Andante was in strange contrast to Beethoven's Marche Funere. That had healthful gloom. This was morbid. It, too, seemed to tell of death, or rather, of the dead. Its muted strings muttered of thronging ghosts, all murmuring innumerable, sighing, sobbing, the whole thin-voiced array of the wailing dead. Beethoven's dead may move in gloom, but they move like the great march of the dead in Vedder's grand illustration to Omar, calm, pensive, reproachful nations. Yet it moves, this phantom music. It is not sentimental. It has the morbidness of a strong nature, the phantastic imaginative morbidness of a Heine. Its swift little notes and pass—into the night.

Miss Davis played Wieniawski's Romance with much feeling. The chief defeat was in fulness of tone—owing, in great part, to the instrument, which refused to warm to the player. Her bowing was excellent, giving a connected smoothness, an even flow of tone. She caught sympathetically the sobbing pathos of the Polish music.

She lacks, however,—excellent as she is, in the most emotional mood—in steady interpretive power. In quiet passages, her calmness becomes indifferent. She should study the meaning of music to find that it may have message without strenuous emotion, to distinguish between calm beauty and mere monotony. Mrs. Cotter's work was technically excellent. It lacked, however, what audiences demand in singers, richness and thrilling tone. Mr. Athorp says: "Take one of the most beautiful and heart-moving melodies in existence; let it be sung with fairly-correct expression and finish of phrasing by a voice in no way distinguished by beauty of timber. In an average audience, the greater number of listeners will be little moved by it. But let it be sung by a voice of great richness, and especially of fine vibrating quality, and nearly the whole audience will be deeply affected." It may be unjust, but it's true. Perhaps it is most noticeable in such solos as "Fear Me Not, O Israel," where the grave simplicity calls especially for richness of rendering.

The number from Schubert, the Allegro, was delicately vivacious, the theme almost "catchy" in its sprightliness. The wavering accompaniment, almost in moto per petuo, ran through it like rippling laughter. It was a pleasant relief from the darkness of the funeral march and the morbid shuddering of the Tchaikowski Andante.

The Mozart Gloria is music of true religious nature. It turns its back to failing and defeat, and revels in ecstatic praise. Its opening of ascending notes soars strong. Its body is praise, its close repeats yet more triumphantly the ecstatic motive of its opening flight. It ranks in spirit with the Hallelujah Chorus, with all the great music of uplifting praise.

It is a pity that the quartet cannot include in its selections a little of Wagner's music. Little of it, it is true, is written for quartet, and adaptations are not very satisfying. But isolated as we are from orchestras and opera companies, it would be pleasant to hear, even in translation—for transcription is but musical translation—some of the works of this modern master. Mr. Hagenow is doing nobly in giving us so much of Bach. It speaks well of Lincoln audiences that they show appreciation of music so generally unappreciated. Wagner's music, however, has been so strong an influence, that the educational mission of the Music Services can hardly be complete without some presentation of it. There are some vocal solos, from Tannhaeuser and Lohengrin, that might well be in order. Or would it not be possible to get transcriptions of some of the marches and best-known numbers? Objectionable as they are, they are better than nothing. If Russian literature were to be closed to us till we should learn Russian, most of us would wait a long day. And it is hard to wait for Wagner till we can afford a weekly orchestra. We can pardon even rather faulty transcription if it will but give us a glimpse of some grand original.

MUSIC IN THE CHURCH

(COMMUNICATED)

Speaking of music in the church as related to worship, "H. B." writes in the spirit of a man who is glad that his "adversary has written a book." He takes advantage of a seeming opportunity given by a recent article of mine on that subject to "boost" Unitarianism and at the same time to disparage "or-

thodoxy." He speaks of my "view" of the doctrine of Christ's sacrifice as "narrow," although I said nothing whatever to indicate my view or belief in regard to that doctrine. I referred to certain teaching connected with the sacrifice of the cross as being expressed or interpreted by passages in the music of the "mass," and I wondered how protestants and Unitarian-Universalists could swallow it. The teaching referred to is this:

The "Mass" is intended to express and to emphasize by word and act a repetition of the sacrifice upon the cross, to describe the actual entrance of the real presence of Christ into the elements of bread and wine offered, handled and breathed upon by the priest in the act of consecration, and thus, under the form of bread and wine, to offer Christ often to be adored by the worshippers. Hence I cannot help wondering, without expressing my own view, how those Christians who at the Reformation resisted this teaching, even unto blood, as a "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit," can receive it now into their "inner worshiping hearts" from Prof. Hagenow's fiddle strings, without unseating the rational faculty.

But the "Mass" includes also the Nicene creed, which says: "I believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made; who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man." Hence, I cannot help wondering how those Universalists who deny the Virgin birth and the Godhead of Christ and pretty much everything here stated, can set the "sympathies" of their honest souls into harmony with what they regard as a lie without annihilating "the prime instinct," or without being guilty of irreligious sarcasm.

But I do not believe that H. B. represents the real thoughts and feelings of Universalists. He has not associated with them long enough to know them. The fact is that the purpose of their Sunday afternoon musical services, as they are called, in this city, is to supply an appropriate and edifying entertainment for those who wish to make the best of the day. It is a step towards solving the Sunday question, while of course it does not overlook the probability of attaching a few outsiders to that church, and at the same time serves as a good advertisement for the musicians. To all of which I have not the slightest objection. But to ask me to believe that it represents the idea of worship, which obtains in the Universalist church, or the Unitarian church, is to me suggestive of an expansiveness inconsistent with all ideas of truth. In a former article H. B. argued for the eternal fitness of things in the matter of worship. He praised the music of the Episcopal church as set to those portions of its service, which constitute its worship proper. He deprecated the introduction of the inferior music and sentiment of the "Gospel Hymn." And supposing that he was pleading for consistency in the adaptation of music to words and sentiments used in public worship. I endorsed all he said, but claimed further that in no church should music be used which by itself and without words expresses sentiments, doctrines or truths that are outlawed by the consciences of the worshippers.

Perhaps if I had not been so indiscreet as to cite for illustration the rendering of the "Mass" in the Universalist church no notice would have been taken of it. But this gave H. B. an opportunity to lug in the words "view" and "narrow," both pet words with men who refuse to be guided by "regulated" truth, preferring I suppose to be misguided by unregulated truth; a point of view from which I, for one, do not care to "see religion." My religion is the christian religion and the christian religion is an actual grasp of the real truth of God. It is that which binds man back to God. It is therefore "regulated" truth; that is, a body or system of truths revealed in certain fore-ordained, foretold, definite ways and accepted always, everywhere, and by all who have been or are now christians in the Bible sense. If the religion of H. B. is indexed by his ideas of worship it is only a "view"—a view of "greatness," the greatness "of mountain, of sea, of star, of man's imagining"—of music. Into this greatness he "dreams" and calls it worship. He himself has greatness because God made him, as the mountain, or the sea, or the star has greatness because God

made it. He has greatness also because he has genius, the genius of a poet. He shows it, he knows it, perhaps he "dreams" about it. But does he dream into the mystery of that greatness and call it worship? Must I call this view of his greatness a creed and extract from it "its common factor" which is only a vision of greatness and call it "a craving for God?" Excuse me. No music of any Master can thus mislead me, and I write because I would not have others misled by it. According to H. B. the worship that "has root deep in man's sympathies" may dance on a man's conscience to the music which makes him bow before the "consecrated host" held up by a catholic priest and viewed as God. But the poor fellow who sings and understands the weak, "insipid" gospel hymn and cannot "see religion" in the blank dread of space, who cannot understand the musical language of the great masters, there is no sympathy for him and therefore no worship. There is a God behind the door of the tabernacle on the high altar of the catholic, "behind the scimitared zeal of Mahomet;" but behind "the blind faith" of "orthodoxy" expressed in a simple gospel hymn there is no God, save intolerance. X.

"Queen Victoria," Ladies Favorite, Her Majesty's Perfume, is the latest, most delicate and refined opera Perfume, At Riggs' Pharmacy, corner Twelfth and O streets.

(First publication November 23.)

TO FABIEN S. POTVIN, CATHERINE T. POTVIN, his wife, Dexter Horton & Co., a corporation, Dexter Horton, Arabella C. Horton, his wife, S. A. Denny, first real name unknown, Mary A. Denny, his wife, Mary L. Potvin, Quincy National Bank, a corporation, and William Henry Smith, non-resident defendants:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on November 20th, 1895, Sarah Waters as plaintiff, began an action against you and other defendants in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage on the following land in said county, to-wit: The east half of the north-east quarter of section number twenty-eight (28), in town ten (10), north of range six (6), east of the 6th principal meridian, made by Fabien S. Potvin to Sarah Waters, dated May 11th, 1887, to secure the payment of a promissory note of said Fabien S. Potvin to said Sarah Waters for \$4600 on which there is now due \$1186.81, with interest from January 7th, 1895, at eight per cent per annum pursuant to coupons.

Plaintiff prays for decree of foreclosure and sale of land to satisfy said liens as aforesaid, for deficiency judgment and general relief.

You are required to answer plaintiff's petition on or before the 30th day of December, 1895.

SARAH WATERS, Plaintiff.
By S. L. Geishardt, Attorney.

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