

The holiday bulletin from Houghton, Mifflin contains, besides the book announcements some interesting portraits of the people we talk about. There is an entirely new portrait of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. This lady is said to be hysterically nervous. Her face here looks serene with the hair smoothly parted over the brow, smooth too in spite of fifty years of Boston and Andover.

Edmund Clarence Stedman also has had a new picture taken. You remember the old one—bushy beard carefully parted in the middle, but a little wilful about the divide, and thick hair brushed directly back from the forehead. This one contains the same characteristics, only the hair and beard are whiter though just as thick. He is carefully dressed and this picture shows more of his clothes than any previous one. He is called the poet-critic. His poetry will speedily be forgotten. His books of criticism on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" on the "Victorian Poets," "A Victorian Anthology" and the "Poets of America" will be used by students and perhaps by scholars for a much longer time.

By far the most charming of them all is the picture of Kate Douglas Wiggin, full-length in a white silk dress, reading a book, with her hair curled tight and a white silk cord depending from her waist. It is the face and figure of a debutante.

Robert Browning: the same old fellow. He has had no new picture taken lately. He looks like a solid business man. The mist that gets into his text he keeps out of his eyes. They are as clear as New England springs.

F. Hopkinson Smith, the author of "A White Umbrella in Mexico," Colonel Carter of Cartersville" and a lot of other fascinating things, appears with his overcoat on. Now artists and actors understand pretty well that the overcoat picture is the only chance a man has to look picturesque and "they never use any other," but with lapels thrown back and a white lilac on they can challenge Venus. To return to Mr. Smith, he is very beautiful if it only were not for his moustache which is long and droops over his mouth. It makes me shudder when I think of his taking coffee.

Clara Louise Burnham has her hand to her chin in a Helen Hunt attitude, curled bangs and a thinking look on besides a velvet dress with a duchess lace fichu and cuffs, looking very stylish indeed. She writes novels, but I have not the honor

Bret Harte, hair white and wavy, moustache black, not so black as it used to be however, and negligé attitude. He has enjoyed many things and is paying for some of them. His stories are full of adventure and love. Of late years he is running out of incident and type, but some of his poorest are pretty good.

Lafcadio Hearn, bristly hair which much brushing has finally trained back from the round forehead, irregular features, odd ears, the sharp lobe of which, you see only one points right at his unassuming chin. His father was an Irish surgeon in the 76th British Regiment, his mother a Greek lady from Cerigo. He was born at Lucadia, SantaMaura, Ionian Isles. He was sent to France at sixteen to be educated, came to America at nineteen and came to New Orleans where he did editorial work for 10 years. In 1887 he visited the West Indies, with which he was charmed. From there he went to Japan where he married a Japanese lady and studied the people with sympathy and great success. His books have the charm of poetry without poetry's false lights and tiresome recurrence of feet and gingle. It is inherent or a part of

the structure and to mix the metaphor still more it is very easy to take.

S. B. H.

HISTORICAL

The story which appeared in a late number of The Courier concerning one of the events said to have happened in the early history of the City of Lincoln, has attracted some attention from the old residents of this section of the country, and not less from the relatives of the Mr. Sheedy spoken of in the story. It is perhaps due the readers of this paper, and certainly due the writer of the letter printed below, to tell where the story came from. Two or three years ago the well known Washington lawyer, Mat Ballinger stopped off at Lincoln to see some friends, and shortly after being seated in a friendly parlor, he told the story practically as was given in the paper, at least, as it was given in the paper, it was told to me.

JAY AMOS BARRETT.

Yuma, Colo., Dec. 23, 1895.

Editor Lincoln Courier:—In your issue of Saturday, Nov. 30, a copy of which has reached me, I notice an article written by one "Jay Amos Barret," purporting to be a reminiscence of early days at the state capitol. While I appreciate the fact that narrative of this nature is interesting to your readers, I trust you will permit me to refute the substance of the one referred to in so far as it pertains to matters connected with my father, the late Mike Sheedy. I cannot forbear taking up the defense of my father when his integrity is attacked by one so supercilious and extravagant with conjecture and falsehood as this man Barrett bears every evidence of being.

The article in question would indicate to the reader that Mike Sheedy was a border ruffian, given to horse stealing on an extended scale. Reference is made to the alleged fact that, "Mike Sheedy," knowing of certain animals and wagons at a small Missouri hamlet that were quite to his purpose, forthwith visited the place and made way with them."

The truth concerning the matter he evidently refers to is that "Mike Sheedy, as a sub-contractor was defrauded out of \$5,000 cash by the disappearance of the contractor proper, and out of twenty-eight teams of his own, only saved one team. The other matter is purely fiction and will be condemned as such by those acquainted with the circumstances.

While I can but accord you a high sense of appreciation in the selection of your matter, so it will be interesting. I am inclined to believe that you will agree with me in condemning such matter as your bullet-headed correspondent attempts to palm off on the public as truth. Trusting that this letter may receive the same circulation that the article referred to has, I am, Yours Very Truly, JAMES W. SHEEDY.

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