

used in after years as the foundation of a splendid fame. The only fault—the story has its brevity. The translator, Abbey L. Alger has made herself of little account and rendered Renan into English as pure and direct as the Hebraist's French. The little story can be read in an hour, more's the pity. A preface gives hope of another volume soon to be published containing Henrietta's letters.

Richard Burton in *The Bookman* objects to the frivolous treatment of shall and will. He says the delicate, sensitive use of these auxiliaries is the very touchstone of style and further that it is easy to gain a mastery of them by five minutes study of this table:

I shall	expresses futurity	I will	expresses volition
Thou wilt		Thou shalt	
He will		He shall	
We shall		We will	
You will		You shall	
They will		They shall	

Rudyard Kipling's story of "Quiquern" in a recent number of *McClure's Magazine* has a fascination as potent as any of the jungle stories, written in the pre-Vermont days have. It is a story of Eskimo life and introduces to the icebergs, the pervading blubber, the dogs and the bitter cold better than Kane's two volumes of Arctic explorations and all the diaries and records that explorers have written since. It is a hard saying, but this man who stays at home or journeys to the South seas in the winter time is able to describe the north pole country better than the men who have frozen and starved and died to reach it. It is their experiences of Arctic silence, darkness and cold arranged by Rudyard Kipling that we read, but Mr. Kipling gets—the credit. He is Paderewski and Beethoven in one. The Vermont people criticised his lack of sympathy and interest in them, but probably he has them all in his notebook and when he resides once more in the jungles of India or at the antipodes he will make them walk and talk before the natives of those distant places and they will be as interesting to them as they are to us.

Clay Clement has been playing "The New Dominion" in Chicago, where they never heard of him before. He has played to splendid audiences and the critics have given him unstinted praise. The young man has a bright future before him. This is not a prophesy but a statement of fact. He has accomplished his future. All that he needs is for the great to see him. New York will set its seal of approval on him.

The Paris edition of the *New York Herald* has got itself into trouble by printing a criticism made by a voice-trainer on a pupil who had deserted him for another teacher. The soprano whom he criticised is Miss Meyer, the critic—Signor Trabadelo his special talent—removing the tremolo from a pupil's voice. When Miss Meyer left him for Bouhy. Trabadelo told her that if she should make a public appearance in Paris he would be near by and she should feel it. A few weeks ago Miss Meyer sang at a concert and Trabadelo after sending her a skull and crossbones warning wrote the criticism for *The Herald*: "She has such a terrible tremolo that it is painful to hear her." The American colony was very much excited and the *Herald* was forced to disavow any responsibility for the criticism. In view of the extent to which the tremolo insect has infected Lincoln voices, Signor Trabadelo might do an evangelist's work here.

S. B. H.

Purple Pansy, Her Majesty's Perfume, is the gentlemen's favorite amongst the latest odors. At Riggs drug store. Twelfth and O sts.

A STUDIO MONOLOGUE.

But why try to set the limitation of art? Why try to say what the poet may not sing—what the painter may not paint? There is no part of this great confusion that we have made Life—that is not available—paintable—that has not in it an interest that if it be not ennobling, but may be enlightening. See—as you stir the fire—it lights the Botticelli—a fair copy—"The Young Man Introduced to the Muses"—so we name it. An allegory, perhaps, of the individual life of high thought and desire—of a soul exquisitely passionate, exquisitely adjusted. The force it has, lies in its life likeness—the appreciation of the spiritual realities.

But take down that roll from the mantel—Rembrandt's "Anatomist," the smaller canvas at Amsterdam.

The grave scientist standing by the dead body of a man,—lying feet to us,—the dark cavern of the opened body yawning at us. Here is all the horror of mortality—the grotesque end of a man's life on earth.

The tragedy was heavy upon the painter; he saw of that more than he has rendered. But he knew, too, how much more real a thing was the living soul of the man of science, whom he painted these against it; the quiet, keen mind, in the temperate body—its house.

And you remember the "Ballet Girls" of Degas? Now here is the artist—with the endowment of the higher imagination—the curious observer of life in its more sordid aspects. He saw these women, truly—the devotees of an art, that, developing their bodies to an abnormal facility,—grinds out the life.

We had seen the ballet girl painted frequently enough—painted as the young man of twenty sees her, across the mist of the footlights. But Degas saw the tired, underfed woman in the very travail of art—with the reek of the sweat of its labor about her. He gave us life to ponder, rather than art to find amusing. He looked at it all seriously—then rendered his impression in this shorthand—and flung it to us—with "This interested me—so I set it down."

Now, there perhaps, lies the solution—in the attitude of the artist.

"There are three games," you remember Lafcadio Hearn says—"at which, mortals may not play—life and love, and death." I would add one other—this business of art. We may be gay at all four—(for gaiety is becoming in a man) but the gods will not have us triflers.—And—living seriously, generously, and following an art with sincerity—must bring us, at last, to realism—to seeing quite clearly the whole round of the circle; passion and sin, pain and death, love and self-forgetfulness, independence and joy—the eternal realities. * * *—The Lark

POINTS OF CONTRAST.

The morning and evening papers read by purchaser alone, in part, because hastily, forgotten in the rush of business, or thrown away as soon as glanced at.

THE WEEKLY PAPER, read throughout in the seclusion of the home after business hours, in the leisure of the reader, at the club by family and friends.

THAT IS WHY

THE COURIER

will pay you as an advertising medium.

Spring 1896

Fancy silks

Wool Dress goods

Wash Dress goods

In each of the other lines we will offer larger assortments this season than ever before. To all who come we promise to show the most complete stock of dress fabrics to be found in Nebraska.

MILLER & PAINE

A BIG HIT

Is seldom made nowadays in the book line. But a tremendous exception to the general rule, and the prevailing sensation is

Sherman's Recollection's

Politicians are startled by it; statesman are provoked to controversy; every body reads it. Sold only by subscription. Drop a card to the general agent.

Thos. C. Van Horn
309 Brace Bldg.

COMMERCIAL BARBER SHOP

122 N. 11th St.

It will be strictly first class. Satisfaction guaranteed. The finest bath room in connection with shop. I will be pleased to see all my old customers

W. A. MILLER
formerly of the Lincoln Hotel

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Will accept engagements for concerts, receptions, and parties. Any number and variety of instruments furnished. Terms reasonable.

AUGUST HAGENOW

Office with N. P. Curtice Co. 207 s 11

ROBT. S. BROWNE

POE, the photograper 132 HT 2

Is doing the best and finest work in the city and his prices are the most reasonable. Call at the studio and examine the work and be convinced. Remember the place

132 S. 12th St.

Lincoln Steam Dye Works

ROY DENNEY, Proprietor.

suits, overcoats, cloaks and dresses cleaned and colored without taking apart. shawls, ribbons, laces, feathers, mufflers, curtains, kid gloves, etc., cleaned and dyed.

105 O greet — — Express charges paid one way — — Telephone 456