

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

Archibald Forbes' "Czar and Sultan" is, in spite of the preface, a real account of the distinguished war-correspondent's experiences in the Russian-Turkish war of 1877-78. In the preface, Mr. Forbes disclaims his own personality and at the same time destroys the value of the book as an authority by stating that the moving adventures are related by one John Carnegie to his nephews in the twilight hour. The book contains no maps and no foot-notes. It belongs in the list with the "Youth's History of the Rebellion" or Charles Dickens' "Child's History of England." The absence of maps is the most serious lack. North and South, east and west, mean nothing to the imaginations unless accompanied by a map or localized by a personal experience. North! and the imaginations starts towards Canada and souses into the Arctic ocean, crosses it and never stops on account of gravity or weather; only another word can pull it back to where it started from and then the thread of the narrative is tangled. Mr. Forbes gains in ease and grace from the expedient he has adopted, but it loses more than it gains. Such a book attracts people who are interested in European politics and wars and their patience is tried to find at the outset that the witness discredits himself and disclaims all responsibility by assuming an alias. The feats of the Russian generals look like good likeness; the story is told with simplicity and directness, it has strong attractions—its faults are in what it has not.

Mann.—Louis Mann, whose impersonation of the German professor in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," was the one artistic feature of the production, has retired from the company.—Dramatic Mirror.

Eddie Foy was indeed a great disappointment. His voice is long since drowned in drink. He is not much of an acrobat—he is not anything of an actor. He found his reputation in Chicago and lost it there. He is now losing it again all over the United States.

Duse called a week ago. She refused to make any western engagements, but intends to return next year, when she will make a tour of the country, showing in the principal cities.

Madame Theo Dorre will star next year in "Carmen." She had a small audience when she played here with the Tavery grand opera company, but before the curtain went down it was entirely hers. As Carmen she is diabolically fascinating. If Nethersole is any more of a beautiful fiend there are surprises below.

"Mark Twain" has never told a tale with his pen with the effect, in point of either humor or pathos, or vigor and felicity of diction that he imparts to the tale he tells by word of mouth. The anecdotes related induce a strong desire for the honor of his acquaintance. He loves and he hates with fervor and he expresses both to the great satisfaction of emotional people possessed of a devil. This is the way he replies to a friend who had informed him of a piece of ill luck that had befallen a person who had been his special antipathy:

"I am more than charmed to hear of it; still, it does not do me half the good it could have done if it had come sooner. My malignity has so worn out and wasted away with time and the exercise of charity that even his death would not afford me anything more than a mere fleeting ecstasy, a sort of momentary pleasurable titillation now unless, of course, it happened in some peculiarly radiant way, like burning, or boiling, or something like that. Joys that come to us after the capacity for enjoyment is dead are but an affront." Of course this has nothing of the chastened Christian spirit in it. It is the Old Testament, "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" doctrine that all of us subscribe to when our cheeks are aflame with a new slap. The vindictiveness of the extract is softened by humor, but there is no doubt that the party who had met with misfortune is unpopular with the Twain family.

When he came back with his bride from their wedding journey he was received by his new relatives in an elegant house, brilliantly lighted and handsomely furnished. Mark supposed it was a reception in somebody's house. His wife finally said: "It's our house—

yours and mine, a present from father." Mark Twain was much moved and had difficulty in finding his voice. But finally with considerable obstruction from choking, he got it out, two or three words at a time: "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right up here and bring your bag with you. You may stay overnight if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent."

John Currie's masterpiece has been offered a pedestal by the generous, but deceived and misguided people of Tennessee. When the statue is finally in place on postoffice square the attention of distinguished visitors who are being shown the sights will be directed to the pedestal. Marble makes no mistake and unless the stone mason decides to carve on it some of his airy fancies in relief Tennessee has saved Lincoln from a recurring, an overwhelming mortification. The statue of Lincoln prepared from soaked plaster of Paris by Mr. Currie shows heroic patience and faith in himself. He has also used a new method in preparing his model from an unelastic medium that cannot be molded by the sculptor's sentient thumb. The old sculptors, life long students of "the glory that was Greece and the splendor that was Rome's" use clay to construct their working models. It can be pulled, scraped and pinched, it can be taken off or added to in chunks, it is absolutely obedient to the artist's will. Michael Angelo's students used to say he had an inspired thumb nail. Nevertheless, had it worked in plaster wind-blown drapery had remained plaster. Forty years' acquaintance with stone's brittle and obstinate character has taught Mr. Currie the necessity of being sure of his design before expressing it in stone. His work has the assurance and determination of a master. Experiment in a plastic material has become unnecessary. His mind can see clearly the gaunt, awkward figure of Abraham Lincoln, he has studied the various lives of Lincoln so that his statue, as finally cast or cut, will compel reverence from the people as the man himself would if he stood before us and as the Abraham Lincoln of St. Gaudens that stands in Lincoln park, Chicago, compels attention and reverence. Mr. Currie believes in symbols: the rigidity of the figure he has stuck together finely expresses Lincoln's unyielding purpose. No matter how hard the wind may rage it cannot blow a fold into the coat nor flutter a lock of the determined hair. The feet stand firmly on the pedestal encased in a leather that nor heat nor weather can make old and hard. After Mr. Lincoln became president of course he was able to buy the thickest and firmest leather, and these were purchased, I am sure, when he had plenty of money. So much leather and of such an unusual character could not be purchased by a poor man.

It seems too bad that Mr. Currie should work on this statue so long and receive nothing for it excepting the appreciation of newspapers which, after all, is not the reward an artist most covets. The people would be willing when the statue is set up to let Mr. Currie build an ornamental shed about it and charge those who wish to see it 10 cents. In this way he might receive some little reward for his faithful labor and the people would be spared much suffering.

There are many residents of Lincoln who may not know that the stone dogs on guard in one or two yards of this place are the work of John Currie. One is still to be found in Mr. Tucker's yard on N street, one in the residence formerly occupied by Bishop Skinner on R street and there used to be another in the William Barr yard at Eleventh and H streets. When the old house was torn down to make room for the double house standing there now, the dog was lost—perhaps he was put into the corner stone of the new house—they put all sorts of things into corner stones—in order that the people of succeeding ages may know what we could do in this one.

Church members are in the habit of declaiming on the free and enlightened condition of women in Christian countries and ascribing feminine liberty and intelligence to the unselfish culture of the church. It may be so, but there are several historical instances wherein church members, beginning with St. Paul, have denied ordinary rights to women. The church is always slow to acknowledge progress. The world moves, the church stands still for long periods, piously sure that repose is best. Occasionally some thing inside or outside of it shakes it and it gasps and moves a trifle. If it were not for these disturbances the Methodist conference would be more or less peacefully discussing parish matters at the present time. There is no church wherein the women labor so

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action where n Charles M. Hawthaway is plaintiff, and Erastus M. Wheeler, et al are defendants.

I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 2nd day of June A. D., 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the fol-

lowing described real estate, to-wit: Lots sixteen (16), seventeen (17), and eighteen (18), in block two (2), in Houtz and Baldwin's sub-division of the west half of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section nineteen (19), township ten (10), north range seven (7), east of the 6th P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

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