

STORIES IN PASSING.

Five years ago a certain Lincoln man was worth two or three thousand dollars. Today he hasn't a cent. It happened in this way.

He had always been an intensely religious man, had made a great study of the Bible and especially the book of Revelations. He had become tired of business and turned his grocery store over to his son-in-law. He was restless, however, and wanted to be doing something. Then the minister suggested his writing a book. It was just the thing and the man took to literary work in dead earnest. He first bought every book published on Revelations. It took him three years to complete his study and produce his exposition and by that time half his money was gone.

He spent a year trying to find a publisher to take hold of his work. At the end of that time he had to bring it out himself. The edition of one thousand copies ate up another thousand dollars. But he had the pleasure of seeing his name on the title page and his own name in print.

He sent fifty copies to prominent editors and divines, and his friends bought twenty-five copies just to see what the work was like. The other nine hundred and twenty-five copies are piled in the store-room off the kitchen. And now he and his wife are living with his son-in-law.

A tenth street saloon-keeper also saw his money melt away with nothing but experience to show for it. But it was in an entirely different way.

The man had saved six or seven thousand dollars and decided to go out of business. He had had enough of it, intended to cease for good. Then the craze for speculation struck him. He took his seven thousand, borrowed seven thousand from his brother in Wisconsin and went to Chicago. He invested in buckwheat. The whole sum went in. That was Monday. Buckwheat went down. On Friday, the man sold out his exchange privilege for enough to get back to Lincoln.

"Scheme was all right," he said in telling about it, "but I just struck hard luck. As soon as I make the cost I am going back and try it again, and it'll pan out this time."

Two little tots were buying Christmas presents in Herpolshelmer's one day this week. They had just fifteen cents between them. A tray of gaudy jewelry caught their eyes as they passed a show-case. In the center was a brass stick pin set with a big oblong piece of green glass.

"How much is that?" one of them asked the lady clerk.

"Fifty cents," was the reply. The children said nothing but stood silently gazing at the bit of finery.

"Diamonds," whispered the boy in a tone of awe and wonder.

"Yes," his sister answered equally impressed; and then they turned toward the toy counter.

Down in Ashland, years ago "Dad Hardin" a little dried up, sharp-featured man was night watch of the town. While going the rounds of the stores one night he suddenly heard a shouting up the street. It was intensely cold, with the wind whipping little bits of ice through the air, and Dad wondered who was out at such a time.

He ran up the middle of the street and found a man muffled up on a horse standing in front of Scott's grocery. The man said he lived three miles out in the country and had come in to get some things for his sick wife. He was attempting to call Mr. Scott down from upstairs to get them for him.

Hardin said he would go up and arouse Mr. Scott and he soon had that gentleman plunging shiveringly into his clothes. Then the night watch came down and began to talk to the man on horseback until the proprietor arrived.

"It does seem a pity" said the horseman, "to pull a man out of bed a night like this for five cents worth of crackers."

"Five cents worth of crackers?" shouted Hardin. "Thunder! Is that all you want?"

"Yes, that's all," said the other in a hesitating way.

The night watch started on the run for the other end of town. His duty called him there. He didn't wait for the completion of the business transaction. In fact he never knew how it terminated, for he asked Mr. Scott no questions about it, and for some time he clung to the other side of the street in going down town. Hardin thought, however, that a man who rides three miles on a night like that for five cents

worth of crackers ought to be accommodated.

"Belay all!"

The call came down from the deck above about one o'clock of a clear, still night in September. It awoke me and I lay there in my stateroom a long time, listening to the hurrying back and forth, the sliding of things about the deck and wondering what it all meant at that time of night.

But I found out before long. Toward morning a hurricane struck the steamer and I do not remember much from then on. The steamer rolled and pitched and tossed like a ball, creaking and jerking as if about to fall apart. At one time I was standing upright on the foot-board, and again I was sliding down in a heap at the head of the berth. I sprawled all over the floor and then took a lunge toward the ceiling. All the time my head seemed to be drawing my spinal cord tighter and tighter, and I was as weak as a drowning man, and then there was a lull, the steamer pitched less, the booming became fainter and the storm had rolled off toward the south.

H. G. SHEDD.

CYCLE PHOTOGRAPHS  
ATHLETIC PHOTOGRAPHS  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF BABIES  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF GROUPS  
EXTERIOR VIEWS

*Clements*

The Photographer

129 South Eleventh Street.

We have purchased (because it is just the thing we have needed) the Columbian Cyclopaedia Library, consisting of the Columbian encyclopaedia, which is also an unabridged dictionary thirty-two volumes of convenient size neatly bound, four volumes of the annual cyclopaedic review, four volumes of current history for 1896, one Columbian atlas and the neat convenient revolving oak case with glass doors. From the evidence obtained we find that some part of this work is placed in the best private and public library in this country an abroad, for the reason that they cover a field relative to the past, present and future progress and achievements of the human race not attempted by others. The plan is original, and the work throughout is carefully and ably written.

Current history contains 220 pages, is issued two months after the close of each quarter, this length of time being taken to reduce all information received to be an absolutely reliable and authentic basis. If these are kept on file, this magazine will prove a permanent and invaluable record of all important movements in political, social, religious, literary, educational, scientific and industrial affairs.

The magazine will be indispensable to all people who have encyclopedias, as it will be needed to keep these works up to date. To those who do not own encyclopedias it will be doubly valuable as their source of information is more limited. About March of each year the four volumes of current history are bound into one volume, known as the Annual Cyclopaedic Review. There are now four of these bound volumes covering years 1892-3-4 and 5. The work has for endorsers and subscribers in this city and state such people as Mr. Gere, editor-in-chief of the Lincoln State Journal, Hon. Joe Bartley, state treasurer, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Mr. Miller, editor of the Northwestern Journal of Education, Hon. H. R. Corbett, state superintendent of public instruction, Dr. R. E. Giffen.

Every reading person has felt the need of brief summaries of current topics and events. The daily, weekly and monthly periodicals and papers may furnish data sufficient, but the labor of collecting and digesting it is frequently out of proportion to the result obtained. A most satisfactory summary may be found in the quarterly journal has been of invaluable service to the library covering a field that no other attempts.

Subscription price, \$1.50 a year in advance; bound volumes, cloth, \$2; half morocco, \$2.50; library sheep, \$2.50; embossed sheep, \$3.50; three-fourths perison, \$4. Complete library from \$36. to \$108; cases from \$6. to \$44.

The complete library is sold on monthly payments to suit purchaser. City subscriptions will be received at the Courier office for a limited time only, or at Mr. H. W. Brown's book store, direct all other correspondence to C. S. Borum, general agent Lincoln, N. b.

# Scott's Emulsion

is above all other things, the remedy for sickly, wasted children. It nourishes and builds them up when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

50c. and \$1 at all druggists.

The Book EMPORIUM

this

## CHRISTMAS

Season is as ever, at H. W. Brown's. All Who take to Books for CHRISTMAS Gifts Will Find Just What they want There. Mr. Brown is selling all Standard books Extremely low, Many of them at Cost, to reduce Stock.

H. W. BROWN.

127 So. Eleventh St.

*Tenney's*  
NEW YORK.

AND

LOWNEY'S



Chocolate Bonbons.

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE."

FOR SALE BY  
RECTOR'S  
Pharmacy.

THE COURIER - \$2 PER YEAR