

worn bare by his grandchildren's knuckles. The sunshine flickered down through the leaves, lighted up his silky hair and caressed his withered cheek. For the sun was old himself and had been young, so he understood why it was that the old man jingled the bag of marbles and jingled them again and smiled.

Two girls sat in the cloakroom. One of them had a sentimental look on her face. She absorbed the other girl with her eyes. The other girl sat quite still and read a letter. It was a thick letter and it must have been very interesting, for leaf after leaf of it was laid aside and the reader did not raise her eyes. The watcher was elated.

"Why," she thought, "it must be a letter from her best young man." She counted the leaves. Her eyes sparkled. Four—five—six. It must be a love letter. How nice. She felt a sincere overwhelming friendship for the other girl. She went over and sat down near her. "Is it a letter from—him?" she asked, insidiously. The other raised her eyes filled with tears. Her cheeks were white.

"No," she answered sharply, "it is from home and my little cousin is dead. I am to go home to the funeral."

And she walked away.

JERRY'S KICKAPOO GIRL.

Jerry stood on the outside of the crowd around the Kickapoo medicine show when he saw her first. The show had been in town two nights before, but this was Jerry's first night. He was glad he had come if only for the novelty of the thing. The rude platform, the flickering lights, the wicked looking man up on the platform flourishing a bottle of Sagwa in each hand, the loud voice strident above the mutter of the crowd, the people moving back and forth restlessly, impatient for the auction to stop and for the acting to begin—all these things fascinated Jerry.

But there was one other thing he saw after awhile that fascinated him more than ever. He was nineteen and did not find in the flour and hay that he handled daily anything to satisfy his nineteen-year-old desire for romance. But the pretty girl face up on the platform made him think of all the heroines in the stories he had read. She wasn't an Indian of course. The Indians didn't come on until the acting began. But he called her afterwards his "Kickapoo girl." She was so pretty and the black dress she wore so—so—Jerry couldn't express it very well; he said the dress was like the girl.

She stood up there by the side of the wicked looking man. When anybody wanted to buy a bottle of Sagwa she was the one to give it out to him with her own slender white hands. Jerry watched her. She smiled sometimes when she handed the bottles down. Her smile took Jerry's breath away. Such red lips; such bright eyes; such white skin. Her throat looked like marble rising from the soft, black lace around her neck. And sometimes she spoke laughingly to the wicked looking man. Then the man's voice would die down a moment while he answered her, to rise the next moment louder and harsher than ever, enumerating a long list of the incurable diseases that Sagwa and Kickapoo salve would cure. Jerry's listening ears turned all the harshness and rasping of the man's voice to purest melody. His eyes were on the girl. There was nothing in the wide world that could seem discord to him at that moment. He felt a dreamy delight in the siren's rhythmical refrain. "Thank you, thank you; we thank everybody who buys our Kickapoo Indian Sagwa—Sagwa—Sagwa.

Dollar a bottle or six for a five. Sagwa. Thank you; thank anybody who buys our Sagwa."

Jerry's tongue kept repeating, "dollar a bottle, six for a five. Thank you—Sagwa—thank you." But his eyes were always on the girl up in front. He found himself edging up towards her; he jingled a dollar with the shingle nails in his pocket. He stood at last within two rods of her. He watched the slow succession of people pass in front of the platform. Some were buying, some were there out of curiosity and some were dragged along by the crowd. He was one of the curious ones—or—what would happen if he bought a bottle? He didn't need it, he wasn't sick. But what might not happen if he went up close and bought the medicine. The girl might look at him and smile as she had smiled at the others. That would be worth the dollar. He edged his way forward. He was within one rod—three yards—two yards. The man up in front was speaking his, "Thank you, thank you; we thank everybody." Somebody else was speaking, too, right close to Jerry's ear. Two men laughed coarsely. One said: "She's pretty—but—;" and the other answered "She's the old swindler's wife. She goes up there to draw the suckers. As you say—pretty—but."

They laughed again and Jerry shivered. He would have given his dollar now to get to the outside of the crowd again. But it was too late. He had already held out his hand to the girl with the dollar shining in the palm. She reached to take it from him as he drew back and the dollar rang down upon the floor at her feet. She laughed insolently and in a second Jerry was wild with anger. She was laughing at him, his awkwardness.

He seized the bottle that she gave him and would have smashed it again on the platform, but the sound of the wicked looking man's voice came directly to him. "Thank you; thank you, we thank everybody that buys our Kickapoo Indian Sagwa". Jerry moved on with the crowd. He felt the bottle in his hand—a bottle of Sagwa! What did he want with Sagwa? He suddenly laughed. Things did not seem quite the same as they had fifteen minutes before, the crowd was there the same, but he could see their faces plainer. And the girl, he looked at her; he could see face plainer too. She was pretty, but,

He walked away sleepily. He was murmuring sarcastically the wicked looking man's tune, "Thank you, thank you; we thank everybody—Sagwa—thank you, we thank everybody." ANNIE PREY.

On Monday the Round Table met with Mrs. M. D. Welch. About eighteen were present.

THE OMAHA MEET.

All railroads will sell, within 150 miles from Omaha, round trip tickets to Omaha on June 8th to 11th, inclusive, for one fare.

The trotting races occur on June 8, 9, 10 and 11.

The field of horses, an unusually large one, includes many known trotters, as well as several new ones, which give promise of many surprises and a lively and interesting meeting is assured.

The great pacing horse, Johnny, record 2:12, will each day attempt to lower his own record, going without driver or harness.

The horseless carriage is another novelty. It will race each day with the fastest horse on the grounds, carrying four occupants, and will afford visitors the opportunity of seeing the first horseless vehicle in the west.

The events include free for all trotting and free for all pacing races.

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Mr. Sticker—I always pay as I go.
Miss Ticker—Well, you don't owe me anything, do you?

The German Emperor's Children.
How the German emperor will bring up his only daughter is no subject of wonderment to the Berliners. They know that, princess as she is, she will be taught to be a good housewife, to sew, to cook perhaps, and to order dinner certainly. For the sovereign's ideal woman is a strictly domestic person, as his ideal man is a stout soldier. His little boys haven't much fun in their daily lives. Concerning these lives the Sketch says: In the Spartan upbringing of his children the kaiser rivals his ancestor, Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. According to Klausmann's "Leben in Deutschen Kaiserhaus," the life of the royal children of Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity. In their years of infancy the kaiserin ministers to almost all their wants, spends a good part of the day with them and enters into all their amusements. When the princes arrive at the age of 9 things are all changed and it is all work. They are then allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours to themselves; all the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies.—Philadelphia Ledger

Or Send Them to Blind Asylum.
"I think," said the statesman who didn't have any great hopes, anyway, "that it would be a good plan to make

these were campaign buttons of mine with eyes to 'em, so that if the demand is smaller than the supply I kin sell 'em to some overhauls factory or something of that kind."—Indianapolis Journal.

No Wonder It's a Craze.
The silver question, as it is understood in some parts of Kentucky, is graphically illustrated by a letter which one of the statesmen at the capitol received from a correspondent in that state. It appears from this epistolary evidence that a controversy was being waged between a sound-money man and a silver champion. The gold man thought he had the best of the argument. He asked his adversary why he thought that the free coinage of silver would make times better.

"Simply because it would put more money in circulation," said the white-metal crank.

"But how will it put more money in circulation?" demanded the gold man.

"How?" asked the silver man, with a smile of contempt at his opponent. "How? Why, you blamed fool, if you can take one gold dollar to the treasury and get sixteen dollars for it, won't that increase the circulation?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.