

shared by those who deserve it. Meanwhile the city authorities should not allow a dying man or woman to be brought into a room full of policemen and brutal hangers-on. Nothing that Zola has told of the slums of Paris equals this scene in the station last Sunday night, just after a hundred preachers had finished talking about the Man of Sorrows.

STORIES IN PASSING.

The passing of the bear-man and of the strolling gipsy band has come, but the last of that wild, wandering, lazy life of the south is still on the road—the man with the musical barrel organ. He is an Italian—dark, thin, greasy and scowling, and he has been north and is now, like the birds and tramps of summer, he is slowly working south.

Two years ago his monkey died. His wife died also, that winter—she of the dark-eyes and musical voice, who wore the bright turbans and won the admiring (sometimes more than admiration) of other dark-faced countrymen of her husband. How she died—only the scowling organ grinder could tell you that, though there are rumors among the others. Perhaps the monkey might have told, but the monkey is dead, as you know. Perhaps the ragged, sharp-faced little boy with his mother's eyes might tell you, but look closely and well back toward the roof you will see a slit and a notch in the little fellow's tongue. Talk to him and his answer will be a hoarse, rattling sound, as from a mouth too full for utterance, a sound that makes you shudder and grow cold about your spine. The black, scowling Italian alone knows how the wife died, down in the little hut by the levee, close to the big bend of the Mississippi below the Spanish quarter of the city. And he never speaks of it.

So instead of the monkey, now the little fellow with the notched tongue and the rattling sound in his mouth, wears the dirty red cap and in the old tin cup receives the pennies from the children who love the music of the organ. His eyes are bright and a smile sits on his lips, but back of the light and back of the smile hides a lurking fear and a constant fright. For after the children with the pennies have gone and the Italian man has taken his organ and crept through the alleys out of the town and darkness has come upon the fields and the hills and the roads, when strange things are seen and heard among the shadows: then comes back on the evening breezes cries and sounds that chill the blood and turn the body icy cold, cries and sounds that—

But the summer time is going and with it the birds and the wild things of the long, hot, lazy days. And slowly the organ-man is creeping from town to town, ever onward, leading a dark-faced, bright-eyed little boy in a dusty red cap who holds a battered tin cup in his hand.

For the summer is passing and they, too, are going south—south to a little hut by the levee close to the big bend of the Mississippi below the Spanish quarter of the city.

She is somewhat of a Bohemian in her ways. Her own income makes her independent of the world and she uses it as she pleases. She shuns boarding houses as one does the plague. She lives in rooms, taking her meals to suit her own convenience. She makes her own coffee, and it is most delicious, too. In dress she combines a matronly neatness with just a dash of that sailor disorder which is so attractive to masculine eyes. You might take her for an artist, surely not an author. But she is scribbling constantly and there are two or three novels in her mind which she will bring forth sometime. Just now she is searching mankind for an ideal—in fact,

two ideals, though she herself does not acknowledge this. One will make a part of her book, the other a part of her future life.

A young lady in a bright pink dress with many ribbons and laces flying in the wind, large hat, and brilliant parasol passed the door of a store in a small town.

"Isn't that gorgeous?" asked the clerk of a sober, elderly lady who had just made a purchase.

"I don't know, sir," replied the lady, "I've just come here and am not very well acquainted. I don't know anybody by that name."

Sunday school was held before church, and the family had never allowed the six-year old son to remain to the regular services. But this Sunday he begged so hard that they finally consented. It was communion Sunday, but it affected the boy strangely. As soon as the deacons had passed the family pew, he began to cry softly to himself. Nothing would stop him and after the family arrived at home he kept it up.

"Well, what is the matter of you anyhow?" asked his elder sister who had not gone to church.

"Oh," he wailed between sobs, "at the church—they passed—bread and beer—and wouldn't give me any."

About ten o'clock one night this summer a doctor came driving rapidly down M street. Suddenly in front of the Lindell hotel his horse sank out of sight, with a crashing of timber and a snapping of straps the buggy came to a full stop, and the doctor was pitched violently to his knees against the dash-board. When he jumped out of the buggy, he found his horse had plunged into a hole in the pavement which the street railway laborers in doing some repairing, had left unprotected. The horse, becoming badly frightened, struggled about to get a footing, for it was suspended by its sides against the walls of the ditch, and each effort only sank the animal deeper and wedged it tighter.

A man came out of the shadow of the electric light.

"Hello, Doc! What's up?"

"Nothing up—everything down. Horse in the ditch here. No light. Call up the police, will you—and also a couple of men from a livery stable."

One or two others had come up by this time. The first man's use of the telephone in the Lindell informed the lobby and a general rush into the street followed.

At least fifty men were standing around the horse in the hole, with a woman or two at the edge of the crowd craning her neck to see. No one offered to assist, but everybody had advice or a remark to make.

"Couldn't see the light, you say Doc? What'll your wife say about that?"

"Fast driving, eh? Didn't know you had such a speedy goer. But you'll have the authorities after you."

"Your horse seems to be taking a short cut to China. You'd better telegraph round to Hong Kong to ship him back in the morning. The brats will get there by that time at the rate he's going."

A dog nosed up to the hole and some one kicked it away. A man slipped and sent a large quantity of loose dirt rolling upon the horse's back. A boy got his head between two men and peeped into the hole, lost his balance and before the two men could grab him went sprawling upon the animal's head.

"Now you kid, get out of here!" cried the doctor, jerking the boy to the pavement by the arm. "Keep back, all of you. Give the horse air—whoa, there—steady, Prince, steady—whoa!"

The patrol and the men from the livery stable arrived at the same time. The liverymen's plan was to dig a gentle de-

clivity down to the horse and let him walk out. But this would tear up more pavement, and the police, guardians of the public welfare, objected. They said the horse could be lifted out by means of ropes. They wrangled for half an hour, the crowd joining in with its opinions and constant remarks, until finally the police, in disgust, drove back to the station.

Then the liverymen fell to digging and dug a sloping pathway down into the tie earth. To do this they had to take up a part of the street railway, which stopped traffic on that line until the next morning. The motomeers objected and finally the company superintendent came up, but they were dragging out the horse then and he could do nothing.

A rope had been slipped about the horse's head. The liverymen took this rope and the doctor seized the animal by the tail, while the crowd stood back and watched curiously, still telling each other that the effort would succeed or not. Then with a mighty pull and a snort of pain, the horse found a footing and was pulled out of the ditch.

"Thank God!" said the doctor, "That's two hundred dollars saved."

The crowd melted away. The liverymen went up Thirteenth street, while the doctor led the horse and a friend pulled the buggy home by the broken shafts.

When all had quite gone a man in working clothes came out of the darkness somewhere and lighted two red lights at each side of the ditch.

There is a triangular series of law suits in the courts now. The doctor is suing the city for damages. The city is suing the railway company for leaving no danger lights at the ditch, and the railway company is suing the doctor for interfering with its business by taking up a portion of the track in excavating his horse that night.

H. G. SHEDD.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The informal opening of the Funke on Monday by the Paiges filled the house to the guards with a very active audience. The summer hats which bobbed in all parts of the house made the Funke into a large parterre. Manager Zehrung in evening dress was a pleasant sight after a summer with the ubiquitous negligee flannels and night-mares of "crash" suits. Mr. Zehrung presides over exhibitions at the Funke with a decorum and elegance that goes far towards keeping the audience quiet and well behaved. His appearance is a compliment to the audience and to the company and deserves recognition. "The Paiges" are an excellent repertoire company. Members of the same family, they play together smoothly. The business has been lessened by the hot weather which has kept the people out of doors. A roof garden would draw in these later summer nights when the moon is crescent. Of the individual members of the company, George W. Paige has a *sang froid* and a comedian's self-possession that promises a career in a first class company. Harry Reynolds has a good stage presence and a distinct, slow enunciation and other stage requirements that deserve commendation. The ladies of the company are not of equal merit. Lillian Page, with some natural gifts of face and figure, overdoes heavy villain and despairingly pathos act the two soubrettes need to study study, study.

Manager Zehrung of the Funke opera house requests us to announce that the formal opening of his house will take place Friday, September 10, when the peerless and well known young actress, Corinne, will present the splendid opera entitled, "An American Beauty." This is the first time in many years that

Corinne has appeared in this city and Manager Zehrung put off the opening of his house two weeks in order that Corinne might open it. The company includes fifty well known comic opera people, and is considered one of the best opera companies that has ever left the city of New York. "An American Beauty" has been seen here before, but never with the wealth of scenery and the fine costumes it now has. Messrs. Rice & Maeder, managers for Corinne, have spent \$25,000 on new costumes only, not to speak of the fine scenery. The theatre goers of Lincoln should turn out en masse, and welcome to our city the peerless Corinne. Remember formal opening Friday, September 10, and Saturday afternoon matinee. Seats will be on sale Wednesday, September 8, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the new box office in Sutton & Hobbs'.

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