

**A DEACON, TOO!**

Oh, the wonder and sensation  
When the trusted bank cashier,  
With no previous intimation,  
Chanced one day to disappear;  
All the country round was shaken  
By the staggering event,  
And no wonder, for he'd taken—  
Not a single, blooming cent!

**Some Juvenile Dramatics.**

One night not long ago I dropped in at the performance of a modern popular infant dramatic troupe.

I eventually learned that the play was a tragic drama, but for some time I struggled with the difficulty of determining whether it might not be an intentional comedy. The galleries, however, filled with the smoke of the snap, bang, duello decided me as to its tragic import, for if the thing did not result in a crushing fatality to the villain it surely promised such an end to the audience.

The cast iron thunder from the dark empyrean of the mimic stage, boomed in ear riddling crashes, and a fresh cloud of smoke rolled out from under the crimson curtains of the cotton lightnings. The audience choked and strangled and clapped its hands in a struggle for breath; the heroine shrieked and fell upon the stage with a resounding thud; the hero came bounding through the odorous clouds, bumped his proud head against the eaves of the village chapel, caught his sword between his legs and sprawled full length at Marguerite's feet. Springing up he, waved his hands wildly above his head and asked in calm cool tones; "Marguerite, Marguerite, where are you?" much as though Marguerite were a collar button and lost under his little bed room dresser.

Marguerite, who, at his feet, had been staring up at him, replied, "Here, here I am, Alphonso." Then he, suddenly perceiving her through the gloom where she lay, took one quick step like a sullen boy, impatient to finish his chores, and seizing her under the arms, backed rapidly across the stage with the heels of his burden playing a rattling tattoo over the cracks of the boards.

At this critical moment the villain arrived on the scene. His waxed black mustache, though somewhat awry, lent a vengeful cast to his blackened face. A moment's search about the dark recesses, behind the lounge and under the high backed chair, sufficed to show him that he had come too late.

Then in loud wrath he hurled his malevolent curses in the direction of the flight of the fawn ones, struck a scientifically approved pugnacious attitude and uttered a louder and more prolonged howl. The audience hissed its appreciation and anxiously awaited the end.

The villain having exhausted his wrath became more docile. The next moment, however, sorely racked by his thwarted passion he clasped his hands convulsively to his stomach and expired in great agony.

G. E. T.

She—If I let you kiss me will you tell?  
He—I really can't promise. I never kissed a girl before, and I am not sure what I would do.  
She—Go ahead.

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**August.**

August is a rotund Teuton of a hard-headed, stolid type, popularly styled a "Dutchman."

He possesses in an eminent degree, that fine German sense of humor which invariably evinces itself in a knowing chuckle followed by an uncontrollable guffaw, when the point of a joke has been anatomically dissected for his especial benefit.

He also possesses that peculiar German trait of assuming an internal capacity equal to that of half a dozen beer kegs. This standard of excellence, or capacity,—what you will—he has maintained undiminished for the past ten years. We also feel wholly safe in presuming that the first twenty from his cradle were employed in gradually working up to this well expanded state of excellence.

August might have stood on a level with other men, had not his head been so firmly fixed to the top of his stomach. Yet while he must look up to his fellow-men, he has the satisfaction of knowing that his shadow cuts a more prominent figure in an acre lot than many other.

If, under the glow of the melting sun, his face begets glistening rivers which flow in mighty confluence through the valley of his spinal column, he makes no complaint, but realizing that there is born within him an eternal thirst, proceeds at once to quench it in that vulgar materialistic fashion so abhorred by the effete aesthete. Work, in his estimation is but a poorly planned project for coining thirst into money; and the use of money, to distill its thirst quenching power. When out of work, cash and credit, he sleeps, and in his dreams, rampant bucks hold flowing bowls to his willing lips.

Sleep is good for it leaves an angular taste in the mouth, which may be washed out at the "Bodega." Death might be good, for it would probably be like one long jolly drunk.

G. E. T.

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Near Oliver Theatre. 121 so 13th

(First publication March 26.)

In the District Court in and for Lancaster County, State of Nebraska. Lizzie Drain, Plaintiff, vs. William H Drain, Defendant.

To William H. Drain, Defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 5th day of March, 1898, the plaintiff, Lizzie Drain, filed her petition in the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you, in which said petition plaintiff states as grounds therefor desertion, non-support and extreme cruelty.

You are further notified that unless you appear and answer said petition on or before the 2nd day of May, 1898, her said petition will be taken as true and a divorce granted as prayed for.

LIZZIE DRAIN.  
Dated this 25th day of March, 1898.

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He—I believe you are as mad as a March hare!

She—Well, you are not far ahead of me. You are an April fool!

For club reports, society and theatrical news, you want THE COURIER.

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**COMPENSATION.**

Had I but time,"  
the merchant prayed,  
As he in church  
on Sunday strayed,  
"Could I but spare  
the time from trade—  
To some good work I'd turn!"  
The devil, put in  
humor rare,  
At hearing this,  
his favorite prayer,  
Straight promised him  
that over there  
He should have time to burn!

"Here," said Benny's paps, showing the little fellow a coin, "is a penny three hundred years old. It was given to me when I was a little boy."

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Benny; "just think of any one being able to keep a penny as long as that without spending it!"—Harper's Bazar.

THE COURIER has reduced its subscription price to \$1 a year. See title page.