

says to him: 'Gentlemen, they larned their thrade before th' days iv open plumbin'; I says. 'Tell us what is wanted ye'erself or call in a journeyman who's wurruki' card is dated this cinchry,' I says. An' I'm right, too Hirnissey."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, slowly, "those ol' la-ads was level headed."

"Thru' fr ye," said Mr. Dooley. "But undher th' new iliction laws ye can't vote the cimitrice."

HOW A HORSE KILLS A SNAKE.

Few of us have ever seen a horse kill a snake, but Mrs. Custer describes the performance in her story of "The Kid," in the September St. Nicholas.

As they were pushing out of a jungle on foot one day, the colonel said:

"Samanthy is a little too attentive, Alf; he shoves himself alongside of me, and when I remonstrate he backs a little, but keeps so close he almost treads on my heels."

"Well, father, I suppose he thinks nothing can go on without him. He's been in everything I ever did yet."

As they came to a narrow defile, with the branches of the trees festooned with moss and the ground tangled with vines and thick underbrush, Samanthy forgot his manners and crowded to the front. There was hardly room for two abreast. The colonel, peering into the thicket for birds, heard what he took to be the whirr of pheasants' wings, and he lifted his gun to take aim. The Kid, pressing on, saw with his keen eyes that it was nothing so harmless as the rising of a covey of birds. A huge rattlesnake, overlooked by the colonel in his intense concentration on the thicket, lay coiled directly in front of him, the vicious mouth hissing, the eyes gleaming with fire. Alf was in agony. He could not fire, for his father or the pony would have received the shot, as they were placed.

But a more vigilant pair of eyes than even the Kid's had discovered the reptile, and with a spring in front of the colonel, and with the nicest exactitude, down came the pony with a buck jump, his hoofs close together on the head of the snake, crushing in the deadly fangs, and flattening the skull into the soft soil!

Still there was an ominous rattle of the tail, and the little nag gathered himself again, bowed his supple back, and drove his hoofs into the mottled skin of the deadly foe of mankind.

Bickerstaff—I am told they have been warm friends for years.

Tenderhook—They're warmer than ever since they quarreled.

Bickerstaff—How's that?

Tenderhook—Some hot words have passed between them.

"It is said," remarked the wag, "that money talks. Can you tell what language it adopts?"

"Certainly," replied the merchant, as he put his name on another promise to pay. "The sign language."—Town Topics.

Birby—I'm going to take this cake to my room.

Mrs. Birby—What for?

Birby—I want it to exercise with; I've let a fellow take my dumbbells.—Town Topics.

"Was your husband very sick?"

"We can't tell, till we get the doctor's bill."—Town Topics.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR'S NOVEL FORUM FEATURE.

The Kansas City Star has decided upon a special feature for the presidential campaign which was never undertaken before by any newspaper. At its request the chairman of the two national committees, Messrs. James K. Jones and M. A. Hanna, have selected and appointed two distinguished writers to conduct, in the Star a department to be called "The Campaign Forum." In this department the arguments of each of the two great parties will be presented, side by side, day by day. To conduct the democratic side, Mr. Jones has selected and formally appointed Mr. Willis J. Abbott, chief of the Press Bureau of the Democratic National Committee, and for the Republican side, Mr. Hanna has selected and appointed the famous journalist and literateur, Mr. Murat Halstead. Upon learning the decision of the two chairmen, The Star immediately engaged the two gentlemen and on Sunday, August 19, the Campaign Forum will be inaugurated, to be continued in the regular issue of The Star, daily and Sunday until the end of the campaign. An interesting feature of the Forum will be the answers to questions upon campaign topics, submitted to the Star to be answered by either Mr. Halstead or Mr. Abbott, or both. Under the circumstances, the answers thus given will have the stamp of authority of the National Committees.

Colorado Excursion.

The Chicago Rock Island & Pacific Ry. will sell tickets to Colorado and Utah points August 21st and September 4th and 18th at the following low rates. Denver and return, \$18.25, Colorado Springs and return, \$18.85, Glenwood and return, \$30.25, Salt Lake City and Ogden and return, \$31.00. All tickets good for return until October 31st. For further information and a book on Colorado scenery address

E. W. THOMPSON, A. G. P. A.,
Topeka, Kansas.

F. H. BARNES, C. P. A.,
Lincoln, Neb.

Spatts, facetiously—What sort of a horticultural specimen is a steel plant? Hunker—I? you had ever been where steel is produced, you would know that a steel plant is a hot-house variety.—Town Topics.

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

To clubs of ten taking The Courier the annual subscription price is seventy five cents (75 cents). Regular subscription price—one dollar per year

LEGAL NOTICES

A complete file of "The Courier" is kept in an ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF building. Another file is kept in this office and still another has been deposited elsewhere. Lawyers may publish LEGAL NOTICES in "The Courier" with security as the FILES are intact and are preserved from year to year with great care.

THE COURIER
And any One Dollar
Woman's Club Magazine { \$1.50

THE CONCERT OF THE EIGHTEENTH.

(Translated from the "Contes du Lundi," of Alphonse Daudet, by Katharine Melick.)

All the battalions of Marais and the faubourg San Antoine, encamped that night in the barracks of Avenue Daumesnil. For three days the army of Ducrot had battered itself upon the heights of Champigny, and as for us, we were being held, they said, as reserves.

Nothing more dismal than that encampment in an outlying boulevard, surrounded by factory chimneys, closed stations, deserted dock-yards, in those melancholy quarters that display nothing but a few placards of wine shops. Nothing more glacial, more sordid, than those long barracks of planks stretched over the battered earth, hard and dry in December,—those ill-joined windows, those gates, always open, and those fuming lamps, all blackened with smoke, like lanterns in a high wind. Impossible to read, to sleep. Games of street urchins must be invented to revive the blood, warm the feet, make the circuit of the barracks. Brutish inaction, so close to combat, shameful and enervating, this night above all. Though the cannonading has ceased, one feels that a terrible sortie is preparing up there, and from time to time when the electric fires of the fort touch this side of Paris in their circular movement, silent companies are seen massed at the edge of the curb, others ascending the avenue in sombre garb, seeming to cringe on the earth, dwarfed by the columns of the Place of the Throne.

I was quite frozen there, lost in the night of those great barracks. Some one said to me:

"Come see the Eighteenth. It is to have a concert."

I went. Each of our companies had its barracks; but that of the Eighteenth was far better lighted than the others, and was filled with people. Candles perched on the points of bayonets elongated great flame shadows of black smoke, which struck full upon all those heads of workmen, rude laborers, embittered by drunkenness, cold, fatigue and that wretched slumber, standing upright, which writhes and wastes. In a corner the sutler slept; her mouth open, rolled up on a bench before the little table filled with empty bottles and disordered glasses.

They sang.

In turn, Messieurs the amateurs mounted an improvised platform at the end of the hall, and posed, declaimed, draped their blankets around them with recollections of the melodrama. I heard again bombastic, resonant voices, echoing to the end of passages, all the open court filled with uproar of children, of hanging cages, of noisy stalls. All that is charming to hear, mingled with the sound of labor, with the accompaniment of hammer and joiner; but there, upon that platform, it was travesty, heart-rending:

We had first the pensive workman and the long-bearded mechanic, chanting the woes of the poor.—

"Pauvre proletario—o—o—"

with the tones of a throat upon which the International Saint had spent all his displeasure. Then there came another, partly asleep, who sang us the famous song of the "Canaille," but with an air so weary, so slow, so mournful, that one would have declared it a lullaby.

"Here are the rascals, we come, we come—"

And while he droned, there rose the snores of the obstinate sleepers, who sought the corners, turning away from the light and grumbling.

Suddenly a white flash shot between the planks, and paled the red flames of the candles. In the same instant a heavy blow shook the barracks, and al-

most simultaneously other blows, more heavy, more distant, echoed down there in diminishing reverberation. It is the battle recommencing.

But Messieurs the Amateurs mock the battle.

That platform, those four candles, have awaked in all the company I know not what histrionic instincts. They wait for the last couplet, snatching the ballad from the singer's lips. No one feels the cold. Those who are upon the stage, those who descend, and even those who wait their turn, the song in the edge of the throat, all are flushed, perspiring, bright-eyed. Vanity has warmed them.

There are even celebrities of the quarter,—an upholsterer poet, who demands to recite a little song of his own composition,—"The Egotist,"—with the refrain, "Chacun pour soi,"—"each for himself." And, as he had a defect of speech, he said, "L' Egotiste," and "facun pour foie." It was a satire upon the corpulent bourgeois, who like better to sit by a corner of their fire than go to the advance posts; and I see yet that cheerful head of the composer, his helmet over one ear, the strap under his chin; accenting all the words of his song, and us letting fly his refrain, with malicious zeal.

"Facun pour foi,—facun pour foi."

All this time the cannon also sang, mingling its deep bass with the rattle of the mitrailleuse. It told of the wounded, dying of cold in the snow, the agony at the other end of the road, in the pools of frozen blood; the blind shell; the black death coming from every side across the right.

And the concert of the Eighteenth went on!

Now we had reached tavern songs. A jolly old dog, with bloodshot eyes and red nose, swaggered upon the stage in a melee of stamping, of encores, of bravos. The canteen woman woke with a start, and, pressed in the throng, devoured by all eyes, forced herself to laugh, also, while the old man thundered in a rakish voice, "Le bon Dieu," etc.

I could not stay longer. I went out. My turn as sentry had come,—so much the worse for me!

I needed room and air, and I paced on very far, even to the Seine. The water was black, the quay deserted. Sombre Paris, gaslight cut off, slept in a circle of fire. Flashes of cannon blinked round about; an incendiary glow flashed here and there upon the heights. Very near me I heard low voices, compressed, distinct in the cold air. There was hard breathing, encouraging tones.

"Hist!"

The voices stopped all at once, as in the ardor of a mighty task which absorbs all the forces of being. And approaching the shore, I distinguish at last, in that luminous mist which surmounts the blackest water, a gurner, stopped by the bridge de Bercy, in trying to row up stream. The shaken lanterns, the grinding cables which the marines slip hand over hand, mark well the springs, the recoils, all the vicissitudes of that combat with the ill will of the river and the night. Brave little cannoneer! How all these obstacles chafe him!

Furious, he beats the water with his oars, makes it seethe about the place. At last a supreme effort thrusts him forward. Steady boys!—And when he has passed, and when he advances straight into the smoke, toward the battle which calls him, a great shout of "Vive la France!" resounds beneath the echoes of the bridge.

Ah, how far is the concert of the Eighteenth!

"Not a barber's shop within five miles. Do you call that civilization?"

"Well, it certainly isn't barbarism."—Town Topics.