

## Miss Wilkins' New Novel.

Mary E. Wilkins has just finished a new novel, which has been secured by the Ladies' Home Journal. The social life of a small town is her theme. She reveals ite romancee, its humore and its tragediee with that charming realiem which characterizee the writinge of this popular novelist.

## A Year of Romance.

With ite November iseue, The Century Magazine begins a Year of Romance, during which many of the most famous living writers of fiction will contribute to the magazine short stories, novels, or novelettes. The reception acsorded "The Helmet of Navarre," began in the August number, indicatee that the proposed departure will be a popular one, and with such names to conjure with as Rndyard Kipling, Mrs. Burnett, Bret Harte, Lew Wallace, Weir Mitchell, Miss Wilkins, Winston Churchill, Howells, James, Harris, Cable, Stockton, Page, Anstey and Ian Maclaren-to note but these few-the conductore of the Century are pretty sure to met the tastes of all lovers of fiction.

## A CHINESE POE'S RAVEṄ.

The shade of Poe, who in his day took satisfaction in impugning plagiarism to several American writere, including Longfellow, might poesibly feel unesey did it know that an English journal protesees to find the eource of his most famous poem in an ancient Chineee writer named Kai $\mathbf{Y}_{\mathbf{1}}$, who lived about $100 \mathrm{~B} . \mathrm{C}$. The Chinese poem, In which the reader will observe that the hongolian birl is more voluble and more given to philoeophy than the American. is (according to the London Oatlook) as follows:
"One day, when the sun was declining, a fuoimo flew into my room, and, perching in the corner where I was woat to sit, appeared to be quite at home.
"This strange, u neanny thing coming
to aseociate with me, I wondered whut might me the resson.
"Opening a book to seek a solution of the mystery, the oracle responded 'When a wild bird enters a dwelling, it portends the human occupant must go forth.'
"I ventured then to interrogate the bird itself:
"If I am to go forth, pray tell me whither. If to better fortune, announce it to me; if to deeper calamity, make known the worst and shorten my suspense.'
"The bird raised its head and flapped its wings; its mouth could not articulate a word, but it heaved a sigh and I ventured to interpret ite meaning:
"'All things,' it seemed to say, 'are re volving in a whiripool of change. They go and return, but their tranoformations no words can exprese. Good oftea aprings from ill, and evil Jurks in the midet of good. Joy and sorrow meet at the same gate; woe and weal together dwell.'"

## MY GRANDPA.

My gran'pa is the goodest man
He don't scold a bit, an' can Tell about the mostest things
Ever was, an' when he brings
His chur out by the big tree,
An'takes me upon his knee-
Tells about the fun he had
When he was a little lad;
Of the big day's work he'd done , Of the races he has run,
Of the jumps that he has made,
Of the games that he has played,
Of the fish he caught one day,
Of the way he used to play
Town ball better than the rest,
How he allus beat the rest,
I jis' like to hear him tell Of the things he does so well, For no matter what he does, He's the best that ever was; He's the best that ever was;
He could jus' do things the best; Granipa allus beat the rest.

Gran'pa was the strongest man Ever was, an' so he can Tell jis' how he used to throw Other fellers fore they'd know Anything, when they would try Rass'lin' with him. Gee! if I Only knowed how it was done, Mebby I would have some fun. But my gran'pa, he could do A whole lot of things that you Couldn't if you tried your best ; Gran'pa he beat all the rest.
When I grow to be a man, III be like him if I can, An' when fellers fool with me, They'll be glad to let me be.

I jis' like my gran'pa, an' I know he's the goodest man To a boy the size of me.
When be talkes me on his knee, An' gits out some sugar-plums; Pm so glad when gran'pa comes, Like to hear him tell how he Used to be'a soldier. Gee ! How he made the foe skip out, When they found ie was aboust How he chared them up the uill Guess they mut be up the hillGuess they must be runnin still !
Wasa't that a jolly sight? Gran'pa allus won the fight . 'Tain t no matter what he does, He's the best that ever was; He could jis' do things the best; Gran'pa allus whipped the rest !
-The Cosmopolitan
"De Le Due's Friaise Reculatos" is a relinble and hopost remedy for tardy menstrua. tion. Kidd Drug ' ompany, Elfin, menstruasHow do you know be's a great pianist?
I've talked with him.

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