

By-and-by another man came. He had bushy white eye brows and a very red face. He walked with a cane and wore a blue suit with gold buttons. He and grandfather had a long and very stupid talk. Then we came away. But first, a nice woman with two long gray curls on each side of her face, came and gave me a big bunch of flowers from the beds by the path. She walked all the way to the river with me, holding my hand. I wanted to squirm it away from her and run but I was afraid of the big man who walked with grandfather. We got into the skiff and I was glad. We rowed home under the same sky and past the same hills. I was hungry. When we got to our shore, grandfather said, "run on up to the house now while I tie the boat." I ran as hard as I could and there was grandmother on the porch and we had apple dumplings for dinner. And grandmother said to grandfather, "Did she make up with Alice?" And grandfather said, "She never opened her lips from the time we landed till we left. But I guess she had a good time. Didn't you, Toots?"

And I said "yes," I did, only I was afraid of the man. I always had good times with grandfather.

The next thing I remember, father brought me home a new Second Reader. I had learned to read at home. I do not remember who taught me. I have vague memories of a comfortable place on grandfather's knee, and big black letters on his newspaper, which I traced with a painstaking little fore-finger. I find in mother's diary this entry.

Marie has learned to read. I am at a loss to know when or how. I am sure she did not know her letters at seven; she is now a little past eight. She started to school this morning, and her teacher requests that we get her a Second reader, etc.

Thus dimly I know how I came into my greatest inheritance. After that I read everything I could lay my hands upon. There were few books after all—The Bible, Sir Walter Scott's verses and Paradise Lost. These were all I had for a long time, except my school books. I never cared for the Paradise Lost. But I knew Sir Walter Scott by heart, and made romances of my own by the score, after his pattern, when I was not in the midst of a real one in which a school boy was the hero.

The first serious love affair I remember happened when I was in my eighth year. After that they were of regular semi-annual occurrence with an occasional epidemic which increased the average sometimes to four, sometimes to six.—Never to more than six I think. "Marie is so shy," mother writes; "she never seems to care to play with Rudolph's friends. She is quite devoted to her sex." Poor mother! But then I could not have told her and I was indeed too shy to let her see. My cavaliers never came within sight of the house if I could help it.

Of course now that I am grown up, all that is over. I am seventeen, and too busy—no? Why not be honest. There is John of course now, I shall be true to him forever. I have been engaged to him for a year. I suppose I ought to tell mother. But there! She does not like John I know; and besides, what is the use? There is time enough, and I might change my mind. One never knows what may happen.

Doctor—I'm afraid your wife will lose her voice.

Enrec—Let us hope for the best.—Town Topics.

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

THEATRICAL.

THE OLIVER.

Julia Marlowe comes to the Oliver theater Tuesday, November 20, with the new successful play from the pen of Clyde Fitch, based somewhat remotely upon the poem of "Barbara Frietchie" and bearing the same title. The Barbara conceived by Mr. Fitch is not an old woman, but a young and charming girl in love with a union soldier. The sweetness, freshness and grace of Miss Marlowe's acting and personality have perhaps never been brought out with more telling effect than in Mr. Fitch's drama. Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Seats now on sale at box office. The society event of the season.

Charles Frohman presents David Belasco's highly successful play, "Zaza," at the Oliver Friday, November 23. The engagement in New York extended for over a period of 250 nights and played to houses at every performance that packed the theatre to the doors. The play is interesting, human, fascinating. The company has been selected with great care. Seats on sale Wednesday morning.

THE FUNKE.

Aiden Benedict's "Fabio Romani" will be presented at the Funke opera house Monday and Tuesday, November 19 and 20. Marie Correlli, the author of "The Vendetta," from which Charles W. Chase adapted the play of "Fabio Romani," is, by birth, half English and half Italian, her mother being a subject of Queen Victoria, and her father a descendant of the old Romans. She is a powerful writer of the extreme romantic school, with a touch of the weird and uncanny in nearly all her works, such as "Ardat," "Trelma," "A Romance of Two Worlds," etc., but the strongest dramatically is "The Vendetta," and Mr. Chase utilized all its strong points in the play of "Fabio Romani." Prices 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents. Seats now on sale.

The Twice-a-Week Republic.

Every Monday and Thursday a newspaper as good as a magazine—and better for it contains the latest by telegraph as well as interesting stories—is sent to the subscriber of the "Twice-a-Week" Republic, which is only \$1.00 a year.

The man who reads the "Twice-a-Week" Republic knows all about affairs political, domestic and foreign; is posted about the markets and commercial matters generally.

The women who read the "Twice-a-Week" Republic gather a bit of valuable information about household affairs and late fashions and find recreation in the bright stories that come under both the heading of fact and fiction. There is gossip about new books and a dozen other topics of especial interest to the wide-awake man and woman.

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

Briggs—What does love amount to compared with money?

Griggs—A good deal. Why, I couldn't get any rich girl to marry me if she didn't love me.—Town Topics.

Dashaway—There ought to be a law that no church should be located within a thousand feet of a li. k.

Cleverton—What for?

Dashaway—Why, when I was driving off from the eighth hole, last Sunday, a Methodist minister in a neighboring church rattled me so that I sliced the ball.—Town Topics.

OLIVER

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ONE NIGHT ONLY.

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JULIA MARLOWE

—As—

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One Night Only.

Wednesday, November 21.

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Friday, November 23.

Charles Frohman presents the enormous dramatic success,
DAVID BELASCO'S version of

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As presented for over 200 nights in New York.

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