



BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURE.

For many weeks the sound of the carpenter's hammer has been heard in the vicinity of Lincoln Normal. Painters, paper hangers and house furnishers also were busy in their turn; and on July 13th, the Doctor B. F. Bailey Sanatorium was formally opened to the public.

The location of this sanatorium is peculiarly favorable. Easily accessible from the city, either by carriage or street cars, yet away from the noisy pavements and surrounded by beautiful scenery, this sanatorium conveys the impression neither of a hotel nor a hospital, but of a beautiful suburban home.

Twenty thousand dollars have been expended in the furnishing and equipment of this magnificent building, and excellent judgment with unlimited artistic discrimination on the part of the directors is manifested at every turn. Beautiful furniture, rugs and pictures delight the eye in parlors and bedrooms, while unexpected porches and cozy corners suggest re-

pose of body and mind. The dining room and amusement room share the honors with the parlors and office. A fully equipped operating room is provided for surgical cases; and bath rooms in which every form of vapor and electric baths can be given, are important features of the institution.

This sanatorium is not for insane or tubercular patients, but is primarily for the treatment of non-contagious chronic diseases, though acute cases will be received at the discretion of the president, Doctor Bailey.

Forty patients can be accommodated at once in this beautiful building, and are under the care of competent nurses. It is a point for congratulation that the enterprise is already on a paying basis.

In addition to the duties of president and manager of this establishment, Doctor Bailey still attends to his down-town patients, with the able assistance of Doctor Flanagan.

From the ashes of an institution erected for the development of the mind, has arisen this noble sanatorium dedicated to the service of the body; and who shall say which one is of greater service to mankind?

A WOMAN'S REPLY.

(For The Courier.)

A School Girl's Idea of a Thrilling Love Story.

In the first place there were two girls who were chums. Their names were Maude and Grace. Grace was light and always on the defensive. Maude was dark and inclined to be on the offensive. So of course it wasn't long till they quarreled. A genuine quarrel it was. They spoke to each other afterwards but that was all. Then came the man. He was tall and light, he wore his hair parted in the middle and his name was Harry.

Grace liked him, quite well, and he liked her. Maude liked him too, but he didn't notice her. In the early autumn Harry took Grace to a party. It was moonlight and Maude saw them come across the square. She had wanted to go with Harry herself, but Harry didn't see it in that light. In the winter Harry got quite sweet on Maude—and she almost forgave him for taking Grace. Then a tall, dark young man with black eyes, happened in at Grace's quite often of an evening or on Sunday afternoon. His name was George, but Maude liked Harry better.

Now Harry and George were great friends, and George thought Grace might get away from him, so when he went home for the summer he told Harry to take care of her and in particular to take her to a certain reception. Harry told Maude about it before he told Grace. Maude nodded her head and said, "Oh, yes," out loud, but

she thought, "Oh Harry, if I don't get even with you!"

One day when dark, gray clouds covered the sky and the wind blew cold from the east. Maude and Harry stopped to rest, after a long tramp, on an old log. Of course they talked as all young people do, but incidentally Harry said, "Maude do you know that I love you?" Maude poked the gray leaf mould at her feet vigorously with her umbrella.

"Since you told me, I do," she said. Harry looked at her in surprise. "Why, Maude," he said, "don't you care?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly. "Will you marry me then, sweetheart?" he said. His arm slipped around her waist and he looked pleadingly down into her face.

"No," she said, shortly. "No, and do you want to know why? It's 'cause you took Grace to those two parties."

Harry was astonished, but she remained firm. "No," she said, "No, I do it to punish you."

Autumn wore into winter. But Maude's answer was still the same. Harry had ceased to plead with her though he was a rather disconsolate bachelor, as he sat before the fire in his room. It was late in February and he had piled many logs on to the blaze. Outside a chill rain was falling. Of course he was thinking of Maude, and wishing she would change her mind. The smoke rings curled away from his cigar and faded. "Just as my happiness does," he thought.

The door opened and a radiant little

brunette in furs and a trailing cloth skirt came in. She blushed still redder, when she saw him.

"Harry," she said, "Grace and George are engaged. I read it in the paper, tonight, and Harry, — I don't care so much if she did go to those parties with you."

[This story was written in good faith by a young girl and is printed as an illustration of a stage of development and as an example of the influence of the yellow covered novel upon adolescence.—Ed.]

LOWER EIGHT.

The Pullman-car porter had settled himself for a comfortable nap, having snugly tucked away the last of his charges, including the fat man in "Lower Eight" and the timid young thing who had boarded the train at Norfolk. The porter stirred uneasily in his nap, for the snoring that was arising from "Lower Eight" drowned the roar of the train. The snoring came in gurgles, moans and whistling, the like of which had never been heard in heaven above or on the earth beneath. The curtains of "Lower Eight" had swung slightly open with the lurch of the train, and the fat man could be seen lying on his broad back, with his mouth gaping wide.

As his slumber deepened, he was apparently in the last throes of choking when a neatly rolled umbrella, held in a slender white hand, crept out from "Lower Seven," where the timid young thing was shrinking, and made a vicious jab between the curtains of "Lower Eight."

"Porter! Porter!" came a whoop from "Lower Eight," and the bell trilled wildly.

"What is it, sah?" cried the startled porter as he bounded down the aisle.

"Did you stab me in the side?" demanded the fat man in dire wrath.

"Oh, no, sah!" replied the porter. "I never done no thing like that! You must have been dreaming, sah."

"Confound you! I'm not dreaming!" growled "Lower Eight."

"Well, sah," argued the porter, his black hand concealing his gleaming ivory, "you know that when you turned in you had took a little moah than was jess good fo' any gemman."

"It's mighty funny," muttered "Lower Eight;" but he was not in a position to contradict this statement, so he subsided. The porter returned to the smoking room, ruminating on the strange hallucinations produced by too long a dallying in the dining car.

The snores began again in rising crescendo. Just as the teeth of nervous passengers were well set, the umbrella stole again from "Lower Seven," and another vicious lunge made the score change to a howl of rage.

"Porter!" yelled "Lower Eight," "I tell you some one is stabbing me!"

"Kaint be nuffin' like that, sah," replied the porter, coming up soothingly. "I aint slept a wink, and nobody's been movin' in this car, or I'd a-seen them. You're jess havin' a bad dream."

"It's no dream!" shouted the fat man. "Wby, my side is sore. Feels like there's a hole there you could stick your first in."

"Now you go to sleep again, sah," coaxed the porter, "and I'll watch that you aint tetched."

The rumble of the train was once more lost in the vocal exercises from "Lower Eight," and the porter, pulling his cap over his eyes, napped in the smoking compartment.

"Ouch! Ouch! Help! Help!" and a red face shot out of "Lower Eight." The porter slouched up the aisle, disgust written on his countenance.

"Gawd, porter," groaned the fat man. "Is there a doctor on board? I'm hor-

ribly punctured! Did you see the villain when he stabbed me?"

"Kaint nobody stab you, sah," remonstrated the porter sternly. "Nobody aint moved in this car. You've got the delerium trimmins, that's what's the matter wif you. If you don't lie still and stop your hollerin', me and the conductor is goin' to strap you down."

"I don't see what they mean by putting drunken brutes in the car with ladies," exclaimed an acid voice from "Upper Ten."

"Put him off at the next station. This is supposed to be a sleeping car," growled "Lower Four." "He hasn't done a thing but keep every body awake with his infernal grunting since he turned in."

From all along the line of curtains came uncomplimentary comments, but there was silence in "Lower Seven," where lay the timid young thing who had got on at Norfolk.

"Never had such dreams in my life," said "Lower Eight," addressing the car in general. "Dreamed the same thing three times in succession. I believe it is a warning. If any accident is going to happen tonight, I die with my boots on. I'm going to get up."

A thrashing about told the other passengers that the fat man was as good as his word. A sigh of relief was breathed through the car as the fat man lumbered by the curtains to the smoking room, to spend the rest of the night brooding over the mystery.

When the timid young thing crept from her berth the next morning, there was something about the smile which lurked about her mouth that made the porter scratch his head.—Caroline Lockhart ("Suzette") in Lippincott's.

They had gone out on the lawn to play, these two small lads of five and seven. It was oppressively hot even for little folks and their hands and feet that seem never tireless, but full of ceaseless activity, grew languid. They threw themselves on the grass, lying flat upon their backs and chatted quietly together much as might older persons. A circus was soon expected and great had been the speculation concerning it that absorbed the small fry of the neighborhood. The seven-year-old had been going to Sunday school and his mind seemed of late to have taken a religious turn. The wonderful questions born of childish wonder and the artless prattle of lips that knew no guile were the source of great pleasure to the mother. She was watching them from the window where she sat sewing and could hear their clear, young voices plainly. They had been silent a few moments while their blue eyes looked dreamily up at skies of the same hue. "Doddie," spoke the elder very slowly and impressively, "which would you rather see, God or the circus?" In a moment the answer came short, decisive, "The circus."—Mail and Times.

[First publication Aug. 3-4] State of Nebraska ss, in county court of Lancaster county. In re Adoption No. 191, of Viola Horton by John Haines. Abraham Horton and all others interested take notice: that John Haines has filed herein the relinquishment by the "Society for the Home of the Friendless," of Lincoln, Nebraska, and his petition and declaration for adoption of said Viola Horton; said matter is set for hearing before this court on August 31, 1901 at 10 A. M. Dated August 2, 1901. [SEAL] FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge. By WALTER A. LEISE, Clerk County Court.

Cycle Photographs  
Athletic Photographs  
Photographs of Babies  
Photographs of Groups  
Exterior Views

**Stlements**  
THE PHOTOGRAPHER  
129 South Eleventh Street.