

MEDITATIVE MUSINGS.

ITEMS IMAGINATIVE AND OTHERWISE.

Intended to Tickle the Ribbilities or Induce Philosophical Discussion.

I AM in receipt of a program from St. Louis containing the cast of the performance of "David Garrick," given by the Harmonic club at their own music hall.

Speaking of Mr. Mahler reminds me that we will not see his smiling countenance in Lincoln this spring as in the past.

Denver seems to be Mr. Mahler's idea for next spring's visit. He has been requested by leading social lights of the Colorado capital, to open a class there and thinks seriously of so doing.

Mr. Mahler has not said he would come back, to the contrary however declines to return, but like any business man, if it can be shown that it would pay him to return I think he would come, and I would be very glad to hear of such news.

Casually strolling about town Tuesday I stepped into the Women's Exchange for dinner, and I must admit, notwithstanding I had heard many complimentary remarks about the place, I was surprised to see everything so very neat, tastefully and handsomely furnished.

"This seems like home," said a young man who sat opposite to me at the Exchange eating his dinner and relishing it as if it had been prepared by his own dear mother.

The old saying that "meekness don't make a man," was truly demonstrated at the Fantasma performance Tuesday night.

At the depot this week it has been rather difficult for anyone to enter the water platform. Everyone was compelled to either show a pass or a railroad ticket.

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparil. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for general spring medicine.

Trickey & Co., wholesale and retail jewelers.

NEGRO IN THE WOOD PILE.

The County Commissioners Condemned for Adopting Inferior Foreign Work.

EDITOR COURIER: The decision of the county commissioners in favor of the adoption of the plans of an Omaha architect in preference to those of a local architect for the new county court house, has caused general disapprobation.

Do you imagine for one moment that the press and citizens of Omaha would have permitted such a piece of work to go out of their city, when the home production was by general opinion termed the best? Some, however, seem to think green fields are always in the distance, and oftentimes they prove but barren wastes, and they find to their chagrin, that all good does not emanate from Omaha.

However, as the political style of to-day in the metropolitan east is "boodling," it has been charged by many that the style has struck Lincoln. Our Omaha friends having had a taste of boodling, have apparently tried it on Lincoln, and the scheme, it seems, has worked well.

She came. This talented lady entertained a large and appreciative audience at the Y. M. C. A. rooms Thursday night. Miss Griffin as an impersonator certainly does the various characters in a creditable manner, while in her recitations she shows that much time and study has been strictly paid to her calling.

Parson, the Greek scholar, could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost" backwards. A monk, who resided in Moscow, in the fifteenth century, could repeat the whole of the New Testament.

George III, though deficient in education, never forgot a name once heard or a face once seen.

It is said of Themistocles that he could call by name the people of Athens, which city then numbered 20,000 inhabitants.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Foster are once more at home to friends, having arrived Wednesday evening. They have had a delightful trip to New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, waiting in Chicago before returning.

She—I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Sissy. He—Ya'as, in a railroad accident. I was saved, but the dawg was killed. She (shocked)—What a pity!—The Epoch.

A Change of Business. First Beggar—Well, Tim, what lay are you working now? Second Beggar—Oh, the cripple for life racket. Had my legs disabled during the war, you know. But it will be my last week in this business.

What are you going at next? "I've engaged with a variety show as a high kicker and start in on Monday."—Omaha World.

VISITING IN FRANCE.

PARIS AND THE CHAMPS ELYSEES. A Descriptive Article on Parisian Art—The Churches, Galleries, Etc.

(Written for the Courier.) We reached Paris from Bale, which is a town of Switzerland, bordering upon France, or rather Alsace, the Rhine province taken by the Germans from France in the recent war.

We came through a lovely country to-day, parts of Germany, Switzerland and France. That portion of France, through which we passed, was under a high state of cultivation, it was mostly farming and grape vines. The soil evidently required much fertilization, having an old worn-out look in places.

The richest parts of Europe we have seen yet are the countries bordering on the Alps. The northern part of Italy is a perfect garden, abounding in fruits, flowers and vines. The Tyrolense country is all very picturesque and fruitful.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD. erected in the harbor of New York, and taking a cab we drove to his studio. To our great regret we found he was at his summer home in Alsace, but his letter gave us entry to his entire works.

We are now fixed in our apartments on the Boulevard Des Capuchiens, not far from the Madeleine, the great music hall, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysees, the Louvre, and principal streets for shopping. Our room cost us only seven francs per day, well furnished.

I am more in love with the French than any people I have met, they are so polite, industrious, sober, quick at anything, every place so neat and clean. Their eating houses are gems of art, in the culinary sense, and then as to art itself, they easily surpass the English.

THE TUILERIES to-day. A part of the palace grounds from which in the days of kings and queens the people were excluded, now everything is thrown open to the public, and we found crowds of men, women and children of all ranks, enjoying the shaded walks, the fountains, the statues, and the flowers.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH. We have been to the top of the Arch of Triumph at the head of Champ's Elysees and have looked down the grand Annees built by the Great Napoleon.

cause they fear French freedom, and the success of free institutions. The English press is constantly misrepresenting the state of affairs in France, and our American press is often misled by English correspondents in Paris.

"LIBERTY, EGALITE AND FRATERNITE," seems to be realized by them as much as in our own land. Waiting girls in the Cofes are as independent and self-respecting as Americans in like positions.

We have been twice to the Grand Music hall. On Saturday evening Gen. Renick and family and ourselves occupied the same box. We paid seven francs each.

We saw among the worshippers only the best class of French people. It is the most fashionable church in Paris and one of the most costly. Its ritual and its music are the best that the Catholic church can furnish.

We have been now over a week in Paris, and have been over the most notable and historic places. We have been to Versailles and its palaces.

We saw the window in the palace where he and Maria Antonette looked out upon the Paris mob who came to take them, and the place where both were executed, at the Place de la Concord, not far from where we are stopping.

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Young Mr. Wahash (to Miss Waldo, of Boston, at a dancing party)—Will you favor me with two or three rounds, Miss Waldo? Miss Waldo (an admirer of John L., of course)—Certainly, Mr. Wahash, with pleasure. Or, if you like, we will continue it to a finish.—New York Sun.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

A WEEK'S REVIEW AND PROSPECTIVE. The Field of Amusement in Lincoln.—News About Plays, Actors, Etc.

HAULON'S FANTASMA. The most successful engagement of the season, all things considered, was that of the Haulon's New Fantasma, which occupied the boards of the Funke three nights, commencing Monday evening and demonstrates that a good attraction can play more than one night to good business.

BUCH OF KEYS. The Sparks company in a Bunch of Keys appeared at the Funke Thursday evening to a large audience. The favorites of former seasons were missed in this case, those taking their parts being greatly deficient.

For the first three nights of the coming week the Funke will be dark, opening on Thursday evening with one of America's foremost sopranos and comedy actresses, Miss Annie Pixley as the attraction.

THE HANCH KING. The bookings at the opera house show the engagements of two nights, beginning with next Friday night of "The Hanch King" company. This play has been presented in the larger cities of the east with great success, and the piece gives general satisfaction where it has been played.

Youthful Ambition. Minister—Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up? Bobby (suffering from parental discipline)—An orphan.—New York Sun.

Two Careers. Mrs. Muggins—Sure, I'm that worried over my son. He's in New York a-studyin' art, an' it's an awful time the poor boy has to keep out o' the clutches of Anthony Comstock. Mrs. Wiggins—It's safe enough my boy is. "He's not learning to paint pictures, then?" "No, indeed. He's burglarizing in Chicago."—Omaha World.

Got Away from Him. Landlady (whose attention has been distracted for a moment)—Why, where is Mr. Dumley? I thought he was carving the duck! Mr. Dumley (from under the table)—It's all right, Mrs. Hendricks; I'm after the duck.—New York Sun.

The Craze. Itinerant Vender—Ere's yer nice fraish 'ot waffles, halways hinwigoratin' lan' comfortin'. Miss Anglos—Oh, Trem! do let's stop and listen a little. I haven't heard such pure English since we left Lannon.—Judge.

Advice to Writers. Young writers in preparing their manuscript should leave plenty of space between the lines. The world would not suffer much if many of them should make it all space.—Somerville Journal.

Treading the Mazy. Young Mr. Wahash (to Miss Waldo, of Boston, at a dancing party)—Will you favor me with two or three rounds, Miss Waldo? Miss Waldo (an admirer of John L., of course)—Certainly, Mr. Wahash, with pleasure. Or, if you like, we will continue it to a finish.—New York Sun.

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THE GENTLEMEN OF LINCOLN.

Why They Visit the Play House Unaccompanied by Ladies.

We are in receipt of the following contribution, written by a Lincoln lady, which in an intellectual and common sense way, ascribes why gentlemen have not invited their lady friends to see the play-offener.

These little luxuries are all very nice and highly enjoyable, but tell me the name of one young man, who can conscientiously afford all this! Of course he can do it, but how is a young man going to get ahead or keep even, who keeps himself in a constant fever to meet his society bills? It has been said by one of our great men: "The feeblest minded man is he who lives beyond his means."

We know however there are exceptions, as it is always expected that when a lady is dressed for an elegant ball or reception, décollete, slippers, etc., that she should be called for with a carriage. But to attend the theatre in a small town like Lincoln, with such good street car facilities, the idea of carriages seems absurd—unless, on the other hand, the weather is exceedingly inclement.

Lincoln has a great many "highfilluten" ideas of this kind, and the quicker they are traded off for common sense the more money will be saved and the sooner the young men will be able to put on style, if they must do it. What young lady has not respect for a young man who tries to make something of himself by cutting down his expenses? Well if she hasn't this respect it doesn't matter because she then shows that she is not, as was supposed, a lady.

We are aware that there are many fine fellows who would like to enter the social whirl if it were not for the ridiculous expense involved, in modern society, but the extravagance is too much, and rather than be behind their fellow society friends prefer to remain excluded.

There has been a sudden revolution in some of the cities of the east within the past winter. The young ladies in several cases agreed among themselves to refuse flowers or carriages except for large full dress parties, and in several instances carriages have been dismissed by the ladies. Why cannot Lincoln girls have a little grit, and establish these rules? Or does it make no difference to them whether their gentlemen friends ever amount to anything or not? Let us think over the matter and solve the problem, whether we are totally void of conscience! It can be noticed at every entertainment how many gentlemen go alone. And why? ONE OF THE GIRLS.

"It's Worry That Kills."

Gus—How do, Cholly? Come in and— have—aw—glass of sodah. Cholly—Cawn't do it, Gus. Got too aw—much business to attend to this mawning, and I—aw have to keep a clear head. Gus—Why—aw—what is it, y' know? Cholly—Why—I—aw—have to purchase for mamma a—aw—dozen postage stamps and owdah a—aw—new pair of trousers for myself.—Life.

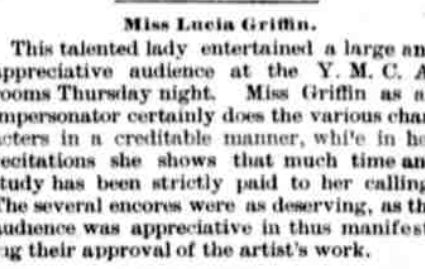
Searched for Fraud and Found It. "That ton of coal looks to me about 200 pounds short," said a family man, "and by thunder I'll have it weighed. The way some of these coal dealers cheat is wicked." After he had had it weighed, he said to his wife: "It's all right; weighs about 100 pounds over." "How much will you have to pay for the extra weight, John?" "Nothing. That's their mistake, not mine."—Life.

Ignorance of Easterners. Eastern Man—My gracious! That's terrible. I'll be ruined. Omaha Man—What's up? "I own property at Saratoga and the paper says the famous medicinal springs there are drying up. My, my! Our whole wealth depends on a permanent supply of Saratoga water." "Don't worry. My friend Blinks down at the drug store will tell you how to make it."—Omaha World.

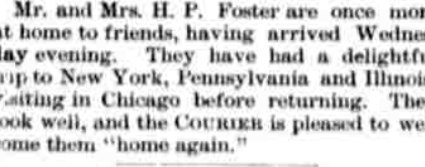
Things Are Not What They Seem. "Who is the man with the ministerial look?" "That's the sporting editor." "And that one that looks like a prize fighter?" "The religious editor." "And that solemn looking individual?" "The funny man." "And that jolly looking fellow?" "The obituary editor."—Boston Courier.



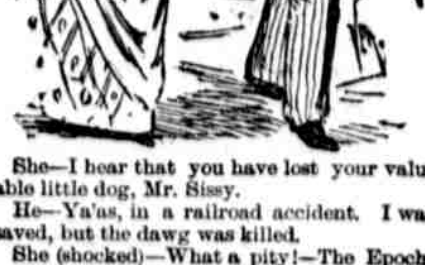
"Miss Foote, from Chicago, arrived last night." (Extract from a letter.)—Life.



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