

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## AN OBSERVER'S THOUGHTS.

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What He Sees, Hears, Thinks and Imagines.

SPRING having come in all its grandeur, the season of driving is also ushered in and although the drives in the immediate vicinity of the business center is not as good as it might be, yet the drives in the suburbs are very fair and with a little care can be made very enjoyable. The lawns and landscape in general on either side of the thoroughfares are beginning to show the handiwork of skillful artists, and many are the exquisite beds of flowery loveliness that please the eye. The drive to Beck's grove is not a bad one on the one southeast, passing Fitzgerald's elegant home and handsome grounds. There are many nice drives in the city and surroundings without keeping on O street and such other streets as are at present torn up for paving. Take a drive to the country at such a season as the present and after a hard winter, the scene on every hand will be welcome to the eye.

Appropos, speaking of driving, it is truly wonderful that there have not been more horses hurt and accidents than has thus far been chronicled. The manner in which the openings in the streets are being left where workmen are relaying the pipes, is something worthy of more caution. In many places the holes are left unprotected and oft times even without a danger light. I noticed on Twelfth street Tuesday evening a vehicle going south and, when within about six feet of one of these openings, a gentleman walking near by yelled out with the information that danger was near. The horse was going on an easy trot and it was with but stringent efforts that the beast was stopped in time. There was no light left or even a piece of timber placed across to prevent accident. Now this kind of carelessness will never do and it is the duty of some one to look after this work. The negligence will cost the city a big damage suit, then, perhaps, more care will be exercised in protecting public life and property.

The Observer is in receipt of a beautiful ball program with compliments of Mr. Jacob Mahler. The occasion was a closing party tendered his classes, and previous to general dancing a very elegant list of fancy dances by his young pupils were the attractive feature. I notice among those dances that the gallant professor had a number of new dances, of his own origin. Little Rosalind Mahler danced one of Mr. Mahler's productions known as "The Rapid Dash" and other little tots gracefully danced the "Mexican," "Psyche," "Ballet Sylvia," "Dance of Nations," etc.

Judging from the account of the party given in the St. Louis papers the affair must have been a prominent social event. The Observer is pleased to hear that the past has been Mr. Mahler's most successful season he has ever had in St. Louis, and it is with pleasure that I extend him the hand of welcome here hoping he may have the same to say of Lincoln when he departs.

### An Unfortunate Verdict.



"Sintince for loife, d'yer say? Arrah, thin, if the judge had his eyes about him he might ha' seen that Dennis was that diller that he'd never live to serve out a life sentence, even if it was only for three years' life."

### A Popular Dentist.

Of the several dentists that have located in Lincoln during the past two years, few have found better favor among their practice than Dr. D. P. Powers, who has recently moved from the apartments over Elliott's store into a suite in the handsome new Burr block, occupying Nos. 66, 67 and 68, on third floor at your right as you leave the elevator.

The doctor came to Lincoln about two years ago and although never having made a blow about what he would or could do, has substantially built up a large and valuable run of custom, among his patrons being some of our most prominent citizens. Being thoroughly "at home" in his calling the doctor handles the tools with an air familiar to persons of long experience and when he finishes a piece of work, it is a standing advertisement for his establishment.

In fact there is nothing in dentistry that Dr. Powers does not fully understand and anything in that line from pulling a tooth to the most intricate and finest piece of work will be skillfully accomplished without pain and at reasonable prices. The apartments have been attractively fitted and furnished and in the operating room every modern appliance for the comfort and convenience of patrons has been added. In short all wanting first-class dental work and desiring such as will stand the test of time will do well to call on the doctor at 66, 67 and 68 Burr block.

In gold filling and plate work of the various kinds, Dr. Powers has no superior, for having made that branch a specialty, he is competent to do the very best that skill can do for mortals. In crown work of many kinds he shows the latest improvements and will always guarantee a satisfactory and attractive job.

### Don't Get Caught

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 into warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

That tired feeling and loss of appetite are entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A trial will convince you of its merit.

Gentlemen and ladies to take position with reliable house. Good salary guaranteed. Promotion rapid. Address A, this office.

## BASE BALL NOTES.

News About Lincoln Players—Grounds in Readiness for Playing.

Morgan was too light. He had to go. Moore and Fleck are a great battery. Seibel has improved greatly over last year's work.

Mussey arrived this week, and is in first class trim. Behne is a fine player at short. He covers lots of ground.

Go out and see the game this afternoon. It will be a good one.

Carly and Long, two Philadelphia players, will arrive Monday.

Look out for Lincoln this year. She has a rattling good team.

Few bails will get past Casey at first. He has a tremendous reach and is a sure catch.

Toohy will take good care of left handed this season. Edly is looking and feeling tip-top.

There are some hard hitters in the club. Go out this afternoon and see them line 'em out.

The general opinion is that Sylvester is the right man for captain. He handles the team to perfection.

Leavenworth has a good team, and the game this afternoon will be a lively one. You want to be there.

All the old Lincoln boys are doing good work in the various teams. Des Moines, Omaha and Kansas City are showing up well in the games played so far.

The team work of the Lincoln's will be a notable feature this year. Under the captaincy of so experienced a man as Sylvester we may expect a great ball club.

The contest in the National League promises to be a very lively one. Likewise in the Association. The COURIER predicts Boston and Cincinnati as the winners, but the end is a long way off, and baseball is mighty uncertain.

The university boys tried conclusions with the league team Wednesday afternoon. It was a pretty game while it lasted, but most too one-sided to be interesting. Seven innings were played with a score of 28 to 4 in favor of the Lincoln's.

No Chance with the Small Boy.

One way to worship Buddha in the temple of Kiota, Japan, is to chew "prayer paper," and when soft throw it in the form of a pellet at the god through a wire screen. If it goes through and sticks on the god the prayer will be answered; if it hits on the screen it is no good. The American school boy, who can hit a mark on the ceiling every time with a paper ball, would never miss having his prayer answered in the temple at Kiota, nor would it be so difficult to persuade him to "engage in prayer" in that country. The god would have to bump himself to answer all the prayers.—Norristown Herald.

Too Much to Stand.

American (in Canada)—As I was coming along the street I saw Mr. De Thief, the great American embezzler, being taken to the police station.

Canadian—Yes, Mr. De Thief is a very valuable addition to our society as he spends his money freely, but he must learn to obey our laws even if he is rich and generous.

"Eh? What has he been doing?"

"Driving faster than a walk on Sunday."—Omaha World.

Real Estate Deal.

Dairyman—Got any dairy farms for rent?

Agent—No, but I have a few acres which might do for one.

"Grass on it?"

"No, nothing but clay."

"Humph! Hasn't it ever been cultivated?"

"No; it used to be a brickyard."

"What is there on it, anything at all?"

"It has a never failing spring."

"I'll take it."—Omaha World.

The Prodigal Father.

"Have you strawberries?" he asked.

"Yes," said the dealer, with a shudder. He had invested his all in the mad speculation and two pints and two half pints baskets on top.

"Go me one, please; that red berry on top, if you will. It's my little girl's birthday, and I promised her something choice."—New York Sun.

Liberal.

"What do you want?" he inquired of the man who held the subscription book.

"One dollar."

"And what for?"

"To bury a policeman."

The sport fished out a \$5 bill and handed it to the man.

"Bury five," he said.—Chicago News.

Hardly a Decent Burial.

Jones—Look at Brown over there in the corner.

Smith—Yes; buried in thought.

Jones—Mighty shallow grave, ain't it?—Washington Critic.

A Delicate Compliment.

Miss Clara—Young Mr. Sampson paid me such a pleasant compliment last evening, Ethel.

Miss Ethel—Oh, did he?

Miss Clara—Yes; I was complaining about being compelled to do some shopping in that dreadful rain storm yesterday. He thought I must have found it delightful because it was such fine weather for ducks. He has such a delicate way of putting things.—The Epoch.

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## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS TREASURES.

The Houses of Parliament, Lambeth Palace and Westminster Bridge.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

PARLIAMENT SQUARE is a neatly enclosed space opposite the entrance to the houses of parliament, with St. Margaret's church and Westminster Abbey on the east. Adjoining the abbey also on the east are the grounds and buildings of Westminster school. This school, or St. Peter's college as it is also called, is in the dean's yard, near the western entrance to the abbey. We called with our letter of introduction upon Canon Farrar, but were not fortunate in finding him at home. But on the following Sunday we heard him at the afternoon service in St. Margaret's church, near the abbey. The school has attained a high reputation for scholarship only the brightest boys from the preparatory schools can gain an entrance. It now contains 200 scholars, admitted from 10 to 14 years old. In one of the dormitories, before Christmas, are given performance of the Latin plays of Plautus, Terence, &c., for which Westminster scholars have long been noted.

The abbey has been so much written upon that few things have been left unsaid. Jerusalem chamber on the southwest of the abbey, has witnessed many remarkable events. In it died Henry IV. The death of the king is dramatically described by Shakespeare—

King Henry—"Doth any name particular belong, Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?" Warwick—"Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord."

King Henry—"Laud be to God! Even here my life must end."

It hath been prophesied to me many years, I should not die, but in Jerusalem; Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land; But hear me to that chamber; there I'll lie in that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

The Westminster assembly of divines sat here for five years and a half, and produced the "Assembly Catechism," and "Confession of Faith," followed after a long interval by the "committee for the revision of the Scriptures," appointed May 5, 1870, which gave us the revised New Testament in May 17, 1881, and recently completed the revision of the Old Testament.

The jubilee services, in memory of Queen Victoria's reign of fifty years, were held in the abbey. But on our arrival in London the platform and partitions erected temporarily to protect the statues from injury by the crowd had not yet been removed and no visitors for several weeks were admitted. We took advantage of the first opening to see this world famed abbey. It would take volumes to describe its treasures in art and the literary history of kings, queens, bishops, statesmen, historians, poets, the military and naval heroes who have served to make brilliant the page of England's history.

We attended the 3 p. m. services, and were seated by polite ushers in one of the stalls or pews of the choir—the other portions of the vast edifice allotted for seats being already filled. The choir itself seating 500 persons. It is a privilege, often enjoyed by Americans to listen to the strains of a highly cultivated choir in such a place. We sat near the boys of Westminster school, their voices gave us a thrill of pleasure we cannot soon forget. From our seat in whatever direction we turned the eye rested upon the splendidly carved tombs of monarchs or statues of the dead. The roof of the choir from where we sat was over 100 feet, and its length 155 feet. The abbey itself is 410 feet and the transept 263 feet; the tower 225 feet. The first abbey was built in 610 and in it were crowned King Harold and William the conqueror, and made frequent visits to the abbey, and we gained only imperfect impressions of its literary treasures and the monuments of the dead, which a close study of history can unfold.

The north transept is remarkable for its pinnacled buttresses, its triple porch, its clustered columns and its rose window ninety feet in circumference. The interior shows the wonderful effects of the long drawn aisle and fretted vault. Henry III's portions of the abbey, especially the choir, are considered to be the most perfect specimens of the lancet, early English and pointed styles. The early English style is best seen in the north transept and south aisle of the nave. The perpendicular, at its very best in Henry VIII's chapel, a sublime monument without a parallel of the consummate skill and genius of the architects of old. We shall not soon forget our first entrance to the abbey. It was through the south transept, at the poet's corner. Here we found ourselves face to face with the tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer—the father of English poetry. Then Edmund Spenser, the author of the "Faerie Queen," the reading of which beguiled us far into the nights of our college days. Then the immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare! But it is an old story and we forget and pass on with one reflection—England is doing her duty to the heroes of the past. What are we as Americans doing? Shall we, too, have our Westminster abbey where shall be gathered the brief memorials of our past, and the foundation laid of some great temple whereunto the living may go and read a nation's gratitude in the treasured monument of those who have served to lay the foundations of our greatness. It seems that, for the present, only military achievements are worthy of monuments. We boast of our great warriors, but what of their monuments? A few scattered busts may be found in our cemeteries or parks, a few monuments of the heroes of our civil war—but the victories of peace are greater than those of war. Just now the heroes we worship are "our millionaires." England has erected no monument in Westminster abbey to any man because he was rich. He may have butchered his fellow creatures to achieve military greatness, but not because he was rich. After this craze for riches is past we shall begin to honor our historians, poets and men of science who have served to make easy the path of life and to lessen the toil of the laborer. Our time has not come for the erection of our Westminster abbey. We live in an age too material, too much given to mere money getting.

As we passed out of the abbey by the north doorway, the "Great Tom" of Westminster, or rather "Big Ben," was striking the hour of twelve. It is in the great clock tower of the house of parliament. "Great Tom" has a history. It was "Great Tom" that the

sentinel heard strike thirteen. The story is that John Hatfield, in the reign of William and Mary, was tried and condemned by court martial for falling asleep while on duty as a sentinel upon the terrace of Windsor Castle. He pleaded innocence and alleged that he heard "Great Tom" at midnight strike thirteen, a statement disbelieved both on account of the distance and the improbability. But several persons came forward and swore that the clock did strike thirteen and the man was pardoned. The tower is forty feet square and 230 feet high. The clock never varies more than four seconds in a day and some days less than one second. The grand Victoria tower is 75 feet square and 340 feet high, a fine view of which and the houses of parliament are seen as you pass out of the abbey.

We are but a few steps from Westminster bridge, one of the widest in the world and which connects Westminster with Lambeth palace. We spent a delightful half day in Lambeth palace, in the historic chapel, library and extensive garden.

It was upon the older bridge that the lonely and unaided poet Crabbe walked meditating suicide, and from the same place at early morning the view suggested Wordsworth's well known sonnet:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair; Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its majesty; This city now doth garment wear, The beauty of the morning, silent, bare, Ships, towers, domes, theaters and temples Open unto the fields and to the sky, All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Never did sun more beautifully steep In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill; Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep! The river glideth at its own sweet will, Dear God, the very houses seem asleep, And all that mighty heart is lying still."

—SUDMA.

News for New Yorkers.

One of the steady jobbers of the United States senate is the rotund little senator from Missouri, George G. Vest. When he was in Washington the other day he got into conversation with Senator Don Cameron about newspaper changes in New York. "I should think this new man, Elliot F. Shepard, would make a success," said Vest.

"How so?" asked Cameron.

"Publishing a verse from the Bible every day."

"Well, I reason that a newspaper will sell well if it publishes the news. Now you can't deny that the Bible is the biggest kind of news to New Yorkers, eh?"—New York Tribune.

Silence is Golden.

They were sitting in an easy chair out on the porch.

She—Darling.

He—Darling.

She—Sweet.

He—Precious—precious.

She—Precious—ah, but, George, dear, do not let us disturb the solemn stillness—the wild silence of the night—with conversation.

—New York Sun.

He Boarded There.

Stranger (to butcher)—I've just bought out the City hotel and would like to see what sort of a contract I can make with you for meat!

"How are you going to conduct the place?"

"Just about as it always has been conducted."

"Then I guess we can't make a contract. I'm not dealing in leather findings."—Nebraska State Journal.

Cause for Rejoicing.

In the Ohio valley:

Husband—I see by the papers, dear, that the government fish commission has deposited 10,000,000 young fish in the river.

Wife—I'm awful glad, Henry.

Husband—So am I, dear.

Wife—Well, you ought to be, Henry. Because, may be, you won't have to live so much as you've been accustomed to.—Washington Critic.

A Poor Thermometer.

Old Mrs. Bently (making a call)—How warm an comfortable your house is, Mrs. Hendricks.

I notice your thermometer is allers at seventy.

Mrs. Hendricks—Yes.

Old Mrs. Bently—I wish you'd tell me where you buy your thermometers. Ours hasn't been above sixty all winter. It just keeps us freezin' the hull time.—Epoch.

A Prompt Mental.

Lady (to servant)—Matilda, have you watered the flowers?

Matilda Snowball—Yes, mum, I done watered 'em more'n two weeks ago.—Texas Siftings.

The Way Pointed Out.

A young man from Caledonia county writes: "Is there any chance to rise in the magazine business?" Certainly; apply at the nearest powder magazine.—Burlington Free Press.

Free and Soldierly.

"But I've left my money."

"Sixty cents or you get the bounce!"

"I'll go out and borrow it."

"Oh, no! Hand it over or the kicker will take change of you!"

"Let's see! Did I change my clothes? Yes, I did. But—"

"No buts about it! I want sixty cents!"

"But I must have slipped some money in my hand pocket. Ah! so I did, and here it is."

And he fished up a great wad, tossed the cashier a \$50 bill, and while waiting for his change shook hands with two bankers and drew his check for \$5,000 to settle a real estate transaction.

The cashier is still in bed, and the doctor says it is a very serious case.—Detroit Free Press.

The Man for the Place.

Able Editor—Well, sir?

Caller—I have called to see if you want any help in the political department during the presidential campaign. I think I can idealize the virtue of one party and exaggerate the faults of the other about as well as any man living. Give me enough space and I'll make your readers feel like lynching every man on the opposition ticket.

"Glorious! Had much experience in journalism?"

"Well, no, but I was director general of advertising in a recent baking powder war."

"Take that desk, sir."—Omaha World.

## THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

A WEEK'S REVIEW AND PROSPECTIVE.

Amusements for Next Week.—What Some of the Favorites are Doing.

URING the past week theatricals at the Funke have been unusually lively the Goodrich company filling the house every evening at popular prices. Light comedy was the rule, and pleasant entertainments were given. For next week the only attraction booked is the English actor, George M. Wood, who will appear in a dramatized version of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

EUNICE GOODRICH.

Crowded houses have been the rule every night this week at Funke's where Eunice Goodrich and company have been playing. The plays have all been of the light comedy order, with just a sprinkling of pathos to render them very entertaining. They are all from the pen of Miss Goodrich herself, and show her to be possessed of considerable talent as a playwright. As a soprano Miss Goodrich occupies front rank, and with a pretty face, a piquant style of manner, and unusual versatility, she has an assured future. Her company comprises several good artists, and they present a delightful entertainment. A matinee will be given this afternoon, and this evening "Punchouts" will be staged. Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Of Mr. Wood's version of this play, the Chicago Evening Journal says: "This adaptation is much stronger dramatically and a far better piece of literary work than the version used by Richard Mansfield, for he has more nearly caught the true spirit of the novel, and by making Mr. Hyde less repellent and Dr. Jekyll more noble has avoided causing that feeling of intense horror which Mansfield's play produced in the minds of his auditors, and which made the latter dangerous to persons of nervous, excitable temperaments. This toning down of the character of Mr. Hyde does not in any way detract from the interest of the performance, and certainly is truer to Stevenson's conception of the character as revealed in the novel."

Mr. Wood and company will present this physiological play on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week.

Among the Societies.

MODERN WOODMEN.

Capital City Camp No. 190 received several new applications at its last meeting.

N. W. Noble has just completed the organization of a large camp at Superior, in this state.

Camp No. 190 meets next Friday evening. Neighbors will please take notice and be on hand.

Camp No. 190 has reduced its fees about one-half for a short time. Parties desiring to learn more about this order can do so by calling on F. F. Rose, one of the supreme officers, at the Business college.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

The four lodges of the city will give a ball May 30th in the interest of the piano fund.

Saturday evening about eighty Princess of the Grand Orient met and initiated eight candidates.

The lodges meet as follows: No. 41, Monday night; No. 26, Tuesday night; No. 16 Wednesday night; and No. 68 Thursday night.

Capital City Lodge No. 68 met Thursday with a large number of its members present. Various subjects pertaining to the good of the order and the lodge were discussed. The members are in good spirits and the lodge bids fair to be one of the largest and finest in the state.

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