

AN OBSERVER'S THOUGHTS.

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What He Sees, Hears, Thinks and Imagines.

It is casually remarked about town that a number of young men of this city will organize themselves into a minstrel company and go on the road the coming season, and I am told that a certain gentleman who formerly was a wholesale merchant will preside as one of the end men, and with a gentleman connected with one of the theatres will put the show on the road and manage it.

The other day when at Cincinnati I met a gentleman from Springfield, Ohio, who agreeably surprised me with the news that Lincoln now possessed a talented and eloquent Shakespearean reader in the person of Mrs. W. S. Huffman. "Why," said the gentleman, "at home Mrs. Huffman was always sought for and it was seldom that a fine event took place and that the lady was heard. We considered her the best in Ohio, and I am sure you would enjoy hearing her recite." The Observer was pleased to learn all this and trusts that during the coming season we may have the pleasure of hearing her quite frequently.

There is a long, loud kick going on among the business men of O street where the street is in such deplorable condition. It seems that all the paving contractors want is to tear up the streets, grade them and then let the vehicles go through the best they can in the slush and mud. Particularly are the merchants on O between Eleventh and Thirtieth anxious to have the work proceed, so it may be completed before the opening of the state fair, and it has been suggested that a petition be circulated in the vicinity named asking the council to wake up in the matter and push things a little.

Certainly the present condition of O street east of Twelfth is deplorable and should be remedied. Street car service on the rapid transit and O street lines is broken. Ditches and holes in most every part of the street make it dangerous for teams, and to say the least, thoroughly uncomfortable for the rider. The state fair is near us and we must have the streets in good condition by all means. Last year's streets were a disgrace to the city and I sincerely hope Lincoln will show herself to better advantage this fall. True we have several miles of nicely paved streets, but just now several of the most prominent thoroughfares are in the worst condition. Fix up the streets.

Mayor Sawyer was made the victim of an unprovoked assault Monday evening at the corner of Tenth and P streets by one J. H. Forster. The assailant had been an applicant for a position on the police force, and had been refused because of the hard name he bore. Mr. Sawyer is a slightly-built man, and for a long time was a sufferer from white swelling, his illness being such as to necessitate the use of crutches for ten years. Porter is a tall, muscular individual, and the mayor was but a child in his hands. Mr. Sawyer suffered severe injuries about the face, back and limbs, and has been lying in a critical condition ever since. Several times it was rumored that the injuries would result fatally but happily that is not feared.

Mr. Sawyer's course during his term of office has been such as to call down upon him the malice of the lowest with which the city is infested, and this assault by one of their number should meet with severe punishment.

An Important Element Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

To Our Lawyer Friends. During the past week THE COURIER office has turned out some elegant specimens in law briefs, one numbering nearly a hundred pages. We would like our friends of the legal fraternity to remember that in this class of work we excel all others and that our prices are as low as the lowest. Calls by telephone, No. 252, promptly answered and work left at our office in Burr block done neat, quick and cheap.

The Zodiacs. The Zodiac club was delightfully entertained last Saturday evening by Miss Minnie Gaylord at her home, Seventeenth and Q streets. The lawn was hung with brilliant colored lights, where the refreshments were served also. Miss Helen Gregory rendered an instrumental solo, Miss Helen Hoover a vocal solo, while Miss Jackson and Glover delighted the company with well-rendered recitations. Those present were: Misses Freeman, Jackson, May and Minnie Melick, Glover, Hoover, Gregory, Shaw, Eddy, DeWitt, Graham and Gaylord, and Messrs. Roberts, Heaton, Edminston, Hoover, Klick, Melone, Woods, Eddy, Dewesse, Blecker, Woods and Hyde.

Miss Carrie Dennis, who has been visiting Miss Grace Hale during the past two weeks, returned to her home in Lincoln, Neb., Thursday.—Topska Lance.

Furnished room for rent, one block from University. Reasonable rates. Call at 627 North Eleventh street.

If you will take the trouble to investigate the subject for yourself, you will find St. Patrick's Pills to be the most perfect cathartic and liver pills in use. They not only physic but cleanse the entire system and regulate the liver and bowels. Sold by W. J. Turner.

When in need of Ladies Furnishing Goods Fine Shoes, etc. give Fred Schmidt a call. 917 O street.

They know just how to please you with oysters in every style at Brown's New Vienna Cafe.

Fine suites of rooms in the Webster block, furnished and unfurnished. Enquire at room 1.

HOT WEATHER ITEMS.

Notes Pertaining to the Summer Season and Summer Movements.

Lincolinites in large numbers are rusticated at Manitow. Lake Geneva seems to be Chicago's ideal summer resort.

Mosquitoes are said to be worse this season at the Atlantic seashore resorts than for many years past.

Horseback riders may be seen in large numbers every evening while "buggy-riders" are equally as numerous.

Everybody is away from home, society is in a terrible lull, no news locally is heard, yet our readers expect a live newspaper.

The several amateur baseball teams have their occasional combats and already some half-a-dozen organized teams enjoy the national game, among them being some very good players.

Manhattan and Long Branch are New York's most popular near-by summer resorts, while Atlantic City and Cape May are the favorite seaside pleasure grounds for Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Lawn tennis is the popular pastime in Lincoln and seems to satisfy the many who cannot or do not feel inclined to seek cooler fields. Every evening at dusk the many tennis courts about the city are in general use.

"Isn't this jolly" says the fair one while bathing on the ocean's beach. "Isn't this beastly" says the tortured stay-at-home parent as he gazes upon the thermometer at 99 degrees. Strange what change we find a short distance away, and no wonder, "distance lends enchantment."

Only four theatres are now open in Chicago, viz.: The Grand opera house where "A Noble Rogue" is being played, at Hooley's Rice's "Corsair" is drawing well, while McVicker's is well patronized to see "Speed the Plow," and "The Crystal Slipper" is the attraction at the Opera House. Notwithstanding the heat, all the houses are playing to paying business.

'Tis a fact Nebraska takes the cake for cool comfortable nights. Seldom are they too warm for a delightful sleep and oftentimes considerable covering is required. As long as such is the case we have no reason to grumble for even though it be warm during the day, after sunset tired and weary mortal enjoys a cool, pleasant evening and revels in restful sleep at night.

A Successful Season.

First Theatrical Manager—You had a bad season, I hear.

Second Manager—Oh, yes, frightful. Did not play to a paying house during the trip. Made money out of it, though.

First Manager—How in the world could you do that?

Second Manager—Oh, I always put up the company at hotels with five escapes.—Boston Post.

Indige tible.

Thompkins—Hello, old boy! I hear you have married a literary woman. Mend your own stockings and all that sort of thing, I suppose!

Smithkins—Yes, she. But that isn't the worst of it. She sometimes mislays her poems in the bread, and they are apt to make it a trifle heavy, don't you know.—Judge.

All in the Accent.

A FELLOW: A FELLAH; AND A FELLER.

The Lunar Eclipse. Sunday night was a most delightful one and lovers generally took advantage of the excuse of being out a little later than usual "just to see the eclipse." The night was a lovely one, clear, cool and refreshing and just such a night as a Romeo and Juliet pines for. Pale Luna shined its brightest rays until ten o'clock and after that the curtain was slowly drawn across its face, leaving earth in darkness; in many instances much to the delight of he and she. About eleven o'clock little white ever could be seen of the moon and by half-past eleven the eclipse was total, however, silencing the nighttime sun, through glass, in a most beautiful copper color of redish tinge and thus it remained until way into the wee small hours of Monday morning. It was a very pretty sight and was as interesting as the appearance was pleasing to the thousands who were out to witness the eclipse.

Zehring, Burns & Henkle.

It is not generally known as yet, but the COURIER this morning is pleased to chronicle the fact that Messrs. Zehring & Henkle, the hardware merchants, have added to their firm Hon. Martin Burns, late of York, Neb., but now a staunch citizen of this thriving young commonwealth, and the firm name as given above will be Zehring, Burns & Henkle. Mr. Burns was one of York's most prominent business men, and in 1879-80 represented that district in the state senate. This addition to the firm adds considerable financial backing, and the scope will be considerably extended. The firm if one of the most prominent in the hardware line in this city, and with such promising outlook as now looms up ahead, they should certainly meet with abundant success.

The COURIER extends the friendly hand of welcome to Mr. Burns and trusts his residence and business life in Lincoln will always be pleasant and profitable. Mr. Burns has bought a building site near the new university, and will commence the erection of a handsome residence thereon at an early date.

Sunday at Cushman. Tomorrow will be the last grand Sunday concert at Cushman park under the auspices of Mrs. Crapper of Rock Island, and all should manage to go out and hear the very interesting program. The finest music of the season will be heard. Train leaves at 2:30 p. m. and returning leaves the park at 7:30 p. m.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

A LINCOLNITE WRITES FROM DUBLIN

Arrival at Queenstown—The Blarney Stone—Irish Customs and Notes of General Interest.

[Written for the COURIER.]

DUBLIN, Ireland, July 26, 1888. It is difficult to find time for letters on a sight-seeing trip, but I will try, however, to fulfill my promise. On July second we came in sight of the coast of Kerry, Ireland, and soon after passed the Fastnet light, where the ship signalled and her arrival was cabled to New York and elsewhere. The weather was what an Englishman would call "beastly" and the sea rough; the last day being the worst of the voyage. We found smoother water as we came near the Queenstown harbor which is said to be one of the finest on the British coast. The Irish coast at first sight looks barren and forbidding, but on landing we find verdure and foliage in abundance.

From the transfer boat we go to the station where we are corralled by Her Majesty's custom officers and asked to open up our baggage, which we do promptly. The official who began excavating into my "grip" encountered nothing but an accumulation of solid linen and gave it up in disgust. I was then solemnly asked if I had firearms or spirits and tobacco, more than the law allowed, and on replying in the negative was allowed to pass. One passenger having a pistol was obliged to leave it in the hands of the official.

After trying our "sea legs" a little about the beautiful quays we took the first train for the city of Cork, sixteen miles distant, where we arrived in time to walk about a little and attract the attention of the natives, who everywhere spot us at once as Yankees, and while we are observing what appears odd and quaint in the surroundings, and their speech and manners, I think we bear just as hullerons to them. In fact, I caught the hotel porter laughing at me when I was puzzling over shillings and pence in trying to count my change. We look around the city and find it much larger than we expected and many costly and elegant buildings, both ancient and modern. From here tourists go out about eight miles to the village of Blarney and Blarney castle; its history you doubtless know better than I do. The celebrated blarney stone, as shown to visitors, is at the summit of the ruin, and is the lower stone of a projecting portion of the outer wall. It is a dizzy height up there and I hurried back, down the spiral stone staircase which seemed to me a triumph of architectural skill, although round in finish, and worn by countless footsteps for centuries.

On the route from Cork to Dublin at Malinow, a thriving town, we change cars for a visit to Killarney, a point much frequented by tourists. On the way we are on the look-out for ancient ruins. I caught sight of a dilapidated structure not far from the roadside which I thought bore the marks of antiquity, and hurriedly called the attention of the party to it; but my illusion was dispelled by a native fellow-passenger who replied to my inquiry, in a brogue more guttural than the average, "Yes, it's an old time kiln." After that I was rather sensitive and skeptical about old ruins, and waited for others of the party to discover and identify them.

Arriving at Killarney we found it to be a handsome town with picturesque surroundings. In the early morning we mounted a wagonette for a drive to the Gap of Dunloe, some eight miles distant. The air was exhilarating, the scenery beautiful if not sublime, the roads smooth and well macadamized, as everywhere in Ireland. As we leave the town the country is fertile and productive, but as we approach the mountain pass there are only patches of tillable soil. Along the roadside is the usual stone fence or what appears to be a ridge of earth with hedge growing on its top. The fields are fenced in the same way. The hay harvest is in progress and the air is filled with the odors of new mown hay and the innumerable wild flowers that dot the fields and hedges. The chief agricultural products and industries so far as I have observed seem to be hay, stock and dairying. It is market day in Killarney and we are met by numerous small herds of sheep and the small Irish cattle, sometimes two or three sheep would be seen in a donkey cart, one of them driven by a boy contained, one single sheep held by a little girl, not standing in the cart. The sheep was a beautiful, meek eye creature, a household pet no doubt, but must be sold to pay the rent. The sight was a pretty and pathetic one. The donkey is a feature of Ireland, and with his clumsy little cart, patiently bears his part of the burdens of the Irish tenantry.

Some of us alighted and looked into a thatched cottage by the roadside and were cordially invited to enter by an old man whose polite and almost courtly manner and speech seemed not in keeping with his surroundings. We found one of the cows tethered to the leg of the table in the principal room of the house. The floor was paved with pebbles; fire smoldered on the hearth, over which hung the pot hock, and the kettle stood near the cow. We were asked to drink milk, but in view of the surroundings declined.

As we neared the end of our trip a man rode swiftly after us and soon overtook him; a woman and then a young girl came into the road, barefoot and bareheaded, and followed us and soon we had an escort of half-a-dozen of men, women and boys running after us, riding alongside, and holding on to the end of our wagon. We soon found out their object. They offered their services in various capacities. The woman, who claimed to be a descendant of the Colleen Maev, had her photos and romance frame knick-knacks to sell. The men skillfully walked the echoes between the hills by means of shouting and firing small cannon, and as it was the 4th of July, it served us as a celebration. The Irish lassie carried a bottle each of goats milk and "mountain dew," which is really a liquid more fiery than its name indicates. We did not try the goat's milk. These people do not show abject poverty by their dress; they are fairly well clad except their feet which are bare. They are bright, intelligent and loquacious; are accomplished and persistent in their methods of extracting money from tourists, but always polite and good humored. The mountains in this region are bare of trees and shrubs but green with verdure to their summits except on the surface where sheep and goats and sheep graze about their sides. One of the elevations, a double peak called "Carantuaile" is said to be the highest in Ireland, 4500 feet above sea level. Want of time compels me to close abruptly, guess the letter is long enough anyway. Regards to all.

Yours truly,

C. D. HYATT.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(Without any apology.)



GOT to thinkin' of him—sometimes a feller will—Of the night he give a lecture to the folks in Shelbyville, An' we set up on't day-light, as them lecturers sometimes do—A talkin' of a hundred things that mightn't in-fest you; I mind the things he rattled off that night, in boyish glee, Recitations he recited to a audience of me; How I laughed until the lan'lord come an' ast us to be still—

I got to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shelbyville, Then he'd kind o' quit his nonsense an' we'd settle down a spell, Tell Jim 'ud turn upon me an' begin agin—"Dev' tell 'bout the time I went to Franklin fer the Baptist college folks?"

An' I stretch my mouth across my face, all ready fer the jokes; But he'd branch off in a story 'bout the "Merry Workers" band, That, 'less you knowed the "Workers," you'd hardly understand;

I'd hear myself a-swallerin' the room 'ud seem so still— So I got to thinkin' of him an' that night at Shelbyville.

I got to thinkin' of him—like 'twas just a year ago—Fer time, that flies so fast in dreams, in aha-nicks is slow; He was workin' like a beaver, lecturin' here an' there fer the folks;

An' I hear him talk agin about "My bride that is to be," I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night at Shelbyville.

I got to thinkin' of him—'an' the happy "Days gone by," Tell the sweet "Old fashioned Roses" seemed to bloom agin—an' I die; An' I hear him talk agin about "My bride that is to be,"

When he'd come to the "Grizzly station" jest to have a night with me; I kin see him settin' down agin, to give the Prince a rock,

When "The frost was on the pumpkin an' the corn was in the shock;" An' I hear a laughing voice I loved, with music in its trill—

So I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night in Shelbyville.

So I set here an' I wonder of I know jest what it means, When I see 'em print his poetry in all the magazines;

An' I see him on the platform with the James and Howells set, An' hear the people sayin', "He's the best one of 'em yet;"

An' I keep a winkin' back the tears that make my foot eyes shine, Fer I couldn't feel no prouder of he'd been a boy of mine;

Fer he's jest the same old Riley, an' he'll be the same Jim still, As he was the night 'at him an' me set up at Shelbyville.

—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Honoring a Guest.

Wednesday evening the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. More on M street was the scene of a very enjoyable gathering, given in honor of their guest, Mr. Jesse R. Sutton of Newark, Ohio. The large parlors were tastefully arranged for the occasion and the floors canvassed for dancing. During the evening cards were also enjoyed by those who preferred this sort of amusement to dancing, and at eleven o'clock refreshments were served in Mrs. Moore's own peculiarly handsome style. The spread was a sumptuous one and relished by all present, a list of the invited guests being given below.

Messrs. Funke, Hammond, Stout, Houtz, Jansen, Andrus, Young, Streeter, Weckbach, Maxwell, Edwards, Nisley, Clarke, Hathaway, Burr, Welsh, Ferry Moore, Higgenbotham, Kerman, McArthur, McClay and Fred Post.

Misses Lillibridge, Nellie and Bell Oakley, Maul and Bertie Burr, Gile, Gertie and Theo Lau, Hattie and Carrie Leland, Oille Latta, Andrus, Montrose, Hooper, Funke, Snelling, Brown, Marquette, Hathaway and May Moore.

But few regrets were received and the end came only too soon to thoroughly please the guests. Music was excellently furnished by Miss Willoughby.

The Howard house was almost entirely destroyed by fire Thursday night. It was one of the old landmarks of the city and would shortly have been compelled to give way before the march of progress.

Now that the season for using ice has commenced it behooves consumers to be very careful what they use. Much of the ice now always used is impure and conducive of bad results to good health. The ice sold by the Lincoln Ice company cut from Oak creek is strictly pure and healthy and will be delivered to any part of the city. Leave orders at 1040 O street or telephone No. 118.

Lincoln—Omaha. A coach will here after be attached to B. & M. train No. 2 (the flyer) for the convenience of Lincoln-Omaha passengers. Local tickets will be accepted on this train. A. C. ZEIMER, City Passenger and Ticket Agent.

PHILADELPHIA TO LINCOLN

ACCOUNT OF A PLEASANT TRIP.

The Courier Scribe Returns Home After a Seven Weeks' Vacation.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

There is probably no season in the year when travel is so universally enjoyed as it now is, and for the socially inclined the summer months has always in store many pleasant anticipations. It is then after a winter's gay festivity that the city belle and the town dandy makes a journey here, there or elsewhere to recreate, and it is at this time that the merchant and clerk seek repose, after a long season of steady attention to business, at the summer resort. Some go east, some west, some north and others south, and thus it is that at this time of the year the city finds its inhabitants scattered to the four winds. They go to the seashore, the mountains or to the country, while others go to cities equally as warm as at home to visit relatives and then return content and imagine they feel better and have been much benefited by the trip, and thus it goes. We fill our wants and satisfy our fancies and feel better therefor.

The writer after having passed seven weeks very pleasantly away from home, in the mountains, at America's metropolis and at the seashore, returns home once more with renewed energy and vim to "tackle" and conquer the labors of the hereafter, and having just returned gives a resume of the trip from Philadelphia to Lincoln, describing a very attractive trip, which it will be well for our readers contemplating a similar trip to make a note of.

Philadelphia is noted for its many elegant structures, its enterprise and the cleanliness of everything in and about the city. It is also noted for its several very elegant and costly railway stations, prominent among them being the very handsome new depot of the Baltimore & Ohio railway which but recently opened its line into this city. This structure which is located in one of the finest portions of Philadelphia is built on the very latest style of architecture and is a spacious station having all the modern improvements and facilities for conveniently handling an immense business. All the finishings are of the very finest, the art glass used in windows and about the place being the most expensive ever put into a railway edifice. Various apartments, such as ladies toilet rooms with courteous attendants, refreshment rooms, waiting rooms with novel appointments and fine furnishings, gentlemen's smoking room, telegraph offices, a place where parcels may be left, a refreshment and news stand, etc., are all found in convenient locations in the large building. It is a model railway structure and is certainly a credit to the Quaker city as well as the picturesque Baltimore & Ohio.

Speaking of the "Picturesque B. & O." reminds me of the many pleasant incidents noticed along the line and it struck me more than once that a more appropriate name would be hard to find. We leave Philadelphia at 11:30 in the morning and from the time the wheels first turn until the end of our journey much to interest the mind and attract the eye is enjoyed. Within two hours after leaving we have had a ride in three states, viz.: Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. We leave the Pennsylvania line shortly after leaving Philadelphia and arrive in Wilmington at a little before twelve and Baltimore shortly after one o'clock, arriving less than an hour later in Washington, D. C.

This line is certainly a most pleasant one, for as the "limited" rushes into and out of the many intermediate points we notice both depot and grounds are in fine style and nicely kept, most of the stations being of brick and the architecture befitting metropolitan centers. The road on each side is kept clean and well balanced and the traveler wonders how so long a stretch of ground can be kept in such attractive appearance. We speed swiftly onward, too proud to recognize the various villages and stop at nothing short of an important city. Time from Baltimore to Washington forty miles in forty-five minutes.

Leaving the National Capital we are given a view of the big capitol building and many of her pretty residences. Along the line at intervals many old landmarks and historical points are seen, prominent among them being the Cooper Ferry with its picturesque surroundings, the lofty mountain, the beautiful Potomac, adding additional charm to the scenes of antiquity. Here John Brown's fort is yet to be seen and scattered about the place are yet some of the old time relics of the war.

We follow the river on its south shore and just at this season of the year when nature is in its loveliest garb the trip is a very enjoyable one. Our train is made up of day coaches, luxurious sleeping and drawing room cars and the usual baggage and express cars and the difference is noticed in the time made in going up or down grade, for with the powerful "B. & O." engines grades make no difference. The sleepers, which by the way, have lately gone into the hands of the Pullman company, are of the finest make, affording the traveler an easy and enjoyable trip across the mountains from the eastern to western trade center.

At Cumberland we take supper at about sunset and after relishing one of the best meals ever eaten at a hotel a short time later "A. 1. Board" by the conductor brings all hands back to the train and we are off again westward bound. As the shades of night overtake us and nature's dark mantle covers earth's beauties from sight we soon feel the want of sleep and after passing Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park (two prominent summer resorts), shortly after night, we repose in a refreshing sleep to awake next morning in Cincinnati, the centennial city.

Early in the morning while fast in the arms of morpheus our train leaves the "B. & O." tracks to enter the Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore line at Parkersburg, Washington, Va. at 2:10 a. m. and leaving at 1:30 a. m.—the change in time making our departure earlier than our arrival. At 7:15 a. m. we arrive at the large central station in Cincinnati and after spending Sunday and Monday there viewing the hill tops and taking in the centennial exposition, I left on the evening of the latter day via the C. H. & D. line and "Monon Route" for Chicago, arriving there early next morning. I passed the day very pleasantly there and left that night via the Rock Island vestibule route for Omaha and thence home to Lincoln by the Burlington, so that after a vacation of nearly two months I am once more "at home" in the toils of every day life. Should any of our readers be contemplating a trip across the continent the route as described above is a very pleasant one, or in going directly east the Baltimore and Ohio lines may be used without change from St. Louis or Chicago to Philadelphia and the east without change.

—LOU W.

AMUSEMENTS AT FUNKE'S.

Miss Goodrich Tonight, Dockstader's Minstrels and Manager McReynolds' Benefit.

THE GOODRICH ENGAGEMENT.

This evening at Funke's the Eulene Goodrich combination give their last performance of the engagement which has been a very successful one. The various plays presented during the week have been well put on and received with general satisfaction by large house nightly. For a popular price combination this company undoubtedly leads anything we have ever had in Lincoln. Each piece is put on with as much care to every detail as though the prices were 50, 75 and \$1.00. The costuming and stage settings were excellent and the company a very good one. At today's matinee "Cinderella" will be staged and tonight the new play entitled "One Lie Leads to Another" will be the closing performance. It is an interesting piece and should be seen by all. Prices same as usual, 10, 25 and 30 cents.

THE NEXT ATTRACTION.

Tuesday evening next Dockstader's Minstrels will hold the boards at the Funke and it is scarcely necessary for us to dwell on the merits or introduce the company to our readers, all amusement lovers and especially those who delight in the burnt cork performance know full well the capabilities of this organization to entertain. Lew Dockstader, the great and only Lew, who has caused many a laugh and merry roar to metropolitan audiences, is at the head of the company and with such auxiliaries as Billy Sweatnam, Billy Rice and a coterie of other prominent minstrelles the program will undoubtedly be a brilliant one. The orchestra, which by the way is a superb one from Mr. Dockstader's New York theatre, is a great attraction.

The company is now on its return to New York from San Francisco where they closed the summer season last week, having had the largest run of any minstrel company on the coast this season. Reserved seats on sale Monday evening at the opera house ticket office.

MANAGER McREYNOLDS' BENEFIT.

On Tuesday, August seventh, the Barry & Fay combination will give a benefit to Manager McReynolds, on which occasion will be presented the new comedy entitled "McKenna's Flirtation," conceded to be Barry & Fay's greatest play and one in which they have made a pronounced hit every where. The company is known to the patrons of amusements as one of the strongest attractions on the road and not being new by any means to Lincoln audiences will certainly fill the house.

The benefit tendered Mr. McReynolds is a worthy compliment to an enterprising and hard working manager and it is but right and proper that our theatrically inclined friends should turn out and pack the house to show their appreciation of the genial Bob's efforts to procure the best in the land for their amusement. Remember the benefit Tuesday, August seventh, for which seats are now on sale.

Dakota Hot Springs.

These springs are in two canons which come together forming one in the shape of a Y immediately west of Battle mountain in the southern Black Hills. The mountain scenery all about the springs is not only grand but is exceptionally beautiful, while the curative properties of the waters surpass those of the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

The above is a railroad advertisement but it is as surely one in which many people as health and pleasure seekers should be interested. Round trip tickets for \$24.50, good for 90 days, are on sale at the Elkhorn office at 115 South 10th Street.

Catch Them on the Fly.

She—Oh, Arthur, what do the poor cowboys in Texas do when they want a girl to talk to? He—Give it up. Use their lassos, probably.—New Haven News.

Souful Music.

A new song is called "My Mother's Hand." We suspect it is a sequel to "Mamma's Slipper;" and when introduced among the children "there's music in the heir."—Norristown Herald.

Seriously Maimed.

Cordley—How do, chummie, old boy? Blandley—For mercy's sake! What's the marmath with your hand? Cordley—Did it carrying this beastly buckhorn umbrella handle.

True to His Colors.

"There was Bill Newton, Lym' Bill, we all called him. Never was near water all his life, yet he was always tellin' about the fish he'd caught. Once when he was sick with the jaundies his father says to him: 'Bill, how are you feelin'?' 'Finer 'n a fiddle,' sez Bill. 'That settles it,' sez the old man, and he started off for the undertaker. His confidurance wuz not misplaced. When he come back with the undertaker Bill was a corpse."

Of Interest to All.

The Union Pacific Railway.—"The Overland Route"—Have just issued very complete and comprehensive pamphlets on Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington Territory, descriptive of the agricultural, stock raising and mineral resources, the climate and health resorts of these states and territories compiled from the latest reports of 1887. Send to J. S. Tabbets G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb. for one.

Old Papers for Sale.

House cleaning time is here, and old papers will come in handy. The COURIER office has a good supply at 20 cents a hundred.