

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...

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 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.

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 Manitowish.

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

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.

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.

It is 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.

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—Ye-es. 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.



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.

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.

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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.

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

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

A LINCOLNITE WRITES FROM DUBLIN

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

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.

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 soiled linen and gave it up in disgust.

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 ludicrous 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.

On the route from Cork to Dublin at Malin, 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.

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.

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.

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.

Now that the season for using ice has commenced it behooves consumers to be very careful what they use. Much of the ice nowadays used is impure and conducive of bad results to good health.

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.

Lincoln-Omaha. A coach will here after be attached to B. & M. train No. 2 (the flyer) for the convenience of Lincoln-Omaha passengers.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(Without any apology.)



GOT to thinkin' of him—sometimes a fellow 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—

For 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," I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night at Shelbyville.

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 laughin' voice I loved, with music in its thrill—

So I got to thinkin' of him, an' that night in Shelbyville, So I see here an' I wonder if 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 feet shine,

For I couldn't feel no prouder of he'd been a boy of mine; For 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.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

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 mountains, the beautiful Potomac, adding additional charm to the scenes of antiquity.

Our train is made up of day coaches, luxurious sleeping and drawing room cars and 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.

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, this road, however, being under the same management, and it is here that we change time, from eastern to central time.

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.

True to His Colors. "There was Bill Newton, Lyle 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."

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

AMUSEMENTS AT FUNKE'S.

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

THE GOODRICH ENGAGEMENT. This evening at Funke's the Eulke Goodrich combination give their last performance of the engagement which has been a very successful one.

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.

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.

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.

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 maffish with your hand? Cordley—Did it carrying this beastly buckhorn umbrella handle.

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