

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

VOL. 3. NO. 39

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A LEGAL LOVER.



BITS ON BICYCLING.

A Potpourri of Notes About the Sport and Persons About Wheelmen.

All contributions under this head sent to "Pulley" care of THE COURIER, not later than Thursday noon, will receive prompt attention and space in this department. THE COURIER is the only recognized journal in Lincoln for cyclists and all papers or items pertaining to this great and growing sport will be thankfully received.

O C Baker, Manitou.

The roads are dusty, awfully so.

A race is talked of, to take place during the ensuing week. The particulars could not be learned.

John C. Bonnell rides a victor safety and he does it very gracefully. Mr. B. should be a member.

Do not forget. Meeting! When? Monday evening. What time? Eight o'clock. Where? COURIER office.

Several young men who have no wheels at present, but who expect to get one soon, will be on hand at the meeting.

H. A. Adams while working on the fair grounds rides to and from it on his wheel. That is the use of having a wheel if you do not use it!

An apology is due the readers of this column for the non-appearance of anything under this head last week. The writer was visiting until the COURIER had gone to press.

Since Mr. Addis' departure the Columbia people have not been represented in Lincoln. Arrangements are being now made with a good house which may terminate to great advantage to the young men of this city.

Several, we may say a dozen attempts, have been made to organize a club of riders in Lincoln without success. At least fifteen young men have been interviewed and they have all signified their intention of becoming members and helping the cause along. All who wish to form a bicycile club, please meet Monday evening at 8 o'clock at the COURIER office, basement of Burr block. Remember the time and place and do not forget that there is material enough to make a good club.

We have been disappointed so often that we have concluded that this should be the greatest and last attempt.

Looks Like Now.

The store rooms of Messrs. H. R. Nissley & Co., have all been remodeled and renovated and now present a very attractive appearance. The ceilings are much higher, thus giving the premises more light, more room, and gives it the appearance of a new place of business. Their continued success is gratifying to their many friends.

The W. C. A. State Fair Exchange.

The ladies of the W. C. A. have all arrangements completed to receive patrons, at their dining hall on the state fair grounds which opens to day and from now until after the fair, the ladies will serve oysters large, fine and fat, in any style, with coffee, at reasonable prices. You will find their place conveniently located, being near to each hall. Everything will be cooked in house like style, served by tidy waiters and nothing but the pure and wholesome will be used in the preparation of this favorite dish.

The ladies have the exclusive right to serve oysters on the ground and the COURIER trusts they will be well repaid for their labor and undertaking.

Dave May's Boy.

About as happy a man at the COURIER has ever seen was David May Wednesday. It is a boy and like his father is corpulent, healthy and good looking. It is the first born and Dave says it is a dandy for a stater. Mother and son are doing well and when Papa May comes to from the excitement and joy, it is expected he will be convalescent. At any rate here is long life and prosperity to the junior of the May family.

A Serious Quarrel.

"What time did young Sampson leave last night, Clara?" asked her papa.
"It was after midnight," replied the girl, with a haughty sneer. "We had a quarrel, and I bade him good-by forever."
"If you quarreled, I wonder he didn't leave earlier."
"We didn't begin quarreling until nearly 10 o'clock."—New York Sun.

Sold with the Dog.

"George, dear," said Mabel, "I thought you and papa were not very good friends."
"Well, yes, that's so to a great extent, I'm sorry to say."
"Why, then, did you send him that great big handsome bulldog?"
"Why did I send him that dog?" George smiled a tender, thoughtful, far away smile.
"You see, dearest, that dog and I are old friends."—Merchant Traveler.

Value and Discretion.

"Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone—then run. I'm a little lame, I'll start now!"

The Cause.

"Isn't the baby a wee little thing for seven months?"
"Oh, not so very. He's small naturally. They feed him on condensed milk."—Harper's Bazaar.

Undoubtedly.

Rossi, the Italian tragedian, is said to be about to retire permanently from the stage. That probably means a "farewell" visit to the United States.—Lowell Courier.

A Flyaway Joke.

"It's a perfect angel of a house," said she. "All wings, I suppose," said he.—Harper's Bazaar.

Of Interest to Musical People.

For some time past several of our most talented vocalists have been endeavoring to have Mrs. Fannie Kellogg Bachert come to Lincoln semi weekly to give lessons in singing. Mrs. Bachert is at present making her home in Omaha and having been offered a number of pupils as a commencement has consented to visit Lincoln every Tuesday and Friday until January first, after which date she will return to Boston. It is scarcely necessary for the COURIER to say who Mrs. Bachert is, for all who are acquainted with the higher branches of music know of the lady by reputation. She has conducted the several American concerts tours of the celebrated Fanny Kellogg Concert Company, has been the leading vocalist with Theodore Thomas concerts, Mendelssohn's concerts, Brignoli and others of the very best musical attractions ever presented to the public.

As an artiste of talent and competent to instruct in this charming art in its highest course we know not her equal and it is certainly fortunate for the musically inclined of Lincoln to have such an opportunity to acquire the higher rudiments. Already Mrs. Bachert has a large number of pupils besides many of Madame Weber's scholars and others desiring to receive instructions may leave their orders and receive full information at the rooms formerly occupied by Madame Weber, in the Odd Fellows block, corner Eleventh and L streets, or Mrs. Mrs. Bachert would be consulted personally at the above locality on Tuesday next.

Bad Enough to Last.



Woman (to tired tramp, who is resting at the gate)—If you'll come round to the back door I'll give ye a piece o' pie."

Tired Tramp—Thanks, ma'am, not any; you gave me a piece o' pie when I passed through this section last summer.

Back From Wyoming.

Messrs. Geo. McArthur, John Stout, Will Maxwell, Frank and Charlie Burr, who have been enjoying sportsmanlike life on the Wyoming frontier for the past month returned home last Friday. The boys took pretty well tanned up, and report having a delightful time. They tell some very interesting stories about the deer and bear, and of course they are generally considered to be just right.

Matrimonial.

A quiet wedding took place Wednesday morning at the home of Mr. George Fisher 1619 R street in which the most interested parties were Mr. A. G. Warner and Miss Cora E. Fisher. The Rev. Dr. Woods tied nuptial knot in presence of but a few immediate relatives and friends.

Mr. Warner is a resident of Baltimore, but formerly a western young man and both were at one time students at the Jno. Hopkins university, where it is said their affections were kindled. The happy twain left on the 1:30 p. m. train the same day for their new home in Baltimore.

A Very Pleasant Birthday.

Willie H. Hargreaves and John W. Hargreaves received some fifty young friends at the family residence 1729 M street Wednesday afternoon. The occasion was the celebration of Willie's second and Johnnie's eighth birthday. The afternoon was pleasantly passed in the amusement known only to juvenile life and when time for serving refreshments arrived all hands enjoyed a sumptuous feast. It was a gay time for the young folks and one that will linger long in their minds. The COURIER joins the friends of the boys in wishing them a long life of health and happiness.

Hotel News.

Dick Johnson the Capitol's head clerk accompanied by his wife in much better health returned from Hastings Sunday.

The Windsor rotunda has been tastefully decorated and other improvements about the hotel are characteristic of Landlord Criley's enterprise in conducting a first-class hotel.

The new addition to the Lindell hotel makes that hostelry another valuable adjunct to Lincoln's hotel facilities. It will be ready for use during fair week and will accommodate a large number of extra guests.

The walk in front of the Capital hotel has been lowered to the grade and a small porch built in front of the office. It gives the exterior of the building a better appearance and adds much to the looks of Eleventh street in that vicinity.

\$10,000 Cleared By Barnum.

From a close estimate it is learned that Barnum's net receipts for two performances on Thursday was \$10,000. This figure seems high but when the fact is considered that the large tent holds 15,000 people and of that 4,000 are reserved at 50 cents each, extra, the side shows were visited by thousands at two performances it is easily believed that Barnum cleared all of \$10,000. It is claimed by many that he netted more than that amount but for one day's business, that is a pretty fair average.

At Cushman Tomorrow.

The park tomorrow will be visited by Bishop Skinner and a large choir who will entertain the visitors with interesting addresses and enchanting music. It will be a big Sunday, and as everybody is going out you cannot afford to miss being there. The springs are still purring out their crystal purity, the hammocks and swings still afford a cool resort for all and the boats will be at your command the same as ever. Train starts at 2 o'clock sharp and it only costs 15 cents for the round trip. Be on hand promptly.

Prof. F. M. Gibeault has removed his musical studio from the Ledwith block to the Lin dell hotel. Pupils intending to take lessons in music, harmony or composition will please call.

It's a perfect angel of a house," said she. "All wings, I suppose," said he.—Harper's Bazaar.

BIG DAY FOR BARNUM.

Twenty Thousand People at Two Performances. Pleased With the Circus.

Barnum has come and gone, the glare of the golden chariot, the man in the cage with the wild beasts, the camels elephants and the gorgeous parade in general hunger fresh in our memory. We have seen the grand menagerie, the sideshow and the hundred and one various circus acts, the two rings going at once together with the various features of the stage in the center. The many sights have bewildered the masses and all bands join in saying that Barnum still maintains the distinction among many as being the king of showmen.

The performance was characteristic for the newness of almost every act and during the entertainment no action or word was uttered that would offend the morality of anyone.

It was also notable that the clowns who were numerous, failed to get off any of the usual clown chums or sing antique songs, in fact of late years Barnum has not allowed the clowns to spring jokes of any kind. If a clown, by his capers cannot amuse the audience without using his mouth, he is not wanted. The paraphernalia was all new and attractive, the lemonade and peanut vendor was extinct much to the delight of the audience, and the entire circus from the front door in the first tent to the final attraction in the last and largest tent was enjoyed by everybody. Many wonderful feats, well given and we would like to enumerate them, but there were too many and time and space will not permit. It was a fine show and the audience which packed the tent applauded loudly to show their appreciation.

Prejevalsky or His Travels.

Russia's most brilliant explorer, Gen. Prejevalsky, starts in a few days in quest of new discoveries in Central Asia. He takes with him a fine equipment and a force of forty men, expects to be gone two years and hopes to do for the geography of western Tibet what he has already accomplished during his four previous journeys in eastern Tibet and in a great region north and northeast of that country. He will try once more to reach Lhasa, but it will not be surprising if he fails. He has already been twice recalled on his way to the holy city of the Buddhists, whose approaches are now more jealously guarded than ever.

Gen. Prejevalsky has done far more than any other explorer to open the sealed book of central Asia. The man who has given to the map the great mountain range of the Altai-tagh, which buttresses on the north the lofty Tibetan plateau, and who was the first to trace the sources of the Hoang-ho and the Yanskiang as they spring from the Kien Lun mountains, deserves to rank among the first explorers of his time. He was the first traveler in modern times to visit Lake Lob, described by ancient writers, and he made the surprising discovery that at the west end of this salt lake its waters are sweet and potable where it receives the Tarim affluent. He was the first traveler since Marco Polo, six centuries ago, to see the wild camel of the Lob desert, and he has enriched the museums of his own country with thousands of specimens of the imperfectly known flora and fauna of the lofty plateaus and immense deserts of central Asia. But the greatest of Prejevalsky's discoveries, and one that deserves to rank with the most notable achievements of Speke and Stanley, is the fact he made known that an uninterrupted, gigantic mountain wall stretches from the Hoang-ho to the Pamir, dividing the loftiest plain of the earth into two parts—the Mongolian desert on the north and the Tibetan plateau on the south, regions that are as perfectly distinct in their geology, flora, fauna, and inhabitants as though many hundreds of miles stretched between them.—New York Sun.

Hopeful Sign of Civilization.

It is a hopeful sign of American civilization that never before in the world's history were there so many men of wealth using their wealth as a trust, not as a private possession. I visited not long since one of the largest single coal mine owners in Pennsylvania. He had built up in the wilderness a village with 5,000 population. No root covered more than two tenements; every tenement had about it ground for a garden plot. The day school was kept open ten months in the year; evening schools afforded special facilities for such as wished to pursue special studies; a great hall furnished them with opportunity for every kind of recreation, from a ball to a lecture; a free library and reading room gave an evening lounging place free from beer and tobacco; there was not a liquor shop in the town; the ladies of the mansion equipped every year a Christmas tree for the children of the village, dressing many out of the hundreds of dolls with their own hands; but what was best of all, the owner of mine, and land, and cottages lived in the midst of his workmen, and administered with his own hands the estate which furnished the 1,000 workmen with employment, the 5,000 villagers with bread, and homes, and life. I thought how it would have delighted the heart of grim old Carlyle to have visited Drifton, and how even John Ruskin would have found something to praise in such a mining community.—Lyman Abbott in The Century.

Excluding Rats from Ships.

A Philadelphian has invented a patent appliance for a hawser which is intended to prevent a rat from climbing up on a vessel. The patent is an appliance, shaped like a funnel, over which the varmints can neither crawl nor climb. If this invention should work it would make the patentes a fortune; but old sailors don't think that anything can keep rats out, and they declare that if they (the rats) could not get on board ships any other way they would swim out and crawl up the slippery sides of the boats. No one appears to be able to say why the wharf rats have taken such a fancy to Philadelphia this summer. Every vessel that comes into the port brings a swarm of them here, but the vessels which are outward bound have very few of these unwelcome passengers aboard.—Philadelphia Record.

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 head line "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.

English in Karishab.

English is written at Karishab by a tailor.

In this way: "Honorable Sir! I take me the liberty, to make you attentive on my Establishement. There I please you, to favour me

No Exhibit This Year.

The COURIER regrets very much that it will not be able to make an exhibit this year at the state fair of the work done in its job department. It was the aim of the manager of that department to have a neat and handsome display, showing the excellent work of the office in way of art printing, fine stationery and engraving. In fact, of the latter we had already prepared samples showing engraved work of wedding invitations, announcements, calling cards, ball and party programs, etc., all of the latest designs and newest styles of art.

It was our pleasure last year to receive first premium and the feature of having one of our presses on the grounds. However, so much work has been brought to the office within the past week that it has been an utter impossibility to even think of taking time to prepare for the exhibit. However, we shall be pleased to see our friends and the public at our office in the Burr block and show them our every day display of printed and engraved novelties.

Jewish Holidays.

The Jewish New Year 5749 commenced Thursday. Services were held by the reformed congregation Wednesday evening and Thursday morning at the German M. E. Church, 15th and M St. and the orthodox congregation Fifteenth. The day in the Hebrew tongue is called "Rosh-a-hanah" and dates from the birth of Judaism.

Next Saturday is the day of atonement known as "Yom-kippur." Services will be held at the same places Friday evening and Saturday morning, and a general invitation is extended to the public to be present at the reformed congregation on M Street. Mr. Rosenman, an able Rabbi from Cleveland, who conducted the exercises Thursday will be present and as his sermon will be delivered in English it will give the public an opportunity to learn much as to the Jewish theory of belief. Excellent music will be furnished by the choir.

THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

With the Hettonet and Bushman and the Terra del Fuegan. He had fought with frenzied fury, so he said. At the antagonistic giants he had hurled his proud defiance.

And had painted all the Sandwich Islands red; he had made all the natives scatter in the jungles of Mahatika. From the Rio de la Plata to the sources of the Nile;

He swept with his bravado realms of khedive and mikado. And regulated all the earth in true imperial style.

With the catamount and tiger and the Abyssinian lion.

He sprang single handed and had never met defeat;

Every spouting hippopotamus he got his eagle eye on.

Was sure to lay out, first or last, a dead brute at his feet.

With his blazing eye a-brilliant he would dash about a frightening,

Just like incubus lightning lunging through the thunder storm,

Frightening with