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New Burr Block, Cor. 12th and O Streets.
TELEPHONE 231.

THE sidewalk inspector has a lively time of it keeping the sidewalks clean in the business part of town.
It costs one big dollar to ride in the new patrol wagon. Like a street car, the fare is the same for one or a hundred blocks.
It is said that Oliver Wendell Holmes has made more money from the practice of his profession than from his writings. This is a tip to the editor of the *Yavville Whistler*.

CONGRESSMEN are earning their wages this year, but they appear to be laboring under a serious mistake in supposing that the people are demanding their continuing in session.
In the language of Cleopatra, these are dandy nights in which to repose in Morpheus' arms and doze the hours away. The only trouble is that the nights are not large enough in length.
FRED NYE's great comic opera "Mr. Sampson of Omaha" was presented in Salt Lake City last week with great success. We hope Lincoln people will soon have an opportunity of listening to this most charming opera.

It is indeed a fortunate thing for Nebraska's senators that they are permitted the luxuries of secretaries, otherwise the dear people would never know what in the world their representatives were doing half the time.
CALHOUN is making the fur fly up at Omaha, and the *Republican* editor is already hunting a tree to climb. "Cal" has the happy faculty of impaling an opponent firmly and at the same time have him preserve a smiling countenance.
It is rumored that two new daily newspapers will soon be started in the city, a democratic and a prohibition daily. Any one having a surplus amount of money to exchange for a job lot of experience will do well to call at either of the above-named headquarters.

If the prohibitionists are in earnest in their endeavors to secure success, they should haul off several of their loud-mouthed agitators who obstruct travel at the corner of Eleventh and O streets. They are doing the party more harm than any organization of saloon keepers could do.
WEATHER prophets are about the only people who persist in being disagreeable. Wiggins is out with a prediction that earthquake disturbances will occur in the United States next month. Major Birney of the *Journal* should endeavor to eradicate this idea, and secure the favor of the people by predicting a mild winter.

WELL, but wasn't there some kicking done this week when the little ones' school books had to be purchased. It is all right enough probably to boom the printing business by frequent changes in text-books, but the line ought to be drawn somewhere. Parents and prospective parents who put up the taxes all unite in demanding this.
It is very likely that Hon. Patrick Egan will be granted a certificate of immunity to allow him to be present and testify in the case of Parnell vs. The *London Times*. From present indications the Thunderer will be worsted in the encounter, even though it has the vast machinery of the English secret service behind it. Success to Parnell and Egan.

THE erstwhile champion, John L. Sullivan, is very sick in Boston. John career was a very brilliant one, but awfully short. It is indeed a pity when such a magnificent specimen of physical manhood as Sullivan is debauched by the demon of intemperance. There have been many champions of the pugilistic arena, but none like Sullivan, the unbeaten.
THE fight between the Burlington and the Brotherhood has complicated matters with the Wabash. The Burlington has a contract with the Wabash for the housing at St. Louis of "Q" engines used on the new through trains, but when the first ones came in the hostlers and wipers refused to clean them and at last accounts they were standing on the track covered with mud and grease. The men declare they will strike if the company orders them to clean the engines, while by the terms of the contract the Wabash is compelled to do so.

THE COURIER is heartily in favor of the proposed meeting of citizens to devise some means for bettering the water supply. Let us do something in the matter! Things have gone far enough. Give it in the hands of some company who will guarantee to give us good water and we are satisfied. The parties who have the water supply in charge have proven themselves incompetent to find out the difficulty or any method of obviating it. They are still drawing their salary and they are drawing salt water. Sell the works to some company, and relieve the people of the incubus.

GROWING UP.

Corinne Marshall was the brightest girl in the school district where her father's large, stony farm was situated. Her mother had read a translation of De Stael's famous romance, hence her daughter's name, given with many wishes that the little maiden might grow up to be something out of the common order. At 6 she studied grammar, and spelled the big boys and girls "down" at an old fashioned spelling school; plainly there could be no question about her brilliancy.
There was a farmer's boy as well as a farmer's girl; there always is, only the boy is apt to be, if more solid, not so ready—not so "smart," as the New England expression is. No special star had shone over the boy's baptismal font, and he was named plain Job—Job Austin.
Job's father was in standing and property about on an equality with Corinne's, but the little fellow was no match for Corinne. However, the young Job lifted his gray eyes to the "brightest girl," drew her on his sled, "towed" her on the ice, brought her peppermint drops and licorice sticks, and carved various toys for her at odd times, such as bedsteads for her dolls, and a set of wooden dishes for her doll table.
While Job was still struggling, in his old clothes, with "chores" at home, and unknown quantities at school, his little favorite was sent to live with her aunt in the village, a dozen miles away, for the sake of greater educational privileges. There the smart girl developed rapidly. She soon showed a remarkable gift of expression, and in the department of composition easily led her school, became the editor of the school "paper," the president of a literary society, and with a very careless student. To keep up in her classes required no effort; and she fell into the error of thinking that success would come to her without hard work.
In the meantime Job showed a patience equal to that of his widely known namesake. He extracted roots, cube and square, to say nothing of "grubbing" roots on the old farm; and every step he took he cleared the way of all difficulties. No half way work for Job. He was still awkward, ill dressed, hesitating, and he blushed furiously just at the times and on the occasions when he most desired to appear cool and collected. Many a time he had given a letter to Corinne, sitting at his desk at noon time, or after school, anxiously trying to compose a document worthy of so bright a being. But, though as patient as the original Job, he never succeeded in finishing a letter that he thought good enough.
At last a turn came in the tide of Job's life. A literary gentleman in Bagdad, the village where Corinne was living at her aunt's, offered to "board and school" him in return for such help as the boy could easily give morning and evening. He was to enter the graded school, and on examination was found ready for the intermediate department. Corinne was not long before the two old friends met in the street. Corinne was with half a dozen gay school girls.
"Who is that fellow with hayseed in his hair?" asked one of them, as Job came toward them smiling and blushing. Corinne bowed coolly, pretending not to see the outstretched hand, and hurried on.
"A mistake," she said. "I look like dozens of other people, it seems." Corinne justified this story to her conscience on the ground that Job had really made a mistake in supposing she was going to keep up the old friendship.
Job thought, generous fellow, that it was a veritable mistake. A little near sighted, he often made mistakes of identity; and he promised himself to look more carefully next time he met a group of young ladies, blushing the deepest pearly red in thinking of his boyhood.

Corinne now entered upon a new period of her school career. She wrote a poem sitting in her room after study hours, with her hair down and her hands pressed to her temples, she slowly evolved the wondrous thing. How astonished she was to find that she, Corinne Marshall, could actually weave rhymes and sentiments and flowers of speech like the real poets whom she worshipped afar off! She showed the celestial manufacture to her own special girl friend, Cecilia Hopkins. It was one of those twilight hours of loving communion over the fire, when, with arms around each other's waists, school girls tell the dearest friends everything, that the poem was brought out and read.
Cecilia was in raptures. She always knew her darling Corinne was a genius. And where would she send it?
"Send it!"
"Yes; to what magazine or newspaper? Surely the world should not be deprived of such a gem!"
Now, unknown to Corinne, the gentleman with whom Job was living was the editor of the *Bagdad Carrier* Dove, a sheet devoted to news and elegant culture.
"I'll send it to the Dove," said Corinne, after her friend had left her to the literary leisure she longed for. "Yes, to the Dove, on whose white wings it shall be wafted far away to meet kindred hearts."

Carefully was the poem copied and re-copied, till, in appearance, at least, it was worthy of the classic name signed boldly at the close. In the chill dusk of a winter evening a young girl might have been seen walking up and down the street, casting longing glances at a lamp post; for the author's heart failed her at the last moment. But the appearance of a teacher brought matters to a crisis, and the envelope weighted with destiny was dropped through the iron slit.
The boy in the office of the Dove, by this time highly prized by the editor, recognized the old time quirks and quips, the tails of the g's and y's and c's, and the heavy slanting of the upward strokes. He helped the crude little "poem" into a corner of the *Carrier*, his heart beating with manly pleasure at doing a service for his little love.
Corinne was made a poet by acclamation in the school room; for of course the authorship of "Life's Disappointments" was an open secret. Fifty copies of the *Carrier* were ordered, and the office boy was sent with them to Mrs. Department's school. He arrived at the recreation hour, when the young ladies, a gay, fluttering, bright eyed crowd, were "taking exercise." Some were promenading, some dancing, some chatting, some swinging dumbbells, some tossing a shuttlecock.

"The copies of *The Carrier Dove* you sent for," said Job, addressing the girls en masse. All occupations were deserted, and the girls, acting from a common impulse of fun, came forward to interview the "devil," as they were pleased to call Job. They made him take a chair on the platform, they asked him all kinds of questions concerning editorial and newspaper interiors; finally they introduced, with mock ceremony, the distinguished authoress, Corinne. Job's face lighted up. Here was relief from his tormentors.
Not a sign did Corinne give that she recognized her old friend; indeed, she joined in the fun as his expense. Poor Job had greater need than ever of the quality associated with his name, and only on the ringing of the bell calling the girls to lessons was he released.
At the end of five years. The young ladies

of Mrs. Department's school are scattered far and wide; some are married, some are teachers, some are busy with the wearisome rushings of gay society.
As for Corinne, she is at home on the old stony farm. Her mother is dead, and she is her father's housekeeper. She has taken a nom de plume, for repeated experiences of "declined with thanks" have made her desire to hide her identity. Nevertheless, certain successes have kept her in heart and hope; and as she is yet scarcely twenty, she still looks forward to a distinguished literary career.
In the meantime a new light has arisen. Far and wide the letters, stories and scientific articles of Lew Etiole are known and admired. It is announced that he is to establish a journal, called *The People*, in a town not a thousand miles from the Marshall farm.
Corinne, on the lookout for new worlds to conquer, says: "There is a chance for me." She prepares a piece of verse, elaborate, romantic, and not without merit. She sends it, with a note inclosed signed by her own name, to the great Mr. Etiole. Then through weeks of suspense she waits.
"It's come back," shouts her heartless little brother, swinging a letter over his head, and quite regardless of the presence of a neighborhood gossip.
"What makes you keep a sendin' stuff to the editors?" says her sister, an infant terrible, who is great in mathematics and despises her elder sister's name and pretensions.
Corinne takes the letter humbly and puts it in her pocket. By and by she goes out into the blossoming orchard and opens the editorial envelope, walking up and down under the fragrant trees. There is the poem in which so much hope had been folded, and a long letter in a bold, firm hand.
"Miss A. B. C. shows facility. There are hints of talent. Will she oblige the editor by writing an article on some subject of which she has knowledge—positive, clear information?" The letter went on with kind, discriminating advice, worth more than gold to a girl like Corinne.
"Write about something of which I have knowledge!" repeated the girl, stopping to break a branch of apple blossoms. "What do I know?" She looked into the tinted cups as if for an answer. "I don't know anything," she said presently, throwing herself down upon the turf in sorrowful abandon; "but I can learn." This correlative came after a burst of tears and an hour's reflection.

A few days after this Corinne received by mail a treatise on the keeping of poultry, which she herself had ordered. This she set herself to study, and soon became interested in details of breed, feeding, housing, etc. All the books and newspapers of importance bearing on the subject Corinne read industriously. Then came practical work. After six months' experience the young lady wrote a modest article on "Poultry Raising," and sent it to *The People*. A cordial answer was received with a liberal check—Corinne's first compensation for literary work.
To the old orchard trees the girl went in her excitement and joy. They were bare; empty nests hung from their boughs; and the dead grass about them was flocked and patched with snow. But in Corinne's heart there was summer. Mr. Etiole's note was so kind, so encouraging; he praised her style, he suggested books for her to read; he promised, if she worked and studied, a noble success by and by—not necessarily in poultry articles, though said articles suited *The People* to a dot, and he wished more of them. He named various books on industrial subjects—wool raising, silk spinning, flower culture, etc.—and advised a reading up of the subjects and articles on the same.
"In the meantime," said he, "keep your eyes open. There must be much in your country world worth writing about. In some out of door searching, a real poem may show itself in moss or lichen, the glance of a little wildwood dweller, or the flash of a jeweled brook."

It was a year from the time that Corinne questioned the apple blossoms in her despair. It was noised about that Editor Etiole was visiting in the neighborhood. Corinne's intimate friends, the "heartless brother" and the infant terrible included, began to anticipate a triumph for their friend and sister. She was a correspondent of Lew Etiole's—a favorite contributor to the *The People*. No one else with so much right could aspire to the great man's favor.
In the course of time Corinne was invited to a garden party to meet the star. The hour came, and the editor was introduced. Corinne stepped forward eagerly, all smiles. The gentleman bowed politely, exactly as to twenty others to whom he had been presented. The whole company, looking on, understood Corinne's humiliation. She soon slipped away, and on reaching home went wandering under the blossoming orchard trees.
"How handsome he is! How distinguished his style! Nobody at the party could compare with him. Only a little older than I, and he has almost a national reputation!" said Corinne mused, as she walked up and down the fragrant, wind blown alleys.
By and by she seated herself, and, taking pencil and paper from her pocket, began to scribble, as the best way of forgetting her disappointment. Gradually a sense of the ineffable beauties of her little corner of the earth stole over her. Soft, fragrant air, azure sky, white banks of vapor, rosy shapes of bud and bloom, the humming of happy insects, the trill of home going birds, the lovely greenery of notched and scalloped and blade shaped leaves—all met and mingled in her soul, producing a sort of ecstacy. Her thoughts began to take rhythmical form, and a genuine poem grew under her almost unconscious hand.
As she sat leaning against a gnarled old trunk, pink petals nestling in the crimps of her black hair and in the folds of her pale blue gauze dress, she made a charming picture. At least so thought the distinguished "Mr. Etiole," coming gently along the orchard path, his footfalls hushed by the matted turf.
"Corinne!"
"Mr. Etiole!"
The girl rose, her cheeks hot with blushes.
"Forgive me for treating you so badly just now. Let us walk under the trees and talk about old times. Do you remember the day I pulled you out of the cranberry bog when you broke through the ice and thought you were drowning?"
Corinne looked up in amazement. It was—yes, it was Job Austin; light locks, freckles, and all.
"Do you forgive me?" he persisted.
"I think we are quits," she said, now able to look up roughly through her blushes.
"Strange didn't recognize you when you were introduced to me today?"
"Don't speak of that," said Job. "What is this?" and he took possession, as by editorial right, of the paper fluttering in her hand. His face grew radiant as he read.
"Dear old comrade," he said, "I haven't been disappointed in you. This is genuine, and it is beautiful! It is a growth, not a bit of manufacture."
When "the planet and his satellite," as Corinne's saucy sister called them, left the orchard, there was a happy light in both their faces. Thereafter their reputations soared them often together. As to sentiment, the gossip of the neighborhood are about equally divided; a part asserting vehemently that it is a heart affair, the others denying the same with equal earnestness.—Mrs. E. F. Butts in *Decorative Monthly*.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS

A mocking bird in Albany whistles Boulanger's march.
The Germans call this the "sauerkrautzeit," or the pickly season.
Irrigation has produced a great crop of musquitos at Los Angeles, Cal.
Italy has admitted 2,000,000 more persons to the right to vote at local elections.
The wool interests in Australia have suffered severely from drought. The sheep have died by millions.
There will be an international horse show in Paris next year, where \$45,000 will be distributed in prizes.
The slowest train in this country is a North Carolina "express," which consumes nine hours in running 100 miles.
The Craig-y-Nos property, which Mrs. Patti-Nicolini wants to sell, comprises 330 acres, and boasts the finest trout streams in Wales.
There are a dozen men in Milwaukee who carry a life insurance of more than \$300,000 each. One, a prominent railroad man, is insured for \$500,000.
Because a Texan woman had not \$50 ready to pay a discharged laborer he went into her field and shot seven mules and a horse that were worth \$1,200.
A citizen of Winneconne, Wis., has succeeded in tempering brass, and has exhibited brass knives and axes that will cut seasoned hemlock knots without turning the edge.
The only recognized G. A. R. post outside of the United States is said to be in Honolulu. It is called Post George W. De Long, and always observes Memorial day with fitting ceremonies.
Editor Criswell, of the Oil City Derrick, has a cane made from the skin of a rattlesnake, tanned, stretched tightly over a hickory stick, varnished and handsomely mounted. It looks as though made of highly polished mottled wood.
The waiters in a New York restaurant having struck, the sharp proprietor rang for a number of district messenger boys, and thus temporarily supplied the places of the strikers until other waiters could be secured.
There is remarkable activity in London in the formation of stock companies, and the class known as "promoters" are waxing wealthy. One of them is said to have made nearly two million and a half of dollars this year.
An eagle six feet from tip to tip and with talons near two inches long was killed in Georgia the other day, but it took two loads of shot and a rifle ball to do it, and then the bird took such a death grip on its perch that the tree had to be cut down to secure it.
Samuel Nickerson, president of the First National bank of Chicago, has probably the finest collection of rock crystals in the world. One of them is as big as a goose egg and is valued at \$15,000. It is supposed to be the largest in existence.
One of the English regiments is experimenting with a machine called a centercycle, which has four small wheels a foot in diameter and one large one in the center. It is said that the invention makes climbing a hill as easy for a cyclist as rolling off a log.
A butcher in Liverpool was recently summoned before a magistrate on the ground of selling horseflesh for beef. He was fined fifty shillings, not for selling the horseflesh, but because it was unsound. The magistrate said that he knew of nothing to prevent a butcher from selling such meat, provided it were good and sound.
A bill in the English parliament proposes to compel the sellers of foreign meat to announce that fact by a conspicuous placard on their shop or stall, the idea being that people are deceived into buying foreign meat for the English article as they are into purchasing oleomargarine for butter.
The latest gratuity of the cigarette maker is a little vial of cachous for the breath packed in every box of the goods made by one firm of manufacturers. Something for the breath was always needed for cigarette smokers, but no maker ever before showed the candor to acknowledge the fact in this substantial way.

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