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Heaping Coals of Fire.
My companion was telling me how he had just dropped a letter from his pocket, how a messenger boy had found it and how he had rewarded the boy. Just then the door opened and that messenger boy entered. He was about the size of a giant fire-cracker, and he was just as full of powder. He walked straight up to where that official sat, and pulling a silver quarter from his pocket threw it on the gentleman's lap and said: "If you can't afford to give any more than that you can't afford to lose anything. I can better afford to lose it than you."

Looking Ahead.
At Opelika a venerable colored man struck me for a quarter to "help repair our meeting house from damage by de cyclones."
"Where is the meeting house?" I asked.
"Right ober yere about a mile."
"Is it a Methodist?"
"Yes, sah."
"You are the fifth person that has asked for money for that church within three hours. When was it damaged by a cyclone?"
"A spell ago."
"I rode by it yesterday, and it appeared all right."
"Yes, sah, it ar' all right, now."
"Then what do you want of more money?"
"We ar' expectin' anoder cyclone in de fall, sah, an' it's gwine ter be a bustler an' blow de spire 'lar off. Ise collectin' agin it, sah, so de wiro make quick rep'ars."—Detroit Free Press.

News in Smithville.
Coffee is going up and down in the market. It will soon have no grounds to stand on.
One of the colored dudes of Smithville subscribed to the paper yesterday and paid for the publication of the following:
Miss Bess Jenkins visit Miss Polly at his house an sing a song call "Carry Me Home" to loud applaud.
Mr. Williams respond an mek a hoaby speech on watermill time.
Miss Sara Jones she cum in an dance a dance wid Mr. Jenkins. Both dance longer dan do other.—Smithville (Ga.) News.

A Drawback to the Place.
"I say, stranger," said a passenger, as the train stopped at a small Nebraska station, "is there any show in this town in the real estate line for a man who has got big money to invest?"
"Show," repeated the citizen; "he can double it every twenty-four hours."
"You don't say so! What's that awful noise down the street?"
"That's our new brass band."
"Well, I guess I won't get off."—The Epoch.

Which Ought to Satisfy Any Woman.
"I am afraid, Edward," she sadly said, "that you do not love me now as you used to do. You seem so cold, so absent minded, so indifferent to-night. I fear the ardor of your love is dying out."
"No, Clara," said he desperately, "it is not that. If I have seemed to you distant to-night, forgive me. I love you now as I have always loved you—as I always shall love you till time shall end. The whole truth is, I've got a corn."—Somerville Journal.

A Question of Time.
Customer—That was splendid insect powder you sold me the other day, Mr. Oilman.
Mr. Oilman (with Justiflaba pride)—Yes, I think it's pretty good—the best in the trade.
Customer—I'll take another couple of pounds of it, please, Mr. Oilman—Two pounds?
Customer—Yes, please. I gave the quarter of a pound that I bought before to a black beetle, and it made him so ill that I think if I keep up the treatment for about a week I may manage to kill him.—Fun.

Technical.
First Jeweler—I understand you are going to be married, Flywheel. Miss Crosscut?
Second Jeweler—Yes.
First Jeweler—A very nice girl; open face, neat hands and all that, but I can't say much for her beauty.
Second Jeweler—Ah, but you must remember she is full jeweled.—Burlington Free Press.

And He Was Hired.
"So you want a situation in the editorial rooms? Seems to me you're too old. You must be near 50."
"I'm 55."
"What is your special line of work?"
"Writing up 'Bright Sayings of the Children.'"—Nebraska State Journal.

The Last Man Who Ought to Complain.
Bald Headed Man—Here, waiter, this is an infernal outrage. Here is a hair swimming around in the soup.
Waiter—Well, don't make such a fuss about a trifle. Hair is what you need most, ain't it?—Texas Sittings.

A Change of Base.
"Dimple, have you been at the preserves?"
"No, mamma," was the faint answer.
"But they are all over your face, child!"
"Den, mamma, I des so preserves 'ave been at me," replied the little miss promptly.—Detroit Free Press.

Cause for Leaving Earth.
A burglar committed suicide in one of the west side stations. He couldn't stand the disgrace of being the only one of his craft who ever was caught by a Chicago policeman.—Chicago Mail.

Telling Points.
"Did Beasley make any good points in his speech?" asked Bagley of Bailey.
"Yes, quite a good many. They were mainly exclamation points."—Life.

Resenting an Insult.
Magistrate—Sam Johnson says, Dolphus, that you called him a liar. What did he call you?
Dolphus—Nuffin, sah. He sayed dat he treated each disillusion wif silent contempt; an' den I cut him, yo homah, no yaller niggah kin treat me wif silent contempt; I se a gemmen, I is.—Texas Sittings.



GOING TO SCHOOL.

Burdette Yours Out Some Philosophy on a Painful Subject.
Dear little man, so you are back in school and you don't like it pretty well I don't think? Well, that's natural and boy like, but it isn't right. Going to school is great fun, after you are too old to go any more, which will be when you are old enough to die, and then I suppose you will go to another school. When I was your age I don't think I liked going to school a little bit, but that was because I didn't have very much sense when I was young. I only worked and studied about six or seven hours a day then, and had but three teachers to obey. I was the gladdest boy you ever knew, when I got out of school, and you never knew me. Since then I have been at work all the time, and have to obey more people than I ever saw in a school house at one time. The editor says if I don't have my composition ready by Friday night he won't have it at all, the foreman says he must have it in hand Friday morning or it won't go in, the proof reader says if he doesn't get the proofs Thursday night they will have to read themselves and the compositors—there are seventy-five or eighty of them—declares they will strike if I don't write more plainly and punctuate properly, and sell better. Then I used to recite before a small class, or the school at most, and now I have to read my composition and say my piece before all the subscribers. When I was a boy the teacher corrected me in the presence of the class, but now the critic, a terrible fellow he is, corrects me right out in print before everybody, and when I don't say my lesson to suit him doesn't he dust my jacket for me, though!

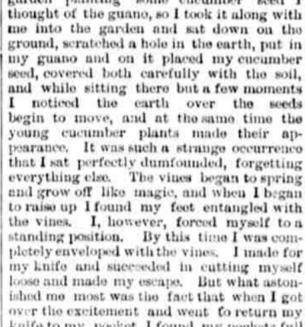
The way he makes the lint fly is a caution, and the worst of it is I aren't "holier," and so get over it; that would only make him worse, and besides everybody would laugh at me and cry. "Give him some more in the same place." He can—and does—say just a nice thing as he does rough ones, but you have to dot your 's and cross your 't's to earn his approval. Then I have to work for my landlord, and the grocery man and the tax collector and the shoemaker, and I don't know how many other people. I have to buy oil for the marching club of my party, and I have to march in the dust or the mud, and listen to long speeches and make some longer ones myself. I have to say "please" and "thank you," and say "sir" when I speak to the governor. I haven't got my bare feet, and I've only been thinking once this year, and then I didn't stay long and didn't catch anything; at the table, no matter how hungry I am, I have to serve everybody else before I get a bite to eat myself, and I am always the last one waited on; a man down in Bogu Hollow says he is going to lick me for shooting his dog—and he looks like a man of his word, too—when everybody knows I'm afraid of a gun and couldn't hit a flock of barns anyhow, on a rest, and with globe sights; another man threatens to put me in jail if I don't pay a bill that I have three receipts for, and a poor widow woman in Rag alley, who takes in washing and gin, is going to sue me if I don't pay her \$10 because my cow tore up her garden, when she has no garden and I never owned a cow in my life. I can't follow the circus procession, I can't stay home when I have the toothache, I can't get excused when the fish are biting; some of the boys in this great big school are bullies, and some of them are fools, and some of them are toadies, and some of them are sneaks, and some are liars, and some of them are great, big hearted, loving fellows, that you want to be with all the time, but they're so busy you can only snatch a word with them once in a long while. It isn't so very much different from your own school after all, only the discipline is more severe, and the Teacher is strict, while he is loving and gentle. But every time you break a rule you smart for it.

I don't wonder that some of the older pupils are glad, glad, glad, when their lessons are all said, and the blotted books are put away, and they are called up into the higher room, where they will be closer to the Master, and all the hard places in the old lessons will be explained away so lovingly and clearly that never a sigh will punctuate the recitation, and new and less blistering pages will be blur and blunder over so stupidly and blindly now. Ah, my little man, you'd better learn to love your school; you'll never get out of it until they send word to the sexton that you have graduated.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Vivid Tale.
Years ago, when guano was first discovered as a fertilizer, an old friend of mine sent me a bottle full to experiment with. I didn't think much of it, but one day while in my garden planting some cucumber seed I thought of the guano, so I took it along with me into the garden and sat down on a mound, scratched a hole in the earth, put in my guano and on it placed my cucumber seed, covered it with carefully with the soil, and while I was sitting there but a few moments I noticed the earth over the seeds begin to move, and at the same time the young cucumber plants made their appearance. It was such a strange occurrence that I sat perfectly dumfounded, forgetting everything else. The vines began to spring and grow off like magic, and when I began to raise up I found my feet entangled with the vines. I, however, forced myself to a standing position. By this time I was completely enveloped with the vines. I made for my knife and succeeded in cutting myself loose and made my escape. But what astonished me most was the fact that when I got over the excitement and went to return my knife to my pocket, I found my pockets full of young cucumbers which had formed in my pockets, since which time I have had no use for guano.—Lagrange (Ga.) Graphic.

A Sure Way.
"John," said Mrs. Bentley, "suppose you heard a noise down stairs and didn't know whether it was the dog or a burglar, would you be so cruel as to send me down to find out?"
"No, dear," said Mr. Bentley; "I have a better way than that. I'd wait until next morning. If the silver was gone, I'd know it was burglars, and if the silver was not gone, I'd know it was the dog."—Harper's Bazar.

Fatherly Forethought.
He—I must break off my engagement, Violet.
She—Why should you do that?
He—Well, your father has failed; how can he support a son-in-law in the style in which I have lived?
She—Why, you goose, he failed on purpose to meet the extra expense!—Harper's Bazar.



Profit and Loss.
A prominent legal firm in this city which does a great deal of business for a rich mercantile concern lately rendered a bill which the senior partner of the mercantile establishment, who was accustomed to liberal charges, thought was too high. He therefore took the bill to the law firm and asked the chief to look it over and see if it was all right. The account was subsequently returned with \$10 added for "advice as to the reasonableness of the bill."—Boston Journal.



From Her Point of View.
Cousin Jack's reply has just been showing a Hebrew Bible—Punny way they have of reading books—beginning at the back.
Mabel—Why, doesn't everybody do that?—Life.

The Arizona Kicker.
We take the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:
APOLOGETICAL.—We hope our readers will excuse the typographical appearance of the inside pages of The Kicker this week. We were working them off as usual on Wednesday, having Joe the Digger Indian as roller boy, when Judge Sinek-wackeen made us a call and jumped on our collar. Greatly to our surprise we picked the judge up and mopped him all over the office and flung him out doors. His boot heels, hind buttons, spectacles and tobacco box flew about and alighted on the forms, and in our excitement we failed to notice them.
The big hole in our editorial on the tariff was caused by a lost leaf. The blurr on the poem entitled "When Baby Wakes Again" was caused by two kind botanists. Such society items are unremediable over their present state to the judge's spectacles. We hope it won't occur again.
NOT THIS EVE.—Our name is being prominently mentioned in connection with the United States senatorship from Arizona. While we are flattered and feel to step high, we must beg our friends to hold up.
In the first place, we are too honest, sober and conscientious.
In the second place, we are needed at home. We propose to run about ten thousand human coyotes out of this territory during the next twelve months, and put a thousand others behind prison bars.
While we feel tickled all over and can hardly sleep nights, we can't accept the office nor leave Arizona. Just pass the place along to some other man and leave us to do our work.—Detroit Free Press.

An Extreme Remedy.
It was time to go, by the steamer's clock, yet she lingered still at her dingy dock, and the mate blasphemed, and the captain roared, and the rain it steadily poured and poured on the luckless men who still implored that obstinate mule to go aboard. With rigid limbs and a stony stare, with ears firm set and its tail in the air, and an aw-haw-haw long and loud, that horrible mule defied the crowd; and besides of lurch and kick and judge, it stood stock still in the muck and sludge—a mule with an everlasting grudge, that had taken an oath it wouldn't budge.
"Let me take that mule," said a passer by; "I'll load him or know the reason why. I've had some dealings with men and mules, and learned some things not taught in the schools." The crowd made way and the man drew near, and into the unresisting car of the hapless beast he sang—for shame!—be sang of "The Letter That Never Came." With a voice like a wheezy clarionet he warbles the song, "Sweet Violets." Bewildered by the dismal sound, the tortured mule turns half way round, and full in its face the man then sings the crowning woe they call "White Wings." With a trembling step at each fell note, the animal backs into the boat. "Tis done. But the mule—ah! wait-a-day. 'Tis its corpse the steamer carries away."—Chicago Tribune.

"Ain't It Cute?"
A lady recently visited the Lick observatory and asked to see Sirius, the Dog Star. The learned scientists at once turned the great telescope on Sirius, and the lady looked at it long and earnestly. Then turning around to the scientific gentlemen who were waiting for her to make some astronomical remark, she placidly murmured, "Ain't it cute?" just as if she had been viewing the latest thing in poolies.—New York Tribune.

A Triumph of Art.
Customer (in "hand-me-down" store)—This suit is all full of creases and wrinkles. It looks as if it had been slept in.
Dealer—Dot was our latest improved tourist suit, mister; noddings like it in Viladelphia. Dot suit make all your friends think you shust return from a tervelous months tour of Europe. No extra charge vor dose wrinkles. Dey goes mit de suit.—Philadelphia Record.

A Trifle Skeptical.
Minister—Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school today?
Bobby—I learned that the world is round, and turns on hinges like that globe in the parlor.
Minister—Well, what did you think of that?
Bobby—I think they're asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy.—New York Sun.

Bad News.
Two pronounced Celts, who were apparently old acquaintances, met in Scollay square the other day, and after the usual preliminary greetings were given one said, "By the way, Dan, did you know that — is dead?" "Dead?" returned the other, "Arrah, long life to the poor man, when did he die?"—Boston Budget.

Something of an Artist.
A small boy, seeing an apple on the mantelpiece, begged his grandmother to give it to him.
"What do you want of it?" asked grandma.
"Well, I guess my mother could make an apple pie of it," was the reply. "She's considerable of an artist."—Harper's Bazar.

Boyhood Friends.
Clerk (to busy employer)—There is a gentleman outside, sir, who says that he is a very old friend of your father's.
Busy Employer—Tell him I'm sorry, but my father is dead.—Life.

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