

# Heart Tried and True.

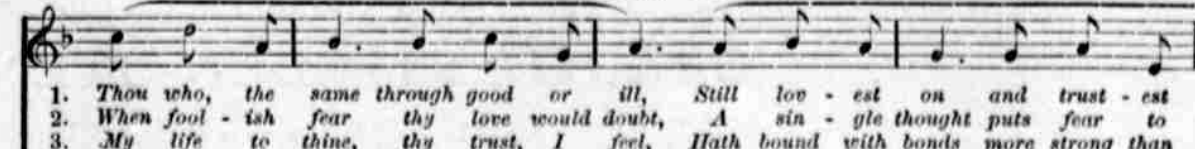
Ein Herz bewähret Treu.

Words by I. D. FOULON.

Music by Chas. KUNKEL.



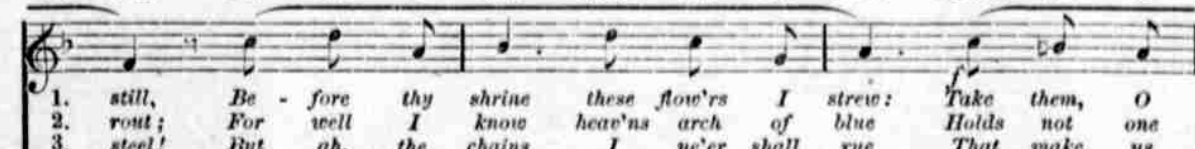
3. Dein gross Ver-trau'n mich nie ver-lässt, Mit Ei-sen-ket-ten hält mich fest.  
 2. Wenn zwei-felt' ich an dei-ner Lieb', Nur ein Go-dan-ke es ver-setzt be-  
 1. Die sel-be du in Freud' und Leid, Zum Lie-ben, Trau-en stets be-



1. Thou who, the same through good or ill, Still love-est on and trust-est  
 2. When fool-ish fear thy love would doubt, A sin-gle thought puts fear to  
 3. My life to thine, thy trust, I feel, Hath bound with bonds more strong than



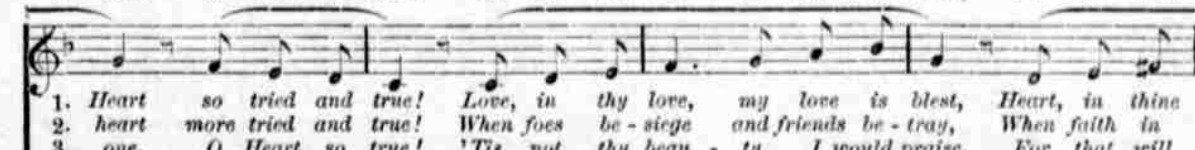
3. fest, Und nie die Fes-sein ich be-reu Von el-nem  
 2. trieb, Denn, wahr-lich, ich sag's frank und frei, Auf die-ser  
 1. reit, Der, Mu-se, Blu-men, ich dir streu-Nimm sie, o



1. still, Be-fore thy shrine these flow'rs I strew: Take them, O  
 2. rout; For sell I know hear's arch of blue Holds not one  
 3. steel! But ah, the chains I ne'er shall rue That make us



3. Herz, so gut, so treu! Nicht Schön-heit mich ge-fäs-selt hält, Denn sie ver-  
 2. Erd' kein Herz so treu! Vom Feind be-droht, kein Freund in Sicht, Der Glaub'an  
 1. Herz-be-wäh-ret tren! In dei-ner Lie-be ich mich sonn', An dei-nem

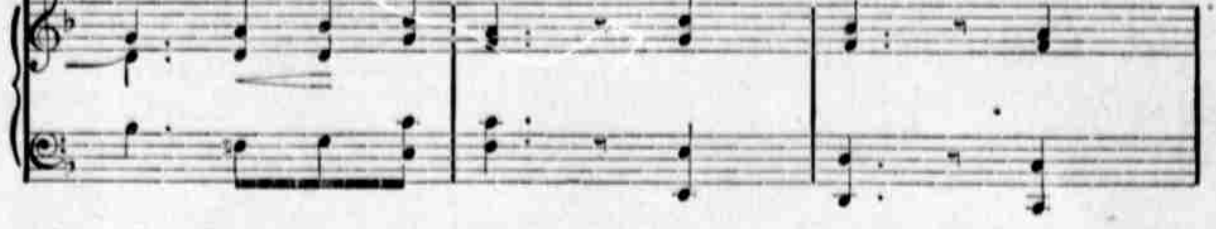


1. Heart so tried and true! Love, in thy love, my love is best, Heart, in thine  
 2. heart more tried and true! When foes be-siege and friends be-tray, When faith in  
 3. one, O Heart so true! 'Tis not thy bean-ty I would praise, For that will



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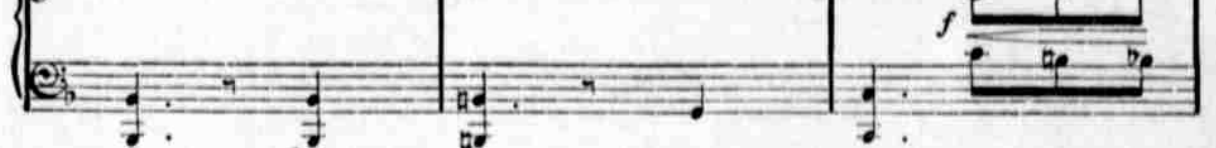
3. geht auf die-ser Welt; Nur del-nem Herz ich in-nigt  
 2. Gott und Mensch ge-bricht, Was den-ich an-ich dich, ich in-nigt  
 1. Her-zen fühl-ich Wonn'; Nur den-ich an-ich dich, ich in-nigt



3. weh Die rein-ste Lieb', well es so tren! Nur del-nem  
 2. Neu Be-seel't mit Hoff-nung, Lieh-chen treu! Was den-ich  
 1. sel Metn Le-bens-sterne, be-wäh-ret treu! Was den-ich



1. through, Than thee, O Heart, so tried and true! What need I  
 2. new At thought of thee, so tried and true! I pledge my  
 3. through, Praise thee, O Heart, so tried and true! But glad would



3. Herz, ich in-nigt weh, Die rein-ste Lieb', well es so  
 2. dich, weh, Neu sel Metn Le-bens-sterne, be-wäh-ret  
 1. mehr hie-nied', du sel Metn Le-bens-sterne, be-wäh-ret



1. more earth's life-time through, Than thee, O Heart, so tried and  
 2. faith to both a-new At thought of thee, so tried and  
 3. I, earth's life-time through, Praise thee, O Heart, so tried and



—KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION—

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Open their Holiday Goods and Toys in their Basement, SATURDAY, DEC. 1st, Where Santa Claus has established his Headquarters this year.

It will pay you to visit BARR'S, they are making special cuts in

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 Silks, Linens, Flannels,  
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Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co  
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**BITS ON BICYCLING.**

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

Written for the COURIER.

Ride and the boys ride with you  
 Walk, and you walk alone.

Of all good riders in town who race  
 There are none who fly like our own heavy  
 Case.

We would like to hear from the Omaha boys in regard to this winter's amusement.

Col. Kelly, who has been nursing a sick friend for the last three weeks, has not been able to join the boys in their runs.

Frank Van Horn traded his Victor safety for Ed. Richter's fifty-four inch ordinary. The dicker must have been greatly in Frank's favor to induce him to part with his beloved machine.

There have undoubtedly been some pleasant days within the past month, but of all, last Sunday was the most glorious. The roads and weather combined, to make it a day of pleasure.

Jim Drain must have some attraction in Waverly, as he is very often seen in that quiet little burg Sundays. He was there again last Sabbath. It may soon be Ah there, Jim, stay there.

Horace L. Case, the champion heavy weight and long distance rider of the Lincoln Wheel club, actually rode ninety miles, from Lincoln to Beatrice and return. He used a fifty-four inch Victor and the correct standard time was twelve hours.

What has become of the several young men who were going to join the club so quickly? There may come a time when the opportunity will not be offered, and then some few will regret their dullness of perception and slowness of movement in coming forward.

Mr. Birch rode his wild steed last Sunday morning to the pen. The prisoners not wanting any of that kind of refreshment he wheeled over to the insane asylum, where he was warmly greeted by a host of his would-be friends who were all willing to wager a piece of birch against a quarter that he could beat the tricycle providing the latter stood still. He did not bet.

H. L. Case left Lincoln Sunday morning in company with Frank Van Horn, at 7:30 a. m., their intention being to cover the distance between here and Beatrice and return in twelve hours. Mr. Van Horn accompanied him to Pickrell, eight miles this side of Beatrice, where he took the train for Lincoln in order to be on duty at 1:30 p. m. Mr. Case made the remaining distance to Beatrice, and returned alone, stopping at a farmer's home for dinner, reaching the base ball park at Beatrice between 1:30 and 2 o'clock. Returning he made the journey to Ed. Young's cigar store in this city, reaching here at just 7:30 p. m. Mr. Case made the run home without food or water, not having even left the saddle, except for an occasional team, until he struck darkness twelve miles from Lincoln, from which time he didn't want to say how many times he kissed the earth. It has been a question with members of the Lincoln Wheel club whether this ride could be made, and for those who have any doubt as to the truth of this assertion he kindly refers them to E. J. Wilson, Beatrice, as the only man by whom he could prove it, as he did not go into town, but after a short

stay retraced his path. It was a remarkable trip, making ninety miles in twelve hours.

Six o'clock and as the town clock finished striking a solitary wheelman clothed in the conventional habit of a cyclist, appeared riding a fifty-four inch Victor slowly up O street. The day had not dawned yet as the figure dismounted in front of a familiar cafe, evidently with the intent of warming the inner man before starting on his long and tiresome journey. While gently sipping the steaming cup of fragrant Mocha, two gentlemen entered and joined him, pleasantly exchanging the time of day, at the same time gently hinting that the hour of departure was near at hand. Forty five minutes after the appearance of number one, three dashing, daring riders mounted their docile steeds of steel, determined to brave darkness and weather and win for themselves such fame as no young man in Lincoln ever did, but alas! "L'homme propose et dieu dispose." Before the sun in all its glory had reached its zenith one of the trio, fearing that perpetual motion might tire him, returned to the place of his first love by railroad. Another one thinking rest the better part of riding, succeeded in finding such require relaxation of the muscles on the train, but the last and only wheelman left was not left very hard as his future record will show. All alone this unadorned rider started on his return to his home, sweet home. The evening hours was fast approaching and must haste to reach the original starting point ere Monday morning. The wind being in the south, and in conflagration of the loag and tedious ride, blew strongly, assisting the cyclist wondrously. The town clock indicated thirty minutes past seven when number one again entered the same cafe he so joyfully left in the morning, but what a change was there. Instead of a cool, calm neat young man there appeared an excessively heated and wet young man. The perspiration was flowing from his classic brow like a spring freshet from a mountain top. His clothes, especially his once pure white flannel top shirt, adhered to the one underneath and they both stuck to him like death to a dead nigger. Misery and untold agony was outlined in every motion of his 230 overloppois, but what of that! Had he not, alone, of all young men in and around Lincoln dared and accomplished a run of ninety miles in one day?

**One Fact**

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure proflua, gut rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

**Handsome Office to Rent.**

Desk room with use of telephone, steam heat, light and office boy, to rent at the new COURIER office, 123-124 north Twelfth street. Ground floor and best location in the city. Rent reasonable.

**Calling Cards.**

The COURIER has just received a large invoice of calling cards in the latest shape and sizes. Our lady friends especially are invited to call and examine. We furnish them either printed or engraved in any style of the art.

**A BRIGHT BOY.**

He Discovers That the Finny Tribe Has Some Intelligence.

A Boston naturalist, visiting a friend in a Massachusetts city lately, was interested in noting that the young son of his host, Walter G—, 11 years old, had a collection of coconuts and butterflies of a character that argued no little industry and intelligence on the boy's part.

"Is he interested in any other branch of natural history?" the visitor asked.

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is always collecting, and inquiring into things. Last summer, while we were staying at Lake Quinsigamond, he made what seemed to me quite an interesting discovery."

"What was it, please?"

"We had been fishing one day, and had taken quite a number of fishes of all kinds. Walter, as usual, took a marked interest in the fishes, and in order that he might study them more at leisure, I constructed a little reservoir out of a wicker basket which we laid with us, in this way: First we dug a hole in the sand on the beach, in a secluded place, and then sunk the basket in the sand, so that its upper edge, when it was put in place, was about four inches from the surface of the water.

"The basket filled quickly with water, and then we put the fish into it, and left them overnight, supposing that the height of the upper rim of the basket above the water would prevent the fish from leaping out. Next morning Walter went bright and early to get the fishes, but they had all disappeared. As it was quite unlikely that any one could have found and taken the fish, we were forced to the conclusion that they had jumped out of the basket.

"A few days afterward Walter went fishing alone, and returned somewhat late in the afternoon without any fish. I asked him if he had caught none.

"Oh, yes; caught quite a lot," said he.

"Where are they?"

"In the basket."

"Won't they jump out, just as the others did?"

"Oh, no—not this time, papa."

"I smiled, resolving to let the event teach him. Next morning he wished me to go with him and see if the fish were in the basket. I went, expecting to find nothing but water in it, as before, but was astonished to find that there were quite a number of fishes in it.

"Walter, you know, is a boy of extremely few words; it is necessary to question him to get anything out of him. So I asked him to explain how he managed to keep those from jumping out."

"Well, papa," said he, "I caught some fishes yesterday morning, and I thought I would try an experiment. I came and got the basket from the place where we left it the other day, and carried it around there behind that sandy bar. I sunk it in a place where there was water enough in the sand to fill the basket, but where if the fish jumped out they could only flop around on the sand and couldn't get to the water."

"Well, when I put my fish into the basket out of the pool, I stayed around quite a while where I could watch. By and by I saw one of the fish flop out of the basket and land on the sand. By and by another one flopped out. After a while they had all jumped out, and were floundering around on the sand. I let each one stay there in the sun quite a while, but not long enough to suffocate, and then,

when all were pretty thoroughly punished, I put them, one by one, back in the basket.

"After every one had jumped out, I was curious to see whether they would jump a second time. Two of them did leap out again, and I let those stay out on the hot sand a little longer than I did the first time. Then I put them back in the basket.

"No more tried to jump out, and I was sure that they had learned their lesson. So I took the basket, and pulled it along through the water to the same place where we had it before, and sunk it there. And you see, none of the fishes have jumped out. They're all here, every one!"

"Walter was so gleeful over the success of his experiment that he had really become quite talkative. He had, it was plain, succeeded in conveying it to the intelligence of these fishes, by an experience very unpleasant to them, that they had better not leap out of the basket."

As his story is a true one, it seems to prove that fishes have a considerable degree of intelligence.—Youth's Companion.

**The Last of the Great Eastern.**

An inglorious end is the destiny of the leviathan steamship, the Great Eastern, which has been beached on the shores of the Mersey, to be broken up for old iron. Through the thirty years of her existence ill fortune seemed to attend the Great Eastern from her first attempted trip in 1859, when she had to put back on account of the explosion of a steam pipe, by which a number of persons were killed and injured. She made several trips across the Atlantic as a passenger and freight steamer, but the receipts were unequal to the enormous expenses. In 1865 she seemed to have found her vocation—to lay the submarine telegraph cable between England and America. This work occupied her for some years; but when there were no more cables to lay she was relegated to idleness and sent to Sheerness, where visitors were admitted to view her interior at a shilling a head. Finally she was sent on her last voyage to the Mersey, where she was beached on the Cheshire shore near New Ferry, to be broken up. Her ill fortune seemed to follow her even during this last trip, for she encountered a gale which compelled the tug Stormcock, which was towing her, to cast her loose, but the weather finally moderated and she was towed to her last berth. The Great Eastern was planned by Mr. Brunel and built at Millwall, and her launching, which was accomplished with great difficulty, cost \$300,000. There are many who doubtless would have preferred, were it not for the loss of life involved, to have heard that the Great Eastern had met with some more remarkable fate, and succumbed to the gale or been driven ashore in a storm, rather than to have been dismantled with the hammer and sold in fragments for old iron.—Demorest.

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