

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



1	TUESDAY
2	WEDNESDAY
3	THURSDAY
4	FRIDAY

## THINGS DULY OBSERVED.

### COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What is Heard, Seen, Learned and Pertinently suggested to the Multitude.

The holiday season being about at an end and having occupied so much of our time and attention, it behoves us, one and all after next Tuesday to again turn away from the path of so much pleasure, to that of man's duty to his calling, to the community and to look ahead with a complete understanding of what is expected of us for the new year. The good old year which is about to be has furnished more of benefit to both Lincoln and its citizens, we having during 1888 made far better strides toward metropolitan proportions and builded up better than in any year previous. It has been the greatest year in our existence, in fact having accomplished more of us than during the great boom year 1887. Notwithstanding the ill natured and unjust voice of the croaker, who has done more to hurt Lincoln than Omaha and Hastings combined, with about equally as much success, our building has been something enormous; improvements in water works, street paving, police departments, etc., have all been materially strengthened, while the street railway service now compares with any city in the west, it being prompt, rapid and comfortable, the lines now covering every important portion of the city. New railroad lines have been added and two more, namely, the Rock Island and Milwaukee, will be among the new ones for '89. These once in operation will give us all the lines now running into Omaha, besides more trains, better accommodations and more favorable hours for arrival and departure, making Lincoln a better railroad center than ever; our position in this respect being even now far superior to any points within five hundred miles. Several very costly school houses of particularly excellent architecture have been added, the spacious new county court house is progressing finely, the capital building is about completely finished, new additions have been made to the Insane Asylum, a new women mill and initial steps for building another under way and dozens of other things too numerous to mention are the good things that the old year has given us. The new union depot project is under full headway and full particulars will soon be exploded. I did not intend when beginning these observations to enter into a boom article, but the subject is one that has good enough material in it to enthrall every writer, therefore the overstepping of my first anticipation. Nevertheless we should all work together now and hereafter and do our might, no matter how little that may be, toward one great end, the furtherance of Lincoln's interests, for the benefit of one common good, which will as it has been, be of importance to every citizen in Lincoln.

And so once more the joyous, merry Christmas that we have yearly looked forward to with such unlimited pleasure has once more come and gone, and for many of us, it may be said, is the last one we shall ever see, for time in his changes will cut many of us off before Christmas will again call. Christmas 1888 in Lincoln was pleasantly observed and from what has come under the Observer's notice, it may truthfully be said, that never before in the history of the Capital City, has there been more or prettier or finer presents given than on the occasion just passed. The day was one of the good old conventional kind, the atmosphere being brisk and through-out the day quite cold; the sky was veiled

with thin clouds, which rendered old Sol's illumination a soft mellow lighting on mother earth. Happy gatherings around the family table of distant loved ones who have come to spend Christmas with the old folks at home, were scenes of joy in all parts of the city. Christmas trees heavily laden afforded much grateful pleasure for the little ones and I might add, in several instances, equally as much for the older heads. In each of our beautiful churches, sermons becoming the gay Christmas tide were delivered to large congregations, the houses of worship were adorned in holiday attire of living green and flowery loveliness. The city put on an extraordinary quiet appearance, and the business thoroughfares in the afternoon were even more quiet than on the average Sunday. Everybody who had, was at home and those poor unfortunates, i. e. the away from home boys, the store clerks and others generally, were at some one else's home. Of course the Christmas dinner was duly enjoyed, and the feast as usual was the feast of feasts of the year, and judging from the dilapidated stocks left with the grocer, the butcher and other provision dealers the day after, it might well be believed that certainly as far as digestion was concerned, there was plenty of work set aside for the inner man to take care of. The poor of the city were taken care of by Elder Howe, the Lincoln aid and relief society, other charities and the kind citizens of Lincoln in general. Their tables were covered with all sorts of goodies and many were the necessities of life that "Old Chris" put them in possession of. The stores were all closed during the day, except a few, who kept open house to accommodate the person who waited until the last hour to select their gifts. Snow came later in the day in due season to complete the days attractions as a genuine old time Christmas day; for without the beautiful white covering the ground, it would not altogether fill the requirements of Christmas day. However, it is now passed and throughout the city was a joyous season and all that remains being the happy recollections and the many tokens of good will, friendship and love.

On the first page of today's paper will be seen an article headed "Some Girls I Know." It is a very interesting piece of work by a lady of this city and in it some good points are shown regarding the various types of the American girls of today. Some sound sense as to the respective positions in life occupied by various persons receives due attention and the obnoxious customs and terms used by the so-called society lady are reviewed in clever taste. I fully coincide with the fair writer in what she says almost throughout, there being however one or two features that are a little weak. It is however a good hit on "our girls" and one that I trust will strike home and be of benefit to those who may find themselves in any of the phases described. In this connection I would like to remark that such articles and others similar in character that are intended to elevate the social standing of the community will always find a warm welcome at this office, or should any of our readers take exception to the article above referred to, it will be a pleasure to us, to publish their views on the subject. It is not necessary that names be put in print; a non de plume may be used, but the real name must be made known to the editor. Articles on all subjects of common interest are solicited from our readers, not only in stories, sketches, etc., but society notes, personals and local matters in general.

I am in receipt of a contribution apparently written by a lady, entitled, "Our Fortunes," which was to have found space in the CHRISTMAS COURIER, but owing to the fact that it has neither the writer's name nor even a non de plume attached, it has been laid on the table for the present. I have often solicited such favors from my friends and always receive them with grateful thanks, but without the author's name they are of no use to us. As stated heretofore, the real name is not wanted for publication but we must have the same for our own protection and as a guarantee of good faith. I appreciate the writer's article and if she will kindly furnish this office with her name we will print the story next week.

Bee Hive Lodge 179, B. L. F., gave their third annual ball at Temple hall on Christmas eve. About one hundred couple participated in the execution of a well arranged program of twenty numbers and thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the members of the order. The boys report it a financial as well as a social success.

## CHRISTMAS TIME IN OMAHA.

Enjoyments of the day, Social Affairs, the Theatres and Other Interesting Affairs.

[COURIER CORRESPONDENCE.]

Christmas day, the happiest of the year, advanced on our populace with gloomy forebodings. The air was raw and chilly and clouds belacked the sky, but nevertheless, all seemed cheerful and not even a blizzard could have stifled the feelings of our ardent youths. The birds with their glad notes chirped merrily and seemed exultant, lending harmony to the joyful scenes on every hand. It was a day of pleasure and merry making. The churches were well attended during the day and every place of amusement was crowded to its utmost, while the poor and neglected were made happy by the distribution of gifts given by the merchants to the Rev. W. J. Harsh for that purpose. A pair of shoes to the shoeless, a hat to the hatless, some gift to the needy goes a great way toward alleviating their suffering and bringing a ray of sunshine into a sorrowing household. At four o'clock in the afternoon small flakes of snow began falling and before two hours Christmas was Christmas in every sense. The ground was covered with the snowy whiteness while the trees were trimmed as if they were made of swan's down. The small boy brought forth his newly bought sled and merry-making then began anew.

The week has been one of social prominence with which I have been unable to keep pace. Leap year parties seem to predominate as the dear girls see in this, the last week of '88, the dying hope of securing a "catch." Many matches have undoubtedly been made during the year by the untiring efforts of our maids who are tired of single blessedness and long for someone to care for them and call them "my own." Those whose popping proclivities have failed them during the year have one more chance to capture the youth with whom they are enamored.

Boys, beware, and have ever ready at your tongue's end, "I will always be a brother to you, but I can never be more." I have no personal fear of its occurrence. At this season of the year Jack Frost holds his sway and sends the biting, freezing breezes from his northern home, the girls look extremely beautiful, wrapped in their cloaks of fur, a boy thrown carelessly around their necks and their delicate hands encased in a muff of the same material, all mired to the charms which nature and her daughter has given her. Tuesday evening's hop at the Metropolitan club at their elegant quarters, was as usual, a most delightful affair. The assembly of guests was larger than usual and the pleasures enjoyed in this festive season are well recalled by all on this occasion. Several visitors from abroad received the usual kindly welcome that the club is noted for. Leap year being about to close, the ladies have taken advantage for the time remaining and will tender their gentlemen friends a leap year party Monday evening at Miss Branden's home. I am told it will be a very elegant affair, and knowing the lady's ability as an entertainer, success cannot fail to be the result.

The attraction at the theatres during the past week have been up to, if not above, the standard of their usual excellence. One of the best comedies which has graced the boards of Omaha for some time was given at the Grand by Hallon & Hart and a strong company. The play was "Latter on," and although without the splendence of a plot, the constant run of humor, the comical situations, the many catchy airs, coupled with the vivacity of the fairy faces and sharply limbed of six pretty girls, all tended to make the event a success. Our manager, Mr. Miner, is always on the lookout for first class attractions, and with each day of his reign at this popular house, the Grand is rapidly gaining prominence. Mr. Miner can be seen at almost any hour of the day at the opera house and he accomplishes more work in one hour than most men do in three. He is popular with the managers of travelling companies and well liked by his employees.

The attractions at the Bay for the past week were Dixie in "Adonis" and Frank Daniels in "Little Puck." Both drew good houses. E. W.

Omaha, Dec. 27, 1888.

Henry Newman's pleasant and familiar acquaintance was visible at his former stamping ground this week. Henry is looking very well since his residence in New York and reports his health as being better than it has been for years. He returns to New York about the middle of next week and the COURIER trusts he will continue both in health and business the success he has recently met with. Miss Fannie Newman, who returned from Chicago last week, will remain at the family residence for some time and may spend the entire winter at home, a fact that will greatly please her many friends.

Fred W. Hantz, late collection clerk for the Lincoln National bank, and F. A. Brown, of the firm of Brwn & Patrick, are to commence the new year together in the wholesale cigar and tobacco business at 829 O street. Fred is a young man well known in Lincoln among a large circle of friends who will be pleased to learn of his new venture and extend their best wishes for the success of the new firm. The COURIER wishes them a bright and prosperous New Year.

## SOME GIRLS I KNOW.

### REFLECTIONS OF A LINCOLN LADY.

Giving Some Excellent Points for Digestion and Some Clear Suggestions That Might be Profitably Followed.

Written for the COURIER.

There is a certain beautiful, delicate, but stately blossom that grows in the soil of many countries. It is gathered on the Alps under the quiet skies of Italy and on the meadows about Stratford-on-Avon. It grows by the Pacific ocean, by the Black sea, on the banks of the Alaskan rivers and in our southern low lands. It is white or golden, or crimson tipped, but wherever it is found it is to the floral world what the girl is to the human world—a daisy. A girl is a girl, with variations, wherever we find her. She may wrap her ankles in rags instead of stockings and beg pennies on the Roman Campagna; she may live in a London garret with the sad danks of toil and privation and sorrow dimming her young eyes; she may hang over her mother's garden gate weeping in the moonlight with John Thomas, or she may sit in the parlor in her dainty gown smiling up at John Thomas beside her, but whether she is found by the garden gate, in the parlor or by the fountain of Trevi, she is forever and always only a girl. Only a girl, but the rest of the world will right willingly draw up at one side to see her pass by, and send after that sweet old fashioned compliment:

"Oh pretty miss, oh bonny miss; Blessings light upon ye. If I had half a crown a day, I'd spend it all upon ye."

Having gathered daisies and regarded girls in many different countries, I beg permission to take you into my confidence and tell you some things about some girls I know.

Once upon a time I fell in with the ambitious girl. She was tall and slender, and had lovely Irish eyes, and as the saying goes she had a brogue so rich that you might almost have skimmed the cream from it. She was an Irish girl, the daughter of a poor gentleman, and was going away from her country home and simple village life into the world to seek her fortune. Like many another girl, she was starting out in life with good intentions, friendly to the world, and having a good opinion of the people in it. That she would be frowned upon by men and women who would put obstacles in her path without any motive at all, she did not know. Yet she had started out with a small capital of comfort from her home folks. Here in our own country we send our brave ambitious girls into the world "not any better provisioned than was this one. We laugh at their notions, we predict their failure, we give them this meagre and stingy farewell without any bon voyage at all. And they put out into the world ashamed that they are ambitious, with no better protection than their own innocence, to take all unaided and uncheered, the upward step in life. There is no just reason why we should withhold our friendship and trust from this ambitious girl. When a man or woman possesses the respect and confidence and esteem of his or her little community it is a tower of strength, a shield against harm, a thwart to all temptation.

Another girl when I know very well is the sweet girl graduate. She sends off to all John Thomases of her acquaintance scant little notes of invitation to attend the commencement exercises at the institute. She is very pretty, if somewhat crude, and wears long hair and many white ribbons. Her gown is white with a sweeping train. It is to her like a torse of bridal fluff. She is in a flutter and supposes that this is the great trying ordeal of her life. She carries her diploma like a young queen might carry her blue of office. Her valise is tied with blue ribbons and there is a good deal of sentiment and poetry in it. She talks about the stormy sea of life; about hope, the light that never was on land or sea, and she is smothered in flowers when she makes her pretty bow of retirement. She has already gone through the inevitable ceremonial of vow taking with her school chum. They are to write to each other every other day. They are to keep up a diary and exchange them at the end of the year. They are to have no secrets from each other. They swear never to marry, but after a time, when they have been out in society long enough they will meet somewhere, rent a house or a flat together, and live inseparable for the rest of their mortal lives, the one devoting herself to china painting and the other to music. We have all heard her rave over her bosom friend, Alice Maude, the animated repository of all her secrets. Six months go by. We meet Angus or Ethel, as the case may be, and inquire after the bosom friend. She draws up her slender body and her eyes look daggers that John Thomas' wishes were purged in his heart, so sweet if yet so sharp are they. "If you mean Miss Smith," says she, "I know nothing about her. I decline to know anything about her. She came to my house and flirted so shamefully with Mr. B. own that he has never been back since I shall cut her the next time I see her, the hateful old thing."

Another girl I know is the girl who is simply pretty. Well, and is not that enough? Once upon a time a distinguished society gentleman was besieged by a fair maid and a homely maid, who pressed the claims of intellect versus beauty. The homely maid exclaimed, "Oh, you will surely give your vote Mr. B. in favor of intellect. Beauty is only skin deep, good looks?" "Deep enough for me, my dear, deep enough for me," answered the irrepressible gallant. And so it is for most of us. A pretty girl may drop her final 'g', not own an R in all her vocabulary, be as rapid as a shallow little stream purling down the hillside, with an eternal smile on her red lips, a gint of laughter in her young eye. She is pretty and she knows it, and that is almost enough. But after a time there will come a day when the girl who was only pretty will stand by and look on at the triumphs of the girl who was wise as well as pretty, who fitted her mind to accord with the graces of its beautiful casket. Her

few friends may be faithful to her, her one lover may still be fond of her, for it is not easy to uproot love, but their fondness is tempered with regret and disappointment, and when the soft eyes dim, and the round arms shrivel, and the satin cheek is an etched picture of life's vanities and time's failures, the girl who was only pretty will turn her poor seared face to the wall; there is no welcome lamp of intelligence lighted in the blue windows of her soul—dull, inert, unenlivened. Skin deep beauty was not deep enough after all.

The gushing girl is a nineteenth century production. She giggles from the time she opens her eyes in the morning until she says amen to the Lord at night and puts her fluffly little head on the pillow. She says "thanks awfully" for "I thank you." She thinks the grand lugubrious music of the "Stratford Mater" too sweet for anything. A kitten with its eyes yet unopened, the Niagara Falls, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cleveland, all are just too utterly charming and lovely for any earthly use. Her adjectives are all in the superlative. She will gush over a pumpkin, over a doggerel rhyme, over everything she sees, everything she hears, over everybody she knows. If she reads this she will say of me as she does of the weather, as she did of her new bonnet—that I am either simply grand or simply horrid. But then she is young, she is impressionable. She is full of something which she thinks is sentiment. Let her hug her neighbor's babies, and her brother's kittens and kiss the collie puppy and adore the new minister. It is all gush. It is the innocent light hearted gush of a girl. Let her frolicsome youth have its fling. In a little while, she too, will join the ranks of the cold, eye-on, and will have her fling at the silly, giggling creature to whom everything is sweet or cute or just too awfully lovely.

There is a girl and I love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. In her own home she is a daisied little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong young fingers are a staff upon which the gray haired, white faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend, as girls must often bend over the body of another lying unheeded in her coffin, the hands folded, the long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who was kind to mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

There is a girl who is very popular with young men before they have had their first mustache. She is the girl who frivols. She has never known what it is to be in earnest. She reads only the lightest of light novels and newspaper poetry. If her companions talk of books, or of travel, or politics, or of anything that is earnest and thoughtful she becomes as restless as a stalled colt. She cannot put her mind to anything. She has no mind. She reads the stories in the magazines, but skips all the long paragraphs. She has the poorest outlook of any girl I know. When the college boys outgrow their frivolous conversation, she will be stranded in the desert of her own society. She will grow wrinkled and old, but she will always be frivolous. This beautiful thing called life—the creation of God's own master hand, will always be to her a thing of tinsel, a daisy, a bon bon, and even the girl who frivols will, when she is old, live of tinsel and daisies and bon bons. But then it will be too late.

The girl who works is another girl I know. She is brave and active. She is not proud to earn her own living, nor ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious, painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her seen into each sullen gown. She is like a beautiful young mountaineer, ready far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease, or printer's ink, but it is an honest and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many homes; it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and asylum—brave, polite, refined, ambitious—America is the rightful home of the girl who works.

The girl who sits on the hotel veranda at the summer resort and sighs for the coming man, who gazes about the loaves in the morning clay in a mother Hubbard wrapper, with her hair done up in curl papers, who does nothing all day long, who plays the piano while her mother is upstairs making the beds, or down stairs cooking the dinner, whose conversation has always a "he" in it, and her laugh a "he he" is not the girl who will be a good wife to keep the touch of love turning on the home hearth, to be the smiling and comfortable fire tender, the Sunday joy of some good man.

In all the mingled, many varieties of daisies, the prettiest, the daintiest, is the one that Shakespeare sings of when—

"Daisies pied and violets blue  
And cuckoo's nest all silver white,  
Do paint the meadow with delight."

It is a bonny blossom, this daisy pied with pearly pink petals flecked with all delicate suggestions of tender color, and it has a mate in the girl world in the average girl whom everybody loves. She is idle, bright, energetic, listless, all in a breath. Now as gay as a bunch of field flowers, now as subdued as a rainy day in summer time. She is easily interested and easily pleased. She would be fun and not afraid of work. She would not be afraid to talk altruistic faith with Miss Rosa Elizabeth Cleveland or realistic philosophy with Dr. McCosh. She will entertain a horse as cheerfully as she will a leu, and is not too selfish to visit sick old women or to play with lonely little children. She will tackle anything; the last volume of poultry, the latest theory about the age of the world, or the death of the moon. She is generous and unselfish, full of good sense, good health, a clear skin and conscience and an amazingly healthy appetite. Her mis-

sion is to teach us to despise selfishness and a temptation, to throw off our old reserves, and to show us how to be honest and natural and sincere and kind. It is not she who talks gossily. It is not she who kisses you with one lip and defames you with the other. She is young and true and hopeful. God's sunshine is in her heart, she is as pure as an April morning this girl whom everybody loves. S. R. L.

### Our New Delivery System.

For the benefit of our subscribers who failed to receive their paper last Saturday, we would state that it was owing to a change in the manner of delivery. Heretofore we have sent all papers by mail carriers, but last Saturday's papers and the CHRISTMAS COURIER, were delivered by our own delivery system which was commenced with the latter issue. The large amount of work entailed in rearranging our lists from the postoffice into ten routes was no small job, and the fact that a few names were omitted unintentionally has been some annoyance not only to us, but to our readers, whose kind indulgence we would ask, promising them that hereafter it will be our strictest endeavor to have the COURIER at your door promptly on Saturday afternoon, and not on Monday or Tuesday as has been the case recently when sent through the postoffice. The carriers have had really more mail than they could carry and to add to all this, the COURIER's lists made it almost impossible with the present limited help, to do the service promptly and properly.

If you don't get your paper regularly it may be some fault of this office and again it may be your fault, which very frequently is the case. Many people change their place of residence without notifying us and then after several months, complain that they "don't get the paper at all, and have not been getting it for several months." If asked why, they usually answer, "I'm sure I can't tell. We want it, and would like to get it every Saturday, but we don't seem to be able to get it." So then if you have moved, kindly inform us, or if there is any other excuse why you do not get the COURIER regularly, or if you don't get it and there is no excuse for it, please let us know and we will endeavor to right the matter. A little assistance on your part will do much in aiding us to establish prompt and satisfactory service. All communications by telephone 353, per mail or in person will receive careful and prompt attention.

Mr. W. S. Huffman after a week's absence from home returned Saturday.

Miss Retta Childs will spend a few weeks in New York city, leaving for there Wednesday.

Miss Mary Jones of Hastings, formerly a resident of Lincoln, is spending the holidays in the city.

Mrs. Adolph Weber arrived in the city Christmas day from Chicago. She will remain in the city a week or ten days.

Miss Green, of Springfield, Ill., has been spending several pleasant weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Houtz, at P and Seventeenth streets.

Mrs. Greenman and several other lady friends from Chicago, will arrive Wednesday to spend a few days in Lincoln as the guest of Miss Fannie Newman.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Hammond spent Christmas in Lincoln with Hammond's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hammond at J and Seventeenth streets.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hands returned Wednesday from Plattsmouth where they pleasantly spent Christmas with Mrs. S. P. Vanatta, mother of Mrs. Hands.

Miss Jessie Johnson left for Chicago Monday, where she spent Christmas. She intends remaining until she sees all the new styles of hair dressing in vogue in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wells and family of York, spent Christmas with Mrs. Wells' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gillespie, at 944 I street, returning home Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Burnham delightfully entertained the R street social club at their residence at 1029 D street last evening. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

The event of the coming week in social circles will be the *collation* given New Years eve at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheldon for which invitations were issued Saturday.

Mrs. C. W. Poole, wife of Editor Poole, of the Johnson County Journal, arrived in the city Wednesday and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kelley, at 1029 C street during her stay here.

Miss Benjamin, of Edgar, Neb., Mr. Will B. Sterling, of Huron, Dak., and Mr. Eustace Shaw, city editor of the Dixon Telegraph, Dixon, Ill., spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Sheldon at R and Fourteenth streets.

A pleasant theatre party enjoyed the Dixey Adams Tuesday evening and was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Miner, Miss Agay, Mr. Richter, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Sterling.

Rev. Hawkins left Thursday for England. He leaves New York early next week and has promised to write several of his interesting letters to the COURIER while abroad. We wish the reverend gentleman a safe journey and a most pleasant visit.

Edgar Edwards, now a "Knight of the Grip" for the Baum Iron Co. of Omaha, spent the week with his friends in this city. "Gig" says "business is business," and that he thinks he will keep the firm he now has engaged as long as they continue to do him.

A. B. Smith, once our own A. C., but now a bright young railroad man of Nebraska's metropolis, Christmased in Lincoln where he has friends without number. Mr. Smith is now acting as assistant general passenger agent of the Burlington in Nebraska, a position which he ably fills with credit to himself and entire satisfaction to his general superior, General Passenger Agent Francis.

Hal Northam desires us to say that he does not want to buy any second hand harness or carriages, as nothing but the best will do for his team. Hal will make New Year's calls behind the handsome team of bay colts captured in the drawing of Mr. Huribut & Co. on Christmas day. There were over six thousand chances out and Hal only won six tickets, but was fortunate enough to hold the winning one.