

BILL NYE IN VIRGINIA.

HE DESCRIBES SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF MONTICELLO.

An Attack on Fort Moultrie Graphically Described—The Man Who Lost His Hat and Why He Lost It—The Stranger Who Was Hard to Get Rid Of.

Loose in Virginia, along the latter part of this season, shortly previous to the writing of these lines, I visited Monticello, the former home of Thomas Jefferson, also his grave. Monticello is about an hour's ride from Charlottesville, by diligence. One rides over a road constructed of rip-raps and broken stone. It is called a macadamized road, and twenty miles of it will make the pelvis of a long waisted man chafe against his ears. I have decided that the site for my grave shall be at the end of a trunk line mine-cars, and I will endow a drovka to carry passengers to and from said grave.

Whatever my life may have been, and however short I may have fallen, in my great struggle for a generous recognition of the American people, I propose to place my grave within reach of all.

Monticello is reached by a circuitous route to the top of a beautiful hill, on the crest of which rests the brick house where Mr. Jefferson lived. We enter a lodge gate in charge of a venerable negro, to whom we pay two bits apiece apiece for admittance. This sum goes toward repairing the roads, according to the ticket which we get. It just goes toward it, however; it don't quite get there, I judge, for the roads are still appalling for aid. Up through a neglected thicket of Virginia shrubs and ill neglected trees we drive to the house. It is a house which would readily command \$750 if sold this fall, with queer porches to it and large, airy windows. The top of the whole hill was graded level, or terraced, and must have required an enormous quantity of work to do it, but Jefferson did not care. He did not care for fatigue. With 300 slaves of his own and a dowry of 300 more, which was poured into his coffers by his marriage, Jeff did not care how much toll it took to polish off the top of a bluff or how much the sweat stood out on the brow of a hill.

Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. He sent it to one of the magazines, but it was returned as not available, so he used it in Congress and got it afterward printed in the Record.



I saw the chair he wrote it in. It is a plain, old-fashioned wooden chair, with a slight of tawny board on the right, upon which Jefferson used to rest his Declaration of Independence whenever he wanted to write it.

He also has an old gig stored there in the house. In this gig he used to ride from Monticello to Washington in a day. This is a lie, but it goes with the place. It takes from 8:30 A. M. to noon to ride this distance on a fast train, and in a much more direct line than the old wagon road ran.

Mr. Jefferson was the father of the University of Virginia, one of the most historic piles I have ever clapped my eyes on. It is now under the management of a classical janitor, who has a tinge of negro blood in his veins, mixed with the rich Castilian blood of somebody else.

He has been at the head of the university of Virginia for over forty years, bringing in the coals and exercising a general oversight over the curriculum. He is a modest man, with a tendency toward the classical in his researches. He took us up on the roof, showed us the outlying country, and jarred our ears drums with the bug bell. Mr. Estes, who has charge of Monticello—called Montecello—said that Mr. Jefferson used to sit on his front porch with a powerful glass, and watch the progress of the work on the university, and if the workmen undertook to smuggle in a soft brick Mr. Jefferson, five or six miles away, detected it, and bounding lightly into his saddle, he rode down there to Charlottesville and clubbed the bricklayers till they were glad to pull down the wall to that brick and take it out again.

This story is what made me speak of that section a few minutes ago as an outlying country.

Charles L. Seigel told us the other day of an attack on Fort Moultrie during the early days of the war, which has never been printed. Mr. Seigel was a German Confederation during the war, and early in the fight was quartered, in company with others, at the Moultrie house, a seaside hotel, the guests having deserted the house.

Although large soft beds with curled hair mattresses were in each room, the department issued ticks or sacks to be filled with straw for the use of the soldiers, so that they would not forget that war was a serious matter. Nobody used them, but they were there all the same.

Attached to the Moultrie house, and wandering about the back yard, there was a small orphan jackass, a sorrowful little light blue mammal, with a tinge of bitter melancholy in his voice. He used to dwell on the past a good deal, and at night he would refer to it in a voice that was choked with emotion.

The boys caught him one evening as the gloaming began to arrange itself, and then threw him down on the green grass. They then pulled a straw bed over his head, and inserted him in it completely, cutting holes in it for his legs. Then they tied a string of sleigh bells to his tail, and hit him a smart, stinging blow with a blacksnake.

Probably that was what it was that suggested to him the idea of strolling down the beach, past the guard, and on toward the fort.



The darkness of the night, the rat in the house, the clash of the bells, the quick challenge of the guard, the failure to give the counter-sign, the sharp volley of the sentinels, and the wild cry "no arms," followed in rapid succession. The tocsin sounded, also the slogan. The culverin, musket, and pike tender were all fired. Huge bars of fat pine were lighted all along the beach. The whole straggling host sprang to arms, and the crack of the musket was heard through the intense darkness.

In the morning the enemy was found entrenched in a mud hole, south of the fort, with his new clean straw tick spattered with clay and a widely disheveled tail.

On board the Richmond train last week, as pulled out of Petersburg, a man lost his hat, and it fell by the side of the track. The train was just moving slowly out of the station, and so he had a chance to jump off and run back after it. He got the hat, no doubt, but not till we had passed seven or eight miles between us and him. We could not feel sorry for him, because very likely his hat had an embroidered band in it, presented by one dearer than life itself, and so we worked up quite a feeling for him, though, of course, it was very foolish for him to lose his train just for a hat, even if it did have the needlework of his soul's idol diaphanous in it.

Yesterday I was surprised to see the same man in Columbia, S. C., and he then told me this sad story:

"I started out a month ago to take a little trip of a few weeks, and the first day was very, very happy scrutinizing nature and scanning the faces of those I saw. On the second day out I ran across a young man whom I had known slightly before, and who is engaged in the business of being a companionable fellow and life of the party. That is about all the business he has. He knows a great many people, and his circle of acquaintances is getting larger all the time. He is proud of the enormous quantity of friendship he has acquired. He says he can't get on a train or visit any town in the Union that he doesn't find a friend.

"He is full of stories and witticisms, and explains the plays to theatre parties. He has seen a great deal of life and is a keen critic. He would have enjoyed criticizing the Apostle Paul and his eloquent style if he had been one of the Ephesians. He would have criticised Paul's gestures, and said, 'Paul, I like your epistles a heap better than I do your appearance on the platform. You press yourself well enough with your pen, but when you spoke for the Ephesian Y. M. C. A., we were disappointed in you and we lost money on you.'

"Well, he joined me, and finding out where I was going, he decided to go also. He went along to explain things to me, and talk to me when I wanted to sleep or read the newspaper. He introduced me to large numbers of people whom I did not want to meet, took me to see things I didn't want to see, read things to me that I didn't want to hear, and introduced me to people who didn't want to meet me. He multiplied misery by throwing ungenerous people together and then said, 'Wasn't it lucky that I could go along with you and make it pleasant for you?'

"Everywhere he met more new people with whom he had an acquaintance. He shook hands with them, and called them by their first names, and felt in their pockets for cigars. He was just tubbing over with mirth and laughed all the time, being so enthusiastically joyous, in fact, that when he went into a car he attracted the general attention, which suited him first rate. He regarded himself as a general favorite and all around sunbeam."

"When we got to Washington he took me up to see the president. He knew the president well—claimed to know lots of things about the president that made him more or less feared by the administration, knew a thousand little vices of all our public men, which virtually placed them in his power. He knew how the president conducted himself at home, and was 'on to everything' in public life.

"Well, he shook hands with the president and introduced me. I could see that the president was thinking about something else, though, and so I came away without really feeling that I knew him very well.

"Then we visited the departments, and I can see now that I hurt myself by being towed around by this man. He was so free and so joyous and so bubbling that wherever we went I could hear the key grate in the lock after we went out of the door.

"He started south with me. He was going to show me all the battlefields, and introduce me into society. I bought some strychnine in Washington and put it in his back-when-on. But they got cold, and he sent me back. I did not know what to do, and was almost wild, for I was traveling entirely for pleasure, and not especially for his pleasure either.

"At Petersburg I was told that the train going the other way would meet us. As we started out I dropped my hat from the window while looking at something. It was a desperate move, but I did it. Then I jumped off the train and went back after it. As soon as I got around the curve I ran for Petersburg, where I took the other train. I presume you all felt sorry for me, but if you'd seen me feel myself in a long position, I can assure you it would have changed your minds."

He then passed gently from my sight.—Bill Nye in Once a Week.



Old Song.
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Woman to tramp—Are you a man of family?
Tramp—Yes, I've got a wife and seven children, but I left them. It's hard enough for me to make my own livin', let alone such a family as that.

Woman—Well, I can't give you nothin' to eat nor drink, nor old clothes nor shoes, nor nothin', so be off with you.
Tramp, easily turning to go—You're pretty hard on a man, madam, who has a wife and seven children.—New York Sun.

A Wonderful Child.
Mr. Oldboy admiring the baby.—Can he talk, my dear madam?
Fond Mother—No, he can't talk yet, but he's a wonderful child, he understands everything one says to him, don't you, my darling little pinky winky, tootay poctay dicky picky dot!

Mr. Oldboy—Does he understand all that?
Fond Mother—Oh yes.
Mr. Oldboy—Well, he is a wonderful child.—Harper's Bazar.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

The Story of the Man with the Permanent Position.

The car was quite full, and I sat down in a seat with a rather intelligent looking man who had a newspaper in his lap. He was pleasant and remarked that "it looked some like snow" which was a fact. Then he asked the railroad company for not providing better cars and making better time, and we were soon very friendly. It is always a great pleasure to meet a man on the train who will abuse the company with you and act as if he cared to make it pleasant for his fellow travelers. We found fault with the company until we were tired, and then he said he was going to Allegheny. He was going to settle down there, he said, and stop roaming around. He'd traveled a good deal in his time, but he'd concluded it didn't pay, and he'd never Allegheny was his home. He'd struck something there that he thought was sure to be a steady thing for several years at least, and he didn't see why he might not as well stay right there. In fact, he'd firmly made up his mind to it, and no consideration would induce him to move. He said if I ever happened in Allegheny to hunt him up, and I promised to do so. He would be glad to see me, he explained, any day I wasn't going to be out-done, so I told him if he was in New York at any time to come in and see me. He looked at the water cooler vaguely, and said he probably wouldn't be that way much in his duties in Allegheny would keep him pretty closely confined. We chatted some time very pleasantly and found fault with the company some more, when he asked me cheerfully if I wouldn't please take off his hat and place it in the rack above, as it was getting rather warm in the car.

I looked at him as inquiringly as I knew how, but not learning anything that way, I asked him gently why he didn't take off his own hat. He wriggled his arms around a little, and the newspaper slipped off his lap, and I saw he was wearing a pair of adjustable steel handclips. He also had shackles on his ankles. A man in the seat behind rose and took off my companion's hat and put it in the rack, explaining as he did so that he was the county sheriff, and that he was taking my friend to Allegheny to serve a twenty-year term in the penitentiary for poisoning his brother over the head with a brick. I then went back and sat with a fat woman who was carrying a basket of eggs in her lap.—New York Tribune.

A Young Wife's Affection.



"Missus sends you some of her own cake for your lunch."



—Life.

Why Wasn't He a Comet?
Young Mr. Staylate was sitting in the dimly lighted parlor the other night watching a 17-year-old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the morning star rise. They talked astronomy.
"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy.
"I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily.
His heart beat tumultuously.
"And why?" he asked, tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting hands in his own. "And why?" he repeated, imperiously.
"Oh," she replied, with a brooding earnestness that fell on his soul like a bare foot on a cold oiled cloth, "because then you would only come around once in every 1,500 years."
He didn't say a thing until he was half way to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house and muttered between his teeth: "By the gods, it'll be a thundering sight longer than that before I come around again."
But by that time the poor girl was in bed and fast asleep.—New York World.

Her Apology.
A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain speaking was taken to the sewing circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self evident fact, she said, loudly enough for every one present to hear:
"Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"
While the victim was hiding her confusion as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amusement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room.
Once in the hall, she was dealt with somewhat severely, and made to feel the enormity of her unthoughtful rudeness. Then she was taken back to apologize.
Walking straight up to Mrs. Handley, while all the ladies held their breath to listen, she said, with trembling tones and with the tears still upon her cheeks:
"Mrs. Handley, I'm sorry you're so homely!"—Youth's Companion.

Presence of Mind.
A Mount Holly young man had a strange experience when he went to the evening with his best girl on Saturday. About 10 o'clock the girl went to the cellar for apples, and soon after there were screams or help. The young man rushed to the rescue, and saw a pair of feet sticking out of the apple barrel and gesticulating wildly. The girl had fallen in head first. He was about to go to her assistance when she shouted to him to put out the light first. This he did, and under the shelter of darkness grabbed her by the feet and pulled her out.—Pittsburg Press Record.

Two Big a Henry.
Literary man to wife—I want to dictate some matter into my own hand, my dear wife—Yes. Shall I use the typewriter, John?
Literary man—No, I am cramped for time, so you had better use the pen.—New York Sun.

Making it Useful.

Railway Superintendent to car inspector—Any of the cars out of order?
"Yes, number 412 is unfit for service."
"Well, use it only for excursions after this."—Nebraska State Journal.



They were at the theatre and she had thoughtlessly eaten at dinner some soup with the flavor of onion in it.
"Oh, Mr. Howlingwell," she said, adroitly, putting a morsel of perfumed lace and cambric to her face, "do you notice that some one near us has had the bad taste to eat onions before coming to the theatre to-night?"
"Why, no, Miss Clara, I hadn't until you spoke!"—The Epoch.

REVERIES OF A PHILOSOPHER.

Naught the lover's ardor damps
When his girl has got the stamps.

Lay figures—the price of eggs.
They're having now their breathing time,
But they're determined, all,
Whatever the result may be,
Next year they will play ball.

When a man, who greatly admires a beautiful woman, makes her a profound bow, is he, as one might say, courting her on the stoop?
"Is marriage a failure?" the bachelor cried.
And the youth who is courting a girl replied:
"I've never been married, and cannot guess,
But courtship, I know, is a big success."

There is usually a good deal of back talk when women get together to discuss the bustle.
Whether the play is bright or flat,
To him it is never known
Who starts at the back of a lady's hat
And swears, as the acts go on.

When a woman wants the earth, it is with the view of giving it to some man.
Love is stronger than friendship, so
The poets declare, and perhaps they know;
Yet we find, as the world we travel through,
That lovers are plenty and friends are few.

Good looks should not be despised. There have been few heroes with turn up noses and bow legs.
How wise are we when the chance has fled,
And a glance we lockward cast,
We know just the thing that we should have said
When the time for saying it's past.

The man who is in the habit of getting "pretty well on" lessens his chance of getting to be "pretty well off."

The coal is now put in the bin
And the coal man rates the shetels in;
But the wind blows keenly o'er the world,
And the world is cold, the world is cold!

A paper devoted to plumbers is called The Rasp. The craft will probably keep it on file.
Not, "Is it cold enough for you?"
The phrase of which all have grown weary—
But have you read Robert Elmer?
Is now the popular query.

A female lawyer may be a spinster and have objections to marriage, but when she accepts a retaining fee she tacitly admits that she is engaged.
In black December, raw days, fog days
Follow close each other,
But it is only in the "dog days"
That we have "beastly weather."

"The same" is said to be the most popular drink in the market.
We strive and strive to reach a place above;
We're not content with what we see and know;
The man who wins a loving woman's love
Has got a glimpse of heaven here below!

"The Fishery Question"—Say, have you got any bait?
This is about the time when the farmer fishes through the ice and catches a twenty-two pound pickerel.

Sign painters should be comprehended under the denomination of "Men of letters," and, by the way, so should letter carriers.

Brown—Green is a very intellectual man, what they call a man of large grasp.
Black—A man of large grasp! I should think he was. Why, when he dances in a waltz he can put his arms around "the whirled."

Young Wife—My love, I have a delightful surprise in store for you! You cannot guess what it is.
Young Husband (full of pleasant anticipations)—What is it, darling?
Y. W.—I've invited mother to spend the holidays with us.

Young Wife—How the world moves! There's Bessie Gray, an old chum of mine, a graduate of the normal school, has just entered a medical college. She will soon be able to write M. D. after her name. Women are coming to the front, I tell you. Formerly girls were taught nothing but house-keeping.

Young Husband—Yes, and now they're taught everything but housekeeping.
Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
I'm going to the dry goods store, she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
You may if you'll wait outside, she said.

How long shall I wait for you, my pretty maid? Until I look over the samples, she said.
And how many samples, my pretty maid? Some of calico, some of silk, some of pique, some of linen, some of lawn, some of velvet—ribbons, trimmings, buttons, gloves, lace, embroideries.—
I cannot go with you, he gloomily said.—Boston Courier.

He Was Fond of Dogs.
An English lady traveling in a Paris railroad car carried her pet dog in her lap. A French dandy beside her began to caress the dog. "Well, sir," said she snappishly, "I must say that you do appear to be very fond of dogs!"
"Madame," said he, "I learned to love them during the siege, and since that time I scarcely ever eat anything else!"—New York Sun.

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