

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

BYE THE BYE.

The *Sunday Globe* has been succeeded by the *Daily Globe*, a five-column, four-page, penny paper. It is the custom to say pretty things of a new paper, sweet nothings that tickle the vanity of the projectors of the new enterprise but seldom give the honest convictions of the writer. I am sure that the fraternity, with the possible exception of those with whom the *Globe* will come in direct competition, have naught but the kindest wishes for the new candidate for public favor, but there is no occasion to sneer at it with fulsome flattery or to use it as an excuse for venting a spite or a jealousy felt toward another journal. Lincoln has a field for an evening paper that is as yet only partially filled, but the *Call* and the *News* do partly fill it and leave that much less room for a competitor. The *Globe* presents an attractive appearance. The first page is free from display advertisements, and the reading matter is arranged under well balanced heads. It is printed from new type on good paper and shows careful press work. The *Globe's* first week has given promise of merit, but it will not crowd out either of the older evening papers at the present pace, for it cannot be said truthfully that it gives more or better news than its competitors. It will appeal, first, to a large class of people who heretofore have read no daily paper; secondly, to men who admire pluck in young fellows, and, thirdly, to the well-to-do reading public if the editors are shrewd enough to do something to compel attention and then hold it. What is that something? Ah, that's the mystery that struggling papers all over the country are trying to solve. There is no cry in Lincoln for a penny paper, but thousands may take it because the cost is a mere trifle. If the publishers can improve the paper with an individuality or a feature to catch the popular fancy their patronage will be something more substantial than favor. Another element of success is the ability to "strut" advertisements, and the *Globe* starts out with a surprisingly large display from the very best houses in the city. A third element is the wisdom to keep down expenses. The publishers, Messrs. Hunter and Seacrest, are practical printers and both have had experience as office managers. They are neither ashamed of work nor afraid of it. They are not high-fliers in any sense, and know the value of money. At the same time, the success or failure of the *Globe* is altogether a matter of publishers and their make up. It has made a brave start, an encouraging start, and the *Courier* hopes sincerely to see it win.

Altogether too much fuss has been made over a letter by Mayor Broatch of Omaha favoring New York for the site of the world's fair of 1892. Mr. Broatch is not Omaha, much less Nebraska. Nor does he represent the sentiment of the people of Nebraska. Our interests are with Chicago rather than New York. We want the world to see the west and know the west. The world is more likely to do that if the fair be located at Chicago. We all wish to go to the fair. We can afford to go to Chicago, but the time and the expense of a trip to New York would bar out a great many of us. The sentiment of Nebraska is overwhelmingly for Chicago, and when Mayor Broatch, after Jan. 1st, retires into the obscurity of private life no voice will be lifted up against the city by the lake. She may count on Nebraska as solid for the representative of western life, western ideas, western energy and western hospitality.

To advertise is a necessity. To argue it is unnecessary. The fact is generally conceded. To catch the public eye and attention with novel advertising is a study, often an art. Clothing firms are notably heavy advertisers, and Semmons, the Lincoln clothier, is pre-eminently in the lead among Nebraska dealers for ingenious and artistic advertising. One of his master-strokes was the engagement of Dan Loeb, whose genius has been displayed on the big plate glass windows and excited the wonder of thousands. Dan's window writing has been a telling novelty, and whether making a rebus, or caricaturing well known citizens as they looked when young, or picturing prominent men as they will appear when grown old, or displaying a weather bulletin, or delineating the legend of King Tartarax and his barbaric court here in Nebraska 350 years ago or merely writing simple signs and promises, the passing crowd always stops to admire. Dan uses many colors and works with such ease and rapidity that many spectators remain to see the artistic creation grow under his nimble fingers and blossom out into a humorous or sentimental picture or a plain business proposition. It is a fact, which may not be generally known, that Loeb is one of the first as well as one of the best window writing artists in the country. He began this work in the east some years ago and gave instructions to several other artists, who are now scattered over the country.

The unexpected has happened again. Ed. Slosson of the Union Pacific has been out of town. His road ran an excursion train to Sioux City Thursday, and Traveling Passenger Agent Frawley was assisted by Slosson (Frawley is authority for the account) and Traveling Passenger Agent McClure of the Milwaukee in chaperoning the pilgrims to the corn palace. Mr. Slosson succeeded in remaining away an entire day, because there was no returning train and he has scruples against walking. Ed's friends will be glad to learn that he is quite well today, thank you.

At the reception of Bishop Vincent the company applauded with the Chautauqua salute, and it prompted the bishop to tell the origin of that pretty custom. In the early years of the Chautauqua Assembly there was among the lecturers a deaf and dumb professor from a Canadian school, who illustrated Bible stories in pantomime with such expression that the audience readily gathered his meaning. The spectators applauded heartily, but it occurred to Dr. Vincent that a man deaf to the sound of the clapping hands could not appreciate that kind of applause. The doctor thereupon asked every person in

the audience to get out a handkerchief, secrete it in the hands or lap and imitate him when he gave the signal. At the next pause in the program the doctor gave the signal by waving his handkerchief, and the audience immediately became white with the fluttering signals of approval. The waving of handkerchiefs was adopted as the Chautauqua Salute, and is now a mark of especial consideration. To get the full effect and inspiration of it one must be in the amphitheater at the original Chautauqua, with 5,000 people in the seats and a thick fringe around the edges. The air is charged with enthusiasm and good will, and the visitor cannot help drinking them in as he breathes.

This incident is a characteristic illustration of the quick wit with which Bishop Vincent rises to every opportunity, and as the head of the Chautauqua movement he has plenty of emergencies to tax his ingenuity. Bishop Vincent is a grand man. Whether as plain Reverend, speaking from the staid old Auditorium at Chautauqua to a handful of people seated under the trees in the open air; or as Doctor, holding the rapt attention of 5,000 listeners under the sheltering canopy of the big Amphitheater; or as Chancellor, sending words of cheer to nearly 100,000 students in the Chautauqua college scattered over the globe; or as the lecturer, giving parents instructions how to handle "That Boy" and "That Boy's Sister," or as Bishop, ruling the destinies of a large part of the great Methodist church, in any and all relations he shows the mighty power of a big brain and a full heart working in happy accord towards a noble end. He has in an eminent degree that elusive quality which, for want of a better name, we call personal magnetism. Chautauquans admire, love, idolize him. They turn to him not merely as the founder of their order, but as the fount of their inspiration. He is running over with a vitalizing force, and has the uncommon faculty of thoroughly infecting others. He is a grand man.

Des Moines won the western ball pennant last year, and the papers went into ecstasies over it. Now the *Mail and Times* wails: "Omaha gets the pennant this year, and there's nothing in the messily rag—not a thing." It makes a difference, you know.

The women of today are filled with a great unrest. They want to do something and get well paid for it. Naturally the first suggestion is housework, but they turn a deaf ear. The newspapers have been full of advice, from selling home-made apple sauce to dancing a clog at swell parties. The young man charged with the duty of filling this department with wise sayings and witty scintillations has an idea or two on the subject, but he stands in too much awe of the divinely perfect sex to commit the irreverence of presiding to offer advice. But here comes "Bab," the chic woman correspondent, with a suggestion that ought to be good, for it comes all the way from New York. She monologues thusly: "Why in this world, where women, unfortunately, have to earn their bread and butter, there are not some who will go out and mend things or duds, is something I cannot understand. It would be much more creditable to a woman to sew on missing buttons and eyes, to mend lace flounces, to put drapery back to the place it belongs, or to freshen up frills of lace at the throat, and do it well, than to insist on making ill-fitting bodices, badly cut skirts, and placing pockets where you will sit down on them, and couldn't reach them to save your soul. The average dressmaker regards the doctoring of a wardrobe as beneath her, which only proves to me and to you what all-round fools women are capable of being. To have somebody whom you can trust come in once a week, or whenever you want them, take your keys, look over your belongings, put a stitch where it is wanted, thus saving the twenty that the future may require, is, I consider, a great blessing, and one that would be appreciated by hundreds of women. The claim usually is that they don't get enough pay for it and that the work don't make any show; well, let them ask a fair price, and if the person for whom they are working doesn't groan about the show, I don't see why they should. I think—but then I am only a mortal, and dressmakers are beyond that—that there is ten times more show in a bodice properly mended, and a skirt with a fresh ruffle about the bottom, than in a Directoire coat that is ill-fitting, unsuitable for the person who will wear it, and which makes so much of a show that all the artistic nature of the American public rises up and metaphorically cries, 'Fie upon it!'"

The wedding of Emmons Blaine and Miss McCormick has set the social world in a flutter of curiosity, and a great many people are interested in knowing "what they wore." The male sex—that part of it which gives some thought to clothes—many want to know how the son of a distinguished man dressed on so important an occasion. Young Mr. Blaine, after much persuasion, plaintively said of his outfit: "Well, the trousers are middling drab, the vest is the same cloth as the coat and the necktie is a shade or two lighter than the trousers—and there you really are, aren't you?" But a reporter said he was dressed in a well-fitting coat of the cutaway style, of fine diagonal cloth; the vest was of the same material, and the trousers were light, with a very fine stripe. He wore a high standing collar and a white tie. A white rose adorned the left lapel of the coat. There is an example for Lincoln duds.

When asked about the bride's costume Mr. Blaine said: "It's something white. It is glossy, and I guess it is satin; but, mind you, I don't say that I know." But a newspaper writer's account is a little more satisfactory: "The bride's costume was a study of beauty. The make-up was rich and costly, and though the style was severely simple it was nevertheless elegant. The waist was of white satin, fitting exquisitely her well-molded figure. A fichu of India lace fell softly about the throat in the style of Marie Antoinette. The sleeves were composed of soft lace, and reached to

the wrists. The entire front was made of Valenciennes, meeting a train of white satin. The veil was caught up with a coronet of orange blossoms, and the toilet was complete in its elegance."

During the year 1884 Bye-the-Bye came in to frequent contact with Emmons Blaine, and the impression he left was that of a young man of average ability, but of more than average good sense. His father's presidential campaign was in progress, and there were many brilliant opportunities for him to put his foot in it by quoting his father or by airing his own opinions, or by swelling up with his own self-importance; but he carried himself with singular tact and discretion. Quite naturally people whom he met in a social way tried to draw him out on his father's candidacy, but he always evaded the quizzers and never ventured any opinion on political matters, although he must have had an intense interest in them. For a young man of such distinguished parentage he was conspicuously modest and demure.

The Omaha *World-Herald* is cutting down the expenses of its Lincoln bureau. W. Q. Bell has been released from duty as correspondent, and John B. Liddy, who had charge of the circulation, will also look after Capital City news. It is an open secret that the Lincoln circulation of the *World-Herald* has been dwindling rapidly for several months. Whether it is the change in policy, the competition of the cheaper *Republican* or some other cause is a matter of conjecture. At any rate Mr. Bell made an energetic, competent correspondent.

"The boys here take the girls to the theater about like the fellows at —," was the first remark of a stranger after a glance over the audience at Funke's opera house at the performance of "The Fakir." "How so?" asked Bye-the-Bye innocently. "Why, the fellows seem to be going it alone."

Which reminds me of a message brought by one of the boys from a fair unknown, to-wit: No carriage necessary for the theater! That shows good sense and a commendable spirit, but what good will it do the boys if the identity of the young lady be not revealed! And then I object to having the issue made a personal one. In his former article on the matter Bye-the-Bye merely quoted a conversation between two men, without comment, and he flattered himself that he was not committed to either side. I submit that it's not fair to pounce upon him for the doings or the lack of doing of other people. However, if the young lady in question will permit Bye-the-Bye to suspect her identity he will undertake to maintain the chivalry of his sex in this instance. Now then!

AMUSEMENTS.

"King Cole II" had a hard row. The merry old soul's properties were attached at Kansas City for \$800, when Manager McReynolds came to the rescue. Bob may blush to have his charity known, but the statement is made on pretty good authority. He played the company at Lincoln and at Fremont to pull himself out of the hole. At Omaha there was another attachment, but that seems to have been caused by Richard Stahl, and the company went on to Denver. At that point the King's subjects rebelled and levied on the properties for \$1000 of unpaid salaries. After the first performance here one of the chorus asked a spectator: "Did it drag much?" The fellow quizzed tried to be kindly evasive to the quizer, but his tone betrayed him, and the actor added morally, who can't expect a lot of people to be very chipper when they haven't had any salary for four weeks, can you?" Stahl, of "Said Fasha" fame, who as musical director took "King Cole" in hand, claims to have advanced \$500 to get the old fellows out of trouble at Omaha and he also demanded a share of the spoils at Denver. The combination is controlled by a syndicate of rich Philadelphia merchants, and has been paying to good business. If the financial affairs had been left more to the manager, Mr. Dickson, the company would have had plain sailing, but through the influence of a relative in the Philadelphia syndicate, a young masher named Mesmer was appointed treasurer. Mesmer spent his time spooning silly chorus girls, and since his custodianship of the company's funds began he has not rendered an account to the manager, although he has frequently been asked to do so. So it is alleged.

Manager McReynolds announces Thomas W. Keene for next Wednesday evening in "Richelieu," a character in which Keene has



few equals. He is on his way west, but will not go beyond Denver. Of San Francisco he has not a very high opinion. While the people there treat the stage very kindly, Mr. Keene says they have no appreciation of development in an actor. "It is almost futile," he is quoted as saying, "to attempt a higher role in 'Frisco' if the people there knew you in years gone by in second characters. Now, I played in San Francisco simultaneously with McCullough and Booth. If I should attempt

my star character over there people would exclaim: 'Why, what ails Keene now? He was in stock here ten years ago, and we know all about him.' This is the main reason that I do not want to go to 'Frisco.' Mr. Keene is not given to talking shop. He seems to be one of those actors that look upon stage scenes and incidents, so very interesting to the outsider, as naturally connected with an actor's life, and being a matter of course, he does not know their value to people who know of a theater only from a place before the curtain. When a reporter recently asked his opinion of stage-struck people the tragedian said: "It is a delicate subject to speak on. If you tell the truth you would discourage many a genuine talent, and at the same time place yourself in the light of being irascible. The former reason would not amount to much, because genuine talent will always succeed, not only because, but just on account of seemingly insurmountable difficulties; the latter is more serious because it places you in a ridiculous light, and nothing is more destructive to professional reputation than the ridiculous. Yet, you have no idea of the perfect avalanche of letters with which leading actors are overwhelmed. In regard to the sex boys and girls are about evenly represented, though the girls are the more enthusiastic and gushing writers. If I say five out of a thousand applicants are fit for the stage I certainly strike a very big average. The few who succeed in after life are, of course, imbued with a genuine love for the stage; all the others, anyhow a majority of them, think 'play acting' an easy life. How foolish! Think of such giants as John McCullough and Mary Anderson giving way under the strain of the work."

ROSE COGHLAN AGAIN.

Lincoln theater-goers will be glad to learn that Miss Rose Coghlan is booked to appear at Funke's next Thursday evening, when she will present "Joceelyn." The play was written by her brother, Charles F. Coghlan. The scene is laid in France in 1630, at that period in French history when young Louis XIII had just assumed the government of the coun-



try, rent asunder by religious controversy. The people of the play are nobles and commoners, and adventurers attached to the little army with which the king's mother, Marie de Medici, devastated the province of Anjou and threatened the throne. Joceelyn is the only daughter of a persecuted and impoverished Huguenot family. Left an orphan she is wooed by a knavish Italian, Prince Savian. In the third act, "when endeavoring to escape disguised in the clothes of her young brother, she encounters Prince Savian, the villain of the play, who caused her three brothers to be assassinated, and kills him in a duel." This is the description of one scene in the play, and from it may be gained some idea of the romantic events with which it has to do. The accessories of the play are in keeping with the epoch represented.

EDEN MUSKE.

This popular resort has attracted its usual crowds this week with a program of great variety in which the King of the Elfs and Prentiss Sampson, the man who breaks stones with his fists, were strong features. Next week's program will be an exceptionally strong one. Sam Lucas and his wife will play a return engagement, and it will also play their farewell. They will serve as a vehicle for their vocal and instrumental pieces. Both Sam and his wife, one of the noted Hyer sisters, have been theatrical favorites for many years, and many visitors enjoyed their music when here a short time ago. The McDowell & Stevens protean comedy company will be seen in the big theater. Among the attractions will be De Monio, a contortionist known as "The Human Serpent"; the Emmets with their Mirror of Ireland; Edward Barrett, the expert club swinger; William Clayton in Irish songs and dances; Wm. Johnson, the trick dancer; Hayden & Dickenson, the negro comedians, and John Harle will expose the secrets and horrors of the Chinese opium dens. He has been a victim of the opium habit for thirty-five years, and will exhibit an opium joint.

HE, SHE, HIM AND HER.

Of the various funny plays of last season none were more amusing than that titled as above. George Adams, the great pantomimist of days gone by, is at the head of a strong company, and again Lincoln lovers of pure, wholesome, frolicsome and delicious comedy, may see this sterling attraction Saturday, Oct. 12. Miss Tomia Hanlon, who made such a favorable impression, is still with the attraction and as for the balance of the company, they are better, if anything, than last season.

TALK OF THE STAGE.

This, the greatest of all musical prodigies, will return to Lincoln and appear at St. Paul's M. E. church next Monday evening, presenting a program of varied attractions in classical music, as well as rendition of the popular airs of the day. Blind Boone needs no introduction at our hands. He is known to nearly everyone that ever used a piano and his ability as a musician is thus proven marvelous. Go hear him.

Dezman Thompson and company began the second year's run of "The Old Homestead" at the Academy of Music, New York, last week. The stage preparations consumed four months. They include a lot of quaint farm implements, vehicles and like equipment from Thompson's rural home at Swansey, New Hampshire. There is also a church building with a pipe organ it and a tower with a chime of bells, both played by the orchestra members by means of electrical connections.

When asked his opinion of Ignatius Donnelly, Thomas W. Keene said: "Mr. Donnelly is a very shrewd man. He managed to get a great deal of free and of the most effective advertising, in consequence of which he made much money. I have not tested his cryptogram. It takes time; more than I have at my disposal. However, anyone who has ever read Bacon's essays and poems needs no demonstration of the fact that Bacon never wrote Shakespeare's plays."

Sol Smith Russell has signed a contract with Dion Boucicault by which the latter is to write a new comedy for him, in which Mr. Russell will have a Dickensian part. The story is to be laid in and around New York, and the new play will be produced at Daly's theater about Sept. 1 of next year, when Mr. Russell begins a six weeks' engagement at that house.

Emma Abbott's new wardrobe includes rose-colored silk stockings embroidered with lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots. How will these look when Emma comes on between the acts and sings "by request" those whiskered chestnuts, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Angel's Serenade" Johnny, get your gun—and keep it loaded.

Miss Amelia Glover, who, in the "Corsair," gave as graceful a dance as was ever seen in Lincoln, is a sister of "Adonis" Dixey's wife. The black garments, instead of the white affected by the ordinary danseuse, were a decided novelty.

Keene made his first appearance as a star at Chicago in 1880 in "Richard III." He afterwards added "Richelieu" and "Shylock" and this season has given "Louis XI."

Miss Rose Coghlan is on her way to New York, and may be seen at the Fourteenth street theater in a new play. This is said to have been her most profitable season.

On Oct. 12, at Owensboro, Ky., Mattie Vickers closed a continuous season of sixty weeks. After a rest of five weeks, she will resume, probably, with a new play.

Thomas Seabrook of "The Fakir" will be recalled as the funny ship captain of the "Little Tycoon."

Maggie Mitchell has returned from Europe. She opened her season Oct. 3, in Providence.

The McCaull Opera company present "Clove" in Philadelphia for the first time Oct. 7.

Annie Pixley makes her appearance in New York October 7th at the Windsor.

Minnie Palmer will be seen as Cinderella in London during the holidays.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John Doolittle has returned from Denver.

A. S. Badger is about to remove to Chicago.

H. P. Durrell of Cincinnati is visiting his brother.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Bowman did Soo City Thursday.

J. F. Bernard and family will remove to Omaha next week.

Mr. J. E. Riggs has been spending a part of the week in Omaha.

M. A. Cameron has entered G. M. Lambertson's law office as a student.

W. H. Coffin and daughter Nellie were Sioux City pilgrims this week.

Levi Harris has begun work on a handsome new residence in East Lincoln.

Mr. C. Thompson and Miss Eva Thompson are visiting at Columbus, Ohio.

Edward Holm and mother leave tomorrow for their home at Bucyrus, Ohio.

Mrs. Dr. Latta and Miss Latta have been visiting in Plattsmouth this week.

Mrs. Martha Hubbard and son visited Sioux City and the corn palace this week.

Senator L. M. Raymond and wife left Thursday for a trip to New York and the east.

Attorney General Leese and Auditor Benton are expected home today or tomorrow.

Bishop Vincent was entertained by Chancellor and Mrs. Creighton while in the city.

Mrs. Dr. Lane has taken up her residence in the Zebrung block at Twelfth and N streets.

Mrs. G. S. Sheldon has been entertaining Prof. and Mrs. C. McCoy of Des Moines.

Miss Maggie English returned Wednesday from several weeks' visit among Indiana friends.

Mrs. Brownie Baum, now of Omaha, has been in the city this week visiting among old friends.

Miss Sada Gruninger arrived in Lincoln on Thursday evening, after a week's visit in Sioux City.

Miss Edith M. Fountain of Indianapolis is visiting Mrs. A. W. Easterday. The ladies are cousins.

Miss Libbie Corthon, the guest of Miss Fanny Whiteside, has returned to her home at Atlanta, Ill.

Miss Edith Wietzel of Leavenworth, the guest of Major and Mrs. Bohanan, has returned home.

Miss Lulu Gruninger came down from Omaha Tuesday to assist Mrs. Zieman in her tea-gown parties.

The Pleasant Hour Juniors will meet at W. H. B. Stout's office this evening to elect officers and reorganize.

Miss Lena Voight of Burlington, Iowa, is the guest of Miss Anna Funke and will remain several weeks.

Charles D. Mullin of Supt. Thompson's office has gone for a month's visit at his old home, Oswego, N. Y.

H. G. Imhoff of Pittsburgh, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Imhoff, went to Kansas City Wednesday night.

Bishop Bonacum returned Monday from a week's visit in St. Louis and on Tuesday went north to Butler county to dedicate three churches.

Mrs. A. L. Manchester went to Ellsworth, Kansas, Tuesday to attend the G. A. R. encampment of that state.

Mrs. G. W. Fayell went to Sioux City last Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. C. R. Tefft and Miss Gertrude Marquette.

Miss Clara Walsh expects a friend today, Miss Van Valkenburg of Lockport, N. Y., who is on her way home from Colorado.

Gov. Thayer went to Topeka Monday to attend the deep water convention, and went thence to a G. A. R. meeting at Wilsonville, Nebraska.

Dr. L. H. Robbins' wife died Wednesday morning at the age of twenty-five, after a day's illness. They were married but three months ago.

George Boswellman, the grocer, has gone to Germany to join wife and child, who have been abroad all summer. They will return before Christmas.

Mrs. H. P. Foster in company of Mrs. E. S. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Williams of Omaha, left Thursday for Washington, New York.

A. Hubbard, one of the pioneers of Lincoln but of late years a resident of Syracuse, is building a home at Seventeenth and Q and will return to the Capital City.

J. Q. Hamilton, late of Beatrice, has bought the Opelt house. Stanley Wicks is head clerk and Charles Foulk chief clerk. Mr. Opelt's plans for the future are not matured.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Pletcher returned Sunday from their visit to Oswego, N. Y. They were accompanied by Hon. T. P. Kennard, who is much improved in health.

Jim Drain, the embryonic banker who started for Denver on his bicycle, made the trip in twelve days. He rode nine days and covered 586 miles on a fifty-two inch wheel.

Henry M. Leavitt, the Domestic Coal man, left Thursday for Kankakee, Chicago and the east for a ten days' trip. During his absence Leavitt will purchase the latest styles and look the market over for novelties in his line.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Beeson left Thursday for Washington, New York and the east to be gone a month. Mrs. Beeson expects to visit briefly at the old home in Lafayette, Ind., on her return, while Mr. Beeson will return direct.

Mrs. David Wise, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. H. J. Pollak, and her daughter, Miss Irene, returned Sunday from Chicago. Mrs. Wise had been at the lakeside for three weeks and the invigorating climate has been of much benefit to her health.

H. D. Neesley of Omaha was in the city Monday. Mr. Neesley started in the life insurance business some years ago as an ordinary agent, but his energy carried him to the front, and he is now the state agent for the Equia, a position that will in a few years give him a competence for life.

Mrs. S. C. Elliott, one of the enthusiastic graduates of the U. S. S. C., is not only pursuing a postgraduate course in Chautauqua study, but has taken up a literary course in the State university. She has company in the latter in the person of Miss Elliott, and their industry is greatly admired.

Max Ways of the *Baltimore Herald* was a guest of J. C. Seacrest of the *Globe* over Sunday. They were boy friends back east in the old days. Mr. Ways was visiting in Chicago and was persuaded to come west and see Lincoln. He was greatly taken with this country and announced his intention of locating here as soon as he can wind up his affairs east.

One of the sights of Lincoln.

In a casual visit the other day to the furniture establishment of Hardy & Pletcher at 211 South Eleventh street, a *Courier* representative was impressed with the magnitude of the store and the stock, and it occurred to him that here was an institution worthy of being shown as one of the sights of the Capital City. In eastern cities with mercantile establishments of unusual size, it is quite the thing for residents to take visiting friends through them. On inquiry of Messrs. Hardy and Pletcher it was learned that many sight-seers visit their store, and they added that they were glad to have callers and to show them through their establishment. Lincoln has many institutions to be proud of and a visit to Hardy & Pletcher will give them an increased reason for pride. Here is, with possibly one exception, the largest furniture house in Nebraska and one of the biggest in the whole west. It comprises ten floors, and to get a better idea of what that means one should remember that it is ten times as much as an ordinary store room. If spread out in one floor it would cover almost a half a block. As may easily be surmised it takes a mammoth stock to fill that great space, and in this case it is no less notable for its beauty and variety than for its size. "Art furniture," meaning furniture of artistic design and decoration, is too costly to be shown in any quantity in small stores, but here we find it in great profusion, so much so that this establishment is well worth a visit merely for a sight of the beautiful things to be seen. We are assured by Messrs. Hardy and Pletcher that visitors will always be heartily welcome to view their goods, and the cordiality of these gentlemen is too well known to need special assurance here.

A Valuable Present.

Commencing Monday, October 7th, Foreman & Crow, the elite furnisiers for the fair sex, will give to each purchaser of one dollar's worth of goods, a ticket that entitles the holder to a chance on a beautiful and valuable sofa pillow. It is one just received, made of great and artistically embroidered and finished in the finest style. Don't forget when needing anything in their line to call. Your money will do double service at Foreman & Crow's.

Change is one of the irresistible laws of nature, and fortunately the change is almost invariably for the better. As an instance of this, St. Patrick's Pills, are fast taking the place of the old harsh and violent cathartics, because they are milder and produce a pleasant effect, besides they are much more beneficial in removing morbid matter from the system and preventing ague and other malarious diseases. As a cathartic and liver pill they are most perfect. For sale by A. L. Shader, druggist.

Ladies, come and see us at the 90-cent store.