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## BYE THE BYE.

Local pride is commendable as a general thing, but there are times when it is of doubtful quality. Take the case of the COURIER man. He came home from New York the other day with a carpet bag full of the new spider and the fly puzzle. Of course we want Lincoln institutions to prosper, but when it comes to filling the asylum for insane we would rather draw on our friends outside of town. However, the COURIER's eastern explorer maintains with emphatic earnestness that in importing the latest craze from the east he had only the most amiable of purposes: that of amusing the populace. People who care to accept this explanation and take their chances of escaping the asylum may find the latest puzzle on sale at the COURIER office. In it they will discover a big drop of liquid quicksilver (representing the spider), and the fun begins when one tries to make this slippery stuff chase red and blue "flies" into their respective corners in the spider's web. The mercury is about as elusive as an eel, as contrary as a mule and it flies the track in the most aggravating manner. Bye-the-Bye seriously fears that the sanity of the community will be upset, but if anyone insists on varying hum-drum life with a bit of excitement he should come to the COURIER office for a spider, and fly. There are only a few of them left.

A cablegram from Europe the other day reported an interview with Kosuth, now living in exile in Italy, and the Hungarian patriot is quoted as saying, among other things, that "there are men now living who will live to see the day when Ireland will be a state in the American Union." It hardly seems possible that any conditions can arise to bring about such a result—the little green island is so far away and so closely bound to England. A thousand years hence the struggle of Ireland for liberty will be regarded as one of the sublime events of history. The emerald isle has been under the heel of the oppressor for 700 years, and her people have been subjected to barbarous atrocities among which shooting and eviction are the most merciful. Her population has decreased by millions, and hundreds of thousands of her people have emigrated to other lands. These exiled Irishmen and their children present a spectacle without a parallel in the history of the world. They are scattered in all quarters of the globe, and many are bound to Ireland by no particular tie except that of race and tradition. And yet in every clime and under every flag of the civilized world are these Irishmen meeting, every week and every month, through the long years, now to send encouragement to the leaders of the Irish cause, again to raise money to push it forward and anon to celebrate the life and labor of its heroes. Pause a moment and think of it. Where in history can you find another such example of patriotism? Here in Lincoln a meeting was held the other evening to commemorate the deeds of Robert Emmett. A few weeks ago a meeting marked the anniversary of the Manchester martyrs. Other meetings commemorate other events in the long struggle, and no doubt thousands of dollars have been sent from this city across the sea. Love of country is common to most races, but never since primeval man emerged from protoplasm has it had such sublime expression as in the case of Ireland.

The chief speaker at Tuesday evening's meeting was M. V. Gannon of Omaha, and he held the rapt attention of the great audience while he repeated the oft-told story of Irish wrongs and Irish hopes. Mr. Gannon may not have the flowery embellishments of some orators, but he has the eloquence of a simple, direct manner, a fluent flow of language, a fine diction, a pleasing voice that gives forth every word with unmistakable clearness and an earnest fervor that carries conviction. He is a comparatively new comer in Nebraska, but seems bound to take a high rank in his profession and, if he choose, in politics. Mr. Gannon was long a resident of Davenport, Iowa, and for years was a potent factor in the politics of the state. He is a Democrat, of course—his name settles that. Year after year Bye-the-Bye looked for him at the state convention of his party with lively anticipations of a coming "scrap." The liquor question was the bone of contention over and over and over again. Davenport has a large German and Irish population, and its delegation always led the fight against any plank in the platform that squinted toward prohibition. Gannon seems to have been the ablest man the Democrats could find in Davenport, and he came up to the convention as regularly as clockwork. He is really a tall man, but across a convention hall he, somehow or other, always reminded me of a bantam. Perhaps it was by contrast with another perennial delegate from Davenport, Mayor Clausen. This gentleman was large and wore a paunch, and I sometimes wondered if he hadn't been selected mayor by the Germans of his city because of superior capacity as a beer tank, measured by his abdominal development. At any rate he was always there. He usually made a speech and got his tongue tangled among his teeth. He lumbered about as gracefully as a cow and frothed at the mouth with dire threats against prohibition and its friends. But Gannon—well it was a treat to watch Gannon engineer the parliamentary fight after his beer-befuddled German friend had delivered himself of his annual fulmination. Gannon was as trim and quick and audacious as a bantam. He was alert to every opportunity, full of expedients, a ready talker, and the way in which he hurled defiance right and left was a delicious sensation. He was sent to the state convention to represent the sentiment of Davenport Democrats, and seldom does a small locality play so important a part for years in the control of party policy as that city exerted under the adroit leadership of Gannon.

Mr. Gannon is a lawyer, and for some time was the prosecuting attorney for the Davenport district. Several years ago a bitter fight was waged upon him. A system of abuse was alleged to have grown up in the office which litigants were bled for the benefit of the court officials, and Gannon was charged with

being the chief offender. Bye-the-Bye is not sufficiently familiar with the case to venture an opinion. Of course Mr. Gannon denied the charge, and it may have been the fault of the system rather than the man. Perhaps it was one of those cases in which a political leader becomes too powerful, excites too many jealousies and finally becomes the victim of all the discordant elements in his party. At any rate, in this case the sore-head Democrats united with the Republicans and defeated Mr. Gannon's re-election. Deprived of office, with his practice gone to the winds and shorn of his political power, he was all at sea and was freely predicted that he would go to the dogs. But Gannon had more stamina than the world knew. He moved to Omaha, quit drinking and swore off on politics. The change spoiled a politician and saved a bright lawyer. Mr. Gannon has picked up a

An odd mistake occurred in the *Journal's* report of the affair. Mrs. Weber sang "The last rose of summer," and responded to the enthusiastic encore with "Comin' through the rye." The *Journal* said her encore was "Annie Laurie." Of course the blunder was inexcusable, but I can see how it may easily have occurred. Some years ago, when "Grandfather's clock" was in everybody's mouth, I had occasion to report a swell musical. Among the players was a young fiddler who was just too too to play anything common or vulgar, and he got an encore. He played "Home, sweet home" or something equally familiar, and I made no memorandum. I wrote up the performance with all the confidence of an amateur scribbler. I don't think he was any more astonished than I when the paper came out. It recorded him as filling "Grandfather's clock." I had no conscious

## H. M. STANLEY, AMERICAN.

Most people are familiar, in a general way, with the position of Henry M. Stanley as an African explorer, but few are acquainted with his early life. Now that he has come to light after a long disappearance among African wilds, Stanley is the subject of a great deal of comment. The COURIER believes its readers will be interested in a brief account of his early adventures, and accompanies it with a large half-tone portrait of the explorer. The subject has a special interest to Nebraskans, because Stanley was a reporter in Omaha before he turned explorer.

Stanley speaks of himself as an American citizen, but he was born in Wales. His name was John Rowland. His father was a carpenter and died when Stanley was young.

suit of clothes over his best one. His vessel was bound for New Orleans. Stanley was accepted for the voyage to and from New Orleans, but not being satisfied with his treatment on board, he escaped from the vessel as soon as she reached the port.

In New Orleans he was attracted by the familiar sign in a window, "A Boy Wanted." He went inside the store, where he met a kindly looking gentleman, whom he asked for employment. He was tried at writing on sacks, and having done this satisfactorily, he was engaged. The boy's employer's name was Henry Mortlake Stanley. Mr. Stanley died, and out of love and gratitude to his benefactor young Rowland, as he was still known, adopted his name, and called himself Henry Mortlake Stanley.

While in New Orleans young Stanley wrote a letter to his sister stating that John Row-

land had again visited his mother. While at home he had his portrait taken in his naval uniform. That portrait may still be seen at his old Welsh home.

After the war he drifted westward and among other experiences tried a reporter's life in Omaha during the wild and woolly days of that town.

The next time he saw his mother was when he returned from Abyssinia with the British army, which he had accompanied as the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. She met him in London. He entertained her in regal style. On another occasion, after he had found Li-Ingston in Africa, his mother and sister met him in Paris, where they were bewitched by the splendor of the courtesies shown him. On another occasion, his stepfather, Robert Jones, and his mother visited him in London at Langham's hotel.

At Stanley's native home there are several mementoes which the great explorer gave his mother as keepsakes, among them two white African hats which he had worn; a round black cap covered with long fur which was given him by an African chief; a stick about a yard long, black, hard and so heavy that half the material seemed to be of iron. The African who presented it said the tree from which the wood had been cut was called the tree of life. Stanley's mother received from him a hamper made of rushes about twelve inches long, four to five feet wide and three feet deep, with a neat cover made of the same material. It was a curious piece of workmanship, and so compact that it was water tight. Stanley said that it was made of the same material as the one in which little Moses was found on the banks of the Nile. He gave his mother also a gold watch, her name being engraved inside with the date, August 18, 1874. He gave his stepfather a knife which he had carried with him through all his travels in Abyssinia. There are also in the old homestead thirteen different photographs of Stanley, taken at various places—Alexandria, Zanzibar, Constantinople, Paris, London, etc. On the back of the photograph sent from Constantinople are the following words, written in rather a heavy hand: "Affectionately, H. M. Stanley, 1870."

Stanley's mother died at Bodelwyddan, Denbighshire. The inscription on the coffin stated that the deceased was the "mother of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer," and at her request the same inscription was engraved on her tombstone.

Thomas Stevens, who went around the world on a bicycle, was sent by the *New York Herald* to find Stanley, and he describes the explorer thus: I was particularly struck when I first found myself face to face with Mr. Stanley under his palaver shed at Marsa, with his healthful, robust appearance. I was expecting to see a man prematurely old, worn out and enfeebled by the innumerable attacks of African fever he has sustained and the accumulated effects of the hardships of nineteen years, off and on, of African exploit. His hair and mustache are gray, it is true, but apart from that the explorer does not look a day older than his eight and forty years. He is a man slightly below the medium height, but weighs much more than one would be likely at first sight to guess. His normal weight is 175 pounds. He looks like a hard, stocky man of the Phil Sheridan or Stonewall Jackson type, and strikes one on first appearance as being good yet for two or three more such expeditions as the relief and rescue of Emin Pasha. He nevertheless suffered much on the expedition.

## PEN, PAPER AND INK.

Among the pleasant features of the current number of *Wide Awake* are the opening chapters of "Bony and Ban," a new serial by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, "A Rabbit Round up" by Joquin Miller, another of Jessie Benton Fremont's "Will and the Way Stories" entitled "A Picnic near the Equator," and an account of the "Beautiful Emily Marshall" by Frances A. Humphrey, illustrated by a portrait.

The *Jeune-Miller Magazine* for March is an epitomized encyclopaedia of information for women. The article on "Physical Culture," by Mabel Jeune, is one of the most interesting in the series, and of especial value to women who need chest development. "The Luxury of the Turkish and Roman Baths," by Annie Jeune-Miller, is full of suggestions to women who desire to learn the secrets of good complexions and shapely forms.

The *March Arena* will be peculiarly interesting to the lovers of dramatic art, as Modjeska's description of her debuts in San Francisco and London appear in this issue, and are written in a manner that is sure to captivate all readers. A fine portrait of Modjeska as Ophelia accompanies this paper. A C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle) the brilliant dramatic critic, also has a thoughtful paper in this same number entitled, "The Extinction of Shakespeare."

In the *Forum* for March A. K. Fiske, with all the reverence of an orthodox believer, writes a protest against dogma in the Protestant churches, and an appeal for a church organization based not on creed but on conduct. Another religious essay is by Archbishop Farrar, who writes of the good and of the evil done by monasticism—an essay apropos of the discussion of establishing brotherhoods in the Episcopal church. Frederic Harrison, the distinguished English critic, who writes now, we believe, for the first time in an American periodical, makes a comparison between the French peasantry of today and of one hundred years ago; from which he draws the conclusion that the ability to possess land has changed the French peasant from the most miserable to one of the happiest and most substantial types of men in modern Europe.

School children will learn much faster if they are made comfortable and kept in perfect health. Very few escape severe coughs and colds during the winter months. It is an easy matter to avoid the discomforts and distress of coughs and colds by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is by far the best treatment ever brought into general use for coughs, colds and hoarseness. When the first symptoms of cold appear, use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the cold can be broken up at once. Sold by A. L. Shradler.



HENRY MORTLAKE STANLEY.

remunerative practice and a brilliant career seems to be opening before him. He was the attorney of Mr. Rosewater in the latter's recent libel suit in Omaha and his conduct of that case attracted much favorable attention. Mr. Gannon spoke at the banquet to Minister Patrick Egan last fall, and his oratory has won him many admirers in Lincoln.

A notable incident of Tuesday evening's meeting was the warmth of the reception accorded Mrs. J. A. Kilroy, who sang "The lament of the Irish emigrant." She received the liveliest kind of an encore and was presented with three big baskets of flowers. Mrs. Kilroy has been a frequent contributor to the programs of the Irish American clubs and the League, and she evidently holds a warm place in the esteem of the members of those organizations.

ness of having written that statement, and did not know how it got into print, but I never took it back. I consoled myself with the thought that probably the young violinist was more chagrined about it than I. Probably the *Journal* man had some such experience. "Annie Laurie" may have been on his mind, something like Mark Twain's "Punch, punch with care in the presence of the passenger." Or another reporter in the room may have tried, just at the wrong moment, to write by remarking irrelevantly: "And the band played 'Annie Laurie.'" You know don't you, how a person writing a letter, with people about talking, will unconsciously catch some remark and put it down? Some other fellow who was not at the meeting probably read the proof, and of course the blunder got into the paper.

Oysters are served at Brown's cafe in every style. Orders filled on short notice.

His mother married a Robert Jones, a Welshman, a slater and a plasterer. She died in 1886. Henry M. Stanley (John Rowland) was born in a little cottage within a part of the old shell of Denbigh castle. His mother told an American who visited her a short time before her death that Stanley was a lad of unusual talent, of great courage and could whip a boy twice his size. He received a good education and for a time was a sub-teacher in a school conducted by a cousin. They could not agree, and when Stanley was asked to clean his kinsman's shoes the humiliation was too much. He left the school and went to Liverpool, where he lived with an aunt and found employment as clerk in a butcher's store. Weiried with this monotonous life he asked a captain at the Sailors' Home for employment and was engaged as cabin boy. Stanley did not tell his aunt of his intention to go to sea, and when he left he put his old

land, the Welshman from Denbigh, was dead, and he considered it his duty to inform the family of his death. The story was believed and John Rowland in course of time was forgotten. Young Stanley joined the confederate army, and while serving on the field was taken prisoner. He escaped, worked his way to one of the Atlantic ports, and thence to Liverpool. He returned to his mother, who said that her son then "looked like a tramp." While at home he received a letter addressed to him as "Henry M. Stanley." It was then that the fact was revealed to the family that he was the Henry M. Stanley who had written to his sister that John Rowland was dead. He explained how and why he had changed his name. After a short time he returned to America, where he joined the navy and served in it until the war closed. While in the navy he secured the position of correspondent of the *New York Herald*. After leaving the