

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## BYE THE BYE.

Elsewhere in this issue the COURIER publishes a list of Lincoln people who are away on summer trips. Of course it is not pretended that the list is complete, because no person can keep track of the movements and whereabouts of several hundred people. This list will undoubtedly be read with great interest. It is desirable that it be as full and as correct as possible. The friends of the COURIER can help the COURIER and the public by handing in the names and stopping places of Lincolmites leaving the city. It is quite as important, too, that the COURIER have notice of the return of the wanderers, that they may be dropped from the list of absentees. Lincoln has a remarkable number of representatives scattered all over the country. It speaks well for the city that so many of her citizens have the means and the leisure for these summer trips.

Omaha and Lincoln are about the only western cities satisfied with the census returns. Kansas City is complaining of an inflated count in Omaha, and Topeka is similarly jealous of Lincoln. Many people have the impression that Kansas City is larger than Omaha, whereas the census shows it to have 3000 fewer people. A gentleman recently from the Missouri city tells Bye-the-Bye that a count of the vacant building in Kansas City had been made and it is number proved to be about 7000. This may account for the apparent incorrectness of the count. In the case of Topeka no such explanation is necessary, for she hasn't been in the race with Lincoln for several years past.

Did you ever notice it, how becoming a straw hat is to the average young woman? Of course when a man speaks of a straw hat he doesn't mean one of those fluted, top-sided, high-crowned, convoluted affairs that are commonly used by women. When a man talks about straw hats he usually means such head coverings as men wear, so the straw hat I had in mind in my opening remark was similar in shape to those worn by men, but having a broad white band. The next time you see a pretty girl (or one who isn't pretty, for that matter) wearing one of those hats take a good look and observe how distinctly enhancing it is to her appearance. The white band sets off the complexion, there is a jaunty-ness to the hat, and the whole effect is quite charming to the masculine eye. Now, then, girls!

Where is Estes Park, this new summer resort that has just swallowed up a big slice of Lincoln's population? It is a valley in the heart of the Rockies. There is grand scenery, fine fishing and attractive rides. During the day the thermometer ranges from 65 to 75, a comfortable neighborhood, and in the evening the visitors gather about big blazing grate fires. At least such is the delicious picture that Mr. Carl Funke paints in a letter home. The Park is 8000 feet above the sea in the heart of the great mountain chain. It is reached by a twenty-five mile stage ride from Lyons, which is the terminus of a branch of the R. & M., forty miles north of Denver. It is at the foot of Long's Peak, 14,771 feet high. The Park has good hotels, some of the grandest scenery and several streams filled with mountain trout.

From a personal letter from James K. Reynard, the Lincoln singer now with the Andrews opera company, it would appear that that organization is having a remarkably successful run. It is playing a summer season of opera at Peoria. On the night of July 4 "Mikado" drew \$4000. The business last week averaged about \$1500 per night. "I don't know where all the people come from," Mr. Reynard writes, "but one thing is sure, they are there." He thinks Lincoln is twice as good a town as Peoria.

The company has just got a new comic opera in play. It is Leccoq "The Pretty Persian, or the Hullah's Bride." The plot is based on a peculiar Persian law. According to that statute if a man divorces his wife and subsequently becomes reconciled he cannot remarry her until she shall have been remarried and divorced from her second husband. This custom has given rise to the professional husband, who is known as a "Hullah." He marries divorced women for a cash consideration and divorces them in twenty-four hours, thus enabling them to remarry their first husband.

Have you ever seen a dog climb a tree? Probably not. But Lincoln has a dog that climbs a telegraph pole. He is owned over at Sam Westerfield's barber shop, and one of the amusements of the boys in the Barb block is to watch him run up the big telegraph pole on the corner. The dog is one of the terrier tribe, with long white hair and bright eyes, and there is a big barber whose talk he seems to thoroughly understand. The barber sticks an apple on the pole eight or nine feet from the sidewalk. Then he stands off a few feet with the intelligent canine between his feet. The dog sits on his haunches and looks up into his master's face, watching for instructions. The man says "one, two, go." The dog makes a spring for the pole and scrambles up as far as he can go. He generally succeeds in getting the apple, though it may require several efforts.

When he comes down does he slide or fall all in a heap? Not much. He is very smart brute, is this terrier. He seems to have the faculty of measuring his climb to such a nicety that he makes a spring away from the pole at just the instant his ascent stops, and he lands either on his fore feet or his four feet. Sometimes he gets lazy and it is necessary to stimulate his ambition or work on his pride. Then his coacher pretends to throw the apple down the street. Does he do like the average member of his tribe—make a break down the street for fifteen or twenty feet, discover that he has been humbugged and come back with a sheepish look? Not

much. This bright dog is not fooled that easily. He keeps his eye on that apple, and he seems to know instinctively whether the man has thrown it or only made a "bluff."

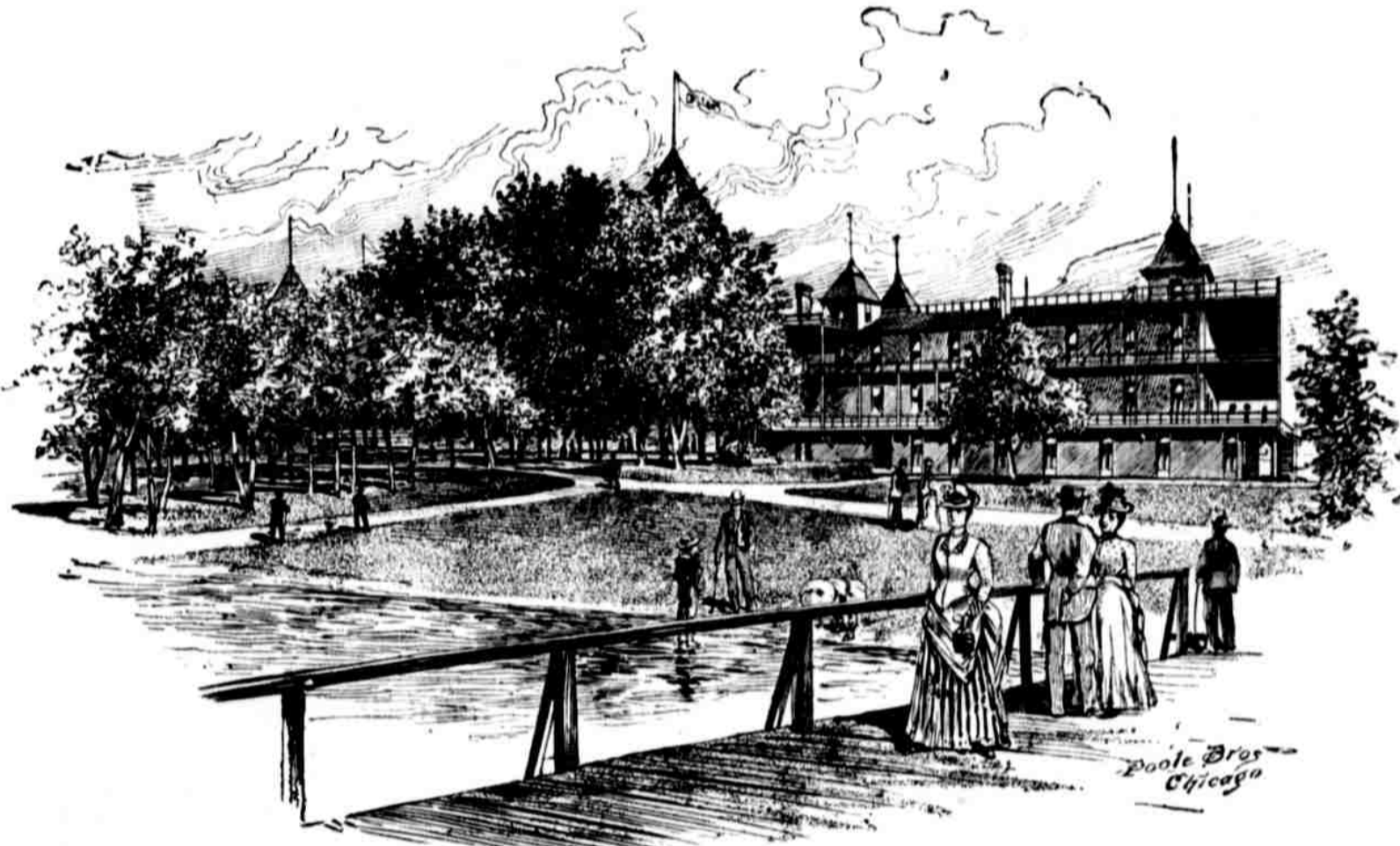
## FOR SUMMER SOJOURN.

THE summer resorts are legion, but there is one that would seem to be specially adapted for Nebraska in all its details. It combines the attractions of land and water. It is very accessible and but a short journey distant. A through car to and from Omaha relieves the tourist of all care about connections at unknown junctions. A fine hotel assures the visitor of good accommodations. It is free from mosquitoes, gnats and other insect pests. Breezy days and cool nights are always assured. These are a few of the chief reasons that commend Spirit Lake, Iowa, to Nebraska people.

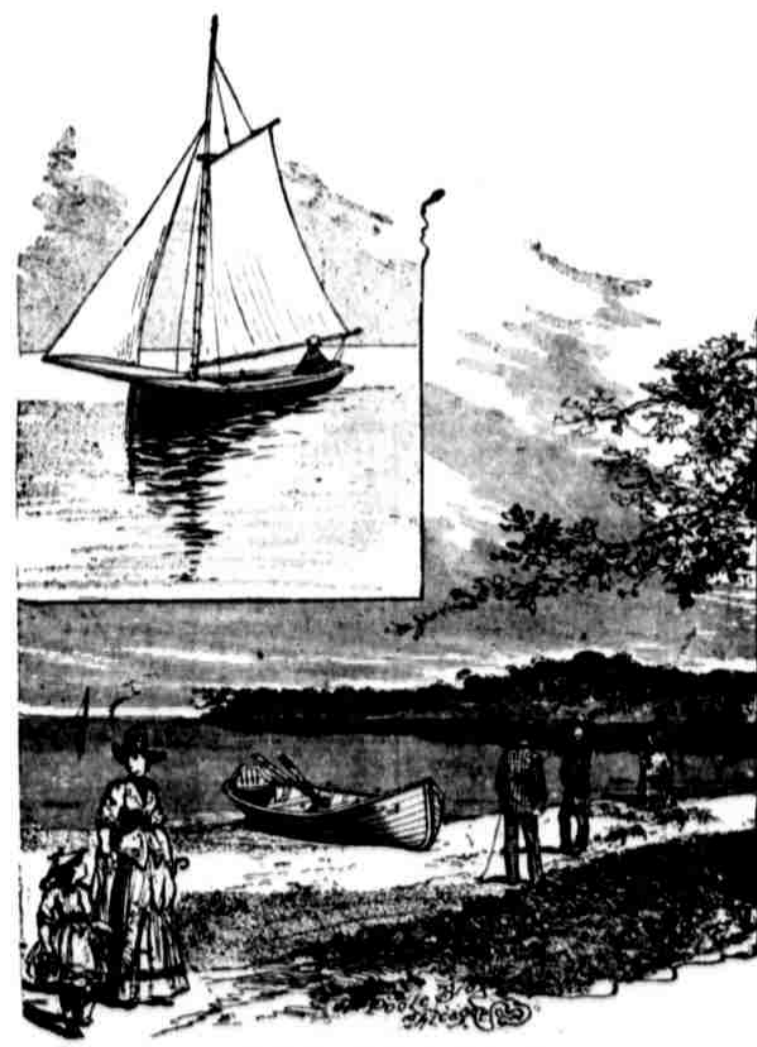
Where is it? It is in the northwestern corner of Iowa on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern railroad. Lying in the great prairie-like diamonds in emerald settings are about twenty lakes, all within a radius of ten miles of the Hotel Orleans. Spirit Lake is but one of these, but its name has become identified with the whole region. Its shore line is broken by modest indentations and arrogant capes whose massings of shrubbery or glade-like glimpses of diminishing perspective lend charming variety. This is no insignificant pond which presumptuous egotism has dignified with the name of lake. It has a



SPIRIT LAKE—ON THE HOTEL VERANDA.



SPIRIT LAKE—HOTEL ORLEANS FROM THE DOCK.



SCENES AT SPIRIT LAKE.

surface area of almost nine miles and a shore line of fourteen miles. North of it still is Little Spirit Lake, while on the south is East Okoboji sweeping off in symmetrical semicircle for six miles to join West Okoboji, which continues the "line of beauty" until it approaches within three miles of the west shore of the first named body of water. West Okoboji has a surface area of six and a quarter miles and its irregular shore line measures eighteen miles. One of the most widely known wonders of the region is the "Sunken Lake," a body of water whose pellucid depths are the secure resting place of a forest of great trees—dead monarchs whose submerged trunks look chastly in the still, unfretted deeps.

But half the beauty of the lakes belongs to land. If the Giver of Good filled these deep depressions (in some places, by the way, the water is two hundred and fifty feet deep) with clear cold water that sparkles in the sun with jeweled brightness, he gave them a setting worthy of the gem. The picturesque shores are a succession of surprises—each new vantage point reveals unlooked-for beauties. Here the luxuriant woodland presses down to the water's edge in riotous assertion of supremacy, or arrogantly crowns some precipitous headland with a plumage of bewildering beauty. Again, the receding banks drift imperceptibly into the flowery mead beyond, and the waving grass and nodding blossoms are only a spangled band that keeps the blue horizon and the turquoise water apart. Cape and promontory and bay, narrow shute or hidden lagoon, still delts given over to the birds, or knolls swept by shrubbery, all are accessories in the picture whose completion would be marred by the omission of a single detail.

The beach whose moist surface glistens temptingly is but a half-recognized factor of your enjoyment. At Spirit Lake this beach is about thirty feet wide and has the appearance of a well-kept artificial gravel walk. Among its pebbles are beautiful gem-like bits of spar and chalcedony which would

have been exhausted by the summer pilgrims long ago did not the winter storms renew the uniminishable store.

The great army of those Argonauts who follow the pennant of Pleasure may ask no other attraction than those already described. But there are others who would be oblivious to all the glories of sky and lake unless significant of possible sport. It is one thing to don your spike tail and revel in an immaculate and expansive breadth of shirt front at one of the great cottillions at the Orleans—it is quite another to put on a pair of top boots and trudge over the fields with a gun on your shoulder, bagging grouse; or, expectantly and delightfully hang over the edge of a boat and pull in piquant pickarel. Pike, pickerel, muskallonge, bass, rock, silver and blackhead perch (the latter seldom used owing to the abundance of the more desirable variety) reward the devotee of the rod, and it is no unusual thing to see "strings" of eighty or ninety pounds caught between "daylight and sun up." Still fishing and trolling are practiced, and game is too plenty to demand a great expenditure of patience, if the atmospheric conditions are favorable. Ducks, geese, snipe, woodcock and prairie chicken are the game birds of the region which seem not only to live but to flourish in spite of the hunter, and an ample "bag" is sure to reward the sportsman. The Iowa Fish Commission has an extensive plant here with hatching-house and all the modern appliances for scientific pisciculture—millions of trout, salmon, carp and other food fish have been planted in these waters.

The B. C. R. & N. management, with large wisdom, has provided for a wider circle of wants than those of the camper, so on the approach to the narrow isthmus between East Okoboji and Spirit Lake, and facing the latter, into whose waters one can throw a pebble from the broad verandas, it has built a magnificent hotel called the Orleans. It is surrounded by broad verandas which sweep clear about it and affords the most delightful

## REDFERN OUTING GOWNS.

[Special COURIER Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 21, 1890.—What is this pretty young girl doing here, do you ask? Oh, she's one of the novelty seekers, don't you know, who taking after the English, votes tennis slow and passe, and goes in for other amusements, which if not absolutely new, are at least so old as to seem new to this generation of young people. Badminton, or, as it used to be called, battledore and shuttlecock, is one of the revivals now in favor among the holiday makers, and of course Redfern has provided some charming costumes for it. The one illustrated above, is of pale blue French flannel, with the skirt laid



in box plaits all round, and springing apart enough to show an insertion of white wash silk between each plait. The waist is of the wash silk, opening in surplice folds over a smooth fitting vest of the blue; and the full sleeves have blue cuffs. A folded belt of silk with large silver buckle, conceals the junction of skirt and waist.

In this archery costume, also designed by Redfern, the plaited under petticoat is of scarlet and white striped wash silk, while the shirt, waist and skirt are of white serge. Upon the sides and front of the upper, which is cut out in deep zigzag points, is a braided band, done in scarlet and silver, and the belt and quiver chains are of silver. The shirt has collar and cuffs of the striped silk, edged with braided bands, narrower than that upon



the skirt. The very cute little toque is of white serge, with flannel plaits in front, and a small scarlet tip fastened by a silver arrow. It may be added that archery admits of no end of graceful attitudes, and shows to advantage a pretty hand and wrist, and then it is so conducive to a quiet bit of flirtation, when the would-be archer doesn't quite know how to hold her bow, and therefore seeks advice of a beau of another sort.

Last June, after the great flood, I received a bottle of Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy from my pastor, at a time when I was very much run down with diarrhoea, and had tried two doctors without finding any relief. This remedy relieved me at once, and cured me entirely in a short time. I got several bottles and gave it around among my acquaintances who were afflicted in the same way. I think I gave it to a dozen people, and it relieved and cured, so far as I know, in all cases. It is the best medicine for the disease I have ever known.—Mrs. E. L. Henrie, Johnston, Pa.