

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES

Vol. 5 No 38

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRIFLER.



WHILE waiting for a train at the B. & M. depot the other day, my attention was directed to an old lady, whose earthly existence, judging by her shrunken features, was fast drawing to a close. Everything about her betokened extreme age and with the evidences of the ravages of time, were coupled unmistakable indications of present poverty and a life in which there had been, perhaps, an unusual measure of sorrow and suffering. In her bony hands, brown and freckled from constant exposure, was clasped a paper covered book, and I noticed that for over thirty minutes, or as long as I was present, her eyes never left its pages. Mary reading her first letter from dear John could not have bestowed closer attention on the epistle than did the old lady on her book. She seemed, and probably was, utterly unconscious of everything about her. Surely the book must have been a fascinating one to so absorb the attention of a person whose second foot was fast following the first into the grave—some would think. The Bible it could hardly be. More likely "Pilgrims Progress," or Geike's "Life of Christ," or Fox's "Book of Martyrs" or something akin to these—something comforting to a soul soon to seek its maker. Curiosity at last drew me to her side and there at the top of the page I saw the name of the book—"Madeline's Lovers!"

Could anything be more incongruous than a person rounding the last corner in life, wasting precious hours in reading idle tales of youthful romance—of love's young dream—Cupid's first sting? Novels, particularly the modern variety, are for the most part, vain, foolish things, and the time spent in their perusal is worse than thrown away; but in the case of the dear young girl, fresh from school, with, alas! too many visions of love and too little learning, in her pretty head, there is some excuse for the unquenchable desire for these frivolous tales of impossible loves we call novels. To her, life is just beginning, and in the flower-bedecked vista beyond everything is bright and charming; little cupids fill the air and the very earth is fragrant of love. In the novel she finds a partial fulfillment of her dream of life, and she cannot be seriously blamed for her voracious appetite for paper covered literature. It is natural.

And the caramel chewing and cigarette smoking youth has also some excuse for his inordinate longing for these trashy yarns. The exuberance of youthful spirits must trend in some direction and this is doubtless for the most innocent. Man and maiden are both too young to give their whole attention to material things and the "light" novel furnishes to them a delightful sensation.

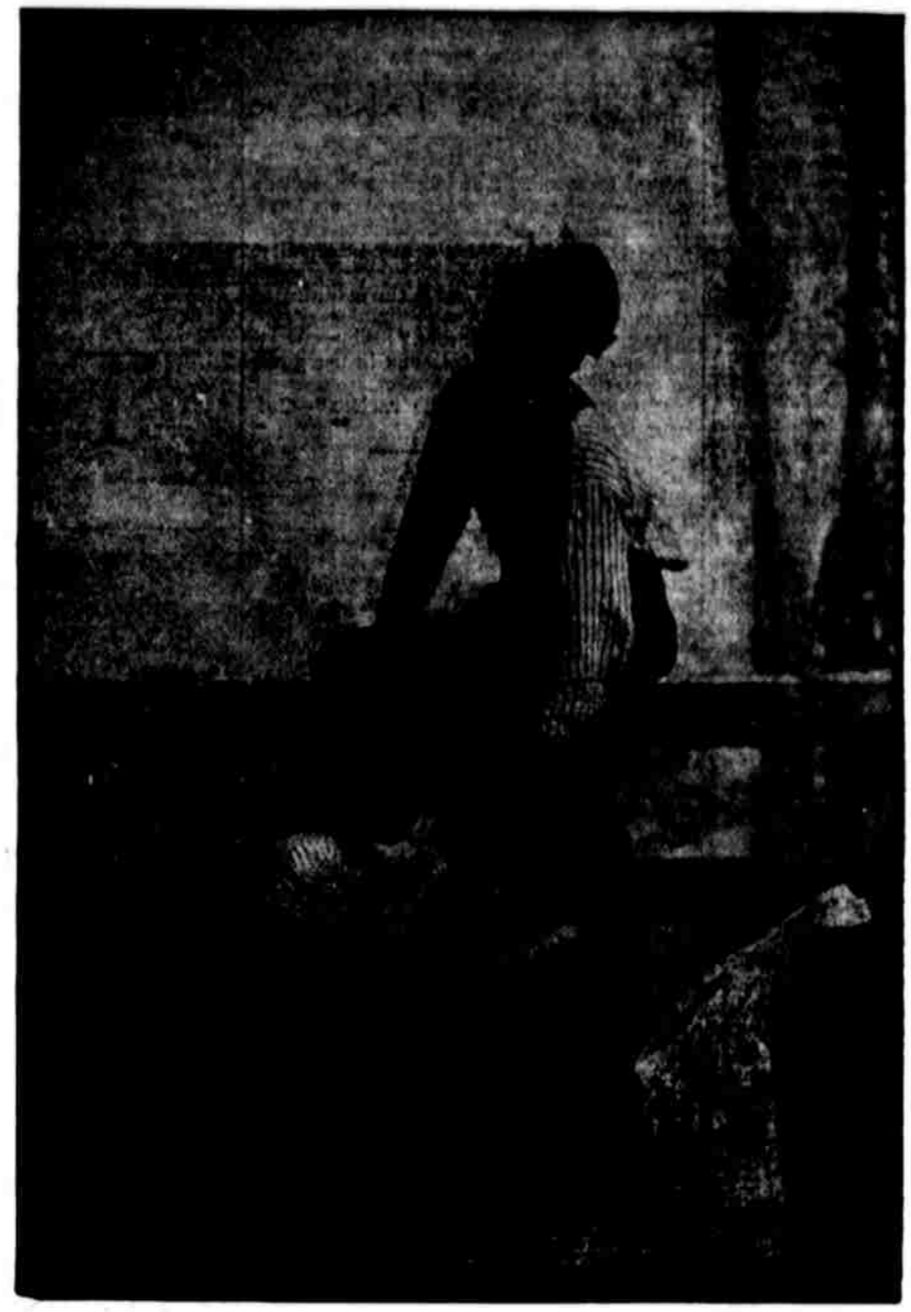
But when a person reaches the age of three-score and ten or she is supposed to have left romance and youthful folly (I don't say that romance is folly, mind far behind. Their concern is for the future—their own future, with cherubim and seraphim, rather than the delectable cupid and his queer quack. The book of life is, for them, nearly closed, and the joys of youth are no more. The old lady at the station must have been nearly ninety. Can any reader of THE COURIER conceive of any possible enjoyment such a person could obtain from reading a book of "Madeline's Lovers," ridiculous sentimentalism! Just about as sensible or fitting for a boy of eight to become enrapt with Chancer or Dante. There is a time for everything and the age of ninety is not the time for sensational literature.

An eastern newspaper seeking to enlighten its readers on the question, "How it feels to be struck by a bullet," interviewed among others, our own Senator Manderson, on his experience in the war. He said: "I was on horseback when I was struck at Lovejoy's station, and for some minutes it felt as if a charge of red-hot coals had been shot into me, for it struck the vital centre, the spine. Presently I began to feel numbness in my extremities and the men carried me off on their guns. But one of my men had a finger shot off and didn't know it. He was lying in his tent pointing up at something when a comrade said: 'Look at your finger, Jo, what's the matter?'"

"Hello!" suddenly exclaimed the late owner of the member, "somebody must have shot it off."

"Little Annie Rooney" after a successful career on the stage has gone up higher. The tune is now being used by the salvation army to save sinners. This is the refrain: "He's my Jesus, He's my Lord; He's my Saviour, He's my God."

John L. Sullivan, the erstwhile pugilist, is soon to achieve fame in a new role. He is now in New York rehearsing his part in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." Duncan Harrison's new play, soon to be put on at Niblo's theatre. John will personate the hero and his interpretation of the part is said to be thrilling in the extreme. When he speaks his dulcet tones are heard at the back end of the cellar, and the echo reverberates among the rafters in the loft; but when he sings—he is a "hummer." A gentleman who attended one of the rehearsals remarked that John's rendition of the song "Norah Daly" resembled the rumbling freight coming down the Allegheny mountains. As Phineas T. would say, "Wait for Sullivan."



A STUDY FROM LIFE

coming engagement at the Funke was announced in last week's COURIER. Frolosome Fay has long had an ardent admirer in a young Howell Osborne, a wealthy bachelor. When the two were in Paris during the summer they quarreled and Fay left for America without even a farewell kiss. Of course Osborne was disconsolate, and to placate her awful wrath, he purchased \$20,000 worth of diamonds and sent them on to New York by his valet. And here is the harrowing part of the story. The valet tried to evade the custom house inspector, was caught, and the diamonds were confiscated by the government. Fay was ready to cry when she heard of it. Only four of the packages were opened. They contained the following articles: A gold watch about the size of a nickel set with sixteen diamonds, a crown-shaped breast pin set with fifty diamonds and having a large pearl in each of the spikes of the crown, a brooch in the shape of a blown rose, containing thirty-five diamonds, a pair of solitaire diamond sleeve buttons, a chateleine with a great number of diamonds, a beautiful point lace fan with mother of pearl sides set with seven large diamonds, two rubies and a sapphire and a moonstone brooch set with twenty diamonds. A spy letter was found in one of the bundles but the officers would not let the reporters see but one sentence—"Dear Fay; when I get over there all the Johnnies must go." Custom house officials never lie, and this tale is probably true, to be true.

In the preparation for winter pastimes the young people of Lincoln might do well to make arrangements to sandwich in a little literature with the multitude of entertainments and amusements. Outside of the Chautauqua circles and the colleges there is no literary society for young people in the city, so far as I am informed, and there seems to be plenty of room and material for a first-rate dramatic and literary club. Musical culture is comparatively well advanced in Lincoln; but too little attention is given to literature. Certainly there are enough people to support a club of this kind. Why not start one?

Congressman Watson, of Pennsylvania, whose death was reported in Wednesday's papers, sacrificed his life for the sake of his party. He left a bed of sickness three times to vote on important party measures, in the face of his physician's prohibition—and he died. And yet we are told patriotism is dying out; that the only tie which binds in modern politics is the almighty dollar. The congressman from the Keystone state knew he was sacrificing his life, and the sacrifice was made because he thought his party was in danger. Surely, his was a patriot's death.

One of the bright young ladies in the Crete camping party, elsewhere referred to, has found a new term to apply to a hammock—a sponholder.

The COURIER's principal illustration this

week presents a striking study in negro life. The delineation of the features is as near perfection as an engraving will permit, and the expression on the face of the unfortunate darkey is eloquent of the suffering caused by the drawing of an ugly splinter.

Among the men who have become prominent before the public by reason of the labor troubles on the New York Central railway, the most conspicuous position,



SARGENT, WEBB, DEBS.

naturally, is held by the third vice president of the road, Mr. H. Walter Webb, who, so far, has acted as the authorized representative of the corporation's interests. Mr. Webb is a man not yet 40 years of age. He is an attorney by profession, and began his railway experience in 1883. On the other side of the big quarrel—leaders in the opposing army, they may be termed—two prominent figures are those of Frank P. Sargent, who is chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and Eugene V. Debs, who is grand secretary and treasurer of the same brotherhood, and who also publishes the official magazine at Terre Haute, Ind. Sargent has the reputation of being a natural born diplomat, and Mr. Touzey, of the Central, declares that he is a remarkably able man. Mr. Debs is reported to enjoy in a large degree the confidence of his associates, and on occasion has shown notable executive ability and intellectual force.

Why It Is Popular.
Because it has proven its absolute merit over and over again, because it has an unequalled record of course, because its business is conducted in a thoroughly honest manner, and because it combines economy and strength being the only medicine of which 100 Doses One Dollar is true—these strong points have made Hood's Sarsaparilla the most successful medicine of the day.

Improved shower for Turkish baths at 101 1/2 street, basement Union block.

AMUSEMENTS.

Dancers are more in demand nowadays than they have been in years. Premieres like Corraldo, Quilitz and Paris command something like \$150 a week. Carmencita, who is the metropolitan hit at Koster & Bial's weekly takes in 300 simoleans. Dancers like Ida Heath, Kate Seymour, Lillian Ramsden, Emily Vivian have salaries ranging from \$75 to \$100 a week. Staccione, the skirt dancer, who will trip around "The Hustler" this season, passes the hundred limit. Good specialty dancers are very scarce. Barney Fagin, one of the best authorities on the subject, says that most women have aptitude for dancing but are lazy. Tote De Crow, another authority, says that women confine themselves to one dance, and never learn a new dance more than once in five years. Jennie Williams, who according to report, is to wed Lord Petre, notoriously danced one dance and that let her out. The advent last year of Sylvia Gray and Letty Lind among us, and their terpsichorean success, was productive of a school of imitators. Florence Miller, Viollette Massette and Marie Cahill are among these imitatory skirt dancers. The prevalent mode of black skirt dancing has given rise to a lot of male parody skirt-dancing. Martinetti and Collier, John Kernell and Max Arnold, Donnelly and Girard, Evans and Hoey are adepts in the burlesque of this style of female skirt-dancing, and their antics on the stage are almost certain to be vociferously applauded.

Clever song writers like Sidney Rosenfeld, Cheever Goodwin, Edgar Smith, Army Knox and Ed Kidder command very neat prices for their effusions. Cheever Goodwin got \$100 for the "Little Pig" song he wrote for De Wolf Hopper. Howitt got \$100 for "It's English You Know," written by him for Dixey. Sidney Rosenfeld is a linguist and hence very clever at catching the spirit of the verse in foreign librettos. Nadaud, the great French topical songwriter, had a country house near Paris on which he had painted this inscription: "This is the result of songs." Most of our song writers do not own houses, and the prices they get for their productions render the prospects for house-ownership exceedingly slim.

We often read of how people miss "it" in one way or another.
A good illustration is told about George C. Staley, the German comedian, who is winning fame and fortune in "A Royal Pass." The season at the Grand in "Frisco" had closed. Gold had just been discovered at Spokane Falls, crowds were rushing thither in their wild desire for riches, and among the crowd were two young men "made up" in the most approved "old forty niner" style. Big boots, flannel shirts, slouch hats, and knives and pistols galore. One was a little fellow with twinkling eyes and brilliant auburn hair, the other big and finely formed with an unusually attractive face, who soon became known among the miners as "Handsome George." They staked their claim and set to work like

heroes, and like Colonel Sellers, they saw millions in it. But mining is hard work, and in a few days their ardor had cooled. Game was plentiful and the streams full of fish, and the boys gave themselves up to enjoying it. Soon the time came for them to get back to "Frisco" to rehearse, and they sold the claim for a few dollars, and departed well satisfied with a summer's sport. Now comes the sequel: in six months a half interest in that claim was sold for \$60,000. Staley often tells of the sixty thousand dollars' worth of game and fish he got at Spokane.

Following is this week's theatrical menu in New York: Hanlon-Volter company, "Merry Monarch," "The Canuck," Sol Smith Russell, Cora Tanner in "One Error," Fay Templeton, "Private Secretary," E. H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield, Strauss Orchestra, Kajanka, "Red Hussar," the Balloon, "The Paymaster," "The Blue and the Gray."

In the inmost circles of dramatic gossip it is whispered that Corinne is not Corinne at all, but that the Simon pure, original Corinne died five years ago from doses of brandy to keep her the diminutive creature she was, and that the present Corinne is another Corinne altogether.

"The Crystal Slipper" will leave St. Louis Sept. 11 on five special cars for San Francisco, where they open at the Baldwin Sept. 15. Senorita Francisca, the wife of the famous Spanish bull fighter, and Senorita Azella, the Flying Dancer, have joined the company.

Lewis Morrison has begun rehearsing his company. It is perhaps unnecessary to reiterate what has so often been said, that the forthcoming production of "Faust" will be one of the grandest representations in the history of the American stage.

Charles Coghlan will support Mrs. Langtry during her London season, which begins in November appearing in "Antony and Cleopatra."

Sardou has arranged to write a play for Stuart Robson which will be ready for production a year hence.

And now it is said that Postmaster General John Wamamaker objects to being burlesqued in the "U. S. Mail."

Edwin Booth has earned a quarter of a million of dollars by his acting during the last three years.

AT THE FUNKE.
John Dillon, the eminent comedian, will open a five night's engagement at the Funke, Friday, Sept. 5. He will be seen in "Wanted the Earth," and a select repertoire of light comedy. Dillon needs no introduction to Lincoln theatre goers. He is already a favorite here, and large audiences are assured each night during the engagement. His support will be unusually strong this season. Following Dillon Compton's minstrels, an able organization, will be the next attraction.

THE MUSEE OPENING.
The Eden Musee, under entirely new management, and with many important improvements, will open at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon for the season of 1890-91. Mr. Jules E. Offner, the new manager, has given particular attention to the opening attractions and artist store of good things await the Musee patrons this week. In the Curio hall there will be life like wax figures of the great heads of Europe, a realistic depiction of the Finney Farm murder, Omaha's awful tragedy, etc., etc. Professor Zanze, the famous wizard, will give some startling exhibitions in the Bijou theatre, and in the grand theatre, George Edwards, a prince of fun, will be seen in Ethiopian characters; George Catlin, in Mongolian eccentricities; Billy White, in Hibernian wit; Professor Gleason's wonderful canine paradox, and the popular play, "Fun in a Chinese Laundry." Saturday afternoons during the season, school children will be given admission and a seat for 10 cents. A feature of the coming season will be an entire change of bill twice each week. The same care will be taken by the incoming management to exclude everything objectionable from the performance that has characterized this house since its initial performance.

AT LINCOLN'S SUMMER RESORT.
Cushman park was well filled with people Wednesday to see the wonderful exhibition of Paul Boynton and his company of aquatic experts. A polo game on the water, rather a novel scene, was an interesting spectacle and much enjoyed. The water shoes worn are made of cork with a rubber covering and immense in size, measuring about two feet wide and four feet in length. The places for the feet are such that when the player loses his balance the shoes free the feet. The game was between Wallace Ross and one of the company, and several times during the play, "a man went overboard" but soon got into place again. Paul Boynton's exhibition was practically the same as seen with the circus. He gave exhibitions of making a raft out of stray timber, preparing a meal on the raft, fishing, and hunting, life saving, signals of various descriptions, etc. The program concluded with a realistic naval duel between two ships, each being about twelve feet long, one of which was blown to pieces.

The balloon ascension on Saturday and Sunday last was not so well attended owing to the inclement weather. However, a fair sized crowd was present and a prettier ascension never was seen. Prof. Ten Broeck's beautiful balloon, "The City of London," made a grand showing and the parachute leap was a great success. The professor will repeat last Sunday's program again tomorrow.

Manager Andrus has another fine attraction for tomorrow in the shape of a novel musical organization. It is the celebrated Baby Brass Band composed of little youngsters, none of them more than twelve years of age. They play excellently and will give a few selections at the depot tomorrow at 2 p. m. before the train leaves for the park. For time table see advertisement on page four. A very attractive program has been arranged for Monday, "Labor Day." Good speakers and musical aid. In the afternoon there will be a basket picnic and in the evening a grand ball and social will be given. There will also be racing and other athletic sports during the day.

Mineral water used for bathing, 106 O. st.

OUT DOOR COSTUMES.

[Special COURIER Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, August 27, 1890.—The attempt of two young women to gridle the globe last winter, inside of eighty days, and the subsequent achievement of the eccentric George Francis Train in the same line, has caused a prominent society woman of New York to make a wager that she will not only make the same trip but "will beat Train's record. As an indispensable preliminary, she has ordered



A TRAVELING COSTUME FROM REDFERN.

Here it is, illustrated. It is a medium weight, fine chevrot, in a somewhat large clouded plaid, and though extremely simple in design, is wonderfully chic and becoming. As she is by the terms of her wager, restricted to a mere hand-bag by way of luggage, Redfern has contrived for her, to meet the colder weather, a supplementary skirt which buttons on just below the waist-line—an unique feature which may be imitated with advantage by other travelers who do not care to be burdened with the usual amount of impedimenta. A large, all-enveloping wrap, of the ulster variety, completes her equipment. The little peak cap, with ear-flaps tied on top, is made of the dress material.

This other pretty costume is marked



A REDFERN LAWN FETE GOWN.

It consists of a petticoat, high pointed corset girde, and sleeves of pale, tea-colored cashmere, upon which are bands of gold braiding. The upper part of the corsage, the puffs on the shoulders, and the skirt drapery, are of a deep old rose surah which contrasts well with the other paler tint. The high collar and narrow, pointed plastron, are a mass of gold braid, but it is applied in a light, sketchy design, and therefore is not too heavy in effect, for a summer gown. The oddly shaped chip hat is of tea-colored straw, and has a vandyked trim, while the trimming is rose antique satin ribbon and an egrette arranged at the back of the crown.

Style, fit and durability are all essentials in a good shoe. Redfern, the shoe man, has a wide reputation for foot-wear, embracing these qualities. His shoes invariably fit the foot, satisfy the eye and give satisfaction generally. Ladies' and gentlemen's shoes in all the latest shapes and styles at Redfern's. The largest and finest stock in the city is his. Heavy shoes for winter wear in great variety and a complete assortment of everything in the shoe line. Shoes are an important part of a person's dress, and we can not be too careful in their selection. Visit a store where you can see the best workmanship and the largest stock. Redfern is the place. In the Exposition.