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HIS FLEETING IDEAL

The Great Composite Novel.

THE JOINT WORK OF
W. H. Ballou, Ella Wheeler Wilcox,
Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun,
Alan Dale, Howe & Hummel,
Pauline Hall, Inspector Byrnes,
John L. Sullivan,
Neil Nelson, Mary Eastlake,
P. T. Barnum, Bill Nye.

I.—FOUND AT LAST.

By W. H. BALLOU. Illustrated by FERNANDO MIRANDA.

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"Happy I may not call thee until I learn that thy life has been happily ended." Thus soliloquized young Mr. Henry Henshall as he reclined, day-dreaming, against the cushions of his seat in the forward section of a Wagner car.

The New York Central train was speeding him on and on, to which fact he was utterly oblivious. He had secured the forward section to escape observation. He sat with his back to the passengers. Himself was companionship enough. He desired only to think and to dream.

He had but a few days since put Columbia college, so to speak, among his stock of reminiscences, with her highest honors in his trunk.

He had mentally given over his father's great manufacturing interests, which invited him to take immediate possession and give the aged sire his desired retirement, to the devil and the deep blue sea. He loved his ideal best, his art next, the devil take what was hindmost. The ideal was now his quest; art he could achieve between times. It was of her he dreamed—his ideal.



He stared through the dim light at the mirror.

As he sat there gazing at the end of the car, deep in the contemplation of this yet unseen but ever clearly outlined celestial ideal girl, with all the glamour of youth, the words of the great Solon to envious Croesus would thrust themselves between his thoughts and seize him like some grim specter, "Happy I may not call thee until I learn that thy life has been happily ended."

"Why need what old Solon or any one else ever said concern me?" he mused. "What difference does it make what people say or who says it? A fact is a fact, and a theory a theory. One man's theory is as good for his own purposes as another's theory. The fact in my case is that I am satisfied to paint, notwithstanding dad's wrath and the business he would thrust on me. Let dad earn the money, or who will—I desire only to spend it."

"So much for the fact. My theory is, and I prefer it to Solon's, that to marry my ideal will be the source of happiness and will insure a happy ending to my life. If I never find her more or less of my life will be miserable and will end unhappily!" The young man failed to see that he had exactly conformed his theory to Solon's, that he had expressed the same theory precisely with variations in form only. Youth is deluded and ignores resemblances, those trifles which made Darwin immortal. He continued to muse:

"As an artist my preferences run to browns. They are my favorite colors, because to me they are most beautiful, most quiet, most sincere and the least suggestive of either gaudiness or gloom. My ideal, unseen, unknown love is a symphony in browns—brown hair, brown eyes and a complexion tinted brown rather than white or red."

"She is very small in stature, hence sure to be superbly perfect in form. Her little head is beautifully rounded and symmetrical, likewise her dimpled arm and her sweet little hands. Her little feet are incased in child's boots, not larger than a child's No. 12. She is"—

He paused abruptly, startled, for he saw her. His eye had been wandering among the gorgeous tapestries of the car, the beautifully wrought woodwork, the superb French painted glass panes in the windows, the oil painted ceilings and the blue and gold woven velvets of the cushions.

At last it rested on a mirror in front and above his head that slightly inclined from the top toward him, sufficiently to expose the entire car and all its occupants in dim image, dim because his curtain was drawn, darkening the light from the window at his side.

He thought several times to change his position to obviate the annoyance, but he

unconsciously seemed deterred from so doing. He was being slowly fascinated by a shadow as yet undefined, but momentarily growing more startling. He stared through the dim light at the mirror until his eyes became accustomed to the shadows above, and the picture among the other images gradually defined itself.

What he saw, that which wound round and round him silken threads of fascination, might have been reflected through a dozen mirrors from side to side and from end to end of the car.

Suddenly he turned and attempted to discover the original among the passengers. Falling in this he again sought the mirror, giving himself entirely to the study of one dim outline.

What he saw was the head and bust of a young girl. It so exactly conformed to the ideal of which he had dreamed so long that he concluded the image must be a conception merely—a psychological ghost, as it were.

There was his dream face surely—the symphony in browns—the brown hair, every thread as delicate as the dew catching gauze of a spider, the large brown eyes, in which was the very soul of the loftiest conceivable intellect, the highest genius of music, perhaps the complexion slightly tinted brown, but not by the sweetest, red lips; the evidently small stature and perfect form, the beautifully rounded and symmetrical head, and dimpled arms.

He only lacked a glimpse of the feet to complete the spell of fascination, except of course the realization of his absorbing desire—possession. He closed his eyes an instant to more completely imagine it all a dream. Again he looked to revel in the picture, but madness—it was gone.

Started, the young man turned in dismay, when, to his almost uncontrollable joy, the girl in all her ideal beauty slowly approached him in the aisle. His quick, artistic eye encompassed her form in a glance, completing the picture. She had exquisite feet incased in little boots not larger than a child's No. 12.

The girl hesitated, looking at him shyly, as if in doubt whether to proceed. Why, he could not for an instant imagine, but he afterward attributed it to the fact that he actually devoured her, so far as one can devour a girl with the eyes. Her hesitation was but momentary, then she approached a small silver water tank in the corner of the lobby near him.

He was on his feet in an instant. He sprang to the tank, his tall form bending until his eyes were on a level with her, and he gazed at her with that eagerness and intensity with which a starved nomad might look through a window on an epicure's dinner at Delmonico's.

"Permit me to assist you," he said gently, with difficulty controlling a desire to grasp her hand.

"Thanks, you are very kind," ventured the maiden, wondering at his eagerness and intensity of gaze.

He placed the silver goblet under the faucet, letting the liquid ooze out as slowly as possible while he continued his gaze like one in a dream of delight.

"The water is overflowing the goblet," suggested the girl with an amused smile. "The man awoke confusedly, turned the water off and handed to her the cup. 'Couldn't you let it run over a little while?' he asked half impatiently. 'The carpet will absorb it. I have been looking for you so long!'"

"Oh, certainly, if you wish," she interrupted. "But then I am so thirsty, you know."

"And so am I," the man said wearily. "I was never so thirsty in my life."

"Then I advise you to take a drink," reported the girl with a laugh, and she abruptly turned and left him.

"It is not for water I am craving," murmured the wretched man, but if she heard him she gave no sign of it.

He watched her move down the aisle and enter the drawing room at the other end of the car. The reason of his inability to see her among the passengers was now evident. But how could her image be reflected in the mirror in front of him?

His eye caught a quick solution. The transom over the door of the drawing room was open. Some mirror on the inside reflected the image of the people to some mirror on the outside and thence into the one over his head.

Hungry and dissatisfied he seated himself again to contemplate the picture and scheme to get acquainted.

Now he recognized other people in the drawing room also reflected in the mirror. There was an old man with a sober, dissatisfied face who looked as if he might be a disciple of Henry George deep in contemplation of land theories; a woman who had a just then unreadable countenance, who might be the ideal's instructress in music or other studies, or her governess, perhaps; lastly, the face of a younger man, say of 35 years, that bore in it cunning, malice, snavity and other characteristics which denoted a shrewd schemer and perhaps a villainous nature.

Was she traveling in security with an aged, absorbed parent and trusted friends, or was her father, if such he be, oblivious to the machinations of a villain, who had an accomplice in the supposed governess?

ives, but to squander his whole fortune. Poor man! He little knew how much of his contemplation was to be realized in his future existence.

Alarmed by the workings of his brain he suddenly resolved to paint the group as they appeared in the mirror. He raised the curtain near him to increase the effect of the scene in the mirror, but it only dulled out the picture and he drew it down.

From his valise he took a palette, his paints and brushes and a small square of canvas with a heavy pasteboard back designed for use in the absence of an easel.

He began sketching on his ideal. It was a joyous task, so much so that his whole soul became concentrated in the work, and the lines in which he drew the lovely face rapidly grew into a fac-simile of life.

Of course the best he could do during the remainder of the day was to prepare studies for more finished paintings later. Still he lingered long and lovingly on the face of his ideal until the study, under the intensity of his love and longing, became not a bad picture.

The day gradually lengthened until he recognized that he must turn his attention to the others of the group or miss them by nightfall.

They might get off at some destination north of New York. He must hasten. With feverish anxiety, intensified by the thought of her possible escape from him, he put away the paints and took to his pen.

By nightfall he had sketched the group, so that all its characters might be recognized by the detectives who he already purposed putting on the case if he should miss them.

Mr. Henshall concluded that in the dining car at dinner he should have the pleasure of sitting at the table next to the group. To his utter disappointment dinner was served to the party in the section of the drawing room.

He entered the dining car on the last call and resorted to stimulants to urge his brain into some suggestion for his relief. He returned to his section and called the conductor, having evolved no other scheme.

"Can you tell me the names of the party in the drawing room and their destination?" he queried anxiously.

"I do not know their names," replied the official, "as the room was merely marked off to a party of four. However, I know that their destination is New York, and that they have transfer tickets either for some steamer or railroad. In case of the latter they should be bound southward; if abroad, their course is but a wild conjecture."

"Find out for me where they are going and I will pay you \$10."

"Very well, sir." But that was the last he saw of the conductor.

When darkness set in the brilliant electric lights of the Wagner palace increased the intensity of the picture in the mirror.

At last Henshall observed some movement in the drawing room.

The girl took a violin, and tuned it to suit her practised little ear. Soon there began to float through the car the ravishing strains of Chopin, Schumann and other masters.

If she was exquisitely beautiful to him before, what could describe her when pouring her very soul into music? It was then that the beautiful brown eyes vindicated his sense of the artistic and his love of their color.

In the mystic spell of that entrancing music he could see clearly through the perfection of her fingering, bowing, technique, finish and grace into her very soul, which was mirrored in her eyes.

He had listened to Ole Bull in times past, to Sembrich and even to Christine Nilsson when she had chosen to seize a violin and charm her friends; but in love as he was the music of the maiden for whom he was hungering seemed to pale the efforts of those great artists.

The very motion of the car was in harmony with her time. Passengers threw away their novels and listened. The old man in the drawing room closed his eyes as if in rapturous sleep. The villainous looking man, as if fascinated, thrust his face as near to hers as he could without disturbing the player, and his looks showed passion, longing, and a malicious intent which maddened Henshall.

As suddenly as the music commenced it ceased. The girl arose and put away her violin softly and with a caress. Evidently she was tired and wished to seek her couch.

Had the young man heard what was said within, his anxiety would have been increased to a fever heat, but he had not that privilege, much to his later disadvantage.

Soon the lights within the drawing room went out; the group had retired.

Long in contemplation the young man sat. At last, merely to relieve the porter, all the remaining passengers being in bed, he betook himself to his couch. It was hours before his tired brain would rest, and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the floor and dress himself. The car was standing in the yards of the Grand Central depot. The berths were all made up, and the open doors of the drawing room showed that his bird had flown.

"Where have they gone—the people in the drawing room?" he almost shouted.

"Don't know, sah. Don't know nothing 'tall about it. Train got heah at 4 o'clock last mornin'. De passengers get up when da pleases. 'Spee de folks got up when da pleased."

Mr. Henshall sat down a moment to clear his brain. He was stunned.

Most of the night he had tossed in bed, hoping for an accident, a crash, a fire, anything, that he might spring to her rescue. Nothing of the kind had happened. Instead he had gone to sleep like a stone and let her escape.

It was now 10 o'clock. Six hours had elapsed, sufficient for the party to have escaped by European steamer or to the south, or worse, perhaps to their home in the vast city of New York, where one individual is a mere drop in the ocean, a grain

(continued on page 2)

THE TRIFLER.



REV. E. H. CURTIS of the First Presbyterian church made a literal and decidedly practical application of the account of Hezekiah's cleansing of the temple last Sunday morning. The pews were well filled with people who doubtless expected the conventional sermon. But the conventional sermon didn't come. The actual cleansing of the house of worship would have made a beautiful figure for the spiritual renovation of the modern temple. But the minister drew a figure of a far different sort. When the people had heard the familiar story, the preacher called attention to their own tabernacle. It, too, stood in need of the treatment so carefully bestowed in the ancient days of Hezekiah, and money was required to meet that need. Contributions were asked for and in a few minutes the snug sum of \$800 was realized. Not a bad morning's work, eh?

Dr. B. L. Paine, the Prohibition candidate for governor of Nebraska, was born in Ohio in 1831. He graduated from the Ohio Medical college in 1875, and from Hahnemann college of Philadelphia in 1877. After a brief practice in his native state he went west and located in Nebraska. He was then a poor man.



DR. B. L. PAINE.

Twelve years in the capital of this state have proven successful years, professionally and financially. During the four years of the medical department of the state university Dr. Paine was dean of the homeopathic faculty. For several years he was the leader of the Y. M. C. A. forces in Lincoln. He has always been an active church worker. Business associates quote the doctor as being worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000, largely invested in real estate. He has lectured in several western states during the past five years, principally on religious and moral topics. He will make a brief canvass, and will devote his speeches mainly to the advocacy of the Prohibition amendment.

What is it that is accountable for that nervous energy so characteristic of the social life of this part of "the west"? Persons, who in their eastern homes, were demure and earnestly, even painfully, "proper," soon fall victims to the prevailing infection once they pitch their tents on the western prairies and mountain ranges. Men who loved to idle away their time, to spend the fleeting hours in the delightful task of doing absolutely nothing, change, perhaps, involuntarily, their manner of life when they settle down in this new empire. Women who lived only in the seclusion of their homes on the other side of the ocean, and the lake, enter into the more exciting social pleasures, as a matter of course, when they migrate to western towns and cities of greater altitude. There is a general air of restlessness, of peculiar activity. People feel as though they must do something constantly. The energy which supplies that surpassing vitality in our commercial life, acts also upon the social life. It stirs us up. It makes us fly around, this way and that, until we become almost ubiquitous. It infuses a new zest into all the pleasures and pastimes of society. If we were active in our eastern homes, we are doubly active in our new field. We are forever going somewhere or doing something.

Isn't it largely a matter of climate? One feels the drowsiness of the south in the very atmosphere. The air is languor laden, and the gentle breeze sets on a person's sensibilities almost as a narcotic. The vital forces of southern men and southern women are attracted to the climatic and atmospheric conditions of the locality in which they live, and southern life is typical of southern suns and southern breezes. So in the west, in those cities which are perched so many thousand feet above the "level of the sea" the lusty energy of social and commercial life is suggestive of the temperature—of the climate. The air is rarer, the winds sharper, the sky seemingly clearer. The atmosphere quivers with life—with vitality—and the nervous energy in men and women is kindled and fed. Latent ambitions and dormant ideas are called into life and action become the mainstay of existence. We are impelled by a secret force to go, to move, to do. The higher the altitude the greater this nervous activity, illustrated forcibly by the two cities, Omaha and Denver.

The social season that is about to open will be the most brilliant in the history of Nebraska's gay Capital City. Already six dancing clubs have been organized and as many more will probably be given life before the early days of November. This speaks well as to the prospects for the winter's festivities, but alas, who will furnish all the music? Lincoln is sorely in need of orchestral music, and a good first class organization of that kind would prove a grand success here. Lincoln is no longer a village or a town, but a full grown city of 60,000 inhabitants, with all the metropolitan adjuncts of any of the great cities, and she wants music. Metropolitan music and the best is none too good for her. When Lincoln society dares it wants to dance to the latest airs, and the most artistically rendered music; that the composer writes. If our local musicians desire to hold the field this winter they must look to their laurels. Music that was rendered one or two years ago was good enough then, but it

must keep up its gait with the gait of other improvements. Music, full of life and melody, is what we want and what Lincoln must have.

The democracy of the state and the city of Lincoln are to be congratulated upon the existence of such a paper as the *Lincoln Herald*. And yet, I am afraid, the democracy isn't half as appreciative as it should be. Calhoun, in airing his prohibition ideas, mixes just enough bitter with the sweet to make the dose unpalatable to a good many, who would otherwise be staunch supporters of his paper. Cal is one of the brainiest men in his state and there is an elevated tone and literary finish in the *Herald* seldom found in weekly papers. He has an artistic style which, with his wide knowledge of affairs, lends a peculiar interest to his work. Above all, there is in his writing a refinement generally lacking in his co-laborers in the newspaper field in this state. The editorials in the *Herald* are worth reading. They are invariably fair, always learned and never uninteresting. It is a clean, bright paper and ought to be very widely read.

Small boys and zoologically inclined individuals who go to see the animals are not the only patrons of the circus. The fascination which attaches to be-spangled bareback riders, the performing elephants, the clowns, the daring gymnasts, and the general melody of the modern circus, doesn't always lose its power when sterner thoughts have crowded into the mental vision of those who in the years ago—in childhood's happy time—knew no greater joy than a peep inside the tent of the colossal combination of world-wide wonders and aggregations of stupendous magnificence, et cetera.

The men who are only boys grown tall, sometimes feel an awakening of the old youthful enthusiasm at the sound of the steam callopie or even at the sight of those alluring lithographs which Barnum and his craft so cunningly devise—and they follow the crowd to the "big show." They renew their youth in the dazzling spectacle of glittering but ancient and hardened beauties. In the resonant cries of "peep" and lemonade vendors, in the feats of horsemanship, and what not which greet the vision and tickle the ear under the enticing stretch of canvas. Perhaps some conventionally dignified and prosy person here and there looks about him in a shamefaced way and wishes he had sense enough to stay away; but most of us leave our dignity outside and get all the enjoyment out of the show we can. We like it and we don't care who knows it. Barnum and Forepaugh have built up in our American civilization an institution that will endure, an institution which while confessedly trifling and of no earthly good whatever, appeals to human nature, irresistibly—and draws.

Distance does indeed lend enchantment to a good many things. For instance Kiralfy's spectacular adjunct to the circus, when viewed from the opposite side of the tent was impressive. And the array of "vestal virgins" (to quote from the advertisements), how charming it looked! The costumes appeared to be fresh and beautiful, the girls young, graceful and pretty. But things are not always what they seem. In the grand march around the big ring the beauties as they passed by my seat in the front row lost their lustre. The spangles became dull and the beautiful costumes were transformed into tawdry and soiled rags. The spectacle's brilliancy faded away. The Kiralfy's evidently believe in beauty in the abstract; for their girls are proverbially plain. But I think I never saw so large a collection of worn-out, antiquated, unburned, frizzly, towsy beauties as these "vestal virgins" of Nero. No wonder Rome burned.

It takes time to make a success of a big enterprise like Cushman Park. Mr. Andrus didn't make any money last year. He didn't expect to. He was looking to the future. He was willing to throw away a few dollars that another season would return with compound interest. He was determined to build up the Park at any cost. He sowed last year to reap this. And the harvest, if somewhat delayed, was bountiful. From May 14 to Sept. 14, over 100,000 people passed the gates at the Park, and a good many well earned shekels slid into Mr. Andrus' coffers. Cushman Park has been an attractive place of resort the past season. Its natural beauties were supplemented by many hand-made improvements and pleasure devices, and there has always been something to see and hear. People do appreciate a good thing, and I am glad to say that Cushman Park is at last appreciated. The improvements at this resort have only just begun. Next year there will be a mile race track that will overtop everything in this part of the country, a coursing track, etc., and no pains or expense will be spared in fitting up the grounds.

There is a picturesque story going the rounds about an enterprising newspaper man's experience in a small town in this state. I don't vouch for its accuracy, but I think it's all right. The story runs something like this:

"Bought a newspaper for \$20?" "That's what I said," replied a tall, lame man, wearing a G. A. R. button. "Young Snidely went out to Nebraska in 1877, about the time Bill Nye started his *Boomerag* in Launium, Wyo., and bought out the *Low Tree Courier*, good will, office fixtures, plant and everything for \$20. He sold the same paper in two years for \$2,500."

"Great financier." "Yes, a judicious combination of finance and journalistic instinct. Snidely arrived in *Low Tree* with only \$25 and put up at a hotel where the two men, or rather boys, who owned the paper, boarded. One of them was a printer—the younger one, the other was a stockman upon the Loup River, who didn't know an em quind from a thrippenny lath nail. The price asked for the *Courier* was \$1,400. Snidely looked the office over, said he'd take it, paid the boys \$20 down, pulled off his coat and went to work. There was, of course, a mortgage on the outfit. I

never saw a country paper in that state without one. One note note of \$700 was due the next week.

"Snidely got out a rattling good paper—it was a weekly—the first issue showed signs of improvement, and then went down and introduced himself to the county commissioner. Before he left he got that official to promise to use his influence with the county commissioner in getting the tax list to publish; and finally succeeded in borrowing \$500 on the promise of a good bonus on the tax list. The list came to \$1,100, all clear money, by the way, and then Snidely got the county commissioners to publish the official proceedings of their board—something that had never been done before—and this, at forty cents an inch, he fattened up to be worth at least \$50 a week—all net gain. The whole town fell dead in love with Snidely, advertising flowed in, they elected him justice of the peace, sent him to the legislature, and boomed him for all there was in sight. Well, when the man came along, as I said, Snidely sold out for \$250,000, went west to Denver, and sunk the whole in some mining speculation. Every word of this story is true, and it shows the possibilities which are always looming up in young states for young, enterprising men."

REDFERN'S NEW CREATIONS.

(Special COURIER Correspondence.)

New York, October 1, 1890.—In the fall, as in that other unsettled season, the spring, the woman who is good to herself and they're most all that provides a number of wraps to suit the many variations of temperature, so that whether it be mild, bright and sunny, or grey and chilly, her attire may be in harmony with the weather. Two weeks ago our readers had a chance to study up the long costume wrap which is so comfortable for the promenade or the drive in brisk, bracing days; to-day they shall see what is the newest Redfern idea for the brilliant Indian summer. It is a variation of the small, cape-wrap which this house made so popular in the spring, only composed of more substantial material.



CHIC.

In the above sketch Redfern has used plush of a deep bronze-brown for the back and sleeve portions, while the scarf front, girtled at the waist by a broad band of gold metallic ribbon, is of terra cotta corded silk, slightly braided just below the collar with gold braid. This collar is of the flaring Medici's shape and extends down upon the shoulders; the sleeves are puffed very high. The tiny toque is of the same plush as the cape, and its bird matches the silk in tint. Figure two shows us:



ANOTHER OF THE REDFERN FALL CAPES.

but this one is of military cloth in dull, dark red. The collar and the entire front is overlaid with straps of wide black braid outlined with a pearl edge of the *Febron* brand. The over-sleeves are laid in box pleats to hang very full and are headed by a band of black fox like an epaulet, and a similar band edges the bottom of the close under-sleeves. It will be seen that the effect is that of a tight-fitting coat with deep, pointed front and cape-sleeve. The toque is of the cloth to match, with loops of black velvet and a short, curled ostrich tip of the same sable hue.

Merit wins, as the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medicinal merit. Sold by all druggists.