

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES

Vol. 6 No. 20

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



As one listened to the delightfully harmonious strains which came from the Marine Band at the Funke Tuesday evening and saw the brilliant uniforms and accoutrements of Director Sousa and his men, one was inclined to wonder somewhat at the maintenance of such an institution as the Marine Band in the sometimes too democratic United States. When you think how strong is the prejudice in this country of our against the gilded trappings of royalty, against show and glitter of all kinds, and how that one idea, so characteristic of American civilization—that of practical utility—has swept almost everything before it, much that is beautiful because it is deemed non-essential by the modern vandals who are offering up the best treasures of art and beauty in the land on the altar of materialism, who are doing their utmost to rob us of the ideal and to make us bow down before the shibboleth of a sordid practicality—when you think of all this, isn't it a little strange that the Marine Band should have escaped the reformers' clutches? This band is maintained at the public expense and it's sole duty is to gladden the ears of the occupants of the White House. The band occupies an exactly similar place to that of the trained orchestras which are to be found in almost every foreign court. In its gay apparel and the position it holds it does indeed savor of royalty and yet it is suffered to exist. Happily the fanatics who are brave enough to decry the Marine Band, are few and every American ought to feel proud that it is distinctly American institution; that it is a national concern. The Marine Band is one of the finest in the world. It loses nothing by deriving its support from a democratic government. In it are gathered the most competent musicians that can be found and Phillip Sousa, the director, has spread its fame far and wide.

The concert more than answered the expectations of the immense audience which packed the opera house. It recalled the appearance of Strauss and the Vienna orchestra and artistically considered, Sousa suffered little by comparison with the Waltz King. In its way the band was fully equal to the much vaunted orchestra, and the almost perfect harmony was a palpable surprise to many of the auditors not familiar with the capabilities of a Gilmore or a Sousa. The program was skillfully arranged so as to please all classes and there was no one present who could not appreciate at least a portion of the music. The performance was an emphatic, artistic triumph, and it is surprising that the audience should have been so reserved. Accustomed to receiving veritable ovations in other cities, the coldness of the Lincoln people must have jarred unpleasantly on the musicians, and left a not very high impression of our appreciation. Miss Decca sustained what has been said of her and was very well received.

THE PROGRAM.

Overture—"Rienzi"..... Wagner
"Invitation a la Valse"..... Weber
Nona—"The Contest"..... Godfrey
Grand Aria—"Perle du Bresil"..... David
Mlle. Marie Decca.
Overture—"William Tell"..... Rossini
(a) Tondreau et Andouze, "Ball Costume"
Rubenstein
(b) "Funeral March of a Marionette"
Gounod
Symphonic Poem—"The Chariot Race"
Humoresque—"The Contest"..... Godfrey
"Swiss Song"..... Ecker
Patriotic Song—"The American Banner"
Arnold
"Marching Through Georgia" was given in response to the first encore and the audience was made to feel plainly the inspiration of the grand old tune. In "Listen to My Tale of Woe" was evidenced the truth of what has been written concerning the effectiveness of the comedy music as rendered by the Marine Band. "The Musician's Strike" and "The Chariot Race" were among the favorite selections. "Swanee River" was sung by Miss Decca with much effect upon her recall after the rendition of the Swiss song. Lincoln was very fortunate in being included in the route selected by our national band for its first tour.

In the farce comedy line there has been few plays that have been so well received in Lincoln this season as *The Fakir*, which was again staged at the Funke Friday evening with a company of artists that were even better than those seen in the casts here last season. Since it was last put on here several changes have been made which improve the piece to a great extent. New musical numbers have been added and several pretty dances introduced. Lizzie Dersins Daly, an old time favorite, was in the cast and such familiar faces as Mark Sullivan, Max Arnold, Rosa France were all seen during the evening to usual good advantage. The piece, like all the modern day farce comedies, makes no pretensions at a plot, but is given simply to make people laugh. It done this admirably Friday evening and consequently everyone was satisfied.

BOYD'S NEW THEATRE.

A beautiful large photograph of Boyd's new theatre in Omaha has been received by THE COURIER with compliments of manager Thomas F. Boyd. It is a magnificent temple of amusement on an idea of its grandeur can only be appreciated by looking through the superbly arranged interior as did a Courier representative recently. But the exterior presents a handsome and stately appearance as well and the photo of same may be seen in THE COURIER'S east window. It is five stories high and built of extra fine quality of stone, with an architectural design that is not surpassed anywhere in America. Later on we hope to be able to give a detailed description of the house with interior views, showing the boxes, parquette, etc.

FOR AN ENTIRE WEEK.

Commencing Monday evening, Rentfrow's Jolly Pathfinders will open a week's engagement giving six evening performances and two matinees. Rentfrow's Jolly Pathfinders is one of the oldest combinations on the road

give the best and most finished performance of any popular price company now before the public. The cast shows some excellent people and all well characterized in the several plays that will be put on during next week at Funke's. The repertoire announced embraces a large list of standard plays and many new ones that will be seen for the first time here next week. The list of plays to be presented are as follows:

Monday and Tuesday evening—Below Zero
Wednesday matinee—Musical Scrap.
Wednesday evening—A Pair of Owls.
Thursday evening—Fun by Express.
Friday evening—Play not announced.
Saturday matinee—A Practical Joke.
Saturday evening—Six Pans in a Pot.
Prices for this engagement have been placed 15, 25, 35, and 50 cents. First floor reserved seats, 50 cents; balcony reserved 25 cents. Seats go on sale today.

JOHN L. IS COMING.

The next big attraction at Funke's is America's noted pugilist and modern dramatic star actor, John L. Sullivan, who appears with an excellent company in "Honest hearts and willing hands," early in May.

NEWS IN THE PROFESSION.

The present season at Funke's is drawing to a close.
"The Fakir" was the attraction at the Funke last evening.

With two opera houses in full blast next season Lincoln will surely be supplied with ample stage amusement.

Marie Wainright is nearing the end of her long and successful tour. She closes her season this evening, in Milwaukee.

Joseph Haworth will star next season in the late E. L. Davenport's romantic play, "St. Marc." He will be managed by Joseph H. Mack.

Thomas Seabrooke has retired from the DeWolfe Hopper Opera company, owing to an injury to his knee while playing in Denver, recently.

Frederick Paulding returns to New York next week when active preparations for the production of "The Struggle of Life" will begin.
Miss Minna Gale begins her starring tour early in September. She will be managed by Mr. Theodore Bromley, formerly director of the Booth-Barrett combination, and will be supported by an unusually capable company.

On Saturday evening of this week at Miner's Theatre in Newark, N. J., Clara Morris closes one of the most profitable tours that she has ever made. Mr. Edwin H. Price, who has so ably handled her business affairs is to continue as her manager next season.

Theatrical business all over the country has been very dull this season. Lincoln, however, has as usual proven contrary to this rule and has given all good companies big business. Lincoln is considered by theatrical people one of the best show towns in America.

The most important announcement a new opera house schemes is that made by Mr. Reynolds of the Funke. He says that \$25,000 or \$30,000 will be expended in improvements at his house this summer and that when the fall season opens the Funke will be practically a new house. This looks reasonable.

Circuses will infest the west to a greater extent next season than ever heretofore. The COURIER has already received information from the Forepaugh show to the effect that its tents will be spread here during the early summer, but for one day only. Several other, but smaller tent shows are booked for Lincoln both before and after the Forepaugh shows.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys a world-wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing grey hair to the original color of youth.

Baby is Sick.

The woeful expression of a Des Moines teamster's countenance showed his deep anxiety was not entirely without cause, when he enquired of a druggist of the same city what was best to give a baby for a cold. It was not necessary for him to say more, his countenance showed that the pet of the family, if not the idol of his life was in distress. "We give our baby Chamberlain's Cough Remedy" was the druggist's answer. "I don't like to give the baby such strong medicine," said the teamster. "You know John Oleson, of the Waters-Talbot Printing Co., don't you?" enquired the druggist. "His baby when eighteen months old, got hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and drank the whole of it. Of course it made the baby vomit very freely but did not injure it in the least, and what is more, it cured the baby's cold. It is not necessary to give poisons to cure a cold or for cough either." The teamster already knew the value of the Remedy, having used it himself, and was now satisfied that there was no danger in giving it even to a baby.

A House Wanted.

About July first, an eight room residence with modern conveniences in central location, or will give lease on residence built to my order. Address, L. WESSEL, Jr., 1134 N St.

Bicycles of all kinds and all makes skillfully repaired on short notice. Wrenches, oil, tires and other supplies always for sale at George & Fishette, 142 O street.

Cheapest place in the city for millinery and hair goods—Tacombra Sisters, 1342 O street.

Every lady who attends our Hosiery and Underwear sale on Monday will be convinced we are selling these goods at very low prices.

J. W. WINGER & Co.

Never order a photograph or picture of any kind until you have seen the work done at the new Studio Le Grande, 124 south Twelfth street.



If you ever bet on horse races, said an old time sporting man the other day, always pick a favorite. Your greeny at the business of buying pools will let old hands pick one or two or three of the most likely horses in the race and then he will take the field because he gets a lot of horses. If he gets the field for less than some fellow gave for first choice, as very often happens, why he thinks he has a rare bargain and he generally goes around bragging about it. Once in a while an unknown horse surprises the community by winning a race, but the chances are always on the side of the favorites. The fellow who follows a string of horses from one place to another and makes it his business to know what they can do is the fellow who buys first choice and lives high. He wears good clothes and lives high. He gets the money to pay it all comes out of a wicket who buy the field. In other words, the sporting man understands his business better than the greenhorn does.

Why is snow white? asked a young man among a group of others and then followed a variety of guesses, while several were hastened to plead ignorance. The fact of the matter is snow is not white. Snow has been known to look blue when the sunshine struck it at a particular angle. Likewise scientists have seen snow that was apparently pink. White light is a combination of seven different colors. Snow has crystals—hundreds of forms of them—and they reflect the seven rays of the spectrum in such a manner that they are combined into white light. Snow appears to be white because it reflects white light. Some clever people maintain that nothing but light has color, but as a matter of convenience we attribute to each object that color which it reflects, or in other words which it appears to have. Some of these smart people defy us to prove that we are living, but we plain, seven-day-in-the-week people can take the good old orthodox beliefs on these common things of every-day life, and we will live quiet as long.

The other day a couple of gentlemen were discussing the itinerant system of the Methodist church, which tells every preacher of that denomination to "move on" at least once in every three years. One of them told of a somewhat similar plan, although on a restricted scale, that was being tried by some churches in other denominations over in Europe. We would call it an "exchange" of pulpits, for that is all it is, except that it is done with regularity every year and lasts longer than the ordinary exchange. Suppose that Dr. Curtis should exchange pulpits with some equally good preacher of Denver, or Rev. Gregory with some Congregational brother from Kansas City, each for a month. One can imagine that it might be a refreshing change for both the ministers and the congregations, and that, too, without any reflection upon either. The benefits of this sort of thing are too obvious to need enumeration, and if it could be done systematically every six months or year it might be made a valuable feature of modern church work.

A new comer was lamenting the fact Sunday evening that there was no place to go to for amusement. He came recently from New York and formerly lived in Berlin, the Prussian capital. "Berlin is the place for a young man to enjoy life," he said, "but I really cannot approve the mode of life over there. It interrupts the home life, and they have not the family life that you have in America—that is, it is not nearly so general. It is a common thing in Berlin for men, after the day's work, to go to a beer or concert hall and remain until a late hour. They enjoy themselves, but it makes a break in that home life which is so admirable here. If a man goes home for supper he is in a hurry to get back down town where he is likely to stay until twelve or one o'clock. He has a good time, and it is all innocent enough of itself, but his wife and children are left at home night after night and it must be very dull for them. There is often very little of that sweet companionship we associate with the word home."

Lincoln has a number of amateur devotees of the art photographic, and their ranks are being increased almost weekly. A few of them have regular photographers develop their negatives, but the genuine enthusiasts insist on doing all their own work from start to finish—in taking and making photographs in the fullest sense of the word. One of the difficulties they have to encounter is the getting of a suitable dark room, and just now there is talk among them of combining to rent and equip some central room in the business part of the city. Perhaps this will be the first step to a broader organization, and when that comes perhaps our amateur photographers will begin to let their friends enjoy the fruits of their labors. Not only would an exhibition of their photographs be an interesting affair, but the magic lantern shows them to extend the enjoyment to a novel and enjoyable entertainment.

One of the remarkable incidents of the hour is the effort of the Omaha Bee to bring the World Herald to an agreement on the subscription price of those papers. The price of the Evening World was ten cents a week, and after its consolidation with the Herald that rate was maintained for the afternoon edition although the size of the paper was increased. The price of the Evening Bee was fifteen cents, and its solicitors no doubt ran up against many people who took the World-Herald simply because it was cheaper. For a year past Mr. Rosewater has been trying to get Mr. Hitchcock to raise the price of his evening edition to fifteen cents and let the papers compete on merit instead of on price. Mr. Hitchcock declined, and Mr. Rosewater is going to try a little financial

pressure by means of a rate war. He announces that Omaha people may have the Bee, either morning or evening, delivered for five cents a week, including the big Sunday paper. He advertises to take one dollar for a twenty weeks' subscription, so it is evident he is counting on quite a siege. The presumption is that he expects a great many people will stop the World-Herald and take the Bee because of its cheapness. He hopes to cause such a loss of revenue to the double-edged daily as will compel it to come to his terms. The five cent rate means a big loss to the Bee also, and Mr. Rosewater is quoted as saying that he is ready to lose \$25,000 in the undertaking. He argues that the dailies in other cities have tried cheap prices, but they have all reached the conclusion that an eight page paper with sixteen pages on Sunday is worth from fifteen cents upward. This matter of cut rates has been fought out in other cities and must be in Omaha. He is in for having it settled now. This war is a peculiar one. A railroad sometimes cuts rates in order to force a rival to its terms, but a reduction in newspaper prices is usually for the purpose of increasing circulation rather than to force a rival to increase its rate. Mr. Rosewater's effort is unique, therefore. It may be stated that this war of the Bee benefits only Omaha people. While they were getting the Evening Bee for fifteen cents a week and the Evening World-Herald for ten cents a week, outsiders were paying twenty cents for the morning editions of both. The latter price, apparently, is to remain unchanged.

"Is Marriage a Failure?" had a long run and stirred up a great deal of discussion. Why doesn't some genius start the conundrum: "Is a husband worth having?" The testimony of the women who have husbands—and how could any others be competent witnesses—might make exceedingly interesting reading.

Occasionally a newspaper man is rewarded in this world. J. W. Johnson, editor of the Sutton Advertiser was elected Secretary of the board of transportation the other day. Mr. Johnson is well known as a stalwart republican and he is eminently qualified for the duties of his new position. Mr. Johnson is also a poet, but THE COURIER regrets to say that his efforts in this direction have not been received with that enthusiastic admiration which a "literary feller" so much appreciates. Indeed it is said that, disgusted with the coolness of the public, he has decided to eschew poetry altogether in the future, leaving the field to N. K. Griggs of Beatrice.

He Meant Business.

"Didn't I just throw you down stairs?" inquired a Monroe street lawyer to the peddler who had entered.
"You did, sir," was the reply, "and I just returned."
"Get out of here! I told you that I don't want to buy anything."
"Excuse me one moment," said the peddler. "Let me take your order for a pair of shoes. I notice you are wearing carpet slippers."—Grand Rapids Democrat.



Reaching his foot, Cholly slipped on his smoking jacket.—Harper's Bazar.

Italy Has All the Best of It.
"Here, this thing ought to be stopped!" he exclaimed, as he rushed into the city editor's room. "We're getting all the worst of it, and I for one am for peace."
"What ought to be stopped?" asked the city editor.

"This Italian business. It's terrible the turn affairs have taken. A man's life is hardly safe on the street."
"Another outrage?" asked the city editor, as in his excitement he dipped his pen into the paste pot.
"Outrage!" exclaimed the stranger. "It's war—war of retaliation. Every Italian in the city is in it, I believe."
"Um. Serious matter!" said the city editor.
"Serious! I should say so. But I'm onto the plan, and the best thing we can do is to give the public warning before it goes any further. Then we must have immediate peace or war. I'm for peace, for they have the best of us."

The city editor struck the mouthpiece of his pipe in the inkwell and put the penholder in his mouth.
"Are you sure of your ground?" he asked thoughtfully.
"No. That's just what I'm not sure of. But I know the plan all right."
"That is it?"
"They have a corner on the banana market and are throwing the skins on the sidewalk. That's why I'm not sure of it."
Inkwell, pipe and paste pot followed the stranger as he made his hasty exit.—Chicago Tribune.

See the fine display of Gold and Brass Cages, Water Coolers and Filters and Lecterns and Refrigerators. The largest and most complete stock of House Furnishing goods in the city at Rudge & Morris.

Parisian millinery including all the latest novelties at Haines & Hasko's new millinery store, 1135 O street.



We came pretty near getting Friday's game, but DePribrough's pitching was a little too eccentric—he hadn't got warmed up yet and there were other reasons why Lincoln didn't come out on top. There was some very good playing at the back end of the game. Minneapolis got 8; we got 7.

Saturday, Lincoln started out to win but got tired toward the last and the score was Minneapolis 9, Lincoln 6. Irwin made ten two bad errors on first and we found it hard to hit Harrison satisfactorily. But Lincoln fielded pretty well. Dave Rowe played right field.

Nearly every man on the grounds Monday afternoon was confident that Lincoln would down Milwaukee. But our turn hadn't come. O'Day, of whose merits we have heard so much made his first appearance and proved to be a disappointment. Milwaukee handled his balls with the greatest ease. When he struck one man out the crowd was dazed. It was a very pretty game up to the sixth inning. Then the visitors let themselves loose and commenced to score in earnest. When all was over they had twelve runs and we had none. What did it? The other fellows' faultless playing. They got through without an error. Davies pitched for the visitors and he was all right.

Tuesday was our day, and it was one of the prettiest games ever played in Lincoln. Both clubs played almost faultlessly, but Lincoln loomed up and Milwaukee had to knock under. The ninth inning was not finished on account of rain. Stafford pitched for the local team and he did his work well. In fact he satisfied everybody. He was ably supported in the field and of course we won. Buckley handled the ball for Milwaukee and was a trifle wild. However, little fault could be found with either side. Raymond gave us the first tally. Rowe came in in the third inning closely followed by Burkett. Dave Rowe scored in the sixth and repeated the operation in the eighth. This gave us five runs. Milwaukee scored two, secured by Burke. It was a great game.

Arbor Day was also Lincoln day. This time the game was played to a finish, and we won by a score of 12 to 7. Lincoln changed pitchers again, Burkett holding the ball. Until he had the victory won he had no mercy on Milwaukee. Afterwards he eased up and the other fellows got in few runs. But Burkett is all right. There is no doubt about that. Vickery and Clausen took turns in pitching for Milwaukee and neither was very effective. Dave Rowe got to the home plate three times. Cline, Jack Rowe and Burkett each scored two runs, and Raymond, Tomney and Traffley got one a piece. Lincoln took was above par Wednesday.

Thursday's game gave us three straight. From Milwaukee, too, admitted to be one of the strongest clubs in the league. Darnbrough was in the box for Lincoln, and he was in much better trim than on his first appearance. Vickery pitched for the visitors, and he was not far behind our man. A feature of the game was Cline's running catch. It was a low ball way out in right field, and after he had it in his hands he rolled over on the ground two or three times before he could stop himself. But he held the ball and the crowd yelled. Tomney, against whom there has been so much complaint, also made some very good plays. We got four runs to Milwaukee's three.

In yesterday's game between the Lincoln and St. Paul, the home club was entirely shut out by a score of 6 to 0. Roach was in the box for Lincoln and started in with a fine record until after the sixth inning, after which he went all topieces, but the support was good with the exception of Cline miffing in the sixth inning. The umpiring was not so satisfactory as it might have been and this is not said with prejudice for the home club, for the decisions were poorly made for both sides. Osbornes work in the box was excellent and proved too much for the Senators for once at least.

ON THE FLY.

Lincoln wasn't it.
Captain Irwin beats them all at stealing bases.

Lincoln expects to take three from St. Paul anyway.

There will be a game at the new park tomorrow.

There are very few weak places in the Milwaukee team.

Ed Brandt of Omaha was an interested spectator Tuesday.

Manager Dave made a record of two runs in Tuesday's game.

The absence of Patton and Cline was felt in this week's games.

Thursday's game advanced Lincoln from eighth to fourth place.

The Websters defeated the Crawfords Wednesday by a score of 25 to 15.

The day we scored nothing to Milwaukee's 12, St. Paul led Omaha take 21 to their 4.

The grounds at the new park were not in condition Sunday and there was no game.

It was extremely chilly for Lincoln at the opening of the championship base ball season.

Dave Rowe made his first kick Tuesday when he exchanged pleasantries with Empire Ensign.

Biycling is becoming exceedingly popular in Lincoln nowadays. Pretty nearly every body who likes out-of-door life has a wheel. And there are any amount of expert riders, too.

Empire Ensign incurred the displeasure of the crowd for the first time Monday. He hit and howls didn't disturb him in the least, however, and even those who found fault admired his coolness.

But the faith of the cranks remained unshaken, and a most every day threathen-tance showed an increase. The crowd hoped for better things and were determined to wait

until the luck changed. So, notwithstanding the fact that Dave Rowe's men put up a most execrable game. Dave had no reason to complain of the patronage.

The Lincoln Tennis club is in a very flourishing condition with prospects for a lively and interesting season. The boys say the grounds are splendid and playing has already commenced in earnest. Some of the enthusiasts are beginning to talk tournament.

Lincoln has some of the most enthusiastic base ball cranks in the country—a lot of fellows who would rather see a game of ball than attend a church sociable. They are always there unless they are sick or out of the city and they can applaud and growl with equal enthusiasm. Here are some of them: J. R. Lemist, A. C. Eveson, Tom Benton, George Gleserman, Frank Zehring, Lieut. Townley, Elmer Henkle, Gorman F. Betts, W. E. Harly, Frank Burr. It is astonishing too, what an interest some of the ladies are manifesting in the sport.

The Lincoln club will be all right after a while. Everybody says that meanwhile somebody should teach them how to keep the ball down near the ground. When a Lincoln man comes to the bat he generally declines to touch the ball at all, or else he sends it way up into the heavens, and tight into the hands of the other fellows. Lincoln seems to doat on high balls. That's one of the reasons why we don't score as we should. The other fellows doat on high balls too (when we bat 'em) and they invariably catch them. But THE COURIER isn't flinching. It's too early for that. Besides our boys have done some really good work—fielding especially. The season is young. There's lots of time yet.

Something Wrong with the Moon.
A mother was calling the attention of her little boy to the moon, which was to be seen clearly but pallidly in the early afternoon.

"Why, you can't see the moon in the day time!" replied the youngster.

"Oh, yes, you can—there it is over the trees."

The little fellow looked, and had to admit the fact that he saw it, but he added, "Tain't lighted though."—London Tit-Bits.

At Last.



"Bress de Laved! It's come; it's come!"
"What's come, mammy?"
"Why, de judgment day, yo' brack ig-n'yamus! Didn't yo' heah dat Gabriel's trumpet? An' dere goes yo' good old fadder up at de first sound."—Life.

Had for the Bone.

"By Jove!" said the museum man, turning pale.
"What's the matter, Rogé?" asked his wife.
"I forgot to send the dog faced boy any supper, and he is locked up in the same cage with the ossified man."—New York Sun.

Fatal Delusion.

Editor—Grabber has been with us a dozen years or more, but I'm afraid we shall have to let him go.
Business Manager—What's the matter with Grabber?
Editor—He has got to thinking we can't run this paper without him.—Chicago Tribune.

A Tip.

Mr. Maiferst—Truckman, do you agree to pay for all the furniture you break?
Truckman—Certainly, sir.
Mr. Maiferst—Then if you must break anything be kind enough to give the preference to this old table.—Puck.

Too Young Altogether.
"I have just heard that our family doctor is dead, and think of it, he was little more than thirty years old."

"So! I confess I couldn't have much confidence in a physician who dies as young as that."—Fleegende Blätter.

A Dull Issue.

Mr. Suburb (hastily swallowing his breakfast near train time)—Any news in the paper this morning?
Mrs. Suburb—No; not a single mark down sale of any kind.—Good News.

Profit in Variety.

Clara—I don't see how that De Peyster girl manages to dress so cheaply.
Maud—Easy enough. Every time she gets a new gown she changes her dress-maker.—Cloak Review.

Must Have Been in Mischief.

Mrs. Hicks—Mary, where is Dicky?
Mary—Out in the back yard, mum.
Mrs. Hicks—Go out and see what he is doing and tell him to stop it.—Harper's Bazar.

Bad Times.

The great men are all dropping out. And dying by the score. And our throat is a awful sore.
—Daily Illness.

The Best Result.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it!