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FRANK E. LAHR,

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Cushman Park



Saturday, Sunday, May 16-17 PROF.

WELLINGTON

Will jump from the clouds at 5 p. m. with his mammoth parachute.

He will ascend on a piece of webbing 20 feet from the top and perform wonderful feats. Wellington will be assisted both days by Texas Hill, the Cowboy Artist, the wonder of the age. Equal to Bird Tom.

Trains Saturday at 2:30 and 4:30 p. m. Return at 8 p. m. Trains Sunday at 10:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m. and 5:30 p. m. Return at 11 a. m., 3 p. m., 5 p. m., 6 p. m. and 8:30 p. m.

ADMISSION TO ALL.

Saturday 10 cents. Sunday 25 cents. Full Orchestra for dancing Saturday, Free.

Exposition Stores Outing.

The annual Grand Outing takes place Wednesday May 20 and will be a grand event. Pathetic orchestra will furnish music and other amusements will be afforded the big gathering that will certainly attend. Join the crowd and attend. Trains leave depot 2:30, 4:30 and 7:30 p. m., returning at 3, 5 and 11 p. m. Admission free.

WE ARE JUST IN RECEIPT

Spring Shapes

Christy's London Hats.

We are the only house in the City who sell these goods. Come in and try one.

Spring Suits and Overcoats

Are being displayed by us now. Give us a call.



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THEY WILL EARN INTEREST FOR YOU

At the Rate of

5-Five per Ct. per Annum-5

Save \$5.00 a week and it amounts with interest in five years to \$1,500.00. Bank opens at 9:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. and Saturday evenings, 5 to 8 p. m.

Sales to Rent in Burglar and Fire Proof Vaults.

POPULATION OF LINCOLN, 65,000.

On the Farm. (Written for THE COURIER.)

Beautiful Spring at last is here. The busiest time of all the year; The farmer are working with might and main plowing their fields and planting their grain. The women now in the garden scratch and the setting hen begins to hatch; The girls the flower beds do make and with each bed great care they take; Thus they labor many hours Anxious to raise a nice lot of flowers. The boys a share in the farm work take and manfully handle the spade, hoe and rake. No idle hands on the farm you'll see For all are busy as they can be. From early morn till close of day Goes the whistling farmer blithe and gay, Using the plow, the rake and the hoe, Sometimes stopping to puff and blow, And as the sun gets higher and higher The farmer then begins to tire, But when he thinks it will so be noon He bravely whistles another tune. And when the dinner bell doth ring He goes home happy as a king. As he wipes the sweat drops from his brow And hurries in to dinner now, He tells his wife how grateful he is For all the blessings that are his; And from his heart thanks God above For his quiet home of peace and love. AUNT SAMANTHA.

Entered at the Postoffice of Lincoln, Neb., as second class matter.

Published Saturday.

WESSEL PRINTING CO. PUBLISHERS.

Courier Building, 1122 N Street. TELEPHONE 253

L. WESSEL, JR., Editor and Sole Proprietor.

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Advertisements: Rates furnished on application at the office. Special rates on Time Contracts.

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PARIS' FEAST OF PIKES.

RIDPATRICK'S ACCOUNT OF THE OATH FETE IN THE CHAMPS DE MARS.

Occasion of the Great Festival of 1790. Preparations for the Spectacle—The Day and the Ceremony—A Scene Incredible to the People of Our Times.

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THE spectacles of the French revolution were as astounding in character as the actors in the drama were titanic in stature. In the backward look of today the whole thing appears like a huge phantasm traversing the sober stage of history. The peoples of our time are more disposed to keep alive the personal memories of the great revolutionists than to recall the surprising scenes in which they acted. But in reality the successive crises that arose and broke in that tumultuous storm are of greater interest than are the dramatic personae, for the event is ever greater than the man.

Among the scenes of that stormy epoch, perhaps the greatest and most pleasing—as it is strangely one of the least remembered—is the Feast of Pikes, celebrated in honor of the new constitution and as the occasion when France as a nation took the oath of fealty to the instrument which the national assembly had produced. For the meantime the Revolution had gone forward with great strides. Only two months and nine days after the meeting of the states general at Versailles, the Bastille was taken by storm. Paris became suddenly conscious of her power. Almost glorious in her rage, she proceeded at once to extreme measures. The year had been one of famine. The people everywhere were suffering for bread. There came a universal Gallic effervescence in which all credible things were believed in and expected. France imagined for the hour that the states general, which soon resolved itself into the national assembly, could make bread as well as a new constitution; but the bread did not appear.

Paris, now thoroughly hungry, made a rush for Versailles. The passion of the hour took this form—that the king and the court, as well as the national assembly, should be transferred to Paris, the capital, where we patriots might teach them all the way to liberty and bread. So in the early days of October Louis and his family were hurried from the palace of the Bourbon kings at Versailles and brought to the Tuilleries. Very tame the king and his party had now become, and between the monarchy and the national assembly, holding its sessions in the Salle de Manège, or riding hall, only a short distance from the Tuilleries, very friendly relations had been established. The new constitution was completed according to the Gospel by Rousseau, and suddenly all minds became possessed with the belief that the new era was at the door. There was a universal faith in imminent deliverance and plenty. This state of affairs supervened in the early part of 1790.

As the summer came on, an idea took possession of the French mind. The new constitution, it was felt, had been provided, that is, the paper form of it, by the national assembly, and King Louis, who had sworn to maintain it, would swear to maintain it—swear for himself and his son, and his posterity. Already, in the first days of February, his majesty went over in person to the Salle de Manège, making a little milk-and-water speech, and between him and the national assembly there was great fraternity. A national oath was prepared which all must take—or rather which all took—for spontaneously suddenly comes with a flame, and everybody swears and then swears again. The president of the assembly swears. All the delegates swear. Outside, old Bailly, mayor of Paris, swears. A certain Monsieur Danton, not unknown to the Revolution, declares that "the public would like to partake" in the swearing; King Louis receives the title of Restorer of French Liberty, and all Frenchmen—except a few Marats and the like in underground Paris—love him and will support him and his constitutional monarchy always.

Would it not be well, therefore, O French people, happily delivered from your sorrows by the goodness of your king, by the new constitution, and by the Gospel according to Rousseau, that a great day—greatest of all days—should be appointed, in which the French nation, by representatives chosen from all the eighty-three departments of the kingdom, may come together in one place, and there in the great place, under the open canopy of heaven, swear a great national oath with one voice—oath that shall shake the world and reverberate down the centuries? And what day shall that day be? Certainly no other than the 14th of July, first anniversary of the storming of the Bastille! For that day was the birthday of liberty, as it shall be for us and posterity. And what place shall we find fitting for such a ceremony? What place but our great Champs de Mars, lying yonder on the left bank of the Seine, between the Ecole Militaire and the river.

About that place all the history of ancient France, back to the days of the Romans, seems to hover. There the warrior chieftains of the Franks, from the days of Meroveus to the days of Pepin, were wont to assemble and to set their kings on their bucklers, with coarse shoutings that signified much of fealty and devotion. There Charlemagne himself was wont to review his soldiers and to hold his courts of May Day. There all the Capetian kings, down to the Great Henry, and from him to our beloved Louis, have been accustomed to go on national days to review the soldiery of France and to receive the homage of the nation. There then, certainly, our new Great Oath shall be taken by the whole French nation, as never oath was taken before or shall be afterward.

The idea was that the act of oath taking to the new order of things should constitute a kind of federation of liberty, equality and fraternity. This notion caught the public mind like a contagion, and not only the whole of Paris, but a large part of France, plunged into the swim of excitement and enthusiasm. Deputations began to arrive from distant departments. The guardsmen of Lyons came, and were received by the city with great shoutings. Meanwhile, under the direction of the municipality and the national assembly, workmen and artists began to prepare the Champs de Mars for the federation. A plan like that of a monstrous coliseum is laid out, greatest in circuit ever seen on the surface of this poor planet, and most wonderful in its purpose. There in the center is to be raised an *Autel de la Patrie*, or altar to native land—such altar as for a time and sanctity was never planned before.

A great artificial rock is provided, having within its interior a Temple of Concord while on the summit above rises a statue of Liberty of such colossal height that she with her pike and Phrygian cap may be seen at a distance of many miles.

All the great rock is covered with lanterns and mottoes. Round about a space of more than 300,000 square feet is left for the ceremonies proper, while all around terraces are to be raised of earth of such vast extent in circuit and elevation that one might well believe that not only Paris and France, but all Europe was to be invited to the sitting.

At first it appeared that the work lagged, though the municipality had sent out 15,000 workmen with shovels and barrows to make the excavations and heap up the embankments. By the 1st of July the rumor spread that the work was behind and could not be finished in time. Patriotism said that the aristocrats had hired the laborers not to work. The glorious fête was about to fall through treachery! But behold, with the spread of the rumor great crowds begin to pour out of the city and into the Champs de Mars. At first in relays they take hold of the unused shovels and barrows and begin to sing *Ca Ira* as they toil. But other thousands come, and bring their own barrows and shovels. Then the girls and women come with their tri-colored ribbons, smile approval, and shovel dirt with their lovers. A hundred and fifty thousand come, and then 250,000, and the chorus of *Ca Ira* swells and reverberates until old Seine is shaken to his bottom.

There was such a scene of enthusiastic labor witnessed before in the world. All classes of society made contributions to the force. The universities discharged their professors and students to work at the barrows. Men were there from Brittany and from the Jura mountains, from the Mediterranean coast and from Normandy. Sages, statesmen, poets were there, shoveling and wheeling. The king himself came out, and the workmen rushed around his majesty with their shovels at a present and shoveler arms raised as they sang the ever poor Louis had, or any other king, Marie Antoinette, with the daughter of Louis, to die under the guillotine, and he to rot in old Simon's shoeshop and a cell of the prison!

Thus were the preparations completed. The evening of the 13th of July saw everything ready for the morrow, and the morrow dawned. The great terraces rose, thirty in number, one above the other, each more than a thousand yards in length, all freshly sodded and clean and beautiful under the Parisian sky. About the altar of Fatherland were swung on high to iron cranes great pans of incense, to be lighted for the nostrils of Liberty and of all patriotism. With the early morning the crowds began to pour into the inclosure, if that might be called an inclosure which seemed of limitless extent. The citizenship of Paris and of other cities came in shoals and by thousands. All were dressed in gay apparel, and the tri-color ribbons floated and fluttered everywhere. The distant housetops and steeples of the city were black with people. The soldiers came under Generalissimo de Lafayette, who, from the young enthusiast at the side of Washington, has grown to such stature as this! But now he is no longer De Lafayette, for all titles have been abolished. He is simply Citizen Motier, or at most the Sieur Motier. But he is commandant and general of all. There are the king and the queen and the dauphin and the court. The lowest estimate places the assemblage at 300,000 souls.

It was a scene of enthusiasm and wonder for the like of which the pages of history may be searched in vain. The pans of incense are lighted. The cannon boom. All flags and banners are unfurled. The military evolutions are performed before the altar of Fatherland. Then Lafayette advances, ascends to the slight point of altitude, and pressing his sword's point on the altar pronounces the oath of fidelity "to the king, to the constitution and to the nation forever." Louis himself arises and swears, so that the people hear. The court swears. The queen also, holding the dauphin by the hand. The air is rent with shouts. The delegates from all the eighty-three departments of France come forward and take the oath. They bring their flags with them, each bearing the new national banner, and lot their flags must all be consecrated under the sanction of religion ere they be borne back to distant quarters of the kingdom.

The ancient faith has not yet been abolished, and 300 patriot priests, all in each with his shaven head from the Middle Ages, but with the tri-color girdle of the future about his waist, advance to the altar. At the head of the procession marches one whose name, though he be priest, shall be known to the court as "civilization." He it is who shall be for this day, as Carlyle calls him, the "Soul's Over-

seer" for the French nation. He shall with proper ceremony, here under the open heaven and by the flowing Seine, even in this Field of Mars, across whose sod Roman emperors have ridden, consecrate all the eighty-three banners of France.

So he goes up the altar steps, and with proper formula of churchly Latin and patriotic French begins the service of consecration. Just then, however, a great cloud swings across the July sky and pours down with loud thunder squall on all these three hundred thousand a deluge of rain. The incense pans are ominously put out. All draperies hang dripping. But the high priest of France completes the consecration of the flags. The sun bursts out again. The great Day of Federation, the memorable Feast of Pikes, is ended with a religious benediction from the lips of that high priest whom careful history writes by the name of Charles Maurice, prince of Perigord, but whom the world calls "Talleyrand."

JOHN CLARK RIDPATRICK.

Of 1,000 children born in England, 11 are twins; in Scotland, 11; in Ireland, 17. In general, twins occur once in 60 births. In England there are 9,736 twins born every year, or about 4,968 double births. The same where there are more than two at a birth average eight per year.

IN THE CHAMPS DE MARS.

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