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TOWN TALK

You have all read of the wonderful beauty of Spanish and Mexican maidens, haven't you? If one were to believe the rhapsodies of imaginative writers he would have to regard these beauties as little less than angels in personal attraction. I can't take any stock in the popular notion. I haven't for several years—not since I got a chance to step over into Old Mexico and take a look at a lot of them. I was "doing" Santa Fe, and one Saturday heard that there was going to be a bull fight at Paso del Norte the following day. I took the first train for El Paso, and Sunday found me across the river in the quaint Mexican town. There was no bull fight, and my hope of salvation was not ruined that day. There was some hitch in getting a license, and the lovers of sport had to content themselves with a main between fighting roosters. I improved my opportunities, however, by visiting the old, old cathedral and watching the congregator pass out. came to the conclusion that the Spanish beauty we hear so much of is largely a matter of apparel. The young women who wore mantillas that concealed all of the head, but an oval face with a pair of sparkling black eyes, looked like beauties. Those without that head-gear were merely as a rule, and only a few passably good looking, according to our way of thinking. When we see pictures of Spanish beauties, they are generally shown with their heads wrapped in lace. The next time you go out to a party or a theatre with a lady who wears a lace scarf or hat instead of a hat, just notice the improvement in her appearance. In the first place the wrap may cover a number of defects in lines and figure, and then there is something soft and languorous in the meshes of lace that lend themselves to the face of the wearer.

I never ventured to push my opinion forward because of my limited observation. But Frank G. Carpenter, the noted correspondent who has circled the globe, is doing Mexico, and he corroborates my theory. In a recent letter he says the better class of women in Mexico wear no hats but their heads are covered with black shawls out of which their olive complexioned faces shine, and their dark lustrous eyes look at one with a strange wonder. He thinks there is no greater beauty than black, and he believes that Mexican and Spanish women get a great part of their reputation for beauty from the clothes they wear. At first sight they look handsome, but as close as the Shimian results in the discovery that they are rather homely than otherwise, and many are decidedly ugly.

Coincidences are interesting things. Capt. Billingsley and Hon. G. M. Lamberton appeared against each other in the Shieley trial and the captain won. Some years ago they were in partnership. They were rivals for the United States district attorneyship and Lamberton won. Did you ever hear how he got it? Sometime before the appointment was to be made he was a delegate to a republican convention, and on some disputed question made a ringing speech. It was one of those bursts of oratory that attract the attention and comment of a state, and that one effort made Mr. Lamberton, then a young man, a factor in the Shieley trial. To the appointment of a district attorney by President Hayes political forces worked a combination that made Capt. Billingsley's selection improbable. Mr. Lamberton's name was then taken up by Congressman Tom Majors, and he was appointed without any effort in his own behalf. It is a fact worthy remark that he was only twenty eight years old when this responsible position was thrust upon him, but it is also a notable fact that during several preceding years he had argued cases in the supreme court. He made a very successful prosecuting attorney and some of his work attracted the attention of his profession throughout the country. Mr. Lamberton is not a beauty, but he is a conspicuous example of the superior value of brains. To look at him is enough to be impressed with his intellectual force and capacity.

It is one of the mysteries which no newspaper man can fathom why merchants will allow themselves to be taken in by every fake scheme that comes along. The clocks on the opera house and Union Pacific corners are mute witnesses of a familiar folly. Of course the man who got up the scheme told the advertisers that the clocks would be running to or three centuries hence, but they have not ticked a tick for waiting months. If some one in town had gone to the merchants with the scheme it is doubtful if he could have made a go of it without guarantees that would protect his patron. But the tonguey stranger, who stays three or four days, pockets his money and skips, never caring whether his customers get the worth of their money or not. If business men would use in newspapers the money that is wasted—yes, wasted, in snap schemes they would not only keep it at home but would undoubtedly reap greater benefits. The average peripatetic advertising faker is a well-dressed tramp. He will lie without end, promise anything under the sun and never hesitate to rob a customer if he can evade detection until he leaves town.

Chautauqua! The show windows about town are hung with gay bills advertising three or four of them, but there is only one real, genuine Chautauqua for anyone who has attended the original, and these western offshoots are sorry affairs in comparison; not that there is any disposition to depreciate their work, but after all one cannot help making comparisons. The big assembly on Lake Chautauqua in the southwest corner of New York is such a marvelous affair that one goes away full of wonder and enthusiasm. The lake is a gem to stand with, and its setting of green trees and many colored fields is a beautiful frame for Nature's

art. The real Chautauqua is on such a gigantic scale—supplied with electric lights, waterworks, sewerage, a mammoth hotel, a printing office and a daily paper—these and many more adjuncts of civilized life planted right in the woods, although nature has not been disturbed by sidewalk or graded street. There are scores of cottages, modest and grand, but the affair is so democratic that thousands live in tents and never stop to think that their neighbors are more favored, and then the intellectual entertainment—lectures, lessons, concerts, sermons, exhibitions—fifty, sixty, seventy a day, varied enough to suit all kinds of tastes, and the fishing and boating, the forty mile ride up and down the lake, and the big, gay summer hotels along the shores, little Mayville and Judge Tourge's home at one end and bustling Jamestown at the other and the Baptist camp ground across the lake, what a variety of amusements for a tired soul. And Dr., now Bishop Vincent, what a masterful man in managing this great enterprise! Why, it's worth a season ticket just to see and hear him run a "Question Box." Of course there must be lots of hitches in so complicated an affair, but he is so resourceful that the audience seldom realize it. It is worth the price of admission to hear him call for the Chautauqua salute when the big amphitheater is full and see the 6000 handkerchiefs flutter an enthusiastic response. The wonder is that more of the western lovers of the Chautauqua idea do not visit the home of the idea, because it is such a delightful place for a summer vacation.

Commencement days are here, and we shall have the usual amount of newspaper sneering about "sweet girl graduates" and "college bred young men who cannot earn a living." Let the would-be wits sneer. Commencement orations may not be more original than the others of generations past, and college graduates may not be able to immediately step into jobs involving ten hours hard, manual labor per day for a bare living. The colleges will contribute a fair share of the successful young men of the time, but financial success is not the only thing worth living for. Money will buy physical pleasure, but there are intellectual joys which the poor may have as well as the rich, and the college graduate is trained for them. If he doesn't get his share it is his own fault.

A BILL OF PARTICULARS.

- To repairing and retouching to a gallery of paintings of an English lord in the year 1881.
- To filling up the chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.
- To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lion's den and a set of teeth for the lioness.
- To an alteration in the Belief, mending the Commandments and making a new Lord's Prayer.
- To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.
- To mending the pitcher of Rebecca.
- To a pair of ears for Balaam and a new tongue for the ass.
- To renewing the picture of Samson in the character of a fox hunter and substituting a whip for the firebrand.
- To a new broom and bonnet for the witch of Endor.
- To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a boat for Noah's ark.
- To painting twenty-one new steps to Jacob's ladder.
- To mending the pillow stone.
- To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine.
- To making a new head for Holofernes.
- To cleansing Judith's hands.
- To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam.
- To painting Jezebel in the character of a huntsman taking a flying leap from the walls of Jericho.
- To planting a new city in the land of Nod.
- To painting a shoulder of mutton and a shin of beef in the mouths of two of the ravens feeding Elijah.
- To repairing Solomon's nose and making a new nail to his middle finger.
- To an exact representation of Noah in the character of a general reviewing his troops preparatory to their march, with the dove dressed as an aid de camp.
- To painting Noah dressed in an admiral's uniform.
- To painting Samson making a present of his jaw bone to the proprietors of the British museum.—Curiosities of Brush and Pencil.

He Hit It.
"Jim," suddenly observed one of three men who were sitting on the same bench in Union square, "are you addicted?"
"Of course," replied Jim.
"Then I want you to tell me what 'morbidity' is. I just caught it in the paper here."
"That's easy enough done. Suppose I put me hand in me pocket and pull it out again?"
"Yes."
"Would you and John look to see whether I had a plug of tobacco or me handkerchief?"
"We would."
"Then that's 'morbidity,' and a mean piece of business besides, and I'll answer no more questions for you."—New York Evening World.

Chautauqua Assemblies.
Beatrice, June 23d to July 6th; Crete, June 30th to July 10th, and Fremont, June 23d to July 6th. The Union Pacific will sell tickets at an open rate of one fare for the round trip. See your nearest Union Pacific Agent.

Have you seen the beautiful line of photographs of America's greatest stage celebrities at THE COURIER office? The line embrace all the leading and most prominent artists and are the work of Falk of Union Square New York, undoubtedly the finest photographer in the country. Call in and see them.

DRAMA

The "County Fair," which had a run for three years at the Union Square Theatre, New York, will be seen at the Funks Monday night. Everywhere this comedy has caught on immensely. Its great success everywhere is best proof that the public is surfeited with the exaggeration and prurience of the imported drama, and craves that which is understood and natural, and that they are tired of lights and the decollete dress of the society play. "The County Fair" is of the same school as the "Old Homestead," and one is at a loss to give an honest idea of it, as there is such a real and humanizing presentation. The play may be said to be idyllic, yet natural. The personages are described as flesh and blood, and their chariots lie in the simplicity of the construction. The secret of the play's effectiveness lies in the fact that every detail in the glimpses of rural life is exploited with admirable scenic embellishment. The commoner feelings of everyday humanity are played upon and the whole thing is rounded off with something attractive to everybody—a horse race. It would be a dull child indeed who failed to get a bit excited while the race scene is on and the jockeys are whipping for all they are worth.

Rose Coghlan is one of the best stars at present. She has just closed her long season, and now she assumes the management of her future engagements and all the business arrangements for her next season. She drives into town every day from her country home, and with the assistance of Mr. John T. Sullivan, superintends the thousand and one details connected with her forthcoming production of Leopold Jordan's play "Dorothy's Dilemma." Miss Coghlan is in raptures over the comedy, and intends that her support shall be exceptionally powerful, and that no money shall be spared to make it one of the most brilliant productions of the coming season.

"A Jolly Surprise" in which Miss Fanny Rice is to star next season promises to be one of the important musical comedy productions of next season. The new piece is by Arthur Wallack, a son of the late Lester Wallack. It is not a song and dance farce comedy but a play with an interesting story. There will be plenty of catchy music and a number of clever specialties.

THEATRICAL TALK.

Edwin Booth says that he hopes to act again in '92.
J. H. Barnes has been engaged for the next tour of the Jefferson-Florence Comedy Company.
Jack Mason and his own Manola have concluded to return home in the fall. Mason will go into comic opera.
Frank McKee owns the right to "A Hole in the Ground" for next season, and has engaged Charles Cowles for the leading part.
Sydney Rosenfeld is adapting Audran's latest opera for the McCaul Opera Company. It is called "Bobolin."
"The Power of the Press," which recently had a long and successful run in New York will probably be produced in London next fall.

The Madison Square company has started on a tour under the management of Al Hayman. They go as far as San Francisco, which they reach early in August.
Nellie McHenry's new play, "A Night at the Circus," was played for one night at Elizabeth last week. A number of New managers were in attendance and pronounced it a very big hit. It will no doubt have a long run in New York before it starts on the road.

Sardon, in very emphatic terms praises, Miss Elsie De Wolfe, the New York society belle who is to make her debut in Charles Frohman's production of "Thermidor," and says he is quite satisfied to leave the unfortunate heroine of his tragic play in her hands.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla requires smaller doses and is more effective than any other blood medicine.

The following item appeared in our last issue and was in error. Trial subscriptions are for seven months instead of two:
WANTED—To hear from young ladies who will get up clubs for the Ladies Home Journal, among their friends. Trial subscriptions seven months for fifty cents, are wanted for the \$1,000 prize. The contest closes July 1st. Only four weeks more. Fifteen cents can be reserved for every fifty. Elizabeth C. Morrell, 1914 Farnam street, Omaha.

July 9, 1891.
Is the date fixed for the Grand Yellowstone Park Excursion via the Union Pacific "The Overland Route." Final deposit for tickets must be made before June 30th. Write to Harry P. Deuel, City Passenger Agent, 1302 Farnam Street, Omaha.

Youthlilene—European Face Preparation.
Ladies, if you want most elegant face preparation, try this one. It is pure as spring water; no lead, sediment or other injurious substances. It makes your skin soft, fresh, and clear; removes tan, blotches, discolorations, and imparts a pearly complexion. If your face is not what you desire it, try "Youthlilene." I guarantee it to give perfect satisfaction. I have sought for a preparation that will make complexions fresh and young looking and now I have found it, retailed at two dollars or three for five. I have secured the agency for this trusty article. J. H. HARLEY, Druggist, Lincoln, Neb.

HE HAD NEVER SEEN A SUMMER.

The Low Down Way in Which One Man Played It on Another.

There are some people who have a peculiar hobby. They pride themselves on being able to come within a year or two of guessing a person's exact age.

One of these gentlemen has ceased giving vent to this proclivity of his. The manner of his being cured of it has undermined his faith in humanity also, but that is only a detail. He is a doctor, but on this occasion he was himself practiced on. A friend of his brought it about. In this way: They were sitting together—the doctor and his friend—in the hotel rotunda.

Said the friend: "How deceptive a man's looks are! Now I'll venture to say you couldn't say how many summers that man over there has seen," and he pointed to a man who was sitting some ten yards away looking steadfastly to the ceiling.

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, "I say he—do you really think I can't come within two years of it?"

"I say that you can't come within two years of telling the correct number of summers he has seen."

"Well, I never bet, but I certainly feel like doing it in this case. I say he has seen thirty-five summers."

"All right. Now for proof to the contrary. I happen to know him."

And the friend piloted the medical gentleman over to where the subject of his guess was still gazing ceilingward.

"Robinson, old man," said the friend in a soft sort of tone, "how many summers have you seen—or winters?"

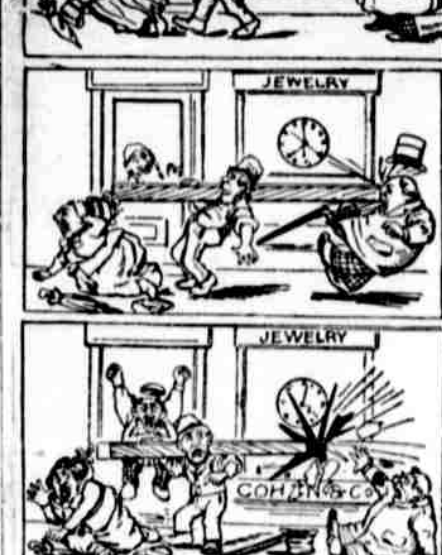
"—why, none at all, you know, none at all." He spoke in the pitious monotone that sometimes distinguishes the blind. "I have seen—no summers. But if you mean how old I am"—he smiled faintly, thinking he was correcting his friend's metaphor—"why, I am thirty-two."

The friend thanked him; the doctor gazed again at the vacant though lifelike eyes and said, as he walked away, "It was a small sort of trick, I."

"But you didn't come very near to the correct number of summers he had seen."

But the doctor only walked away moodily, muttering something about hating practical jokes. And he has become very chary about venturing to guess any one's age.—Chicago Tribune.

Beam in Your Own Eye.



Caution Necessary Now.

Fond Young Husband (in Boston)—Are the shutters closed, my dear?
Beautiful Young Wife—Yes, love.
"They are."
"Keyhole plugged?"
"It is."
"Any policeman hanging about when you looked out just now?"
"None."
"Then come here, dearest. I want to kiss you."—Chicago Tribune.

The Popular Candidate.

Sikesey (the newsboy)—Say, Sikesey, th' speaker at the big perillical meetin' said that man they'd vote for mus' have fitness and fidelity. Wat does that mean? Sikesey (the bootblack)—Lemme see. Fitness and fidel— Oh, it means he mus' be able ter fight an' fiddle.—Good News.

Rather Than Buy.

"I never saw a man so ready to borrow trouble as Jones is," remarked one reporter to another.
"Never noticed it."
"I have. He has asked me to lend him my fountain pen three times this week."—Washington Post.

Perils of the First Horn.

Young Mother (sobbing)—Oh, George, come here! Baby's face and arms are all broken out with an eruption! What on earth shall we do?
Young Father—Send for the quarantine officers at once, oughtn't we?—Epoch.

BASEBALL

It's pretty hard to wait three days to see Lincoln annihilate Omaha.

But we did them up so beautifully that we were amply repaid for waiting.

If Omaha covered Lincoln with hay and trailing pumpkin vines when we were defeated by a score of 5 to 3, where was Omaha Monday with a score of 19 to 2?

Omaha was just everlastingly walloped. The lambs were led to the slaughter and had to be carried away in ambulances, bruised and bleeding.

It's fun to down Omaha.

And Lincoln never poured sand over her metropolitan rival so mercilessly as on Monday. Perhaps O'Day wasn't at his best. But there was no occasion for him to exert himself. It was our game all the way through and Eiteljorg's lightning pitchers were as naught. Stafford played center field and succeeded in getting himself credited with seven "O's"—put out. There was a good deal of slugging, every member of the Lincoln club with the exception of O'Day making a base hit. Burkett and Tomney made three each. Cline, Tomney and Jack Rowe each lined out a two bagger. Each of the nine men crossed the home plate with a tally concealed about his person once, and Rogers went through this interesting little operation twice. Nobody made an error. Yes! It was a very pretty game. Omaha got 7 base hits off O'Day secured by Shannon, Halligan, Griffin, McCannley and Eiteljorg; but most of them failed to bring in a run. Giffen, however, made a very neat two base hit. For their seven hits the Lambs got just seven errors. All they pulled out of the battle was two runs which nobody begrudged them.

Monday's game made three out of four with Omaha, and everybody's happy.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

Wait until the 19th.
Milwaukee is all right.
Stafford remains the favorite with the crowd.
Lincoln will make its first visit to Denver next week.
To the American Association: "Keep off the Grass."
There will be lots of fun when we get at Milwaukee again.
Nick Young's warning will have the effect of preventing desertions.
In the Major League, New York has climbed up where it can touch Chicago.
There was a gratifying increase in the attendance Monday. It should be kept up when the boys return.
Umpire Strieb, while he may not be as good looking, is an infinitely better judge of base ball than his predecessor, Collins.
Dave Rowe has been singularly unfortunate so far this season in the number of games postponed. It is estimated that he is out fully \$2,000 from this source alone.

We lost the first game to Kansas City, and by a bad score, too; but our club redeemed itself Thursday, when the tally showed 10 to 2. O'Day and Rogers held down the points in the latter game.

There are some people who are very curious to know the particulars of that difficulty between Dad Clarke and Norman Baker of Omaha club. According to the Bee Clarke has been suspended.

Neither Eiteljorg nor O'Day was at his best at Monday's game. But the grounds were in such a bad condition and the weather so unfavorable that nobody could be seriously blamed. No errors were charged up against Lincoln.

The shooting tournament at Lincoln park this week has been very successful, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather. Leading shots from various points in the state have been in attendance and much interest has been manifested by local sportsmen.

The June races of the Nebraska Exposition association will be held on the 15th, 16th and 17th of next week. Arrangements have been made whereby all railroads leading into the city will carry passengers at one and one-third fare for the round trip from June 14 to 18. There will be a very large showing of horses, and the prospects for a successful meeting are certainly very good.

For bracing up the nerves, purifying the blood and curing sick headache and dyspepsia, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Bicycles of all kinds and all makes skillfully repaired on short notice. Wrenches, oil cans, tires and other supplies always for sale at George & Fishette, 1442 O street.

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

GEOLOGISTS HAVE DECIDED the earth's crust to be over 100 miles thick. This is about the thickness of the man's head who buys his rail and ticket by some inferior and poorly equipped line, when he could get a ticket by the "Burlington" at the same rate.

Flannel shirts cleaned without shrinking by the French Dry cleaning process, only 15 cts. at Lincoln Steam Dye works, 1105 O street.

Prospecting.



Salesman—We have this pattern in certain lengths only. What is the size of your table? That may help you decide.
Prospective Bride (blushing)—We haven't got our table yet.—Harper's Bazar.

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 Olsson, of the Watters-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 croup 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.

Coal of every size from the best mines in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Colorado and Wyoming for sale by Geo. A. Raymer. Telephone 390. Office 1134 O street.

Dr. C. F. Ladd, dentist, 1105 O street Telephone 153. Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Kaechelin Baumgartner & Co. celebrated wool challis and French satines at low prices this week at J. W. WINGER & CO. 1109 O street.

Cushman Park Special Trains. Until further notice, B. & M. trains will run as follows between Lincoln and Cushman park.

Wednesday—Leave Lincoln 7:30 P.M. and return from Cushman at 11 P.M.
Saturday—Leave Lincoln at 2:30 P.M. and return from Cushman at 8 P.M.
Sundays—Leave Lincoln at 10:30 A.M., 2:30 P.M., 5:30 P.M. and 9:30 P.M.; returning from Cushman at 11 A.M., 3 P.M., 5 P.M. and 6 P.M. and 8:30 P.M.
Regular train No. 71 leaving Lincoln at 4:20 P.M. daily except Sunday will also stop at Cushman, honoring tickets, round trip rate of 15 cents will apply to all.

See our beautiful individual ice cream molds before ordering elsewhere. "The Finest" 1250 O street.

Wedding invitations, either printed or engraved in the best style of the art at THE COURIER office. Correct forms and best quality of stock guaranteed. Samples cheerfully shown.

Be sure and try eastern Wyoming Nut coal. Best in the market, price \$4.40 delivered by Geo. A. Raymer. Telephone 390, 1134 O street.

Silk grenadines and drapery nets in a great variety at J. W. WINGER & CO. 1109 O street.

"The Finest" ice cream parlors are now open and you are invited to call. 1250 O street.

For harness call on Henry Harpham, 142 north Eleventh street, opposite Capital Hotel.

Coal of every size from the best mines in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Colorado and Wyoming for sale by Geo. A. Raymer. Telephone 390. Office 1134 O street.

Eye and Ear Surgeon.
Dr. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist, 1203 O street, telephone 375, Lincoln, Neb.

Burlington Route—The Outing Season is Drawing On.

People have already begun planning their summer trips, and we would suggest that you post yourselves regarding the wonderful trout fishing in Estes park, Col. The health giving baths and quiet rest of Dakota Hot Springs, the hunting and fishing of Wyoming or the fashionable delights of Manitowish. The Burlington will take you to any of them speedily and without fatigue. There are many other places in which you can spend the heated term, and the agent at the B. & M. depot or city office can tell you all about them. Call and get a book of summer tours and look it over. You will find it full of good things and valuable hints.

A. C. ZIEMER, City Passenger Agent.

Buy a little gem pocket savings bank at J. B. Trickey & Co's for 25 cents. Its the popular lad of the day.

Our work speaks for itself. It needs no brag or bluster, simply your own opinion will testify to its merits. The Studio Le Grande is on the ground floor, centrally located and a beautiful place. Call and see us at 134 south Twelfth street.