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WATTS

A great deal of sport has been made of the new law in Massachusetts which permits a man to get drunk twice a year without punishment by the police court, but the wits have been too busy with their quips and quorks to give a fair, intelligent idea of the law. They are excusable on the ground that it is their business not to be serious, but when one comes to examine the law there is lots of good sense in it. It was drafted by the Massachusetts Prison Association with humane ends in view. The general practice over the country when a man is arrested for drunkenness is to fine him, and if he cannot pay the fine to imprison him. This hurts his self-respect, brands him as a criminal and in too many cases innocent wives and children are the chief sufferers.

The Prison Association has undertaken to lift humanity. Instead of treating drunken men as one common herd to be dispersed by machine work, the association proposes to treat them as individuals and give the deserving ones a chance, two chances. Many of those arrested for drunkenness are not frequent offenders. Under some special circumstances they became intoxicated perhaps once or twice a year, while at other times they are sober, industrious men and supporting families in a proper manner. To such men imprisonment is a disgrace, a loss of income, serious harm to their families. The best thing is to return them to their work and their families as soon as possible. Under the new law when a man is arrested for drunkenness he may sign a statement alleging that he has not been arrested for intoxication twice before during the preceding twelve months. If the officer in charge of the station has no reason to think the statement untrue he may endorse it and release the prisoner without looking him up. The law provides for "probation officers," who look up the man's record. If his statement proves true, his case is dropped; otherwise he is re-arrested and run through the judicial mill.

This is a long step in advance of the old plan of treating all prisoners of this class like so many cattle, and the Massachusetts association is deserving praise for injecting a little humanity into our courts. It is the duty of the probation officers to investigate all arrests for drunkenness to determine the record of the offender in the past. They report to the judges, who, in the case of habitual drunkards, have data from which to graduate their sentences. The law ought to go still farther. There is little doubt that habitual drunkenness is due to a diseased condition of the victims' organism. Instead of clubbing and imprisoning men of this kind, society ought to send them to suitable hospitals. Civilization may yet reach that plane of humanity.

A lady of force remarked the other day that she thought bicycle riding by women was vicious, and she clinched her argument, as she thought, by asking: "How would you like to see your mother or your grandmother ride a bicycle?" I will admit that it would look odd. But why? Simply because we have not been accustomed to seeing elderly women riding wheels. Show me a picture of a woman with one of the horrid chignons, fashionable years ago and ask me: "How would you like to see your mother wearing one of these?" Mothers did wear them and we were so accustomed to the sight that we thought nothing of it. The bare thought of reviving such a barbarity gives me a shudder, but I presume some fool woman with more time on her hands than brains in her head will revive the hideous fashion. But what a poky old world this would be if we never did anything that had not been sanctioned by the practice of our parents. That sort of argument is an appeal to prejudice and the wonder is how people who are reasonably sensible in most things resort to such a petty argument.

Have you ever seen a woman preaching a sermon from a pulpit? Probably not, and yet there are seven or eight hundred of them scattered over these glorious United States to testify to the widening scope of woman's opportunities. The Quakers have over three hundred female preachers, and next to them come the Universalists with about fifty.

And right here in Lincoln within the past ten days two women were nominated by a political party for two offices which perhaps were never filled by women in the history of the world. The prohibitionists put Mrs. Bittensberger, a full fledged lawyer, in nomination for county judge and Miss Perky, a regularly admitted M. D., for coroner. There isn't chance of electing these ladies, but their nomination is a recognition of the equality of the sexes and an evidence of the sentiment that is learning masculine humanity.

The republican institutions of America have been held up by foreigners as breeders of corruption. Now what peculiar streak of human nature is it that gives us a thrill of satisfaction whenever we read of political corruption in a foreign country? We ought to deplore depravity wherever it may be exhibited, but we don't. Just now they are airing a big political job over in Canada, and I confess to a mild glad-of-it feeling. The affair doesn't concern me in the remotest and the feeling is unreasonable, but I cannot help being glad of it nor of feeling glad that I am glad. I know you feel the same way. Now tell me why are you glad?

In the years of life that have passed we have had a great deal of theorizing about the beauty and pleasure and safety of knowing how to swim, but thousands of Lincoln people never had its practical utility pressed home to them until a few days ago, when Miss Bertie Burr saved Misses Clara Walsh

and Theo Laws from drowning. Fortunately it is relatively seldom that swimmers are called to put their accomplishment to such a beneficial use, but who can measure its value in dollars and cents when it does accomplish such a rescue as in this case? It does seem that there was no excuse for any boy not learning to swim and yet there are such. A young lady in this same outing party last year fell out of a boat and a young man with her had to sit by in helpless agony. The young lady would have been drowned but for the timely assistance of another gentleman who could swim. Of course the majority of swimmers are never called upon to save drowning persons but the feeling of helplessness if not of security which a swimmer always feels is worth all the effort of learning the art ten times over, not to mention the gratification of practicing the art. Just recall the trepidation with which you have seen women embark on a yacht or even a steamboat. Compare it with the calm assurance of the swimmer who knows how easy it is to keep afloat. The wise parent will see to it that his son learns to swim and if he is wiser than his generation he will extend this insistence to his daughter.

No change of recent years has worked so great an improvement for Lincoln in so short a time as the electric street car system under the management of Mr. F. W. Little. Money seems to have flowed like water in order to give the Capital City one of the best systems of street car service in America. There has been an intelligence somewhere, probably centered in Mr. Little, moving along numerous lines toward a common end. Its "git thar stroke" showed no more effectiveness than in the purchase and consolidation of several lines into one harmonious system. Then think of the wonderful improvement of the service. There is the increased speed, a matter of prime importance in this age. It not only carries one quicker, but it means more round trips and consequently frequent service. This has been further increased by the addition of more cars. But perhaps the reader has already realized these and all the other advantages of the change, but he should not neglect to show his gratitude to the company that has wrought this magic change.

If that person who makes two blades of grass grow where only one had been before is the benefactor of the human race, what a heavy debt of gratitude must be charged up to humanity for the deeds done under the administration of Post master Gere. Who can fail to have a painful recollection of the barren waste, fit prototype of the mythical great American desert that spread over government square, simmering in summer suns, watted by whirling winds, a desolation to the eye and a weariness of hope! And now, now a beautiful green sward sparkles in the morning dew and through the torrid dog days breathes comfort and consolation to the sweltering soul. May the beneficence of the editorial administration continue.

It is an acknowledged fact everywhere that the advertising matter sent out by the Pennsylvania lines is the most artistic and handsomest issued by any railroad. I have often wondered who the genius was and where all the brains originated that produced this effect. While in Philadelphia I met the subject of this paragraph, Mr. F. N. Barksdale, and candidly speaking, was somewhat disappointed in the gentleman's appearance. I had expected to meet the conventional advertising agent who more often looks like a sword and worn out newspaper writer than a handsome, robust and stylish gentleman with the congenial air of a Wall street stock broker. Mr. Barksdale is a gentleman of long and varied experience in originating and writing railroad advertisements and the result of his work which is seen in almost every city and hamlet of America, speaks well for his artistic taste and literary ability. His office is in the mammoth headquarters building of the company and supported by an able corps of well trained assistants, this part of the service has become one of great and growing importance. Near at hand is every convenience for getting out "copy" and the proper facilities for having his orders promptly and correctly attended to. The advertising bureau of the Pennsylvania company is certainly a credit to that enterprising corporation, a good share of which Mr. Barksdale may justly take upon himself with becoming modesty.

Beyond a doubt Congress Hall and the Kennington will lead in the merry-making events this season. Genial Jacob Mahler initiated the season at the Congress last evening, and very much credit is due him for the complete success of the affair. Mr. Mahler is such a gentleman, a skilled manager of pleasing entertainments and the friend and favorite of all. Large was the attendance last evening, joyful everybody, glorious the dances and beautiful the costumes. Mrs. Jacob Mahler was arrayed in black faille Francaise, veiled in La Tosca net garlanded with moss roses, diamond ornaments. The dainty little Miss Rose-line Mahler, sweet fairy daughter of the pleasant Master of Ceremonies, was seen in pale blue India silk with flowers. Mr. Mahler promises an entirely new Oxford Minuet to be danced at the third hop. This needless to say how happy all were during the glorious hop, and how numerous the sighs as o'er the bridge we made our way—the lights that brightened our hearts and lightened our feet fading away behind us—and so we wished for our downy couch, where, lulled to sleep by pleasant thoughts and memories of the soft, melodious music, we may dream of our evening of delight and caper in the merry dance again.

"To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and sunshine bright!"
—Saratoga Daily Register.

The declining powers of old age may be wonderfully recuperated and sustained by the daily use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

New styles of invitations just in at THE COURIER office.



One of the two articles of the North American Review to which special attention is called by the typographical arrangement of the table of contents is entitled "The War—Some Unpublished History." The author is the Hon. Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun. The number opens with a scholarly and lucid article by the pen of Professor Goldwin Smith, "New Light on the Jewish Question." "Vampire Literature" could be treated by no more competent person than Anthony Comstock, whose work in connection with the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice has given him a wide reputation. A more timely and valuable article could not be published than that of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond on "How to Rest." Dr. Hammond's eminence as an expert in nervous diseases lends uncommon weight to his remarks on this subject, and he shows that Americans have yet to learn the art of resting. There are the usual variety and interest in the Notes and Comment for the month. Worthy of special mention are "The Failure of the Jury System," by Charles A. Thacher; "Greater New York," by Emerson Palmer; and "A Terrible Possibility,"—the possibility of the failure of the sun,—by E. P. Jackson, a favorite contributor to this department of The Review.

Outing for August is as fresh and wholesome as a lake breeze. The love of nature and the intimate acquaintance with every gentlemanly amusement displayed by the contributors to Outing's pages is an encouraging indication of a national leaning toward a healthier style of literature and toward those beneficial exercises which tend to build up a stalwart nation and assure for Americans a proud position among the great powers of the world. The contents are: "Big Game in Colorado," by Ernest Ingersoll; "Canoeing on the Miramichi," by Rev. Wm. C. Gaynor; "Four Days' Swardfishing," by John Z. Rogers; "Down Hill with a Star," by Dr. Alfred C. Stokes; "Running High Jumping," by Malcolm W. Ford; "A Day with the Woodcock," by Ed. W. Mandys; "Yacht Clubs of the East," by Capt. A. J. Kenely; "Photographing in the White Mountains," by Ellerslie Wallace; "A Beggar on Horseback," by G. P. Sey; "The Mystery of University Oval" by Howard Keeler; "Grouse Shooting in Ireland," by Capt. T. S. Blackwell; "The Theory and Introduction of Carrots," by O. P. Caylor; "The Massachusetts Volunteer Militia," by Capt. D. M. Taylor; "American Polo," by Lawrence Tipton; "Camping in the Woods," by Helen S. Clark; "Harry's Career at Yale," by John Seymour Wood; "A Chapter in Lacrosse," by J. Parnley Paret, and the usual editorials, poems, records by the standard writers on sport, etc.

The Arena for August presents no less than eight leading papers from representative thinkers among women of America and Europe, discussing political, educational, social, sociological, economic, and scientific themes, together with two literary papers, one by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the famed Egyptologist and novelist who in a most delightful paper writes of her own home life. An excellent portrait of Miss Edwards accompanies this paper. The other, a sensational story of Tennessee, entitled "Old Hickory's Bar," by the charming young Southern author, Miss Will Allen Dromgoole. The heavier essays by women are, "The Unity of Germany," by Mme. Blazé de Bury, of Paris, one of the most brilliant essayists on the European continent; "Where Shall Lasting Progress Begin?" by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the most thoughtful and sensible magazine essays of the month. A very fine portrait of Mrs. Stanton forms a frontispiece of this number. Never before in the history of any great review has there appeared such a brilliant series of women's discussions, varied themes, as appears in the Arena; indeed, heretofore reviews have fought shy of women contributors, rarely having more than one or two topics discussed by them in a single issue, but the Arena, from the beginning, has thrown its pages open to women and in every way has championed all movements looking toward a broader freedom and a more enlarged sphere for womanhood, which is not surprising to one who reads Mr. Flower's editorial on "The Era of Woman" in this issue. Another feature is added to this issue of the Arena, entitled "Books of the Day." It consists of several pages of critical book reviews which are given in addition to the one hundred twenty-eight pages of essays which appear each month. In this department able criticism by the editor, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Prof. Buchanan, Rev. Howard MacQuay, and other critical writers will appear. The August Arena is brilliant and unique.

The Atlantic Monthly for August has many notable features besides the serial stories by Mrs. Catherwood and Mr. Stockton. Miss Harriet Waters Preston and Miss Louise Dodge, who, over their initials, have before this printed many delightful papers in the Atlantic, now, under the title of "A Disputed Correspondence," discuss wisely and delightfully the letters which are said to have passed between Seneca and the Apostle Paul; Wendell P. Garrison has a political article of real value on the Reform of the United States Senate; and W. D. McCracken describes effectively "Six Centuries of Self-Government" in Switzerland. There are excellent reviews of the Life of Browning and the Memoir of John Murray, with poems, notes on new books, and the Contributors' Club.

Scribner's Magazine for August is a "Fiction Number," and contains five complete short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, T. R. Sullivan, A. A. Hayes, Annie Elliot, and John J. Becker. This number also contains a long opening installment of the new

serial, "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. In addition to the abundant and entertaining fiction, this number contains another article in the Great Street series—"Piscatology," by Andrew Lang with many characteristic illustrations by W. Douglas Almond, a very capable English artist. "The Point of View" discusses "The Question of the Day Novel." "Anonymous Journalism," "A Crucial Time," and "The Malady of Success."

The Century for August has a double frontispiece consisting of portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Germany to accompany a candidly written paper of personal interest, Pauline Bigelow. The literary feature of the number is a paper by the Rev. Henry van Dyke "On the Study of Tennyson," in which he includes a very useful classification of Tennyson's poems. A full-page engraving of Alexander Harrison's painting "Le Crepuscule" is followed in "Open Letters" by some account of the artist by W. A. Coffin; "The Argentine Cheap Money Paradise," discussed editorially in "Topics of the Time," this being the sixth of the financial series, and it is believed the most authentic account of the great disaster.

The August Magazine of American History is a first midsummer number. It opens with the rich and a delightful article on "The Spartans of Paris" by General Meredith Road. An excellent picture of the great editor and author, M. Arsené Houssaye forms a welcome frontispiece to the number. "A Character Sketch of Mr. Gladstone," by Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., will attract every reader. "The Royal Couple of Romania," "Archaeology in Missouri," by O. W. Collet; and "The Four New York or Senior Regiments of Troops in 1775."

The Chaperone magazine, published at St. Louis "leads the van." The unprecedented increase in circulation during the past six months, shows a gain of 27 per cent. Its growth keeps up with clock-like regularity; its mail bags go to the uttermost corners of the earth; it is a magazine for both the poor and rich. It has frequently been observed that the Chaperone has steadily improved since the first appearance, and this issue is no exception in this respect. The contributions are able and timely, and their authors embrace many of the best thinkers of the day.

The Overland Monthly for August prints in its series of industrial articles, a paper by Charles G. Yale on "Gold Mining of Today." It is a valuable statement of the present conditions of this oldest of Californian industries, and is abundantly illustrated by pictures that show the processes and peculiarities of the work. A second illustrated article is Mr. Alex. P. Oakey's plea for sincerity and true art in the permanent buildings now being constructed in San Francisco. Mr. John Hittell, taking a fine reproduction of Professor Davidson's Relief Map of the Pacific Coast as a text, has some remarks to make as to the deductions to be made from a study of it. Judge Walter Van Dyke tells some interesting facts in the early history of Llamah; and there is a tale of a remarkable shipwreck—"The loss of the Harrier." The poetry, editorials and reviews are all up to the high standard the Overland sets for itself.

Elegant Fashion Books.—The new Fashion Journals, "La Mode," "La Mode de Paris," and "Album des Modes," published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York, are the most elegant of their kind ever brought to our notice. The styles are drawn by the best artists, and the books are produced by rival houses in Paris, each trying to excel the other in the character of its publications. Formerly they were printed only in French, but they are now published in English for the use of American readers. These journals furnish the styles one month in advance of any similar publications; and they have a practical department, in which lessons are given each month on how to make a similar publication; and they have a practical department, in which lessons are given each month on how to make dresses, etc. The admirable fashions, the lessons in dress-making, and the giving of the styles one month earlier than heretofore are strong points in favor of these Fashion Books, causing them to be called "The Favorites." These excellent publications can be obtained from all newsdealers.

Nothing adds so much to a person's appearance as a fine thick head of hair of even color, and to assure this use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

Exclusive Stove Store.
Hall Bros. have moved to 1308 O street, the former location of the Enterprise Commission Co., where they are now arranging their attractive line of stoves and ranges. When ready to open, this firm will have the largest stock, as well as the only exclusive stove store in Nebraska. The store will be used for both wholesale and retail patronage.

The Whitebrest Coal and Lime company is always at the front supplying the finest grades of all kinds of coal.

Eye and Ear Surgeon.
Dr. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist, 1383 O street, telephone 375, Lincoln, Nebr.

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.

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

Brown's restaurants are the only ones in the city for ladies. The menu is extensive and embraces all the seasons latest delicacies while prices are extremely low.



BASEBALL

Minneapolis retaliated Thursday on Wednesday's defeat and bested Lincoln by a score of 10 to 9. It was a pretty game. There was 9 earned runs and of those 6 were ours. O'Day pitched for Lincoln and Duke for Minneapolis. The former struck out 3 men; the latter 9. Burkett got a home run.

The Lincoln Giants leave Wednesday for a tour of the state. Games will be played at Columbus, Plattsmouth, Fremont and other towns.

The score in Wednesday's Minneapolis-Lincoln game was 14 to 1 in our favor. Ehret was largely responsible for the good work.

Sioux City 4, Lincoln 1.—That's the record of Sunday's game. Pitcher Hart was to much for us.

Lincoln got the first shut out of the season Saturday when we whitewashed Sioux City, 3 to 0.

Yesterday's game at Minneapolis resulted in Lincoln's defeat in a score of 8 to 2.

Frank Burr is gaining a local reputation as a pitcher with the Merchant's club.

Just think of it, Duluth defeated Kansas City Thursday by a score of 21 to 3.

Cook, of the Louisville club has taken Rogers' place in the Lincoln team.

O'Day and Ehret are being worked for all there is in it these days.

In Monday's game Sioux City defeated Lincoln, 8 to 9.

Flanagan is giving fair satisfaction with Omaha.

The Omaha club is having a hard time of it. Root stock is still above par.

Cut for a New Deal.
A Chicago paragon, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics. The first boy took it awhile and said:
"I pass."
The second boy took it, and said:
"I turn it down."
The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out:
"I can't make it."
"Very good, boys," said the paragon; "we will proceed to cut for a new deal."
And with this remark the teacher danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.—National Weekly.



FOR THE PRISON. FOR THE SEASIDE.

For curative effects, one bottle Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other name.

A MINNESOTA OUTING.

Written for THE COURIER.
"A friend of mine is spending some time in the country and it is arranged for me to go out for a day to teach her the art of angling. 'You must go with me' said my friend, James C., intimating also that he could give me points in the reel. Now my friend is a devotee of the rod and reel, and his specialty is the game bass that inhabit the northern lakes; so I was delighted to avail myself of the opportunity to witness his skill, and to participate in the pleasures of the excursion. Leaving St. Paul by an evening train, we sped northward, via the St. Paul and Duluth R. R., through the lake country, passing at frequent intervals those glistening lakes which so delight the eye of the summer visitor to their placid shores. A two hours ride brought us to the station where we were to quit the railway. After a most enjoyable supper at a lakeside hotel, we prepared for a pleasant feature of our outing, namely a two mile walk to the farm house where Miss M. was staying, at which we arrived before daylight and were received with a cordial welcome—although my friend was strangely apprehensive of attacks from hostile dogs. The place was a veritable Nirrod retreat. The opulent landlord had built, apart from the dwelling, a house of two rooms to accommodate his gentlemen guests and of this we were given possession. The premises consisted of somewhat less than a thousand acres in crops, woodland, lakes and marshes. Mead lake lay towards the north but no water was visible, it was obscured by a dense growth of wild rice, the home, and protected feeding grounds of water fowl.

Along the banks of this lake, springs of icy cold water of rare purity were utilized for dairy and stock, and capricious barns and sheds housed the animals from the rigors of the northern winters. Our farmer host showed us his dogs, his stock and crops, and grew eloquent of the pleasures of the chase. He also made some allusions to the good points of a "Silo." At the mention of the word "Silo" my friend who had been preoccupied with anticipations of the morrow became interested at once. Said he, "I have heard of that species of name; do you think we could find any in this vicinity?" This remark, of course established my friends' high repute among the ranks of an agriculturist, and qualified him for a high position in the ranks of the Farmer's Alliance.

The bright moonlight lured us forth for a stroll under the deep azure of the northern

sky. What a transformation of scene was this! From the busy streets of St. Paul, almost to the wilds of Minnesota, but there was pleasure to all the senses in the surroundings. The tremendous notes of a whippoorwill came from the dark forest beyond the marsh, the air was heavy with the cool fragrance of the linden blossoms, constellations wheeled through the depths of space above and about us, one felt that the hidden forces of nature were at their maximum of energy. Our eloquent musings were however somewhat disturbed by the voracious mosquitoes and we retreated within doors. On retiring to our upper chamber, imagine our surprise on finding five tempting beds, disposed about the large room, each inviting us to repose. Here was another quandary for my friend who found it extremely difficult to decide upon which of them he would recline his elongated form. He finally chose the one which appeared of the greatest length, I taking second choice. We were soon wrapped in profound slumber and a light covering besides.

The following morning found us early at the lakeside equipped for the days fishing. A skillful oarsman relieved us of the labor of propelling five tempting beds, disposed about the best position and under the tuition of our expert friend, manipulated her rod and reel with the skill of a veteran angler. We all fished with an industry worthy of a better reward than we received, and I for one, was glad when it came time for us to land for the midday hours on the shaded and grassy beach and to discuss the generous lunch that we had provided and afterwards to stroll along the shaded paths. The flora of the lake country would, I am sure, delight a botanist. There is much variety of plant and tree. The Linden or basswood abounds here. Its flowers are a rich cream color and shed a peculiar refreshing fragrance.

During our afternoon fishing, my friend audibly invoked the aid of all the fairies, gnomes and water sprites supposed to inhabit the deep, he even appealed to the fishes to impale themselves on his hook. Finally, being seized with an inspiration he began to apostrophize our blushing guest in the following triptych:

"Maiden fair
Beyond compare
With golden hair."
After this outburst, our luck turned and we lingered till we came near being drenched by a passing shower. It is not necessary here to enlarge upon the dimensions of our catch. Let it suffice to say that each of us was rewarded with success of a greater or less degree.
C. D. HYATT.

What He Didn't Have.
He had a lot of fly traps hung over his shoulder, and as he heaved in sight through the alley gate the lady of the house saw him from the kitchen window and laid for him.

"Good afternoon, mum," he said, taking off the traps and spreading them at her feet as she stood in the doorway. "I have here—"
"Yes, I see," she interrupted, "but I don't want them. Have you a machine that will make old eggs fresh again?"
"No, mum," replied the astonished peddler, "I—"
"Well, then, have you any freezers that will make warm ice cream?"
"No, mum, I—"
"No! Have you any recipes for making strong butter weak?"
"No, mum, but I—"
"No! Have you any scales that will make heavy bread light?"
"No, mum, not to—"
"Indeed! Have you any spectacles for cross eyed potatoes?"
"Well, mum, it's this way, you—"
"Certainly I do. Have you a nice, light straw hat for the head of the kitchen flour barrel?"
"No, I—"
"Gracious me!" she exclaimed sharply. "What have you got anyway? Nothing in the line of vats in which to tan a tomato skin, have you?"
The man began to gather his traps together hurriedly.

"What's the matter?" she asked pleasantly. "Aren't you going to let me have a—"
"Nothink, mum, nothink," he muttered, "except the whole back yard to yourself, and may Heaven bless you and keep you in it," and he fled out and slammed the alley gate as she smiled softly to herself and resumed her work peeling potatoes.—Detroit Free Press.

"Don't Care to Eat."
It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headaches, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

RESIDENCE WANTED.
A nice residence of 7 or 8 rooms with all modern improvements within ten blocks of COURIER office. Will take possession at once or within 30 days. Address or call on L. WESSEL, JR., this office.

Think of it!—The Cosmopolitan Magazine, a giant among the great monthlies, and THE COURIER will both be sent to any address one year for three dollars. For further particular see large advertisement on page eight.

Buy coal mined near your home. Newcastle Nut is conceded by all that have used it to be the best for kitchen use. Price \$4.40 delivered. Sold only by Geo. A. Rayner. Telephone 380. 1134 O street.

A Cure for Cramps in the Stomach.
Albert Erwin, Editor of the Leonard, Texas Graphic, says: "For the cure of cramps in the stomach Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the best and most speedy I ever used." Many others who have tried it entertain the same opinion. For sale by Chas. C. Reed, Druggist.