

LITERARY MEN AS HUSBANDS.

Wordsworth made a love match and was a lover through life. Shelley's first marriage was unfortunate, but his second was a model of happiness. Moore's wife was one of the noblest creatures, and he never tired of singing her praises. Montaigne, when a widower, said he would not marry again, "though it were to wisdom itself."

Rural Pleasures.

Mr. Chatterton—I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee. Miss Weatherbee—I'm very glad to hear of it, Mr. Chatterton. Yes, I've made up my mind to become a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawing and see the butterflies making butter, and the grasshoppers making grass, and—all that sort of thing, you know.—Grip.

Bather Hard.



Disgraced Artist (whose thirteenth comic drawing has just been rejected)—Well, if you can't see this, what kind of jokes do you want? Editor (calmly)—Funny ones.—Harper's Bazar.

Too Much for Him.

A neatly dressed young man with a pink, fresh complexion entered a popular downtown restaurant late the other evening and ordered half a dozen raw oysters. The restaurant is one of the places where the oysters and shellfish are dressed at a counter in full view of the patrons. At the time the pink young man gave his order two men were standing at the counter talking with the man who cracks oysters open and lobs them. Before the young man had fairly swallowed the first of his half dozen the two men had raised their voices, conversing in tones which he could not help but hear.

Well Placed Confidence.

"Herr Santatsrath (medical inspector of the board of health, would you please step over to my house? My wife died this morning, and we shall want the certificate of death made out." "Where is the corpse?" "On the Sunberg, about three miles from here." "That's a long way to go in this weather. Who attended her?" "Dr. Killmoff."

The Light That Failed.

"There goes Sir Edwin Arnold," observed the hostess to her Chicago visitor. "Who's he?" inquired the visitor with innocent curiosity. "Why, don't you know him? He's a famous London editor and he wrote 'The Light of Asia.'"

The Force of Habit.

A recently elected mayor in the south of France, who had formerly been a police magistrate, was the other day uniting a young couple in the bonds of civil marriage. After putting the decisive question to the bride, "Mademoiselle Rosette, do you agree to take M. Caponnet to be your wedded husband?" he turned to the young man and very gravely said, "Prisoner, what have you to say in your defense?"—Zadig.

Too Obliging by Half.

Country Magistrate (to his clerk on his first appearance in the office after a long illness)—Ah! delighted to see you at your post again, my good friend. I firmly intended paying you a visit next Sunday. Clerk—I am extremely obliged to your worship, if I had known of your intention to do me that honor I would have remained ill a little longer.—Kreiterung

He Expected It.

"Your proposal is so unexpected, Mr. Spoonmore," said the young woman blushing, "that I hardly know what to say. You must give me time to think it over." "Certainly, Miss Jagers," said the young man accommodatingly. "That's the way I've—always been in the habit of doing in cases like this."—Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Logic.

Husband—I may tell you, dear girl, that this particular dish tastes abominable. Wife—But, darling dear, the cookery book says distinctly that it tastes delicious!—Hochwachtler.

One Was Enough.

Suitor—I come to ask for your daughter's hand. Her Father—She is my only daughter. Suitor—Well, sir, one is all I want.—Yankee Blade.

WHIP AND SPUR.

It is reported that Allerton will in his races next season pull a thirty-nine pound sulky. Successful trainers of horses, professional baseball players and United States senators now get about the same salary. H. E. Willis says, "I would not have Mystic park changed into a kite shaped track if it could be done for nothing."

It is stated that an offer has been made of \$175,000 for Orme, by Orme, the favorite for the English Derby, and refused. John Crooks, one of the oldest trotting horse drivers of note in America, died in San Francisco recently. He drove George Wilkes in several races.

W. H. Keller, secretary of the Tristate Fair association, Evansville, Ind., states that Roy Wilkes has made a third quarter in 29 1/2 seconds, the full mile being paced in 2:10. Lady Suffolk, the first mare to trot a mile under 3:30, was on the turf sixteen years. She trotted in over 100 races and won about 88 of them, her money winnings amounting to \$25,000.

According to an Australian exchange, at the close of the year 1890, Australia had only 168 horses; now there are 1,500,000 on the continent, and they are increasing at the rate of 80,000 a year. The reason why J. B. Haggin secured the great New Zealand race horse Maxin for \$21,000 was because of his late owner's disgust at the excessive figure, \$50,000, at which a tax commissioner in New Zealand had appraised the horse.

Hippology is making constant progress in the capital of Germany. During the first nine months of 1891 6,000 horses were killed in the private abattoir at Berlin. This number is 421 in excess of that for the corresponding period of 1890. The treasury department at Washington has decided that after April 1 no animal shall be admitted free whose owner cannot produce a certified copy of register showing that the sire's blood for five generations is absolutely pure and the mare's for four.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Jackets for spring wear are chiefly in three-quarter length, although a few shorter ones are displayed. The coming spring promises to be a fashion season in millinery, and feathers will be very sparingly used. Crowns threaten to disappear altogether, so low are those seen in the new spring shapes. Of course the deficiency will be made good in the trimming.

There is a demand for soft silk ruffles, which look like feathers. They are to be had in all shades, and are used to edge skirts and are also worn for frills. Lace promises to be even more fashionable next summer than it was last. In many cases the entire bodice is of lace. This is particularly effective when the gown is of the fashionable light shaded silk.

A pretty evening mantle is of heavy blue velvet, lined with light blue silk, composed of a drawn-in back, with the straight fronts bordered with Mongolia goat around the length. The straight sleeves have deep velvet cuffs. A gold slipper had is accounted for from the fact that this peculiar style of foot-gear is said to go well with any and every evening gown. Many of the dancing shoes are so fashioned that only a gleam of gold is seen through the perforated top.—New York Press.

CROWN AND SCEPTER.

The emperor of Austria writes to the pope every week. Ex-King Milan of Serbia is the most frequent royal theater goer in Europe. Princess Mary of Teck is celebrated as being one of the best dancers in London. Queen Victoria is one of those few people now living who knew Sir Walter Scott personally. The German kaiser recently surprised his cooks and scullions by invading the imperial kitchen without notice. He was escorted, of course, by the steward of the household.

EPICUREAN MORSELS.

Where one lump of sugar was sufficient to sweeten coffee it now requires three. Shrimp appear to be out of gastronomic fashion so far as "society feasting" goes. Some of this season's wedding cake has been rich enough to take a trip to Europe. This is an era of the chafing dish, and great are the uses to which it is now devoted. Gladstone is said to be one of the most pronounced believers in the efficacy of stale bread. A London caterer boasts that pineapple is the foundation for two dozen desserts he makes. You cannot make bricks without straw, nor good cake without plenty of butter and sugar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Medicine stains may be removed from silver spoons by rubbing with sifted wood ashes and soap. To keep your feet warm place a sheet of blotting paper in your shoes. It is quite as efficient as a cork sole and not so bulky. Chemists say it takes less than half the amount of sugar to sweeten preserves if the sugar is put in after the cooking has commenced. A simple test for the detection of lead in drinking water is furnished by tincture of cochineal, a few drops of which will color the water blue if there is the remotest trace of lead present. Celery is a sedative and is good for rheumatism and the so called neuralgia, which is only another name for it. Cucumbers cool the system—when fresh out of course. Lettuce is not only cooling, but produces sleep, especially if the stalk is eaten.

Mr. Kelly's Proposal.

A widow of comely face and buxom form occupied one corner of the car, and next her sat a middle aged man whose conversation denoted that he, too, had been deprived by death of the companionship of a spouse. The two were acquainted and were discussing each other's loss aloud to the edification of the rest of the passengers. Then the conversation took a tender turn and their looks indicated that the mutual sympathy between them had ripened into a warmer sentiment. The passengers saw the widower sit a wee bit closer to the widow, and heard him say in tones too loud for a stage whisper: "It's too lonely and hard for me to endure it any longer, Mrs. Murphy. I'm thinking of getting married again."

"Well, I don't blame you one bit, Mr. Kelly," said the widow, with a look which in her earlier days used to make the heart of the late Murphy thump against his ribs. Thus encouraged the widower moved still closer and eyed the blooming Mrs. Murphy with such favor that she dropped her gaze to the floor. "Yes," continued he, "I am beginning seriously to think about taking the step I believe as soon as I find a good, strong healthy woman, able and willing to do my housework. I'll ask her to marry me."

It came more quickly than he expected. "Well, Mr. Kelly," said she tartly, "I wish you luck in your undertaking, and if I hear of any stout, healthy woman out of employment I'll send her to you."—Boston Herald.

Unconscious humor is frequently the best humor. The funniest things that have ever said were not thought to be funny by the people who uttered them. The answers given in school examinations are very often ludicrous. In a recent examination some boys were asked to define certain words and give a sentence illustrating the meaning. Here are a few. Frantic means wild. I picked some frantic flowers. Akimbo, with a crook. I had a dog with an akimbo in his tail. Athletic, strong; the vinegar was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind another; the boys sat tandem at school. And then some single words are funnily explained: Duet is mud with the wet squeezed out; fins are fishes' wings; monkey, a small boy with a tail; stars are the moon's eggs; circumference is distance around the middle of the outside.—Yankee Blade.

More Than He Bargained For. "Well," said the merchant to the young clerk whom he had sent out collecting, "did you have any luck?" "Some." "I suppose you got the amount Mr. Fatherington owes. You said he was a personal friend of yours." "No, I didn't get the money; the fact is I don't exactly know what to make of my experience there."

"How was it?" "I went in and said, 'Mr. Fatherington, I called to speak about a matter'—I didn't get any further when he put in with, 'That's all right, my boy, she's yours, take her and be happy.'"—St. Louis Republic.

Hopeful Views.

Little Dick—The school is closed because so many children is sick. Mamma—They will probably be all right again in a week or so. Little Dick (hopefully)—Perhaps the rest of us'll be sick then.—Good News.

Know Her Darling.

Mr. Jolliboy—My gracious! This old fashioned snowstorm makes me feel young again. Little Johnny should be over at the hill coasting, instead of sitting in a stuffy schoolroom such grand weather as this. I'll go up to the school and find him. Mrs. J. (quietly)—Perhaps, my dear, you would save some steps by looking for him on the hill first.—Good News.

Why Didn't He?

They had been talking about waiting and he, not being a dancer, had made a few remarks about arms being around the girls and that sort of thing, when she asked "Why don't you wait?" "Oh," he said, with such meaning significance that the girl actually blushed. "I don't have to."—Detroit Free Press.

The Worst of It.

Bicycle Dealer—This machine will be better for your boy than a pony. It doesn't eat anything. Frugal Parent (not entirely convinced)—No, it won't eat anything, but I'm afraid it'll give the boy a thundering big appetite.—Chicago Tribune.

Natural Enough.

Bagley—Poor Dedbrook never gets any credit. Bruce—Why doesn't he? Bagley—He never pays.—New York Herald.

He Knew.

Wife—Shall I have my black silk fixed over, dear, or would you get a new one? Husband—By all means get a new one. It's cheaper.—Cloak Review.

Makes the Flesh Disappear.

"You have been losing flesh lately haven't you?" "Yes, I've been shaving myself."—New York Dispatch.

A Sign of Spring.

The trees are bare and cheerless now. The breath of Winter's in the air. Anon a wandering flake of snow drops silent on the rusty shawl. No colors yet from Nature's hand proclaim the advent of the Spring. The cold and bleak. We shiver still. And to our Winter garments cling. But Spring is coming. Every man who has a wife and lives in town will tell you this, because his wife is harping on that new spring gown.—Cloak Review.

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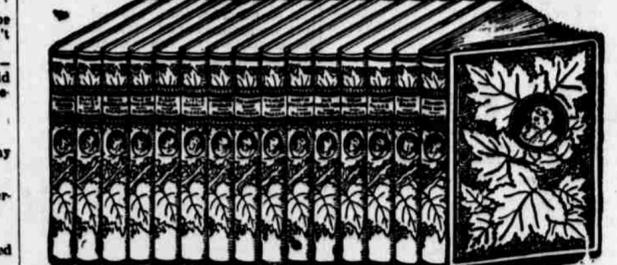
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