MORE APRIL MAGAZINES

☞All the latest magazines, periodicals, etc., now on sale at the new COURIER NEWS STAND, 1134 N street.

Fresh, attractive and pure as a spring blossom; healthful in tone as the pastimes ashore and afloat, which it so zealously advocates, is the April number of *Outing*. The contents are as follows: "From the German Ocean to the Black Sea," by Thomas Stevens, illustrated by Hy. S. Watson; "A Cigarette from Carcinto," by Edward French; "Goose Shooting on the Platte," by Oscar K. Davis, illustrated; "Saddle and Sentiment" (continued), by Wenona Gilman, illustrated by Hy. S. Watson; "Horseback Sketches," by Jessie F. O'Donnell; "Canoeing on the Upper Delaware," by H. W. Wray; "The Status of the American Turf," by Francis Trevelyan, illustrated by Harry Stull, "Harry's Career at Yale," by Jno. Seymour Wood, illustrated; "An Irish Otter Hunt," by Capt. Thos. Blackwell; "Mutual Aid Among Amimals," by Geo. E. Walsh, illustrated; and the usual editorials, records, poems, etc.

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The April *Arena* is rich in able, thoughtful papers. Its table of contents is as varied as it is inviting, as will be noted from the following: "Vital Statistics of the Negro," by Frederick L. Hoffman. "The Money Question," by Hon. John Davis, M. C. "Volapuk, the World Language," by Alfred Post. "The Speaker in England and America," by Henry George, Jr. "Rational Views of Heaven and Hell," by Rev. George St. Clair. "The Farmers' Alliance and its Leaders," by Annie L. Diggs (illustrated by two full-page portraits and four smaller photogravures). Although the most liberal and progressive of all the great reviews, the *Arena* is prospering in a manner which indicates the trend of public thought and proves that the people admire brave, outspoken, and earnest magazines.

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Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, N. Y., announce for immediate publication as No. 12 in their Rose Library, "Some Children of Adam," by R. M. Manley, a well developed story, easily winning and retaining the readers attention to the end. It is a vital contribution to the social study of New York society, for it presents a picture of American life that is most captivating to the thoughtful reader. There is such an atmosphere of the reality over the uncommon happenings of the novel, the narritive shows such careful study and shrewd observation of metropolitan life, that those who will notice the types, distinct and interesting in their personality, will at once recognize the veracity of the representation. For this reason it will produce a profouund impression wherever New York influence is predominant. Thousands, however, who wish to read the book with the expectation to be entertained only, will be fascinated by the magnetism of the story, the charm of its language, its intricate plot, its telling incidents, its strange coincidences, and its vigorous and at times thrilling actions, revealing the inner life, pleasures, intellectual pursuits, as well as the frivolities of the wealthier classes of New York, Price, cloth (illustrated) $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

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The Arena Publishing company have just issued a new work by Rev. Minot J. Savage, entitled "The Irrepressible Conflict Between Two World Theories," suggested by Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent lectures on "Evolution." This work contains the notable lectures, carefully revised, delivered by Mr. Savage in Unity pulpit. It also contains a preface by the author, embodying a cordial letter from Dr. Lyman Abbott.

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Wheelmen will find something to interest them in "A Cyclist's Visit to Rip Van Winkledom," by J. H. Sharpe, in *Outing* for April.

The Lucky Horseshoe.

"Do yez remember the talk about soigns an superstitions the other evening, Mrs. Flannagan?"

"Oi do. Have yez tried the horseshoe yit?"

"Faix, an we have, an it worruked to wonst. It hadn't bin up two hours before it fell on Michael and broke open his head. Now all he has to do is to lie in bed an dhraw 'is money from the lodge."—Washington Star.

A "Small and Early."

Some Specimens of Irish Wit.

Irish wit is often of the most mordant and even sardonic kind. Was there ever a more sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." Less scathing, but less witty also, was his description of a lady of a similarly repellant temperament, "She had all the characteristics of a poker except its occasional warmth."

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The late Hugh Stowell Brown, the popular Nonconformist preacher, once overheard an old Irishwoman in Liverpool mutter furiously, as a funeral, to which she ought to have been asked, passed her door: "Oh, go an wid ye! Go an wid ye! Go an wid ye! But maybe there'll be a funeral at our house soon, an thin we'll see who'll be axed!"

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A friend of my father's had a servant called Jerry Doherty, a handy man, who was of invaluable service to him until poor Jerry took to drink. His master, as much in his own interests as in Jerry's, was continually trying to reform him, and to this end he would read out to Jerry from the newspapers every story of crime or of trouble traceable to drink which he could find in them. At last he came upon a story which might have reformed Bardolph. It was a thrilling tale of a drunkard, who was so saturated with whisky that his breath caught fire as he was blowing out a candle, set his inside ablaze as it would have set any other whisky cask and burned him to ashes in five minutes. "Now, Jerry—now, Jerry," urged the master, with the solemnity of an adjuration, "let this be a warning to you!" "Oh, begor, it will so, sir!" groaned the horrified Jerry. "I'll never blow a candle out again the longest day I live!"—Belgravia.

MAURITIUS & CO. AT HOME AGAIN.

Its Old Stand Handsomer Than Ever, and Stock Larger and More Attractive.

March tenth, J. H. Mauritius & Co's. handsome and well known ladies furnishing goods store was almost wiped out of existance by fire. It was only the work of a few days until all the remaining stock was transferred to 1130 N street, offered at sacrifice prices and closed out. While this sale was going on the firm had placed orders for an entire new stock, and a force of artists were put to work on the damaged store room, working night and day to get it ready for the grand opening which took place Thursday.

At noon all improvements were completed, nearly all of the stock had arrived and been placed in their respective departments, the store had been beautifully decorated and trimmed up especially for the occassion, and when the grand rush came for the opening the well trained and polite assistants had all they could do to wait upon and show the guests the hundred and one pretty things that ad arrived since the damaging fire took place. One thousand Easter eggs in various colors were given away as souvenirs, each bearing a neat ribbon on which was printed the firm's name, address, etc. It was a fine opening attended by the elite of Lincoln, and clearly demonstrated the wide rang of friends and patronage that J. H. Mauritius & Co. enjoy.

It might be well to say a few words here regarding the stock, all of which, as above mentioned, is absolutely new. Every jacket and short wrap is of new designs, and numerous among them are exclusive patterns. It's a line worth careful inspection. To write up the entire stock would be almost an endless task, so the best idea our lady friends can get of the new Mauritius stock, would be to make it a point to step in next time while down town and look the store over. Everyone knows this place of business is at 131 South Eleventh street and that they always present the latest in novelties for ladies, misses and children.

LUCINDY.

When Lucindy's eye do shine
Lak a ripe, ripe muscadine,
An 'er lips sticks out
In a tantalizin pout,
I counts Lucindy mine.

When she droop 'er eyes so shy,
Lak she gwine ter pass me by,
An des afore she pass
Drap 'er hankcher on de grass,
My courage rise up high.

When she sets up in de choir,
An 'er voice mounts higher an higher,
In unison wid Jim's,
A-singin o' de hymns,
I sets back an puspire.

When she lean down on 'er hoe,
'N dig de san up wid 'er toe,
An look todes me an sigh,
Des lak she 'mos' could cry,
I don't know whar ter go.

When she walk right down de aisle
At de cake walk wid a smile,
An she an yaller Jake
Ketch han's and win de cake,
I steam an sizz an bile.

When she claim me fur her beau,
An den dance de reel wid Joe;
An when she swing me by
Squeeze my han on de sly—
I don' know whe'r or no.

Tell de trufe, Lucindy's ways
Gits me so upsot some days
Dat, 'cep'n dat I knew
Dats des de way she do,
I'd do some damage, 'caze

Some days when she do de wus,
Ef 'twarn't dat I hates a fuss,
An loves 'er thoo an thoo
Wid all de ways she do,
De least I'd do'd be cuss.

—Ruth McEnery Stuart in Harper's Magazine

Dawning of a New Industry.

Attorney—Describe as nearly as you can the assault the prisoner made on you.

Witness—He threw his arm about my neck, shutting off my wind. Then he pulled off my overcoat, a heavy, first class garment made by Ratchett & Haycroft, 46 Scully avenue, of the very best material and workmanship——

"Never mind that. What did he do next?"

"Best overcoat I ever had and cost me only"——

"Confine yourself to the facts in the case, if you please."

"Yes, sir. Cost me only thirty-four dollars. They're giving 10 per cent. off for cash. Then he relieved me of my watch. It was a gold hunting case timepiece, full jeweled, stem winder and stem setter"——

"You needn't describe the watch."

"No, sir. I got it of Bombshell & Co., 844 Pulsifer place. Best watch I ever owned and cost me only"——

"All this is immaterial. I want only the facts pertaining to the robbery."

"That's what I'm giving you. Cost me only $16.50, and they've got a whole showcase full of them. Then he took my pocketbook, containing twenty-six dollars, all bills, and a deed to a piece of land in Hyde Park, drawn up by"——

"I don't care to hear anything about that."

"No, sir. Drawn up by Mulligatawny, the real estate agent at"——

"Once again, sir, I ask you to confine yourself to the facts of the assault."

"Yes, sir. At 69 Soup alley. Conveyances of all kinds executed promptly and loans negotiated on desirable real estate at the most reasonable rates. Then he left me and ran off without taking my hat, which was an elegant silk one, made by"——

"Hold on! I don't"——

"Made by Pomfret & Slack, corner of Blue street and Commercial alley, five dollars, best I ever wore. He failed also to get my shoes, which were"——

"Your honor, I insist that this witness shall"——

"Made by Demoss & Ingraham, 27 Korsteen street, cost eight dollars, of the best kangaroo leather and good enough for a king. That's all I know about it."

"At how much do you estimate the money value of your loss by this robbery?"

(With visible reluctance) "I'm ahead $2.50."—Chicago Tribune.

A Sweet Revenge.

"Haven't you got anything solid to eat?" said a traveler, discontentedly eyeing the profusion of pies and small cakes on the counter of a restaurant at one of the way stations.

"Shall I give you some beans?" said the proprietor, with his most persuasive smile.

The traveler assented, and making short work of them, asked, "How much?"

"Twenty-five cents," was the bland response.

"What?" cried the traveler; "twenty-five cents for a spoonful of cold beans?"

The proprietor continuing firm in his price, the man paid it and departed.

But late that afternoon a telegram was handed to the restaurant keeper, for which he paid twenty-five cents. It ran thus:

Don't you think your price a little high on beans? TRAVELER.

—Harper's Magazine.

ADDITIONAL DRAMATIC.

Continued from First Page.

Maurice Barrymore will be Marie Wainright's leading man next season.

On June 6 Pauline Hall begins a summer season of comic opera at the Tremont theatre in Boston.

Nelson Wheatcraft has an offer to replace Maurice Barrymore in A. M. Palmer's stock company next fall.

Frederick Paulding has re-engaged Adelaide Fitz Allen, Guy Lindsley and Lillie Sinclaire for next season's tour of "The Struggle of Life."

Marie Wainright resumed her tour in "Amy Robsart" Monday, March 21, in Milwaukee. She is under engagement to appear in San Francisco Monday.

Joseph Jefferson's reception in San Francisco in "The Rivals" was of the most enthusiastic nature and was accomplished without the assistance of the ushers.

Miss Clara Morris played in Troy, N. Y., early in the season and created such a furore in "Odette" that Manager Edwin H. Price has arranged for a return engagement.

The advance sale for Sol Smith Russell's engagement at the Tremont Theatre in Boston was very large The line of purchasers remained unbroken for several days before the arrival of this popular comedian.

Stuart Robson and his company traveled in their own palace car during their Pacific coast tour, a luxury which seems to have become a fad with prosperous players since Patti set the example several years ago. Mr. Robson calls his car the "Why." He is booked to appear at the Lansing April 11th.

Have you seen Miss Minnie Seligman as "Violet Hunt" in "A Modern Match"? Is the talk of New York. Miss Seligman is a beautiful woman and has made a wonderful hit at the Union Square theatre, which is being crowded to the doors at every performance.

Miss Gale is young in years and stage experience. Seven years covers her footlight career. She was Lawrence Barrett's leading lady, and when that astute scholar and shrewd financier joined Edwin Booth, Miss Gale became the chief actress of that famous organization. Miss Gale makes her first appearance in Kansas City as a star April 4 at Coates opera house, reaching Topeka April 11; Leavenworth, April 12; Atchison, April 13; St. Joseph, April 14; Lincoln, at Funke's, April 16 and 17; Omaha, at Boyd's, April 18, and Des Moines, Ia., April 25.

Since Edwin Booth "spoke up" for the Actors' Fund Fair there has been a mad scramble of those who were disaffected with the scheme to get into line. Even the beauteous Lillian Russell, who sniffed disdainfully when the plan was first mooted, has sent a "lovely autograph letter" to the Ladies' Executive Committee. Letters are all right, but money talks.

Now there is a theatrical circus mania in New York. "The Country Circus" continues to hold public interest at the Academy. At the Bijou there is "A Night at the Circus" in which reliance is placed principally upon the circus scene, and at the Broadway theatre in "The Lion Tamer" is seen life under a circus tent and on the road. It is an epidemic of circus life which just grew up of itself, and like measles and typhus, ouly a good deal better to catch.

A Thwarted Ambition.

I would I were a "funny man,"
But Fate has been unkind;
I have no stock in trade of jokes
Such as they seem to find.

No one cooks onions in my flat,
My gas bills are not large;
The ice man makes, I must admit,
A reasonable charge.

My cook is all that I could wish,
And hash I never saw;
A gentler woman never lived
Than is my mother-in-law.

My coat has never carried home
A hair from some stray curl;
I never knew a hotel clerk
Nor had a "summer girl."

Typewriters do not bother me—
My own is quick and neat;
The only western girl I knew
Had very dainty feet.

The theater hats I've sat behind
Were of a modest height;
The bathing dresses I have seen
Were never "out of sight."

The chorus girls I've known were young;
The choirs I've heard could sing;
I sometimes even like to read
A dainty "Ode to Spring."

And so, although I'd like to be
One of those funny folks,
I have to give it up, because
Where can I get my jokes?

—James G. Burnett in Life.

George Cook at Hotaling's.

The announcement that Mr. Cook, late of Cook & Johnson, will hereafter be found at Hotaling's grocery, 1428 O street, will be pleasant news to his numerous friends. There are but few ladies in Lincoln who buy groceries that do not know Mr. Cook and his courteous treatment to the trade. He will be pleased to renew old friends and hopes to be able to serve them as heretofore in his new abode. Remember the place, Hotaling, the O street grocer.

A New Hospital.

The Ideal hotel is no more, Mr. Webb having given up same yesterday to Dr. Woodward, who will begin at once to reopen the house as a medical institute and hospital. Regarding the work of this institution Dr. Woodward will soon give full information.

New Departure—White Ribbon Intelligence Office.

Mrs. L. A. Mastin, sole proprietor, 1128 N street, room 8, opposite Herpolsheimer & Co. Exposition stores, stands ready to give a helping hand to all classes, old and young, the object being purely charitable with a brotherly and sisterly love for all, following the example of Christ our Leader, who went about doing good for all. To do the plain duty of all. Everyone welcome. Remember the place as given above.

He Loved One of the Daughters.

"I have come to you, sir, on a delicate mission," said the young man, as he sat down on the edge of a chair and looked uncomfortable, as young men sometimes will.

The old gentleman laid down his pen and looked curious.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, sir, you have two beautiful daughters," explained the young man.

"I have two daughters," admitted the old gentleman.

"I presume you have noticed that I have been frequently at your house," suggested the young man diffidently.

"I have noticed it."

"Thank you, sir. I have been paying attentions to—in fact, sir, frankly, I—I have been making love to one of your daughters."

"I presume so. And you would like to"——

The old gentleman hesitated, and the young man eagerly went on:

"Yes, sir; that's it exactly. I proposed to one of them last night, and I—I"——

"Which one?" interrupted the old gentleman. "Both are splendid girls, and I should hate to lose either, but—which one is it?"

"Don't you know?" asked the young man aghast.

"Certainly not. I've seen you with both."

The young man sighed and reached for his hat.

"I thought you might," he said. "I've been very attentive, and I was sometimes in doubt myself, seeing they're twins, but I got along all right until I proposed. And now—now—hang it, sir, if you don't know which one accepted me I don't, and I've got to begin all over again."—Chicago Tribune.

A Lover's Strategy;

OR, HOW JONES FRIGHTENED HIS RIVAL, BROWN, OFF THE PREMISES.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

—Fliegende Blatter.

Where He Drew the Line.

Three little negroes created amusement for a car filled with people yesterday. One of them had stolen something from a church and the other two were making much of his downfall.

"You stole it; you know you stole it," said one.

"Dey had no business puttin it there," was the reply.

"Dat makes no difference."

"Well, you steal too," said the erring brother in a tone meant to settle the discussion.

"I knows I do," said the other, "but I don't steal from no church."—Kansas City Times.

Too Bad.

The other day X——, the Bohemian, on receiving some money from a rich uncle, took it into his head to square off some of his most pressing debts. He first called at his tailor's and heard that the poor man had just died. His widow, all in tears, desired to know the visitor's errand.

"I have come to pay my bill," he simply replied.

"Ah!" sobbed out the widow, "if my poor husband had only lived till this morning the shock might have brought him round."—Figaro.

Be Diplomatic, My Boy.

Ruth Ashmore in her "Talks with the Girls" in The Ladies' Home Journal says, "If a young man suddenly kisses you, I should advise you not to speak to him again." Of course not. A young man has no business to suddenly kiss a young lady. He should take a long time about it. It is a mean, mean trick of any young man to be too sudden about it. Ruth, we're with you.—Superior Inland Ocean.