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PERSONAL POLITICS.

HERE IS SOME INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Cleveland Thinks Carlisle is the Greatest Man in the Country—A Dark Horse for Secretary of State—Cleveland and Gresham.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Is there anything in the world more interesting than men? Some one may say, "Yes, women." This is true, but none of us likes to sit down in a cold blooded way and write a two column letter about women. I make it a rule never to say anything about women unless it is something nice, and just now I don't happen to think of enough nice things about women—at least, not about women that you take any interest in—to fill a couple of columns.

It is different with men. You can say nice things about them and things that are not nice, so you don't go too far, and the sensible ones won't complain. Shrewd public men in Washington scheme and plan to get the newspaper correspondents to write about them. They prefer praise, but if they can't get that they would rather have abuse than nothing. Anything but to be ignored. So if any one has fault to find with what I say of him or his friends in this letter let him remember that silence is the unkindest cut of all.

It has been settled for some days that Mr. Carlisle is to be the new secretary of the treasury. He notified Mr. Cleveland two weeks ago of his acceptance and will resign from the senate Feb. 1. This is no longer news, but it leads up to what I want to say. I have heretofore expressed the opinion that Mr. Carlisle is the most intellectual man in the public life of this country, and I am naturally glad to have my opinion confirmed by so eminent an authority as Grover Cleveland. To a certain eminent gentleman who called on him a few days ago and mentioned Carlisle, Mr. Cleveland said, with something like enthusiasm: "I am happy to be able to tell you Mr. Carlisle has accepted the treasury portfolio. Carlisle, in my judgment, is the greatest man in America."

"Not excepting yourself, Mr. Cleveland?" the caller smilingly inquired.

"I except no one," was the response.

Mr. Carlisle's friends think he is making a great mistake. They say that after he has worked himself to death for a few years in the cabinet he will find it impossible to get back into the senate and will find himself out in the cold. But these friends need not worry. I am going to strain a point in confidence to tell you that Mr. Carlisle will go from the cabinet to the supreme bench.

How queer it is that a woman always sticks to the bird in the hand! Now, there's Mrs. Carlisle, a fine Kentucky woman of charming manners and keen political judgment. When the Republicans obtained control of the house two years ago, and Mr. Carlisle saw a chance to go to the senate, Mrs. Carlisle said to him:

"Don't you do it, John. Stay right where you are. The Democrats will regain control of the house at the next election and will hold it for six or eight years, and you will be re-elected speaker just as long as you want it. A senatorship isn't to be compared with the speakership. Is it, John?"

But Mr. Carlisle decided to go to the senate and has since said, probably a hundred times, that he wished he had accepted his wife's advice. Mrs. Carlisle was not in favor of his going into the cabinet either. Let us hope that for once a woman's intuition will turn out wrong.

Probably Judge Lindsay will be Senator Carlisle's successor. Of another distinguished Kentuckian, also an aspirant for the seat which Carlisle is to vacate, it is said he would have been sent to the senate years ago if it were not for his habits. On hearing this a cynical friend of mine remarked:

"Judging from the habits of some of the Kentuckians who do come here, what must we think of those who are kept at home on account of their habits?"

Probably I can write this farthest at Kentucky with better grace than most men because I have so often expressed my admiration for those genial, joshing Kentuckians. How some of them manage to drink so much whisky and at the same time to keep up appearances and do good work is a thing I could never understand. Why, a certain famous Kentuckian never thinks of letting a day pass without taking all the way from ten to twenty generous drinks of the popular Kentucky beverage. Perhaps it is with the Kentuckians as Lincoln said it was with Grant, "I would be a good thing if other generals would try the same brand."

There isn't a tenth part as much drinking among public men as there was ten or fifteen years ago. It is going out of style. And yet not every one that drinks has a reputation for it. For instance, a certain man who has been offered a seat in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and who has not yet accepted—I decline to particularize—goes along as steady as a clock for about three months and then disappears for a couple of weeks. "In New York on business." "In Chicago." "Gone south for a few days' rest." These are the explanations given at his office, while the facts are he is alone in some hotel room as dumb as a lord! Yet he is a brilliant and safe man, and his occasional "still" is no affair of ours. As the women say, "You men are so funny."

Senator George Gray, of Delaware, has declined a seat in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Cleveland has a weakness for Thomas A. Bayard. Mr. Bayard, as every one who knows him will certify, is indeed a charming man, but for some reason or other Mr. Cleveland didn't want him in the cabinet again, though he would like to have him in Washington. So he fixed up a nice little scheme. Senator Gray was to be made attorney general, and that would give Mr. Bayard a chance to come back to the senate. It was a very nice scheme, but Mr. Gray has knocked it all in the head by declining. George Gray is one

of the strongest men in the senate. He has a great future before him there, and believes Mrs. Carlisle is right when she says a man does better to stick to a good job.

Henry Cabot Lodge is to be the new senator from Massachusetts. His success has spoiled a good story, and it was very unkind in Mr. Lodge to go and do it. Five or six years ago one of the brightest newspaper correspondents in Washington was Mr. William E. Barrett, of Boston. He was active, persistent, skillful. One of his greatest friends was Mr. Lodge, who has, among other comforts and attractions, an income of \$100,000 a year, and precious little of that from literature. Why a man who has \$100,000 a year should bother his head about history and musty old documents in the state department is more than I can fathom. But that's another story, as Kipling would say.

One day Correspondent Barrett thought he would like to have a paper of his own. He had his eye on a Boston paper—the one which he was the correspondent for in Washington. Mr. Lodge was appealed to and responded generously. Mr. Lodge, through Mr. Barrett, bought the paper. In the course of time, having a genius for finance as well as journalism, Mr. Barrett became sole owner. Then he went into politics, was elected to the legislature, praised some men and lampooned others till he won the speakership, was twice re-elected, and then, though a mere stripling and amateur, set his mark for the senate.

Last fall we heard in Washington that he was going to win and that Mr. Lodge would be knocked out, and as fellow journalists and admirers of nerve and genius whenever we see it we were preparing to have a good laugh over the fate of the ambitious statesman who lent his journalistic friend \$25,000 with which to buy a newspaper, for, don't you see, it was the newspaper which Mr. Lodge bought for Mr. Barrett that gave Mr. Barrett his political start and made him a senatorial possibility. It really is too bad of you, Mr. Lodge, to spoil a good story in this cruel fashion.

I don't like to trench too much upon the domain of politics, but I was over in New York a few days ago, and while there heard a curious yarn. Unlike some curious yarns it was true, of which I have the best evidence. Mr. Cleveland has been wanting to give a seat in the cabinet to Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Chicago, for whom he entertains profound admiration. Mr. Cleveland seems to be just the man to do a bold thing like that—for it would be a bold thing for a president to take into his cabinet a man who only four years ago was a candidate for the presidency with the rival party. Mr. Cleveland, I am told, would have offered Judge Gresham the secretaryship of state or the interior but for one thing, and that was a strong hint through all of Judge Gresham's friends that he would not accept.

Speaking of Mr. Cleveland's enthusiastic estimate of the man who is to be his secretary of the treasury reminds me that another man who stands very high in the good graces of the president elect is James C. Carter, of New York. Probably Mr. Carter is the foremost lawyer of the metropolis, at any rate in admiralty and international cases. He is one of the counsel for the government in the Behring sea arbitration, and will have to go to Paris next month to appear before the court of arbitration. Would it surprise you to hear of Mr. Cleveland offering the secretaryship of state to Mr. Carter? I don't say it will be done, but I know it has been under consideration.

If Mr. Cleveland can't induce Don Dickinson to take it, possibly Carter will be the man. Dickinson long ago decided that he wouldn't go into this cabinet. He wants to make some money. But Mr. Cleveland wants him, and wants him so badly that the chances are Mr. Dickinson will yield.

Every one in Washington is glad to hear Colonel Dan Lamont is coming back. He is to be a member of the cabinet this time. That has been decided upon for some time. He may be secretary of the navy, the post in which Mr. Whitney made such a fine reputation, and he may be postmaster general. Dan is a convenience to Mr. Cleveland; he can be shifted about from one place to another, as the exigencies of cabinet making may require. Every one here is sure he will be a success, no matter where he is put.

Do you know the secret of Dan's remarkable influence with Mr. Cleveland? I do, and I'll print it for the benefit of office seekers. He doesn't toady. In his relations with Cleveland Dan has always had a habit of speaking right out in meeting. When he thought Mr. Cleveland was wrong he has never hesitated to say so. They do say that at times Dan brings the great man "up standing," as the saying is. Now Mr. Cleveland is a self-willed man. He likes to have his way about things pretty much all the time. But like most stubborn men he despises toadying and has no use for a man who is afraid to speak his mind. WALTER WELLMAN.

Roads and Horses. One of the best arguments for good roads is contained in a calculation recently published in one of the engineering papers. It states that on the worst earth roads, not muddy, but sandy, a horse can draw twice as much as he can carry on his back; on a fair road, 84 times as much; on a good macadamized road, nine times as much; on a smooth plank road, twenty-five times as much; on a stone trackway, thirty-three times as much, and on metal rails fifty-four times as much. The men who use the country roads can therefore make money by improving the roads rather than by buying new horses every year or two.

The Salt in the Ocean. The waters of the oceans and seas of our globe hold not less than 60,000,000,000,000,000 tons of salt in suspension. If these figures are correct and the ocean should be entirely dried up, there would be a deposit of salt 450 feet deep over every foot of the great basin. If taken out and spread upon what is now dry land, it would give us a salt covering nearly 1,500 feet thick.

Appreciative. Persons in public office sometimes become very skillful in making themselves generally agreeable, but the best of them may err in thinking that practice has made them perfect in this respect. This story is told of a famous French minister of finance who, with good intentions, once amusingly failed to say the right thing: "The government was needing money, and a would be wit suggested to the minister that a tax might be put upon wit. "Every one would pay it voluntarily, because no one would wish to confess to being stupid," he said. "Many thanks, sir," replied the minister affably. "If I adopt your plan I shall certainly exempt you from the tax as a token of appreciation."—Youth's Companion.

A Surfeit.



Miss Snowball—Does yer want me to interluse you to Miss Ashcar, de belle ob de ball? Sam Johnsoning—No, thank you, Miss Snowball. Since I has heard de bawl of de belle I has no use for de belle of de ball.—Texas Sittings.

Castling an Aspersion on Her.

It was on the elevated, where so many amusing incidents occur. The car had twice as many people in it as the builders intended it should hold, and about half of these were hanging on the straps. It was a down town train and after dinner, and the atmosphere was thick with the odor of musk, garlic, cologne, corried beef and cabbage and the usual New York variety of the great unwashed.

"Keep your hands off me, please!" exclaimed a thin faced, slabsided looking woman in the standing crowd. The cry made a great sensation. Every body craned his head around to catch a glimpse of the outrager. "I beg your pardon, madam," said a harmless looking individual in a white necktie. "I was afraid you were about to fall. No harm intended, I assure you."

"That's all right, young man, but I'd rather fall than have a man's arms around me." "She's likely to fall dead before any man puts his arms around her for fun," growled a voice, the owner of which kept himself carefully concealed.

Not in Good Form.

A tempest beat against the windows, but within the drawing room all was light and warmth. It often occurs that way.

The sweet little woman with a flageolet hairpin was weeping with joy. She had just fallen upon the neck of the man who was raising a Van Dyke whisker.

"Yes," she cooed rapturously.

"Ah," rejoined he, "this is the moment to which I have long looked forward."

She stole a sly glance at him and then in delightful confusion buried her face in his four-in-hand tie.

"And now?"

Gently he raised her curly head.

"I must tell you."

A shade of pain flitted across his face.

"Who I really am."

With a look of intense horror she sprang from him.

"Don't, don't!" she cried earnestly.

"Wait till after we are married. It is wretched form to talk of such things now."

"There was a heavy load on his heart, but he yielded nevertheless."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was All Right.

"Have you an opening on your staff, sir?" asked a man as he entered an editor's office.

"What department would you like to work in?"

"I think I could make a good success of the 'Answers to Correspondents.'"

"Have you ever conducted such a department?"

"No, sir."

"Then on what do you base your belief that you could do that sort of work?"

"I have spent several months in answering the questions of a four-year-old boy."

"What boy?"—London Tit-Bits.

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