SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1893.

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Lincoln, Nas., May 1sr 1sep

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4 CURATL'S EPISTLE.

Will you marry a curate, Miss Ethel?
Will you wed with a reverend man.
With a hundred and twenty pounds yearly
And giad to get that if he can?
Will you never miss vespers or matins?
Will you with the poor in the rain?
Will you give up your silks and your satins
And wear ginghams and mousselines de laine?

You have very nice ankles, dear Ethel,
And a figure with scarce any faults.
Can you bear, then, to give up the lancers
And only look on at a waits?
Will you lay by Mozart and Beethoven
To teach Bunday school children to squall,
And instead of your painting and sketching
Draw maps of the journeys of Paul?

Can you please the entire congregation—
Keep all the societies hot—
Barely praised if you're fit for the station
And roundly abused if you're not?
Can you disregard sneering and scorning
'Cause at home you've to work like a bee?
Will you help to make the beds in the morning
And out bread and butter for tea?

Can you drudge all the day without pity?
Can you darn, sew and stitch end—not tire?
Will you sit on the ladies committee
And warble your best in the choir?
Will you stand by your husband when alighted
By men who make light of his pains,
Who have far more than ten times his income
And far less than half of his brains?

Married bishops may easily mingle
Worldly wisdom with warning so dour,
But I've taken no vows to keep single,
Though p'rhaps I may always be poor.
Then if as the wife of a curate
You could live, dear, say "Yes" without fuss.
Don't be daunted by prelates obdurate
And gladden your own Clericus.
—London Tit-Bita.

THE BURGLARS.

It was much too fine a night to think of going to bed at once, and so, although the witching hour of 9 p. m. had atruck, Edward and I were still leaning out of the open window in our night-shirts, watching the play of the cedar branch shadows on the moonlit lawn, and planning schemes of fresh deviltry for the sunshiny morrow. From below, strains of the jocund plano declared that the Olympians were enjoying themselves in their listless impotent way, for the new curate had been bidden to dinner that night and was at the moment unclerically proclaiming to all the world that he feared no foe. His discordant vociferations doubtless started a train of thought in Edward's mind, for the youth presently remarked, apropos of nothing that had been said be re, "I believe the new curate's rather gone on Aunt Maria."

I scouted the notion. "Why, she's quite old!" I said. She must have seen some five and twenty summers. It was much too fine a night to think of

"Of course she is," replied Edward scornfully. "It's not her, it's her money he's after, you bet."
"Didn't know she had any money," I ob-

"Didn't know she had any money," I observed timidly.

"Sure to have," said my brother, with confidence. "Heaps and heaps."

Silence ensued, both our minds being busy on the same problem—how this condition of things, if it existed, could be turned to advantage.

"Bobby Ferris told me," began Edward in due course, "that when a fellow was spooning his sister once they used to employ him to carry notes and messages and things between them, and he got a sailling almost every time!"

"What, from each of them?" I innocently inquired.

For dances and outings there is no such music in Nebraska as that supplied by the Nebraska state orchestra.

Reduced Rates by Missouri Pacific will be given to St. Louis from July 20 to October 31. Very low rates will be such and this will be an excellent.

"What, from each of them?" I innocently inquired.

Edward looked at me with scornful pity.

"Girls never have any money," he briefly explained, "But she did his exercises and got him out of rows and told stories for him when he needed it—and much better once than he could have made up for him self. Girls are useful in some ways. So he self. Girls are useful in some ways. to October 31. Very low rates will be on sale and this will be an excellent chance to visit the greatest carnival city in America. Call on nearest ticket agent M. P. railway for information, of J. E. R. Miller 1201 O street, Lincoln Neb., or H. C. Townsend G. P. A. St. Louis, Mo.

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"when he got to the place and found nothing?"

"He found Bobby," said Edward indigmantly. "Young Ferris was a gentleman,
every inch of him. He brought the fellow
another message from Bella: I dare not
leave the house. My cruel parents immure
me closely If you only knew what I suffer! Your broken hearted Bella!" Out of
the same book. This made the fellow a
little suspicious, for it was the old Ferriese
who had been keen about the match all
through. The fellow, you see, had tin.
However, he couldn't exactly call Bella's
brother a young liar, so Bobby escaped for
the time. But when he was in a hole next
week over a stiff French exercise, and
tried the same sort of game on his sister,
abe was too sharp for him, and he was
caught out. Somehow women seem more
mistrustful than men. They're so beastly
suspicious by nature, you know!"

"I know" and I "But did the two-

suspicious by nature, you know!"
"I know," said I. "But did the two—the fellow and the sister—make it up after-

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both stanch and well disciplined. menns of exit were simple nough. A post of iron trellis came up to within engit ach of the window and was babitually used by of the window and was habitually used by all three of us when modestly anxious to avoid public potice. Harded climbed defily down the porch like a white rat, and his nightgown glimmered a moment of the graveled walk ere he was lost to sight; the darkness of the shrubbery. A behinterval of silence enaued, broken suddenly by a sound of scuffle and then a shrilling drawn squeal, as of metallic surfaction friction. Our scout had fallen into the in friction. Our scout had fallen intota

hands of the enemy!
Indolence alone had made us devolve the task of investigation on our younger bother. Now that danger had declared itself there was no hesitation. In a second we were down the side of the porch and crawling Cherukee wise through the laurels to the back of the garden seat. Piteous was the sight that greeted us. Aunt Maria was on the seat, in a white evening frock, lookon the seat, in a white evening frock, look-ing-for an aunt-really quite nice. On the lawn stood an incensed curate, grasping our small brother by a large ear, which-judging from the row he was making-seemed on the point of parting company with the head it adorned. The grewsome noise he was emitting did not really affect us otherwise then methanically. To one noise he was emitting did not really affect us otherwise than assthetically. To one who has tried both, the wall of genuine physical anguish is easily distinguishable from the pumped up ad miscriordiam blubber. Harold's could clearly be recognized as belonging to the latter class. "Now, you young"— (whelp, I think it was, but Edward stoutly maintains it was devil) and the curate sternly. "tall us what you said the curate sternly, "tell us what you

mean by it!"
"Well, leggo of my ear, then!" shrilled
Harold, "and I'll tell you the solemn
truth!"

"Very well," agreed the curate, releasing him; "now go ahead and don't lie more than you can belp."

We abode the promised disclosure with-out the least misgiving, but even we had hardly given Harold due credit for his fertility of resource and powers of imagina-

"I had just finished saying my prayers," began that young gentleman slowly, "when I happened to look out of the window, and on the lawn I saw a sight which froze the marrow in my veinal A burgiar was approaching the house with anakelike trend! He had a soo . and a dark lantern, and he was armed to the teeth!"

We listened with interest. The style,

though unlike Harold's native notes, seemed strangely familiar.

"Go on," said the curate grimly.

"Pausing in his stealthy career," con tinued Harold, "he gave a low whistle. Instantly the whistle was responded to, and from the adjacent shadows two more figures gilded forth. The miscreants were both armed to the teeth."

both armed to the teeth."
"Excellent," said the curate. "Proceed."
"The robber chief," pursued Harold,
warming to his work, "joined his nefarious
comrades and conversed with them in silent tones. His expression was truly ferocious, and I ought to have said that he was armed to the t"-

"There, never mind his teeth," interrupted the curate rudely; "there's too much jaw about you altogether. Hurry up and have done."

"I was in a frightful funk," continued the narrator, warily guarding his ea. with his hand, "but just then the drawing room window opened and you and Aunt Maria came out—I mean emerged. The burglars vanished silently into the laurels with hor-

The curate looked slightly puzzled. The tale was well sustained and certainly circumstantial. After all, the boy might have really seen something. How was the poor man to know—though the chaste and lofty diction might have capplied a hint—that the whole yarn was a free adaptation from the last penny dreadful lent us by the knife and boot boy? "Why did you not alarm the bouse!" he asked

"I was afraid," said Harold sweetly, "that they would not believe me!"

"But how did you get down here, you naughty little boy?" put in Aunt Maria. Harold was hard preased—by his own flesh and blood too! At that moment Edward touched me on the shoulder and lided off through the laurels. When some 10 yards away, he gave a low whistle. I re-plied by another. The effect was magical. Aunt Maria started up with a shriek.

Harold gave one startled glauce around and then fied like a hare, made straight for the back door, burst in upon the servants at supper and buried himself in the broad bosom of the cook, his special ally. The curate faced the laurels hesitatingly. But Aunt Maria flung herself on him. "Oh, Mr. Hodgitts," I heard her cry, "you are brave—for my sake do not be rash!" He was not rash. When I peeped out a second later, the coast was entirely clear.

By this time there were sounds of a household timidly emerging, and Edward marked to me that perhaps we had better be off. Retreat was an easy matter. A stunted laurel gave a leg up onto the garden wall, which ted in its turn to the roof of an outhouse, up which, at a dubious angle, we could crawl to the window of the boxroom. This overland route had been revealed to us one day by the domestic cut when hard present in the course of tic cat when hard pressed in the course of an otter hunt in which the cat—somewhat unwillingly—was filling the title role, and it had proved distinctly useful on occasions like the present. We were snug in bedminus some cuticle from knees and elbows -and Harold, sleepily chewing something sticky, had been carried up in the arms of the friendly cook ere the clamor of the

burglar hunters had died away. The curate's undaunted demeanor, as reported by Aunt Maria, was generally sup-posed to have terrified the burgiars into light, and much kudos accrued to him by. Some days later, however, when he had dropped into afternoon tes and was making a mild curatorial joke about the moral courage required for taking the last piece of bread and butter, I felt constrained to remark dreamily, and, as it were, to the universe at large, "Mr. Hodgitta, you are brave—for my sake do not be rash!"

Fortunately for me, the vicar was also a

caller on that day, and it was always a comparatively easy matter to dodge my long coated friend in the open.—Kenneth Grahame in National Observer.

Tipping the Hat to Ladies.

It is believed that the custom of raising be hat in saluting ladies is derived from the hat in saluting ladles is derived from the days of chivalry, when the knights un-helmed before ladies, that by so doing they might forego the advantages which their armor conferred upon them—rendering them defenseless and at the same time by such act declare their belief that woman was the soul and fountain of honor.—Pitts-have Dispatch

A Comparison. Foreigner-I don't like your American

Native—Why not?
"Ob, it is so new."
"Well, it is better to have it new and fresh than old and decayed, as yours is, I guess."—Detroit Free Press.

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