

A correspondent in Salt Lake informs THE COURIER that sentiment regarding W. H. Irvine is rapidly undergoing a change in that city. Whereas he formerly had the respect and sympathy of the best people in Salt Lake, he is now looked upon with considerable suspicion. This change has largely taken place since the commencement of the divorce suit. "Most people," says our correspondent, "think now that Irvine deliberately put up a job on his wife and he has few sympathizers."

The decision of the supreme court to the effect that the bonds voted for the erection of the high school building are invalid was a surprise, and to many it was a great disappointment. It is not at all improbable that another special election will be called, and as the public has more confidence in the new board the proposition would doubtless carry.

The proposition of employing teachers from abroad is again under discussion, and if the new board should decide to patronize home industry and stand up for Nebraska by employing teachers whose residence is in this state such a policy would meet with strong approval.

People in Lincoln who watch the movements of the great and possibly some others, are aware that a few weeks ago Frank C. Zehring, who has added an opera house to his collection of business enterprises, went to New York to book attractions for his new house. The particulars of Mr. Zehring's trip have up to the present time been withheld from the public, and many people who take a special interest in the new impresario have been kept in ignorance of interesting facts. Mr. Zehring has for some years taken an interest in theatrical matters. He was a local authority on theatricals long before he ever thought of managing a theater. He read the *Clipper* and *Dramatic News* and the choice theatrical intelligence to be found in THE COURIER, and many a time and oft he read that So-and-So, an actor or actress, was seen on the Rialto. So nothing was more natural than for Mr. Zehring to call a carriage upon arriving in New York and direct the driver to let him down on the Rialto. He was in New York on theatrical business and he wanted to get right among theatrical people. It is not known where the driver landed Mr. Zehring; but the theatrical manager from Lincoln didn't succeed in finding the Rialto. But he found some theatrical people and he began to attend to business immediately. Mr. Zehring hunted up Lillian Russell and offered her \$37.50 to come to Lincoln for a two nights' engagements, with or, \$37.00 without—Perugini. Miss Russell, somewhat to Mr. Zehring's surprise, refused. It is reported that Miss Russell inquired solicitously after her dear friend in Omaha, Joseph Garneau, Jr., and insinuated to Mr. Zehring that Mr. Garneau is a Jim Dandy when it comes to opening up champagne. Whether she informed Mr. Zehring fully as to the infatuation of Mr. Garneau, we are not fully informed; but we hope she did not. For that is a matter that should properly remain in obscurity. To return to our subject—Mr. Zehring was bent on securing something in the way of a striking novelty, and having failed to come to terms with the fairy air Lillian, he immediately hunted up Dr. Parkhurst and sought to arrange for a skirt dance by the doctor on the stage of the Funke, for men only. He would have been successful in this had not the doctor had all his dates full. Then Mr. Zehring bethought him of trying to get up a novelty in the way of a living picture. He telegraphed to Senator Allen and Congressman Bryan in Washington and offered them \$25 each to come to Lincoln and appear behind a gauze screen for the space of one minute as twin cuckoos. Allen consented, but Mr. Bryan demanded \$30, payment to be made in advance in gold, and as Mr. Zehring didn't have any gold about him, he had to let what was certainly a brilliant scheme, go. The statement that Mr. Zehring was stopped on Broadway while working his way to the American Theatrical Exchange, by a green goods man is denied, and as the the New York papers made no mention of the same, it was probably a canard, whatever that may be. Mr. Zehring did, however, subject himself to some humiliation when he ascended the great steps of Tammany hall and innocently asked to be shown some of the celebrated Tammany tigers, with a view of securing a covey of them for exhibition in Lincoln. The man at the door asked Mr. Zehring if he was from Omaha, at which our esteemed townsman, to use a vulgar expres-

sion, "took a tumble." It is not true that Mr. Zehring threw peanuts at the bears and new mown hay at the bulls in the stock exchange; but he did create some amusement on Fifth avenue by appearing with his trowsers creased with the Lincoln brand instead of after the the New York fashion. Mr. Zehring assures us that he had a good time, and he states in the most positive terms that the coming season at the Funke opera house will be a hummer. He expects to have as attractions every company that goes out of New York city, and will, if necessary, begin the daily performance at the Funke at 6 a. m.

THE ONLY PLACE.

Representative Grady, of North Carolina, is a gentleman of correct habits and great dignity. He is also an ardent student of history and literature. Not long ago he walked into the House library, and, accosting one of the young men who are appointed to wait on members, he requested him to get a copy of the book containing the famous order of General Dix to shoot any man on the spot who attempts to haul down the American flag.

The clerk began to search for the book, running over shelves of historical volumes, groping in dusty corners and turning over pages of war histories that would be likely to contain the order. Finally, after spending half an hour in unavailing search, he said to Mr. Grady:

"I can't find it. There is but one place where I know you can find it."

"Where is that?" asked Grady.

"In Blank's saloon, on Pennsylvania avenue, I've seen the original order there, in a frame hung up for the inspection of the public."

"In Blank's saloon, eh?" echoed Mr. Grady, fixing his eyes sharply on the young man. "Well, sir, I never go into a saloon. It strikes me, young man, that you know more about high grade whiskey than you do about literature."

AT THE CIRCUS.

The elephant reached around with his trunk and rattled the bars of the cage of the Royal Bengal Tiger.

"What do you want?" growled the Tiger.

"Didn't you cast some aspersions on my trunk the other day?" inquired the Elephant.

"I did," responded the tiger; "what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing."

"Well, what are you disturbing me for? You make me tired."

"I beg your pardon. I merely wanted to ask you a question."

"Ask it then, and don't stand there all day."

"Can you tell me the difference between a Royal Bengal Tiger and a jackass?"

"No," growled the Tiger. "What's the difference?"

"Well," chuckled the Elephant, as he blew a washtubful of dust in the Tiger's eyes. "If I couldn't tell the difference between myself and a jackass, I'd tie my stripes into a string and hang myself with it; indeed I would," and the Elephant went back to seesawing on his front legs and distributing occasional trunkfuls of dust and grass along his spinal column.

WON'T END IN SMOKE.

"They say that for an old bachelor Jones is putting a good deal of fire into his courtship."

"That's natural. He is sparking an old flame."

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