

MR. HARWOOD, MR. SAWYER, MR. WATKINS.

A Reunion of the Survivors of the Democratic Party.

MR. Andrew Jackson Sawyer has been invited by Mr. N. S. Harwood to meet Mr. Albert Watkins at Mr. Harwood's residence, next Monday evening, the occasion being the first formal reunion of the survivors of the democratic party in this state; Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Watkins and Mr. Harwood constituting, so far as this part of the state is concerned, the remains of the Nebraska democracy. To be sure, there is Mr. Tobias Castor; but that gentleman, since certain recent developments in Omaha, has allowed his thoughts to revert back to his youth's hey day, when he all but studied for the ministry, and he is occupying himself with religious study. He is no mood to indulge even in the sombre revelry which Mr. Watkins and Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Harwood propose enjoying Monday night. Mr. Harwood, for this gathering of the veterans has removed all the flowers from the carpet and the wall paper in his house, and the gilded chandeliers have been painted black. Everything will be draped in black, and tan bark will be placed in the street, so that passing vehicles and pedestrians will not annoy the company, thus harmonizing the surroundings with the feelings of the survivors who are to meet together. Upon assembling Mr. Watkins, after blacking his face with burnt cork and performing a like service for Mr. Harwood and Mr. Sawyer, will produce a tantom from his pocket and sound it three times. Then he will chant an anthem, written by J. G. P. Hilderbrand, of the happy days when there was a democratic party in this state, when J. Sterling Morton and Euclid Martin and Dr. Miller and Mr. Harwood and Mr. Andrew Jackson Sawyer and himself were arrayed in the panoply of power in a party that had an independent existence, before the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal of the Bryan hegira began, before the two Toms rose in their might, and smashed democracy in the face, and took the old shoes of the party over into the camp of the populists. Having finished, Mr. Watkins will drink three fingers of Spofford's jet black ink, warranted, and offer the same refreshment to Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Harwood.

The latter will thereupon array himself in a long black robe, like a shroud, and count one hundred, slowly and distinctly, in order to allow his passion to cool. Then he will moralize on the vanity and general unsatisfactoriness of things. He will take up fate and biff it once or twice, and land an upper cut or two on providence and perform a similar service for destiny. Relapsing into a low voiced monologue he will say: "Woe, woe is me, my brethren! My days are days of sadness and my nights are nights of ditto. Wherever I turn the stalking spectre of the past flies up at me, and snaps its flinty teeth in my face. Remember you the days when the weight of my counsel was given to the party called republican, when I stood up in the temples of the republicans, and was first in the ranks of that party? Remember you, also, when six years ago, something got the matter with me, and I flopped, body, soul and pin feathers, to the democratic party, which in those days was a party, and not an embalmed tradition, represented by three veterans, each with a tired feeling? Then there was a beating of drums and a singing of songs over a new convert to the true faith, and I was glad. The days and months and years have passed quickly since that memorable day, and I have seen the ebb of democratic enthusiasm. Yea, but lately I stood in Omaha a witness of the drying up of the once rushing stream of democracy, saw the flood gates of populism open and rise to the banks, filling with the driftwood of rant and nonsense and the spars of treason and calumny the place where but lately coursed the clear waters of democracy. Today we three are like Napoleon on the Isle of Elba, alone, with only the recollection of the past for company. My brethren"—it is here,

probably, that pent-up feeling will rise and assert itself, and the tears will flow, plowing furrows through the burnt cork paste—"the party that I joined has been too swift for me. It has gone me one better, and now I inquire, where am I at?" After a silence of fifteen minutes, befitting the solemnity of the occasion Mr. Andrew Jackson Sawyer will slowly proceed to the center of the room, and remain standing one hour. Then he will say in a whisper, "Aye, where are we at? Where was Moses when the light went out? Look you well, the answer to the one question is the key to the other." Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Watkins and Mr. Sawyer will each turn his face to the wall and remain in this position for three hours after which at a signal from the host, the reunion will be at an end and the remains will drift out into the night air.

A FRAGMENT.

By O. H. ROTHAGKER.

How in the evening our lives do lengthen
The shadows of our half-forgotten sins.
We feel ourselves so near the judgment bar
That we forget our consciousness of life.
And yet with half a sob and half a laugh
We write the foolish story of our lives—
Its trouble and its triumphs—all the scraps
Of follies we deemed wisdom and give these
To Him who is the bar. If He be God
He knows us, and it may be, will forgive!

A GLEVER CRITIC.

THE COURIER most respectfully salutes the clever critic in last Sunday's *Journal*, who made this paper the subject of remark. The criticism, made with, perhaps, not the most friendly feeling, was timely and just; and came as corroborative of a consciousness, on the part of the editor, that antedated the criticism some weeks.

Actor William J. Scanlon, who has been confined at Bloomingdale Asylum since Jan. 7, 1892, was last week declared insane by a sheriff's jury. The proceedings were brought by his partner and friend, Augustus J. Pitou, with the approval of Mrs. Maggie Scanlon, the actor's wife. Superintendent Samuel B. Lyon, of the asylum testified that the actor was incurably insane. He could call his wife by name, but could not converse with anybody. He has been violent at times, and has been removed to White Plains.

"The wedding bells were ringing on a frosty winter's night" is the first line of the chorus of the popular song entitled "The Fatal Wedding," and it is getting to be as popular as "After the Ball." The song does not go into the minor details of the wedding, it does not even go so far as to tell you where the bridegroom bought the engagement and wedding rings. But naturally the people who sing this song take it for granted that everybody knows that he bought them of E. Hallett, Lincoln's most enterprising jeweler. Mr. Hallett has more pure diamonds and precious stones than any other jeweler in the city and they are cheaper now than ever. Mr. Hallett also carries a complete line of watches, clocks, canes, rings, chains, silverware, and all the latest novelties in tie pins. Most of the elderly people will read a great deal this winter and if they do not have glasses adjusted to their eyes they are very apt to injure them. Tell your friends to come in and have their eyes examined free of charge, the number is 1143 O street.

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