

A VERSE WITH A MORAL.

A wise man once, of Haarlem town,
Went wandering up and wandering down
And ever the question asked:

"If all the world was paper,
And if all the sea was ink,
And if the trees were bread and cheese,
What would we do for drink?"

Then all the folk, both great and small
Began to beat their brains,
But they couldn't answer him at all,
In spite of all their pains.

But still he wandered here and there
That man of great renown,
And still he questioned everywhere,
The folk of Haarlem town:

"If all the world was paper
And if all the sea was ink,
And if the trees were bread and cheese,
What would we do for drink?"

Full thin he grew, as day
by day
He toiled with mental
strain,
Until the wind blew him
away,
And he ne'er was seen
again.

And now, methinks, I hear
you say,
"Was e'er a man so fool-
ish, pray,
Since first the world
began?"
Oh, hush, I'll tell you
secretly,
Down east there dwells a
man, and he
Is asking questions con-
stantly,
That none can answer,
that I see;
Yet he's a wise-wise man.
—Howard Pyle.

GOING TO RETIRE.

One of the sad things re-
sultant from the late elec-
tion is the assurance of
the speedy retirement from
official life of that sainted
and saintly man, Austin
Have-a-look-at-me Weir now
mayor of the city of Lincoln.

Mr. Weir must be a good man. He has said so himself, and he has had "A Citizen" say it for him. We are moved to tears when we think of this transcendently good man being suddenly jerked back into private life.

But there is a measure of consolation in it all.

There are lots of vacancies in private life for good men like Mr. Weir and he will fill one of these gaps beautifully.

In the quiet and peace of the privacy that awaits him he can write a book on "Lincoln as I Made It, or Still Alive After Two of My Administrations."

OBSTINATE COLDS.

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC No. 77 will "break up" an obstinate cold that "hangs on." Put in small vials of pleasant pellets; just fit your vest pocket; price 25c; all druggists.

White china to decorate at Crancer's, 212 So. 11th.

WANTED A PARTY.

LOST The democratic party in Nebraska. About two months ago the democratic party, then in an apparently sound and healthful condition, was suddenly lost or stolen. The undersigned have endeavored diligently to recover the lost party, but thus far without success, and we hereby offer a reward, suitable to the occasion, for the safe return of our party.

GEORGE L. MILLER,
N. S. HARWOOD,
J. STERLING MORTON,
ANDREW JACKSON SAWYER,
ALBERT WATKINS,
D. W. COOK.

The above notice, paid for liberally by Messrs. Miller, Harwood, Morton, Sawyer, Watkins and Cook, in inserted in THE COURIER partly for what there is in it, and partly through a desire on the part of the management to assist these gentlemen in getting in out of the cold.

If you have never had a party stolen from you in cold blood, with winter and election coming on, you do not know what it is, and you cannot appreciate the suffering of these gentlemen.

Their grief at its absence is rendered more poignant by the fear that the old party will be raped of its virtue before it is once more restored to the fond embraces of the Faithful Few.

In the years ago it has successfully withstood many a tough assault; but never before was its virtue in such eminent peril as from

the dalliance of the smooth tongued youth, and when it comes back it must needs undergo a medical examination before Messrs. Miller, Harwood, Morton, Sawyer, Watkins and Cook et al will take it to their bosoms.

Great preparations are making for the safe keeping of the democratic party once it returns. Each democrat will be required to take an oath not to steal it or give it away, and it will not be allowed to get into double harness.

It will be enshrined in a holy of holies and Dr. Miller will guard the left curtain, and Mr. Harwood the right while J. Sterling Morton will have charge of the incense. The Honorable Andrew Jackson Sawyer will sing paeans to the glory of the enshrined and enveloped party, and Mr. Watkins and Mr. Cook will weep constantly in anticipatory sorrow lest somebody with a shield of vitrified gall, and a nerve like that of ten thousand old maids, breaks through and carries off the



"What became of that fellow who invented the bullet-proof coat?"
"He went over to New Jersey to try it, and the mosquitoes ate him up."

party for a second time.

But all this is premature.

The party is not yet returned. It has not yet cleared itself of defilement, and the future is by no means certain.

Messrs. Miller, Harwood, Morton, Sawyer, Watkins and Cook are grumpy and full of wet tears, and they are not sure, until the want ad printed above is answered, whether this life is worth living. No party to turn to—nothing but a memory of glorified democracy seduced by a wandering minstrel, compelled to bear the jibes a cruel world delights to heap on men shorn of their mistresses.

What to Wear at Marlborough House.

An amusing little paragraph is going the rounds regarding a gentleman who recently received an invitation to dinner at Marlborough house. He did not know what costume he ought to appear in, so he sent a note on the sly to the private secretary. Sir Francis Knollys replied that "as no ladies are to be present trousers may be worn." At first sight this seems embarrassing, if not positively shocking. The simple explanation of this dubious message, however, is that, as a rule, knee breeches are worn with evening dress at Marlborough house.