

nd imitation Sevres or Royal Dresden vases, are apt to think sincerity of not so much consequence as seeming. The greatest thing in the world is goodness. All the other virtues follow in the train of sincerity which is the rarest thing in the world.

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The lady of the house is busy selecting paper for her home. This has been an especially dirty season on account of the absence of moisture for so long a time and the quantity of soft coal smoke in the air. The walls and ceilings of her house are blackened and cleanliness demands fresh paper. Economy and the artistic sense can both be satisfied in the cheaper grades of paper. The light, fresh pinks and blues and grays suggest spring pastures and summer clouds. The dark papers with muddy colors defeat their object. They may be clean but they do not look it. There is absorbing interest in this selection of a new environment. The cheaper the paper the more frequently may the experiences be repeated. When all the human life in the house has a new background of French blues and pinks there is something to keep the mind off thoughts of suicide in case of a failure of this year's crop.

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People arrive, breathless, eager, half an hour before the train comes in. Here is a postman in his grey clothes, walking up and down beside the track. Has he come just to see the trains arrive? His walk is nervous, expectant. It is a woman he waits for, though not a sweet heart—his clothes are not smart enough; nor his mother, nor his sister—he is too eager. When the train comes in he hastens to take a baby from the arms of a tired woman who turns and helps a little boy all dressed in knickerbockers of postman's grey with brass buttons, each button embossed with the figure of a postman delivering letters; I knew he was waiting for his wife. Even Sherlock Holmes would think the evidence conclusive.

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Here is a special car. They are the receivers of the Union Pacific road. They have been from one end of the road to the other. They walk up and down the platform. They say nothing and look rich. They are a trifle puffy, their trousers are creased, their overcoats unwrinkled, their shoes shiny. They have been across the continent but their magician has kept them immaculate. But why do they look so solemn? The porters and the conductors who have brought them through are frolicking on the platform, pushing and slapping each other and telling jokes till the idlers standing about smile in sympathy. The conductors and porters are as fat and sleek as the magnates and apparently without the "misery" which keeps the poor rich man sad.

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A burst of laughter, a rustle of silk-lined dresses, an odor of roses, and a wedding party. The bridegroom has the hunted look that a custom of rice and old shoes and white satin ribbon has grown on bridegrooms' faces. Everybody but his friends is sorry for him. Today he leaves the pack. He has been in full cry with the n after a wild-eyed bridegroom and today they hunt him. He thinks of his former victims with remorse and hopes his friends may forget some of the most cruel tricks which he himself has taught them for an occasion like this. They do not spare him one. At last the train slowly moves, and the first look of happiness comes into the bridegroom's face as he waves an adieu to the pack.

SARAH B. HARRIS.

GLEVER GARD TRICK.

Here is a very clever trick in whist given in a letter to the London Times.

Eight kings threatened to save nine fine ladies for one sick knave.
8 K 3 10 2 7 9 5 Q 4 1 6 Kn

If you will go through the pack, the eight of hearts, the king of spades, the three of diamonds, the ten of clubs and so on, keeping to the sequence of suits until you have repeated the above line four times and used the whole pack, you can then cut 40,000 and they will always fall to the players as described and in complete suits.

"77."

Dr. Humphreys' Specific "77" for grippe and colds is now on every tongue. It will "break up" an obstinate cold that "hangs on." For sale by all druggists.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.*

[SECOND SERIES.]

NO. 1.

HE is a prominent citizen, lives in a big house, goes in for philosophy and political economy, and he usually wears trousers three inches too short for him. His political ambition has soared to dizzy heights but it has invariably run amuck of unfavorable conditions, and dropped to the cold, hard earth with a thud at once dull and sickening, leaving him bruised and belligerent. He is a large-sized man and he bites his moustache—particularly when there is anything on his mind. The chinking of coin and the rustle of paper "promises to pay" are to him familiar sounds. He has for years handled large sums of money and the fact that very little of it slips through his fingers is sometimes a matter of comment. He is probably younger than sixty and certainly older than forty, and incidentally is a member of the Lancaster county bar, and his name though not as common as Smith is one that occupies considerable space in the Lincoln, as in most other, directories. His habits are good, and he is above average height.

The subject of this sketch has a marked individuality, and several of his characteristics are generally known. But his acquaintances have observed two traits that seem to stand out particularly distinct, and with these alone we have to deal at the present time.

Unreliability. No one ever knows where to find him. He jumps from one thing to another with startling facility. He changes his mind as often as he changes his clothes, and he has been known to attempt the difficult feat of going in two different and approximately opposite directions at the same time. He is as vacillating as a weather vane that catches the Nebraska winds. In business he is as changeable and unreliable as in politics; but it is the latter field that he has made the most notable spectacular exhibitions of lightning change; and his contortions have amused a whole state. He has professed to be a republican, has affiliated with the populists, believes in democratic and socialistic theories, and on occasion he is a republican, a pop, a socialist, a free thinker, a clam. He has sought office as a republican and then worked against republican candidates. He has joined forces in a pop campaign with Rosewater and within a few months has broken into a republican convention—sans any genuine republican ideas. His peculiarities have made it impossible for him to attain popularity in any party; but though repeatedly sat upon he still has ambition. This may take him into Mr. Bryan's anticipated new party, where his free silver views might obtain for him a momentary recognition. But the wheels that run his mental machinery would speedily send him off on a tangent. He would vacillate back to one of his former loves.

Timidity in the expression of an opinion. When asked for his views on a subject of importance he uses a formula something like this: "Under certain conditions it is possible that events might so shape themselves as to make it possible that this or that might be advisable; but everything is uncertain, and I would hardly go so far as to say," etc., etc. Few men can talk so learnedly, (he is a man of wide information and there is nothing the matter with his intellect) and so long, and say so little as this agile and versatile citizen who, were he an Indian might appropriately be named "Man-Afraid-to-Say-What-He-Thinks."

[*These "sketches" are a continuation of those that appeared in THE COURIER a year ago. They will, it is expected, be a weekly feature of this paper as long as suitable material lasts and the author's photographic inclination is not interfered with.]

Don't Delay

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the foul accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which effects nearly every one in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them.