

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(Written for THE COURIER by C. Y. Smith.)

Heidelberg, Germany, July 9. Heidelberg (Huckleberry hill) is the gem of Germany. A beautiful little city, most delightfully situated in the narrow valley of the Neckar, at its junction with the valley of the Rhine. It abounds in charming gardens and walks. And the hills overlooking the town afford a delightful view of the country around. On the opposite side of the river the famous Philosophenweg road winds along the side of the Heiligenberg; a vine-clad hill, wooded toward the summit and crowned with the ruins of an old chapel. Aside from its romantic beauty the interest of the town is centered in its university. This was founded in 1356 by Elector Rupert. Like all old foreign institutions it passed through many vicissitudes and was added to and taken from by the several powers under whose sway it fell. It has a library of 300,000 volumes, many of which are very rare and ancient.

The buildings present a sad commentary on beauty and are not at all commensurate with the reputation of the university.

The students number about seven or eight hundred, many of whom are English and American. The professors are about one to every nine students. A tourist is interested in seeing this celebrated institution, as well as the students whose faces are cut and hacked in the most frightful manner. Duels with swords are not a relic of ancient days. It is considered a disgrace to have a face free from scars and the student who has never fought a duel is a very insignificant fellow indeed. During the fight the arms, heads, eyes and ears are well protected leaving the face exposed. It is difficult to see what is the use of having one's face disfigured for life because your neighbor says you are a prevaricator. But the students at Heidelberg are running their own shop.

Some two or three miles from the city at an elevation of two hundred feet is the Molkencur, which gives a fine view of the city and the great bridge which crosses the Neckar. Beyond, surmounting an adjoining hill is the Konigstuhl, which commands a wide view of the Rhine, the Neckar and the mountains around. About two miles from the city on Castle Hill or Jettenbuhel is the ruin of Heidelberg Castle.

No words can convey an adequate impression of the extent and grandeur of this fortress pile. Of the many ruins in Europe none affords more solid pleasure and satisfaction as a "sight" than this. It is the largest, the grandest and the most magnificent ruin in all Europe. Its old walls and secret passages could tell many a fairy tale.

It was begun in the 13th century and being strengthened from time to time became one of the most impregnable fortresses in Europe. In 1689 it was blown up by the French and in 1764 was further demolished by lightning. But various portions remain standing and are viewed with indescribable pleasure.

The "Blown Up Tower," the "Chapel" and the "Fire Place" each has its story to tell. No traveler visits the castle without paying his respects to the wine cellar, almost filled with the "Great Tun;" an immense wine cask, built in 1751, holding some 49,000 gallons.

The wine was drunk up long ago, I presume by the French as they seem to have demolished about everything in Germany of any account.

The castle is a fine place to visit on a Sunday when all the people around gather in the castle grounds and enjoy the beautiful music and the social beer. Tables and chairs abound on every hand under shady trees and here the people come to while away their time.

Hundreds are walking and driving around the castle walls and under the large archway leading to the open court yard adorned with four granite pillars brought from Charlemagne's palace at Ingelheim. I can think of nothing more enjoyable for an American than a stroll on a Sunday for the first time around these immense grounds, amid the foreign throng, listening to the sounds of the German tongue, intermingled with the French and English, sipping, if you will, the social glass of beer and breathing the fragrant air which finds its way among the oaken groves. It is an easy going feeling when the usual cares of life are robbed of worry and every fibre of the body is aglow with content.

Germans know how to live. Americans don't. And there is the difference between the two. But after all it is purely a matter of taste. While a beer garden is looked upon by many here as a very improper social arrangement, yet one in seeing them as they exist in Germany is struck with the prevailing good nature and the apparent careless ease and enjoyment that are witnessed on every hand. Contentment appears as a prominent factor. And even to an honest temperance man the desire to join the social custom is catching. Before you are aware you find yourself seated in the midst of this happiness, listening to the strains of music and indulging in a forbidden glass of harmless beer. Such is life. We soon forget that one glass leads to another and the second glass to a third; in fact our memory becomes very negligent. We are for a time lost to the outside world. We enjoy, thoroughly enjoy the situation. No impropriety appears, the best of order prevails.

The wierd charm of the castle is found when we stand on the "Great Balcony" by night, near the octagon tower and see the moonlight break over the ruined walls and pierce the broken arches and windows. 'Tis a glorious sight that never fades from memory. When precious hours have passed we turn with reluctance upon the ivy walls and wend our way down the winding foot path to the town below.

It is 218 miles from Heidelberg to Munich. The train bears us through a charming country with many farms and quaint villages. As we roll along on the iron highway the peasant women with bare feet and legs rest from their labors in the potatoe fields and watch the train as it glides by. Men are seldom seen in the fields.

Munich is one of those cities in Europe where the pilgrim is pleased to stop on his journey; but aside from the art galleries it is of only ordinary interest. Perhaps the most striking feature to a close observer is the number of very little dogs, about the size of our pugs, with little, short, stubby, bow legs that bend with the weight of the body above. From a distance they might be taken for large size ducks, their walk is so like a waddle.

The fortifications which surrounded the old city have been torn down in part but several of the large gates remain as relics of antiquity. Without the boulevard that encircles the central portion of the city, the streets are very wide and regular. The principle buildings along Ludwigstrasse and Maximilianstrasse give to Munich a leading place among the smaller capitals of Europe in architectural magnificence. The bronze foundry in the suburbs is of interest as it contains the models of many monuments cast for the United States.

When the artist first arrives in Munich, he finds his way to the Old Pinakothek or gallery of Ancient Masters, and there spends precious moments with those he loves the best. It is a kind of religion to pass with humble step through the several rooms adorned with old paintings of ancient celebrity. The

faces drawn with such power make a forcible appeal to ones attention and the student of art often finds it difficult to shake off that strong feeling of humility and veneration that these master works of antiquity create. We admire modern art, but the ancient appears touched by a divine hand.

The Old Pinakothek contains some 1500 works arranged by schools. Works of Rembrandt are here; and Rubens, we find him everywhere. We fall deep in love with Murrillo's "Spanish Boys and Girls." "The Quack," by Gerard Dow, a small painting about 10 by 12 inches, is a gem. Dow is clever. His subjects are always small. A. von Ostade, Steen, Teniers Yr., Fra Angelico, Tintoretto, Weenix, Del Sarto, Titian—these are all familiar names in the Old Pinakothek. "Ecce Homo," "The Entombment," by Van der Werff are works of art.

In the New Pinakothek we enjoy the paintings of modern masters. Thusnel-da, wife of the great Hermann captive at Rome, by Piloty, is a powerful work, but the feature of this gallery is the Rottmann saloon containing twenty-three landscapes of Greece executed by Rottmann by order of King Lewis I.

After a visit to the Royal Palace with its exquisite tapestry, mosaic floors, marble walls, and curiously carved wooden stoves, and then to the Gallery of Sculptures—the Glyptothek—and then to the Crystal Palace to see the International Art exhibit—a wonderful collection by modern painters—the Fall of Babylon by G. Rochegrosse—we leave behind Munich and her art and take the train for Linz, quaint and picturesque Linz, on the blue Danube.

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NOTICE.

1st Notice is hereby given that on the 20th day of May, 1895 articles of incorporation of The Salt Lake Social Athletic Club of Garfield precinct, Lancaster county, Nebraska, were duly filed according to law in the office of the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

2nd. Said corporation will commence business on the 25th day of May 1895 and continue said business for twenty-five years.

3rd The principal place of business of said corporation shall be in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

4th The amount of capital stock of said corporation shall be five-thousand dollars, two thirds of which shall be paid up at the time of commencement of said business and the balance when called for by the officers of said association.

5th Said corporation shall not subject itself to an indebtedness greater than double the amount of its capital stock.

6th The general tenature of the business to be transacted shall be to handle refreshments of all kinds, edibles and drinks, for the benefit of its members, entertainments and amusements of all kinds for the social enjoyment and advancement of its members and to lease generally and buy and sell real and personal property for the interests of said organization and for such other purposes as may be suggested by its members and not in conflict with the articles of incorporation.

7th The affairs of said corporation shall be conducted and managed exclusively by the president, who shall also be treasurer of said organization, he shall have full control to handle all the affairs of said organization, to buy and sell both personal and real property, for the benefit of said organization, to handle all monies, and he shall have full power and control over all operations of said organization.
Fred Uihman
Its president.

June 15

SHRIF SALE.

First publication May 4. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska within and for Lancaster county Nebraska in an action wherein Winnebago National bank is plaintiff, and L. C. Humphrey et al are defendants, I will at 2 o'clock P. M. on the 4th day of June A. D. 1895 at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit:

Lots one (1) two (2) and three (3) in block or section "Q" in Grand view residence park in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 1st day of May A. D. 1895.

Fred A. Miller, Sheriff.

June 1.

SHERIFF SALE.

First Publication May 11. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Frank L. Sheldon is plaintiff, and Edward R. Sizer and J. H. McClay are defendants.

I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 11th day of June A. D. 1895, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to wit:

Lots fifteen (15) and sixteen (16) in block six (6) in Lincoln Driving Park Company's first sub-division in Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 6th day of May A. D. 1895.

June 8 Fred A. Miller Sheriff