

decided at last. Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Marquett are dead. Probably the case hastened the death of both. Mr. Marquett in particular worked hard and thought long over it and the successful issue is due to him. He was a truly great man. There is no one here or anywhere else that can take his place. He had not time to make money. He thought little about it, but he left his children a stainless name, a name that all who knew the man reverence. He was careless about his dress and some formalities he never learned. He was courteous with the gentleness and sweetness of the Chevalier Bayard without a chevalier's flourishes. He had an absent-minded air, a simplicity and directness of speech that set him apart. I think he never really lived here. People tell of his putting on other men's shoes, too big for him, and of him leaving his small ones, too small for any, all unconsciously. Such stories are probably true. They might be true considering Mr. Marquett's withdrawal from the things which did not much matter to him, but very likely some joker made them up. It does not matter, they only illustrate his indifference to shoes and things. He gave his life to win the Fitzgerald case and herein the tragedy.

Modjeska's illness is a reminder that her retirement from the stage is not far off at any rate. Of English speaking actresses there are none to take her place. There are Ellen Terry, Faany Davenport, Julia Marlowe and Ada Rehan, none so great as Modjeska except the first, who is much greater. Julia Marlowe is the only one of these who can rival Modjeska in individual and personal charm. Each member of their audience goes away feeling that he has discovered a most charming woman, that the rest of the audience has probably not responded to that elusive, appealing gayety, that womanly grace, freshness, simplicity, that in short, Julia or Helena, has been playing to him alone. He throws out his chest at this point at the same time that five or six hundred other manly chests swell with conviction as if at a military command. Fanny Davenport is too robust to awaken this "My-Pladie-to-the-Winds-I'll-Fling-to-Shelter-Thee" emotion. She never gets the affection of an audience. She must be content with admiration and the enthusiasm for a fine woman "be gad!" Ada Rehan does not do the appeal act either. She commands, dazzles and plays to the audience as a whole. The stage is short of actresses just now. Leave out the Italian woman and the French woman and who is there to match the genius of Hare, Irving, Jefferson, Williard, Mansfield and Sol Smith Russell. If Modjeska retires there will be a vacuum indeed. Mary Anderson Navarro should have stayed on the stage. I have always had a selfish hope that her married life might be a disappointment and force her back on to the stage. If Navarro had only turned out parsimonious or a gambler or drunkard, it would have been hard for Mary, his wife, and for him, but how many hearts would be lightened at the news that Mary Anderson was returning to the stage because Navarro was a cad. Instead of that fortune has forgotten us and let Navarro keep on being a good fellow, thus permanently obscuring our Mary. The latest news of Modjeska is that she is doing much better and will probably be all right soon.

Englishmen are apt to think men of other nations very absurd and to laugh at them scornfully. They made poor Henry of Battenberg's life a burden to him with their jokes. He was a German prince without a kingdom and he married an English princess, also without a kingdom, and lived with his mother-

in-law, therefore he must be a fool. After he came to England he never enjoyed himself except when he was cruising about in his yacht, where he could not feel the sneers of the Germans for having become an Englishman, nor the jibes of the English because he was a German. Now he is dead the queen is inconsolable and the British public remembers him as a quiet reserved gentleman who took their scoffing like a man without whine or bluster. The queen is said to have depended upon him more than upon any one else. His wife, the Princess Beatrice, is her favorite daughter and Prince Henry has been the devoted son with Teutonic Constancy. When the duke of Clarence died the queen mourned for him as the heir to the British throne. She mourns for Battenberg as the prop of her old age, one who always thought of her comfort and smoothed paths for her royal but dumpy feet which no hireling has the knowledge and love to do and no one in the succession the time for.

But there is no use of making a bad matter worse, Alfred Austin. In view of all the circumstances Tennyson himself would have had hard work writing a poem in consolation to a people for the loss of a butt. Don't you try it.

Eleonora Duse never hurries her words when on the stage. She takes her time like Joe Jefferson and other great actors and actresses. She never leaves her audience very far behind her. If at any time the action has been too rapid for the people to fully comprehend the state of all the character's emotions, Duse stops and keeps entirely still for a minute, and a minute is a long time on the stage where a whole life is frequently compressed into three hours. In this minute the audience gathers up the threads that Fate is spinning before them, it sees the inevitableness, irresistableness of causes and prepares itself for the last agonies or the last triumph as the case may be. Duse's admirers have always said that in these moments when action stops and the almost pulseless audience hangs upon the quiver of her eyelid, Duse herself is lost in her character, that so far as feeling and experience can make her she is that other person. Her late revelations are a terrible shock to these admirers. At a performance in Berlin a few weeks ago a number of people fled into the boxes quite late. Duse had two or three quiet spells just then which she says she employed to count the occupants of the boxes. She departed in the morning. In a short time the manager of the opera house received a letter from the great actress requesting payment for the boxes and informing her—the manager was a woman—how she came to know about the number and location of the audience. The manager replied that they were all dead heads. Duse said they should not have been, they were nothing to her and that they must be settled for on the ordinary paying basis. And the scrap goes on.

The death of Sir Frederick Leighton the president of the Royal academy will be deeply felt in England, which has not very many good painters left. I do not think of any, except Whistler, and he is not English, who belongs to the modern anti-literary anti-story-telling school. Sir Frederick Leighton was a great colorist, or rather great among English colorists who are all more or less muddy. His favorite subjects were dryads, nymphs and allegorical female figures representing a Great Truth. He adopted a curious and unnatural way of painting drapery. It looks like the archaic folds on early Greek painting. It has been called corrugated iron drapery and has all the soft, free flowing grace of that material. It has also the merit of looking classic. Sir Fred-

erick loved the academy and the academy loved him and honored him with all its might. He was so strict a formalist, so rigidly respectable, so handsome, so well made and he attained such a pinnacle of fame that he might have been Little Billee's prototype, if Little Billee ever had a prototype. Of course the Du Maurier Little Billee passed through his creators furnace soul before we knew him and that would warm anything, even a peer of England. Sir Frederick's most celebrated picture is of a girl at a well. Critics and literary identifiers must know what they are about but they have never suggested this personage as sitting for Little Billee. Perhaps it is because they are afraid. Sir Frederick: Leighton had reached such a frosty height they feared for themselves and for the crops to hint that Little Billee, of Quartier Latin, and Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal academy, were one and the same. Anyway he cannot hurt me now.

S. B. H.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third Judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Francis C. Faulkner, assignee of the Connecticut River Savings bank is plaintiff, and George Engle defendant.

I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 25th day of February A. D. 1896, 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:

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