STORIES IN PASSING.

Five years ago a certain Lincoin man was worth two or three thousand dollars. Today he hasn't a cent. It happened in above about one o'clock of a clear, still this way.

ious man, had made a great study of the listening to the hurrying back and forth, Bible and especially the book of Revela- the sliding of things about the deck and tions. He had become tired of business and turned his grocery store over to his time of night. son-in-law. He was restless, however, the minister suggestel his writing a and I do not remember much from then book. It was just the thing and the man on. The steamer rolled and pitchtd and He first bought every book published on as if about to fall apart. At one time Revelations. It took him three years to I was standing upright on the footcomplete his study and produce his ex- board, and again I was sliding down in position and by that time half his money a heap at the head of the berth. I was gone.

He spent a year trying to find a publisher to take hold of his work. At the time my head seemed to be drawing my end of that time he had to bring it out himself. The edition of one thousand copies ate up another thousand dollars. But he had the pleasure of seeing his name on the title page and his own name in print.

He sent fifty copies to prominent editors and divines, and his friends bought twenty-five copies just to see what the work was like. The other nine hundred and twenty-five copies are piled in the store-room off the kitchen. And now he and his wife are living with his sonin-law.

A tenth street saloon-keeper also saw his money melt away with nothing but experience to show for it. But it was in an entirely different way.

The man had saved six or seven thousand dollars and decided to go out of business. He had had enough of it, in-Then the tended to cease for good. craze for speculation struck him. He took his seven thousand, borrowed seven thousand from his brother in Wisconsin and went to Chicago. He invested in buckwheat. The whole sum went in. That was Monday. Buckwheat went down. On Friday, the man sold out his exchange privilege for enough to get back to Lincoln.

"Scheme was all right," he said in telling about it, "but I just struck hard pan out this time.

Two little tots were buying Christmas presents in Herpolsheimer's one day this week. They had just fifteen cents berween them. A tray of gaudy jewelry caught their eyes as they passed a show-case. In the center was a brass stick pin set with a big oblong piece of green glass.

"How much is that?" one of them asktd the lady clerk. "Fifty cents," was the reply. The

children said nothing but stood silently gazing at the bit of finery.

"Diamonds," whispered the boy in a tone of awe and wonder. "Yes," his sister answered equally

impressed; and then they turned toward the toy counter.

Down in Ashland, years ago "Dad Hardin" a little dried up, sharp-featured man was night watch of the town. While going the rounds of the stores one night he suddenly heard a shouting up the street. It was intensely cold, with the wind whipping little bits of and Dad wondered ice through the who was out at such a time. He ran up the middle of the street and and 5. The work has for endorsers found a man muffled up on a horse and subscribers in this city and state standing in front of Scott's grocery. The man said he lived three miles out in the country and had come in to get some things for his sick wife. He was attempting to call Mr. Scott down from upstairs to get them for him. Hardin said he would go up and arouse Mr. Scott and he soon had that gentleman plunging shiveringly into his clothes. Then the night watch came down and began to talk to the man on horseback until the proprietor arrived. "It does seem a pity" said the horse-

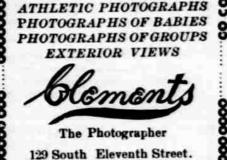
"Belay all!"

dated.

The call came down from the deck night in September. It awoke me and He had always been an intensiy relig- I lay there in my stateroom a long time, wondering what it all meant at that

worth of crackers ought to be accomo-

But I found out before long. Toward and wanted to be doing something. Then morning a hurricane struck the steamer took to literary work in dead earntst, tossed like a ball, creaking and jerking sprawled all over tht floor and then took a lunge toward the ceiling. All the spinal cord tighter and tighter, and I was as weak as a drowning man, and then there was a lull, tht steamer pitched less, the booming became fainter and the storm had rolled off toward the south. H. G. SHEDD.



CYCLE PHOTOGRAPHS

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We have purchased (because it is just the thing we have needed) the Columbian Cyclopedia Library, con-sisting of the Columbian encyclopedia, which is also an unabridged dictionary "Scheme was all right," he said in telling about it, "but I just struck hard luck. As soon as I make the cost I am going back and try it again, and it"ll nan out this time. oak cas ewith glass doors. From the evidence obtained we find that some part of this work is placed in the best private and public library in this

best private and public library in this country an dabroad, for the reason that they cover a field relative to the past, present and future progress and achievements of the human race not attempted by others. The plan is original, and the work throughout is carefully and ably written. Current history contains 220 pages, is issued two months after the close of each quarter, this length of time being taken to reduce all information received to be an absolutely reliable and authentic basis. If these are kept on file, this magazine will prove a permanent and invaluable record of all important movements in political,

a permanent and invaluable record of all important movements in political, social religious, literary, educational scientific and industrial affairs. The magazine will be indispensible to all people who have encyclopedias, as it will be needed to keep these works up to date. To those who do not own encyclopedias it will be doubly valuable as their source of information valuable as their source of information is more limited. About March of each year the four volumes of current history are bound into one volume, known as the Annuai Cyclopedic Re-view. There are now four of these bound volumes covering years1892-3-4 and subscribers in this city and state such people as Mr. Gere, editor-inchief of the Lincoln State Journal, Hon. Jee Bartley, state treasurer, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Mr. Miller, editor of the Northwestern Journal of Education, Hon. H. R. Corbett, state superintendent of public instruction, Dr. R. E. Giffen. Every reading person has felt the need of brief summaries of current topics and events. The daily, weekly and monthly periodicals and papers may furnish data sufficient, but the "It does seem a pity" said the horse-man, "to pull a man out of bed a night frequently out of proportion to the re-A most satisfactory sult obtained. summary may be found in the quar-journal has been of invaluable service terly issues of Current History. This in the library covering a field that no other attempts. you want?" "Yes, that's all," said the other in a hesitating way. The night watch started on the run for the other end of town. His duty called him there. He didn't wait for 'he completion of the business transac-tion. In fact he never knew how it ter-minated, for he asked Mr. Scott no questions about it, and for some time he clung to the other side of the street in going down town. Hardin thought, however, that a man who rides three miles on a night like that for five cents Scott's Emulsion

is above all other things, the remedy for sickly, wasted children. It nourishes and builds them up when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

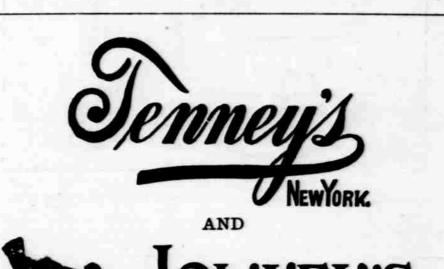
50c. and \$r at all druggists.

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like this for five cents worth of crack-

"Five cents worth of crackers!" shouted Hardin, "Thunder! Is that all

miles on a night like that for five cents Neb.



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