

mate test of success in this sort of entertainment. The dancing was good and unconventional, the girls were pretty and handsomely gowned as far as the costumes reached, and they did not reach too far—what more can one ask?

Frederick Warde appeared in the afternoon of Saturday as Shylock, in the evening in the title role of "King Lear" with his usual success; a success which is a little disappointing because it smacks off the routinier—the man who has the technique of his art at his fingers ends but has failed of the more intellectual heights.

Ten years ago I hoped to see Warde in the very front ranks of the interpreters of the classical repertory instead of occupying the respectable but mediocre position filled by him at present. Henry Irving and our own Richard Mansfield are instances of actors in whom the intellectual grasp of the character outstrips the power of expression—Frederick Warde and many of the clever women of the stage surpass in interpretation without apparently reaching the depths—it is rare, as in the case of Edwin Booth and in a lesser degree with Sarah Bernhardt, that intellectual grasp and virtuosity in technique go hand in hand. I am glad that clever actor Clay Clement pays us a visit next week, for although he is in danger of becoming a "one part actor," confining himself as he does to "The New Dominion," one recognizes in his face and expression the intellectual life behind the mask.

But to return to Frederick Warde. His "Lear" especially in the delineation of the old man's growing madness was intelligent and faithful. The Shylock of the afternoon comedy did not appeal to me so much, although it was competent and the lines were delivered with the actor's usual careful fidelity to his conception of the part.

The support as a whole was respectable and at times very good indeed. The wolfish cruelty of "Goneril" in "King Lear" was well conceived and impersonated by a clever actress who in the afternoon played "Portia" with considerable strength, especially in the court scene. The "Cordelia" of "Lear" was not badly done, but was somewhat inadequate to the demands of a role which is especially difficult because the actress is permitted to say little with word or gesture, while if it is to be a faithful and full impersonation the strength, dignity and nobility of the character must be made manifest by the mere presence. The Fool in this play deserves a special word of commendation. His was the task to bubble with wit that sprang from a breaking heart, a heart torn with infinite pity. This difficult thing he seemed to do. The scenic effects were, perhaps, as good as may be in a production of this kind. Yet when all is said that can be said to the credit of this performance, any lover of Shakespeare must feel the inadequacy of any stage performance to express the terror and pity of this play. Nevertheless if no splendor of stage and costume adequately represent "King Lear," on the other hand no weakness of interpretation can mar its intellectual grandeur, and I am grateful for every opportunity to hear so capable a performance.

Stories of the Town.

"Bless my 'art, sir, business is bad. If thinks keeps hup like this Hi will go back to Lunnon."

Cabby was in a talkative mood and he had a tale of woe.

"There's no money in the business hany more, han' me with \$900 hinvested in me cab, sir. Wy, its honly a few years hago that Hi always made \$15 or \$20 of a Sunday, sir. But now hunless Hi'ave a call Hi stops hat 'ome, sir. There's no place to take parties has wants to go some'ere. Halso, the business is being

ruined, sir, by the class of men what drives the cabs. Wy, in Lunnon, a man 'as to go before a board han' 'e's examined thorough, 'e is, before 'e gets a licence to drive. 'E 'as to know the town han' 'e 'as to 'ave a character, sir. 'Ere, it seems like hany body can drive a cab. Wy Hi knows a man what 'as a brother that comes to this country last Saturday. Monday morning 'e is driving a cab, sir, han' 'im not knowing one street from hanother. 'E is standing near the Fifth avenue 'otel when a gent han' lady comes hout of the 'otel, han' the gent asks the green cabby 'ow much to a number on Twenty fourth street, honly a block away, sir. The cabby doesn't know but 'e says '\$2,' han' the gent han' lady gets in. Then 'e asks hano her cabby where to drive to. Who knows, sir, if they ever got there? There's a lot of new men what don't know the stores han' other plac's han' its bad on the business. There's a lot of the new folks, sir. They say has 'ow they takes so-han'-so to such a place last night, which is very bad, sir. A good cabby never knows who 'e 'as han' 'e never says hanything. Bless my 'art, business is bad, sir, very bad."

A vender of barbers' supplies was showing his samples to a busy barber in a little shop just off of Broadway. The man of lather was shaving a customer and negotiating with the salesman at the same time.

"Let me show you something fine in a canvas strop," said the la ter.

"I wouldn't give a thimble full of shaving soap for a shop full of canvass strops. I don't want anything better than a goo I horse tail strop."

"A horse tail strop?"

"Yes."

"My friend, I doubt if you ever saw a strop made out of horse tail. Do you think they go out and kill horses just to make razor strops for finicky barbers out of the tails?"

"Oh, you needn't get gay. Every strop in this shop is made out of horse tail leather. I know what I am talking about. You can't fool me."

"I'll tell you what your strops are—they are made out of Prussia leather. I can duplicate them exactly. I import them myself."

"What part of Prussia do they come from?"

"I don't know. The truth is a house down town imports them for me."

"Well, you'd better get posted on what Prussia leather is before you try to sell Prussia leather strops to the barbers in this town. They are nearly all Dutchmen. I am a Prussian myself. I can tell you where your strops come from—they come from Eerlin. And when I was in the old country I had a strop that was a strop."

"What was it?"

"It was made out of human skin."

"Oh, yes. I used to carry one with my samples. One day a fresh barber was trying it. He was trying to tell what it was made out of and he bit into it. Then I told him what it was and he got sick."

"Well, I should think so. Over there we used to go to the medical colleges and get the pieces of skin and cure them and make the strops ourselves. They would put an edge on a razor that would cut anything. But we never told a customer that we sharpened our razors on human skin. I tell you they were good strops. I wish I had one now."

"There are a few in the city. I don't know where they came from, but I know two or three shops where they have a human skin strop."

"Where are they?"

"Oh, I am not giving any body away."

There wasn't much in the pic'ure to attract the attent on of the crowd hurrying along Sixth avenue. It was only a woman with an empty bird cage coming out of a store where, according to a placard, canaries were sold for \$1.75. The

woman glanced at the empty cage and then back into the store. Then she wiped away a tear with the back of her hand. Slowly she moved away, and the tears kept coming, and once or twice she stopped and was on the point of retracing her steps. But she kept on and few of the busy pedestrians noticed her.

A few minutes later the woman and the empty cage appeared in a small back room on the top floor of a miserable tenement. Cleanliness there was, but the floor and walls were bare, and want paraded itself on the projecting cupboard shelves. Tenderly the cage, a cheap, tiny affair, was hung in its accustomed place, and the woman sank down upon a wooden chair, as a visitor entered.

"Yes, sir, I sold my canary. The bird was the only thing I had left and it had to go." A little encouragement elicited her story. "I have been doing pretty well, working in one of the big department stores, but I have sent half my wages back to my mother over in Jersey. You see she is an invalid and there's three small children. My father is dead. Two weeks ago I lost my place, and I have had a hard time. Last week I sent home all the money I had left and for several days I have had hardly anything to eat. The bird was all I had that reminded me of home, and it was hard to part with her. A lady downstairs used to keep her for me in the day time and I would bring her up every night. But today I couldn't stand it any longer, and I sold the canary for seventy-five cents. I suppose I cried in the stree', but I couldn't help it. I think I will go back to work again next week, and the man has promised to keep her for me. The first money I get I will buy her back."

New York, Jan 14, 1897. W. M. S.

This year's Lehigh Valley and Scranton hard coal \$9.40 per ton at Charles Gregory's, 11th and O.

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The second floor of the Harris block, 1134 N street, has been fitted up for a dancing hall. The floor has received the attention of experts. It is of hard wood, and the boards are laid parallel with the length of the hall. Parties desiring to rent it can do so at the Courier office, in the same block.

M. L. Stewart has gone to Norfolk for a two week's stay.

Harvey G. Shedd spent Sunday with his parents in Ashland.

First publication Jan. 16.
SHERIFF 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 E. E. Lyle is plaintiff and Olaf Blomstrom, et al., defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 16th day of February, A. D., 1897, 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:

The south half (e 1/2) of the southwest quarter (s w 1/4) of the northeast quarter (n e 1/4) of section two (2), in township twelve (12), north of range seven (7), east of the sixth P. M., in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 14th day of January, A. D., 1897.

John J. Trompen,
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