

and muddy. The first poem which gives the title to the whole is the story of a fickle lady who changed her mind after a summer's engagement, without explaining the reason to her young man. Myself, I think he was too mournful and talked to her too much about the weather, the marsh and the feverish damp and fog that always rested upon it. At first she enjoyed the distinction of possessing a lover who could translate such dismal places into poetry, but after a while she found him depressing. She wanted to talk party, theatre, gossip, and he says of the beaux preferred:

"I know, if ever I attain my end,
It will be better to have striven for it.
Although I die with beggars in a ditch,
Than live and love, and make myself
as those
Whom you admire—men of small,
mean minds

And even smaller, meaner souls."

'Tis the burden of the discarded lover's song since girls began to love bonbons, dancing and flirtation better than psychology and literature. Perhaps the red cheeked hunting squire who married the Locksley Hall lover's girl was not half a bad fellow after all. These reflections on the lowness and unworthiness of the other fellow are happily universal. Happily because they sweeten rejection at the same time elevating one's self respect.

The title is thus explained—
Lo! I have given the substance of my house

For love, and it is utterly condemned. There are the broad bare walls, the clean-swept floors, The room with all its furniture removed That I made fit for you to occupy— It rests, a widower that never knew The shy and sweet confusion of his bride.

The sonnets are in form and melody exquisite and the packed meaning draws the newspaper writer back, again and again with recurrent charm and hopeless envy.

XIV.

RESURRECTION.

They have a resurrection—
they whose eyes
Have been directed
always to the earth,
Whose faces have been
turned in idle mirth
Away from lofty
thoughts and high emprise,—
Whose souls have been forgot?
and if they rise
Fleshless among the
souls of greater worth,
How shall they live in
such unwonted dearth,
What shall concern them
when the body dies?

For they are like a
dweller in a room,
A poor small room, when he
who sits therein
Blockades his window
to the cheerful sun,
Shuts out the city's
active living din
And makes himself
accustomed to the gloom:—
One day the house falls;
lo! he is undone.

I feel sure that the author of these poems has never turned his face to idle mirth away from lofty thought and high emprise nor forgot his soul in mere physical enjoyment. The priggishness and self-conscious loftiness of purpose which offend, is a constant element in the work of the older and more celebrated poets. Tennyson is the worst case I know of and Chaucer and Kipling are adorable because they are men like unto ourselves. When they speak, they are not on a dais but look across the few inches level-eyed into the faces of an uninspired people who yet worship their prophets.

To those who have not read Mr. Frye's poems I have not conveyed the music of his phrasing, or the cleverness and beauty of the rhythm which falters not nor fails between the two green covers of the "Substance of his House."

The Thirteenth Annual Convention and exhibit of the Nebraska State Poultry association was held in Lincoln on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d instants. The crowing was as piercing, exultant and defiant as in the days of plenty. Secretary Lyman has been a life-long friend of the gentle hen and the over-weening but handsome rooster and his yearly gatherings of the flower of the poultry has done much to keep alive the courage of the farmers whose hens and cows have provided them with clothing and fuel for several years. Mr. Lyman's constancy to the hen of his choice sets another example which just at this time the state needs. The poultrymen have learned that the dry air and the high altitude of Nebraska is especially favorable to the race of chickens and their cultivation has been repaid with most satisfactory results.

Etienne—You look despondent, Peters. You must have got it hot and heavy from your wife this morning.

Peters—That's just what I did get.

Etienne—What?

Peters—One of her amateur cooking-school biscuits. —The Brute.

The Prophet.

Not what he would, but what he must he speaks,
Through his cold selfhood the God Spirit breaks.

CONSTANCY.

This day add thou to yesterday's endeavor;
Change—that is death, the God-Will changeth never.

FALSE AND TRUE.

False—a fool's building battressed 'gainst decay;
True—Wisdom planted, noted this for aye.

DISCIPLINE.

The hardened glebe, break through it with thy plow;
In flower and fruit rich shall the harvest grow.

ETERNITY.

Eternity is near thee—wherefore start?
Of the eternity this now is part.
—EDYLA.

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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.

Sutton & Hollowbush have invented a cough drop. They call it the S. & H., Sutton & Hollowbush, and it is a good one. Stop and get one on your way to the theatre. It will save you a spasm of coughing.

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