

**GOSSIP OF THE CAPITOL.**

No one of the newer men of the house has created more attention or brought himself into prominence more quickly than Representative G. E. Jenkins of Jefferson county. As a ready speaker, a good debater, and a staunch republican, he was almost immediately recognized as one of the leaders of the opposition in the house. Although this is his first session as a member of the legislature, it is by no means his first acquaintance with politics. For years he has taken an active part in the politics of his county, and he is well known throughout Nebraska for his effective work at state and national conventions. Mr. Jenkins was born at Philadelphia, Pa., September 23, 1847, and spent his youth in that city, graduating from the high school June 10, 1862. Five years later he came west to St. Joseph, Mo., and began traveling in Nebraska for the largest wholesale dry goods house on the Missouri river.

In 1876 he had the honor of a promotion to a partnership, but three years later he decided to engage in business for himself and located at Fairbury, Neb. Here he opened up a wholesale and retail dry goods establishment, at the head of which he still remains. Mr. Jenkins is a worker, and full of the patriotic spirit that takes the broadest views of a community's welfare. During his residence in Fairbury he has been president of the Board of Trade and Board of Education for several years. He is a warm friend of the state university, and no one has worked harder in its interests during this session of the legislature. He is an ardent supporter of the National Guard, having been quartermaster-general under Governor Thayer and Governor Crouse, and is at present president of the National Guard association of Nebraska. He has kept up his interest in his early occupation, and was recently honored by election as vice-president of the Northwestern Commercial Travelers' Association of America.

"In 1871 the Burlington had no line into Omaha," said a former speaker of the house, who was spending a day at the present legislature. "Passengers Omaha left the B. & M. a few miles this side of Plattsmouth and took a wagon for a mile or two to the river bank. A ferry boat carried them to Cedar island, a well known place in early days, and another ferry took them to the other side. By a train on the Omaha and Southwestern they were carried to Omaha, twenty miles away. This road, by the way, had been projected to run up the north side of the Platte to Ashland, thence up Wahoo creek to the northwest. The failure to obtain bonds brought the project to a stop at Cedar Island. The B. & M. soon got control and merged it into its own system.

"One day in August 1871 about a dozen passengers got off the B. & M. at Cedar creek, going to Omaha. A few of us were strangers looking at the state, but six or seven seemed to comprise a party of friends going from Lincoln to Omaha. About the only building on the island was a shanty which served as a saloon. When the company left the ferry boat the party of friends went into the saloon and proceeded to have a gay and lively time. The north ferry boat waited for them, the train on the north bank waited for them, and the rest of us waited for them.

"For an hour they kept up a good old western drinking contest, and then finally straggled down to the boat. They had scarcely got aboard when one of their party asserted that they must all go and have another drink with him. And they all headed back for a

second round. They staggered back to the boat, and then a big man in a white hat declared that it would be a full hour before they reached Omaha, and he'd be "slam-dabbed" if he went before he had another drink. They all went back and kept us waiting another hour before the boat finally moved off to the opposite bank.

"Why didn't we go and leave them there? That's what I asked, and discovered that it was the acting governor of the state of Nebraska and a party of the state officers going over to Omaha on business and tanking up on the way to be in good shape for their arduous duties." THE OLD MEMBER.

**STORIES BY AMY BRUNER**

R—, Ill., Aug. 14, 1895.

My Dear Myra: It has come about at last. I promised that I would tell you when I fell in love; and so I am writing to you this evening. He is a German, Myra, a real German—Jacob Heines. You are thinking immediately, that he is some short, dark old fellow, all enthusiastic and smelling of beer and tobacco. You are right, Myra he is all that, but oh, that, and how infinitely much more. If you could only hear him sing. His voice is beyond all dreams, all imaginations. I am spell bound when I hear him, I am floating on the clouds and drowned in perfume. When he speaks it is even more; all that there is and ever can be in life, is in his deep full voice. It is his voice that has charmed me, but that voice is Jacob Heines. Do not wonder or be surprised that I love him. And now, dear, dear Myra, I have told you all. Remember that I am ever your dearest and most confiding friend.

ELSIE NESBITT.

R—, Ill., Aug. 15, 1895.

My Dearest Myra: Don't, pray don't be surprised to hear from me so soon again. I could not wait for your answer. I must write. I am angry. I want to take back every word I wrote to you yesterday. Tear up my letter. Forget I ever wrote it. Would that I could burn out the memory of it all! My pen hates to write it—yet it must—Jacob Heines is the most uncouth, despicable monster in existence. I shall never again write that base name. He possesses a power, a dreadful power. He is a mesmerist. I am sure he is or I would never have looked at him. Today, this morning, his wife came—from Berlin, folks say. No one thought he was married. Such a creature I never saw, and dear Myra, I hope you may be spared the sight of such a woman. Her nose is as big as all the rest of her face and she is cross-eyed and her mouth—Write as soon as you ever can read this. I will be waiting anxiously, not for consolation, but for sympathy in my righteous indignation. I feel better. Write immediately to your loving friend,

ELSIE.

Omaha, Sep. 30, 1895.

Dear Friend Elsie: Can you forgive me for not answering sooner? You certainly can as I have the best excuses: I didn't get your letters till day before my letters are all sent to Mrs. F. C. Ward. I was married the 15th of last July. I had forgotten all about our little agreement we made at school to tell one another everything of that nature; consequently, I neglected to send you a notice.

You certainly did have rather a romantic affaire d'amour. You remember you were always of that nature, excitable and easily carried away by appearances. I could hardly imagine you loving a man like that. Excuse abruptness. Mr. Ward has come to take me to the opera. I would be pleased to hear from you sometime. Your friend,

MYRA WARD.

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