

established, why he should not be elected. He has been untiring in his attention to the duties of his office. His worst enemy cannot say that he ever shirked. He is not a reformer. He has treated gambling and other evils which have always been practised in any kind of communities, not religious, as some of the wisest students of economics say they should be treated, viz, restrictively rather than prohibitively. By this course he has offended the most conscientious members of the W. C. T. U. but he has honestly believed that no other methods were practicable and this side of the millenium no one has yet been able to prove that an absolute cure is possible. Mr. Graham is a practical man and so far as his record goes very much the best man for the place. He can be depended upon for faithfulness, consistency and loyalty to the friends and the principles which elect him and in this day of turn-coats the foregoing qualities are rare. That E. E. Brown has simply stepped up on a pedestal too high and narrow for him to occupy even for the short time before election is proved by his visit to Turner hall last Sunday, when he invited about seventy five of the members present up to the bar to drink. Considering that Mr. Brown is on the same ticket with Mr. Hardy such an action was very foolish. It deprived him of his support. It made him neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. He is a man without a party. The voters cannot expect any man to do better by the city than he will do for himself. A mayor needs foresight, prudence, and diplomacy. Mr. Brown has conclusively shown that he has not any of these pre-requisites. Mr. Graham is a life long and consistent republican. Populist aggression would put a man into the office of mayor who has already demonstrated his inability to hold it. The struggle next week is much more than a question between individuals. The result will decide whether the people who pay the taxes are to have anything to say about the disposition of them or whether non-residents who have no interest in the city are to make appointments solely with reference to the interests of the populist party. Every man who has an interest in local self government should vote for the nominee of the republican party next Tuesday.

Washington gossips report that Archbishop Ireland has gone to Washington to intercede with the president for the appointment of his friend, ex-governor Merriam of Minnesota to the Berlin mission. There are those who assert that it would be an appointment very gratifying to the catholics of the state owing to the ex-governors friendliness to Catholics during his occupancy of the gubernatorial chair. In spite of such powerful intervention the president remains firm. The ex-governor is a Minneapolis banker and it is said that it was Senator Davis' knowledge of the national banking laws which are exceedingly strict rather than Mrs. Davis' resentment of Mrs. Merriam's refusal to accord her social recognition, that shuts out Senator Davis from the diplomatic service. It is too bad to detract from so glorious a feminine victory but facts refuse to lend themselves to a good story.

"How did you come to be a confirmed drunkard?"

"I spent last summer in Maine."

Broker—May I hold your hand as collateral until it is redeemed at the altar?

New Woman—No; but you may put on the engagement ring and call often.

Mr. Wheeler—Are you the little girl that I used to hold on my knee?

Miss Sykel—Yes.

You've grown to be quite a man, haven't you.

STORIES IN PASSING.

A little, hard-fisted farmer with quite a family of children of all sizes can often be seen driving into the city behind a pair of diminutive mules. He is a stirring little man, thrifty and industrious, and said to be making money although he talks as if starving to death. But he has a breezy, enthusiastic way of delineating poverty and hard times which is quite interesting to listen to.

"Hello, Mr. Rierck," said a downtown clothing salesman the other day, "how are you getting along?"

"Oh, my! oh, my!" was the answer, "busted! busted! Gettin' poorer and poorer all the time."

"But your neighbors all say you skin them on every trade and that you are getting rich very fast."

"They do? They're bloody liars. No, sir, you'll see me in the poorhouse before another year. I'm going fast. My poor family!"

"Yes, the little rascals keep wearing out their clothes. I'll have to get them some. That biggest boy is going to be confirmed at Easter and I must get him a black suit for confirmation. But, my God, he grows so like the devil that I shan't buy it till the last night before Easter and last thing before he goes to bed!"

There seems to be an infinite variety of opinion as to what constitutes real trouble. One man loses all interest in life under a burden that another man will trot off with as though he was on the way to a picnic. One man throws off a load of care or sorrow or disappointment while another man lets much less kill him.

Many years ago a German moved with his wife to western Cass county. He bought more land when it was cheap, and being thrifty year after year added to his possessions until he had several hundred acres of land and had accumulated a good deal of stock. In time he had quite a little money loaned out to his neighbors, was moderately wealthy, owed nothing and was beyond the reach of want.

One day while sitting with his wife at home word came to them that a man who owed them a note of moderate amount had run away. The old lady gave a shriek and fell over on the floor in a swoon. She was put upon a couch and a doctor called, but she died that night.

A year or two later a neighbor who was financially safe came to the farmer and told him that owing to the failure in crops he could only pay the interest on his note and would need to postpone payment of the principle for a year. The old gentleman was much distressed and sat long into the night brooding over the news. The next morning the neighbors found his dead body hanging to a rafter of his barn.

"Yes, sir," said the old sport stepping in to the office, "I know all about it now. I have figured out just how Corbett got knocked out. I got hit in nearly the same place myself and it did me up. It takes just one such to put out the best of 'em."

"How about it Bill?" said the boys.

"Well, you see I was feelin' pretty gay I had got a small pile of rocks and was lettin' go of 'em at every chance. I went into a lunch room among other places and let loose on a dollar dinner. The last was a pie—a mince pie they said—a regular lunch counter mince pie. It landed just where they say Fitz landed on Corbett. It had the same effect too, and I was groggy and hanging over the ropes inside of fifteen minutes. Clean case of knockout, you bet, and nary a chance to dodge. Sponge and everything went of course.

"Now, it's my opinion that the real cause of Corbett's knockout lies in a

lunch counter mince pie. If the truth was told, Corbett sometime between the 13th and 14th round, broke loose from his trainers, took a quick turn around the corner of the street and bought a pie. That's how he lost the fight. Fitzsimmons and a mince pie would make the biggest combination on earth."

HALF LIGHTS.

The train was running out of the city. From the window I saw a man painting the spire of a church. He was sitting high above on the suspended scaffolding, swaying slightly in the wind. Suddenly one of the ropes loosened, jerked suddenly and one end of the scaffold lurched downwards.

The man's arms went up into the air, his legs doubled up and then I saw his body totter backwards. The train moved suddenly into an alley and the church was lost to view.

The light in a window attracted my attention. They were standing in full view before the pane—the woman with flying hair and uplifted arms, the man in shirt sleeves and clenched fist raised before her face. I could see the hate in his eyes, the terror on her cheeks. The night wind blew in the window and extinguished the light and all was darkness.

I was following the river road that night, stumbling through the cloudy darkness. For an instant the moon peeped out at the earth. Far out on the water was a dark mass and a human face, white and water drawn. But the cloud had closed again and I groped on.

HARRY GRAVES SHEDD.

Great Truths Tersely Told.

The man you don't like is the especial favorite of all the women whom you do.

The qualities you adore in your fiancée are the very ones you will dislike in your wife.

Never try to conceal anything from a woman—except the truth.

Assign all the drudgery of society to people who don't feel sure of their position. It will be well done.

At forty the bachelor finds an additional argument against matrimony in every meeting with women he used to love.

An accusation of cruelty and indifference always charms women who are a whole sky away from affecting you with a display of either.

Never ask a woman for anything. Either take it without asking or pretend you don't want it all.

In love, trifles are the only things of importance.

What you think people say about you is precisely what they don't say.

Fifty finds daily reason to thank Providence for having denied the prayers of twenty.

You are always avenged on the editor who rejected your contribution. He had to read it.

The girl who never notices you is the one that observes you closest.

A too hopeful man passes his life in losing what he never had.

It is a good social set that is acknowledged by the set just above and the one just below it.

Every festivity is vaguely felt as an insult by all who are not invited to share it.

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