SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Rhymers and writers of our day, Too much of melancholy! Give us the old heoric lay; A whiff of wholesome folly: The escapade, the dance; A touch of wild romance. Wake from this self-conscious fit; Give us again Sir Walter's wit; His love of earth, of sky, of life; His ringing page with humor rife, His never-weary pen; His love of men!

Builder of landscape, who could make Turret and tower their stations take Brave in the face of the sun; Of many a mimic world creator, Alive with fight and strenuous fun; Of nothing human he the hater. Nobly could be plan: Master of nature, master of man.

Sometimes I think that He who made us, And on this pretty planet laid us, Made us to work and play Like children in the light of day-Not like plodders in the dark, Searching with lanterns for some mark To find the way After the stroke of pain, Up and to work again!

Such was his life, without reproach or fear, And at the end,

When Heaven bent down and whispered in his ear

The word God's saints waited and longed to hear,

I ween he was as quick as they to comprehend;

And when he passed beyond the goal; Entered the gates of pearl no sweeter soul. -From the July Century.

BRET HARTE'S WASTEBASKET.

He Used to Fill it with Rejected Drafts of Everything He Wrote.

Writing of "Bret Harte in California" in the July Century, Noah Brooks tells of the story-writer's fastidiousness:

Harte's first literary work was done in San Francisco, after he had tried his hand at school-teaching in the interior of the state, and had ventured tentatively in other casual pursuits, as was the manner of all the Argonauts of those days. In 1863, while he was setting type in the office of the "Golden Era," a literary weekly paper of some local renown, he offered to the editors, with much diffidence, occasional contributions, which he had already set up in his composing-stick. They were short and unambitious, but they were so highly approved by the managers of the paper that the young author was encouraged to offer more of the same sort. A year later, Harte accepted a writing engagement on the staff of the "Californian," another literary weekly, then edited by Charles Henry Webb, better known to old Californians by his penname of "John Paul." Harte became editor of this newspaper in 1865, when Mr. Webb relinquished its management. Another contributor to the columns of the "Californian" was Samuel L. Clemens, who was then making his first essays in composition under the since famous sobriquet of "Mark Twain." Like Goldsmith's parson, who was counted "passing rich with forty pounds a year," these two young writers were well content with a compensation that would now be regarded by either

STAMP PHOTOS

2 dozen 25 cents. J. J. JIJUS Photographer

of them with amused contempt. In the "Californian" Harte printed nothing more ambitious than bits of verse and slight local sketches in prose. The titles of some of these were "Side-Walkings," "On a Balcony," and "A Boy's Dog." Nearly all of them, I think, were hunted up and reprinted in more enduring form when Haite had become a celebrated author. His celebrity gave these trifles an importance which he never dreamed they would acquire.

Harte always manifested in his work that fastidiousness in choice of words which has characterized him ever since. It was humorously complained of him that he filled the newspaper-office waste-baskets with his rejected manuscripts and produced next to nothing for the printer. Once, assigned to the task of writing an obituary article that was not to exceed "two stickfuls," in length, he actually filled a waste-Lasket with fragments of "copy" which he tore up before he produced the requisite amount of matter. Going into my own editorial room, early one forenoon, I found Harte at my desk, writing a little ncte to make an appointment with me to dine together later in the day. Seeing me, he started up with the remark that my early arrival at the office would obviate the necessity of his finishing the note which he was writing, and which he tore up as he spoke. When, this little matter was settled, Harte had gone out, crumbling in his hand the fragments of his untinisped note, I chanced to look into my waste-basket. and saw a litter of paper carrying Harte's familiar handwriting; and turn ing over the basket with quiet amuse ment, I discovered that he had left there the rejected manuscript of no less than three summons, which any other man would have disposed of in something like this order: "Dear Blooks: We will dine together at Louis Dingeon's at 6:30 p. m. tonight.

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WHY EDITORS DUN.

Suppose that a farmer raises 1,000 bushels of wheat a year, and also sells this to 1,000 persons in all parts of the country, a great portion of them saying, "I will hand you a dollar in a short time." The farmer does not want to be small, and says, "all right!" Soon the 1,000 bushels are gone, and he has nothing to show for it, and he then realizes that he has fooled away his whole crop and its value is due in a thousand little driblets, consequently he is seriously embarrased in business because his debtors each owing him one dollar, treat it as a small matter, and think it would not help much. Continue this kind of a business year in and year out, as the publisher does, how long will he stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that an editor has cause for presistent dunning.-From "The Newspaper Maker," New York, May 4th,

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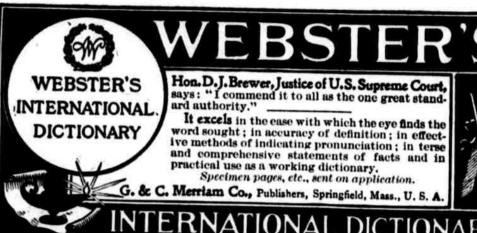
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"What's this pretty little thing used

"Nothing I guess. It's a progressive

"I wonder why they are called the sad sea waves?"

"Because the men don't come near them I suppose."