

Died—Of tuberculosis, in Englewood, New Jersey, on Friday morning, July, the twentieth, 1900, Mr. Frank E. Hyatt, aged twenty-one years. He was born and reared in Lincoln. He was graduated from the High school in 1897. In partnership with his brother he established and conducted with great success a confectionery store, which burned down. He was a bright, friendly, industrious lad. His mother is Mrs. Mary E. Hyatt, who has made many friends during her years of struggle and self-denial in Lincoln.

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The Real Value of Music-Teaching in the Schools.

If music is to be included in the early training of boys and girls, the manner in which it is to be done should be quite as scientific as the methods which may be used in inculcating other "first notions" of the humanities. It would not be fair to declare that nothing comes of the time given to music as matters are now. Still the gain is not so definite in any direction that can be detected but that it must occur to one that much popular music tuition is aimless, and exercised in vacuo. If the studies which come under the head of English are far from being everywhere administered in the spirit which benefits them, and in the effort to introduce some right, incipient ideas about the visual arts in the public schools blunders are made, that artists and men interested in literary pursuits talk of and write about these things gives hope of their improvement. It cannot be so in music while the best talents among musicians take so little interest in the theoretical consideration of the educational influences their art.

And, in the schools, the only serious question which can come up regarding music is that of the general effect it may have on the formation of character. Musical rudiments are imparted incidentally, which may be the first step in the future development of the art as an accomplishment or a profession. These, however, must of necessity be too insufficient to count. It is what boys and girls get into their souls by music that counts. Germany is of modern countries, that in which this is best understood. There music is handled as a form of spiritual gymnastics. And there the whole topic receives the order of attention which it deserves.—From "The Point of View," in the Fiction Number of Scribner's.

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THE POPE IS DEAD.

(Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Katharine Melick.)

I passed my childhood in a large provincial town, cut in two by a river, very much obstructed, very turbulent, where I early acquired the taste for travel and the passion for life on the water. There was, in particular, a corner of the quay near a certain foot-bridge, St. Vincent, of which I never think, even today, without emotion. I see again the sign nailed to the end of a yard, "Cornet—Boats to Let;" the little stair that went down into the water, all glistening and blackened with wetting, the flotilla of little boats, freshly painted in light colors, in a line at the foot of the stair, balancing lightly side by side, as alleged by the pretty names they bore in white letters on the stern, "The Humming-Bird" and "The Swallow."

Then, among the long sculls, shining with white lead, in train to dry on the slope. Father Cornet, going with his paint bucket, his great brushes, his face tanned, wrinkled, rippled with a thousand little dimples, like the river on a fresh, windy evening.—Oh, Father Cornet! He was the temper of my childhood, my unhappy passion, my trespass, my remorse. What crimes he made me commit with his boats! I missed school, I sold my books. What would I not have sold for an afternoon of boating.

All my class looks at the bottom of the boat, my jacket thrown off, my cap pushed back, and in my hair the fresh fanning of the river breeze, I drew firmly on my oars, wrinkling my eyebrows to give me the air of an old sea-wolf. So long as I was in the town, I kept to the middle of the river, at equal distance from the two shores where the old sea-wolf might be recognized. What triumph to mingle with that mighty movement of barks, rafts, trains of woods, light steamboats, which, coasting by, passed, separated only by a thin thread of foam! Then there were heavy boats that turned to take the current, displacing a throng of others.

All at once, the wheels of a steamboat struck the water, close to me; or rather, a great shadow came over me. It was the bow of a boat laden with apples.

"Have a care there, sonny," said a coarse voice, and I perspired, I struggled, caught in the ebb and flow of that waterway where the highways, crossing incessantly at all those bridges and footways, throw reflections of the omnibus under the stroke of the oar. And the current, so strong under the arches and the eddies, the whirlpools, and the famous gulf of "Death in Disguise!" Think whether it is a small affair to guide one's self there with an arm of a dozen years, and no one to hold the tiller.

Sometimes I had the good fortune to encounter a tug. At once I locked with the end of the long lines of boats it towed, and, with oars motionless, held out like hovering wings, abandoned myself to that silent swiftness that cuts the river in long ribbons of foam and made the trees and houses of the quay spin by on each side. Before me, far, very far, I heard the monotonous beating of the helix, a dog barking on one of the boats of the tow, where, from a long chimney, a little thread of smoke arose; and all this gave me the illusion of a great voyage—of the true life of the strand.

Unhappily, those encounters with the tug were rare. More often I must row and row for hours under the sun. Oh, those full noons falling straight on the river! It seems to me they burn me yet. Everything flaming, everything flashing. In that atmosphere, blinding and resounding, that hung over the waves and vibrated to all their movements, the short strokes of my oars, the cords of trackers raised, all streaming, from the water, made flashes of light

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pass like polished silver. And I rowed, shutting my eyes. At times, by the vigor of my efforts, and the rush of the water under my boat, I imagined that I was moving very swiftly; but raising my head, I saw always the same tree, the same wall, before me on the bank.

At last, by much weariness, all flushed and perspiring with the heat, I succeeded in leaving the town. The uproar of bathing places, of boats of wash-women, of floating steamboat landings, diminished. The bridges stretched farther apart over the widening shores. Some gardens of the suburbs, the chimney of a manufactory, were reflected from time to time. On the horizon trembled green islands. Then able to do nothing more, I let myself coast along the shore, in the midst of humming reeds; and there, overcome by the sun, the fatigue, that heavy heat that arose from the water, strewn with great yellow flowers, the old sea-wolf proceeded to bleed at the nose for several hours. Those voyages never had any other end. But what of that? I found it delightful.

The terrible thing, indeed, was the return, the arrival. In vain I pulled the oars with all my might. I always came too late, long after the dismissal of classes. The impression of fading day, the first jet of gas in the haze, the slinking home, all increased my terrors, my remorse. The men who passed, quietly going home, filled me with envy; and I ran, with bent head, filled with sun and water, with ringing of sea shells in my ears, and upon my face, already, the blush of the lie I was going to tell.

For every time there must be an answer to that terrible, "Where have you been?" which awaited me at the threshold. It was that interrogation upon arrival that terrified me most. There,

with lifted foot, upon the landing, I must answer, must always have a story ready, something to say for myself, something so astonishing, so overwhelming, that surprise would cut short all questions. That gave me time to enter, to take breath, and once there nothing was hard. I invented disasters, revolutions, terrible calamities—a whole side of the town burned up, the iron bridge fallen into the river. But what I found more effective was this.

That evening I came very late. My mother, who had watched for me a long hour, was waiting, standing at the head of the stairs.

"Where have you been?" she cried to me. Tell me what puts impishness in the head of a child. I had nothing ready, nothing prepared. I had come too quickly. All at once a wild thought came. I knew the dear woman was very pious, a Catholic, as ardent as a Romanist, and I answered, all breathless with mighty emotion:

"Oh, mama—if you knew!"

"Well, what?—What is it now?"

"The Pope is dead."

"The Pope is dead!" said the poor mother, and she leaned, quite pale, against the wall. I passed quickly to my room, a little frightened at my success, and at the enormity of the falsehood; nevertheless I had courage to keep it up to the end. I remember an evening, sad and quiet, my father very grave, my mother tearful. They talked softly around the table. I cast down my eyes; but my escapade was so well lost in the general desolation that no one thought of it.

Everyone vied in relating some virtue of the poor Pius IX.; then, little by little, the conversation wandered to the history of popes. Aunt Rose spoke of Pius VIII., whom she well remembered to