

SILHOUETTES.

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

THE WINDOW.

As a man's house by night to the passer-by, so is his life to his fellows. Dull seeming and darkened, with only a gleam by chance escaping, to hint at the golden chambers, within which he dwel's illumined. Yet how good to the way-farer is the open window.

I came to such a house last night. Within the small room, on a table was a little candelabrum with three burning candles. Two were large and one, the middle one, was small, oh tiny. But the little one burned brightest.

Near the open fire there was a great leather chair and a man's smoking jacket and slippers.

A baby slept on a low couch. The door opened and a woman entered. She knelt by the couch where the slumbering child lay. When it wakened and smiled the earliest three cornered smile of early baby-hood, she worshipped and took its rose tinted feet into her hand and kissed them. A man brushed past me and ran up the steps.

When I looked again at the window the blind was drawn.

I went down the long street. It was quite deserted and the long autumn rain was falling.

I once had a wife and child.

THE EMIGRANT.

The days grow short, and tidings of winter are in the air. The summer has gone from you too. You who live in the wee white house at the foot of the watching mountain, where the blue sky is mirrored in the calm pool and the deer come unafraid to eat from the hands of the children; where the glad, strong stream shouts and calls under the tall trees.

The stream shouts to me across a thousand miles of hill and plain, and I see the green trees beckon. Are they green still, or are the yellow leaves fluttering down upon the face of the pool?

Oh peaceful home at the foot of the mountain, oh, glad, strong, stream, farewell!

COMING BACK.

It was a cool June morning. I sat in the porch of my tiny cottage sewing, glancing up now and then to mark the progress of our good old postman tottering up the wide, shade-dappled street. When he stopped at my gate I went down the path between the beds of phlox and pink, took my letter, and stood to gossip a bit with the garrulous kindly creature.

"The letter is from Miss Jean, I make no doubt, Miss Mary."

"My faith! but she's grown a fine handsome young lady. Ye miss her I take it. You're more a mother to 'er than a sister. Seems like yesterday you come home from your mother's grave leadin' the little tot by the hand, lookin' tall and black by the side of 'er. Don't seem more'n last week she was makin' mud pies by the gate there with little John Vandergraft to carry the mud for 'er. D'ye say she's visitin' John's wife? He's a fine lawyer they say. Likely to be our next candidate for governor. Wal, I must be movin' on. Good mornin', Miss Mary."

I went slowly back to the shade of my morning glory vines, content, warming my old heart as the June sunshine warmed the gray old world, to sit in the cool porch and read my letter from my good Jean.

Mrs. Oldboy—A short golf skirt like this makes a woman look ten years younger.

Mr. Oldboy—In that case, my dear, you should wear three.—Town Topics.

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

A FEW SMALL DETAILS.

BY MADELINE BRIDGES.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—Dear, it is so distressing that I should have this headache when Delia is away—and I don't expect her until tomorrow morning, and there are a few small matters—

Mr. Sylvanecott (reassuringly)—Oh, that need not disturb you, sweetheart. I can easily arrange things for the night if you'll just tell me what you wish done. I have cleared the dining table.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—How nice of you! Did you put the butter on ice?

Mr. Sylvanecott—I did.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—Well, bring up a pitcher of ice water and some matches.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—All right.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—And set out the little china jar for the condensed milk and the covered can for the other milk.

Mr. Sylvanecott—Yes.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—And don't forget to double-lock the back door.

Mr. Sylvanecott—No, I won't.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—Close the front shutters—and you must be careful about that side window clasp—it is apt to spring back. You'd better wedge the screw-driver in at the side of the sash for safety.

Mr. Sylvanecott—Very well.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—Empty the water tin that slides under the refrigerator, and be sure to shut the door into the cellar.

Mr. Sylvanecott—I'll attend to it.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—And I think you would better fill my small alcohol lamp.

Mr. Sylvanecott—Is that all?

Mrs. Sylvanecott (considering)—Yes. That's all. You might bring up a lemon, and an extra glass, and my black and white breakfast shawl.

Mr. Sylvanecott (going)—I'll do so.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—A moment, dear! Please hang the bird cage on that highest hook and open the middle window about a handbreadth.

Mr. Sylvanecott—Well?

Mrs. Sylvanecott—Oh! and do give those poor cats some milk. Put the big cat into the back yard and let the kitten stay in. Pull out two dampers in the range and take one lid off. And if you'll just lock the closet and slip the key under the yellow rug—

Mr. Sylvanecott—The yellow rug? Yes.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—Don't neglect to shut the front gate—and—dear! I'm so glad I thought of it! The rubber-plants on the front stoop. You can roll them into the hall.

Mr. Sylvanecott—That's what I'll do.

Mrs. Sylvanecott—Remember to turn all the gas off, and don't forget to wind the clock.

Mr. Sylvanecott (with the calmness of desperation)—Is there anything else?

Mrs. Sylvanecott (sweetly)—Nothing else down stairs. Thank you so much. When you come up I shall ask you to—

(Exit Mr. Sylvanecott, precipitately.)—Saturday Evening Post.

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

To clubs of ten taking The Courier the annual subscription price is seventy five cents (75 cents). Regular subscription price—one dollar per year

Is she abnormally tall? Why, man, she's a fashion-plate girl.—Town Topics.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Nebraska for his established manufacturing wholesale house. \$800 a year sure way. Our reference any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 311 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Whitebreast Co.

—TRY THE—

CLEVELAND NUT

\$4.00

COAL

Office 109 So. 11th.

Telephone 234.

CHEAP EXCURSION RATES TO COLORADO.

On June 21, July 7, 8, 9, 10 and 18 and Aug. 2, tickets from points west of Missouri river, and east of Colby, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pueblo, Salt Lake city, and Ogden Utah, and return, will be sold by the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

—At rate of—

ONE REGULAR FARE PLUS \$2.00 FOR ROUND TRIP

RETURN LIMIT OCT. 31, 1900

BEST LINE TO DENVER

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO COLORADO SPRINGS AND MANITOU.

Take advantage of these cheap rates and spend your vacation in Colorado. Sleeping Car Reservations may be made now for any of the excursions. Write for full information and the beautiful book, Colorado the Magnificent, sent free.

E. W. THOMPSON, A. G. P. Topoka, Kan. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A. Chicago, Ill.

PAPER HANGING PAINTING,

Furniture Polishing.

Twenty eight years experience as an inside decorator. Reasonable prices.

CARL MYRER, 2612 Q Phone 232.

LEGAL NOTICES

A complete file of "The Courier" is kept in an ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF building. Another file is kept in this office and still another has been deposited elsewhere. Lawyers may publish LEGAL NOTICES in "The Courier" with security as the FILES are intact and are preserved from year to year with great care.

Do you get your Courier regularly? Please compare address. If incorrect, please send right address to Courier office. Do this this week.

LINCOLN CLOAK & SUIT CO.

S.-E. Cor. 13th and O Sts.

A New Store, and a New Stock of Reliable Goods, well selected and of the very latest styles.



Ladies' Suits, Capes and Collarettes.

Ladies' Fur Scarfs

Ladies' Fur and Cloth Jackets

Ladies' Fur and Cloth Capes

Ladies' Dress Skirts

Ladies' Under-Skirts

Ladies' Wrappers

Ladies' Gloves and Hosiery

Ladies' Corsets and Underwear

Ladies' Mackintoshes.

MISSSES' AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS AND CAPES

Mail orders filled same day they are received—we pay express charges.

Lincoln Cloak & Suit Co.,

S.-E. Corner 13th and O Sts. - - Lincoln, Nebr