

regularly set out to do it. Did I tell you Louie was up again last night? I often tell him he should not neglect that other girl but he just will come no matter what I say. It isn't my fault."

This sounds like an extract from a "Cheerful Idiot" doesn't it? But it is instead an excerpt from real life. There was a lot more and I hear it often. I haven't catalogued her quite yet; but if I ever figure the species out satisfactorily, I'll let you know; but this much is true she exists—a long scantling built girl—and this is part of her opinion of herself. Alas! Poor Mr. B—

When I began to write you a day or two since the elements and myself were colorless and all but dumb. Much could not be said of me, even now; but the world has bloomed into a magnificent sun flower. From the bewildering colors of the florists windows to the green grocers at the corner where piles of delicate green lettuce makes a cool background for southern strawberries, every sunbeam whispers that travel is over and the birth of beauty is here.

Te Deum Laudamus! from the swelling throats of liberated birds! Te Deum Laudamus! from the bursting hearts of earth's green hopes! Te Deum Laudamus alas! more slowly, less triumphantly, less joyously from the souls of His Own, who live and breathe of the wine of Life because He, willingly bore the cross and took the bitter cup from their lips. Are you smiling? Are you saying, "Somebody must have preached an uncommonly fine Easter sermon, to so aroused my Penelope." I did a most unusual thing, one with which perhaps you would have had scant sympathy. I followed a devoted people on their Pilgrimage "The Way of the Cross" and I saw one chastened woman who bore on her face, traces that led you to believe every step of the way she suffered with her Lord. She too was carrying a cross to Calvary and when they pierced Those Blessed hands and feet, they draw upon her blood. I couldn't tell even you, I could never tell any one how her act of devotion sank into my very soul. It wasn't the act of two thousand years ago. She treads it now and could she lift even the weight of a garment's hem from those who still tread the way, her face told me it would illumine some sad place in her soul. I asked about her and the sister told me—"She has suffered sore distress." But I knew it well enough before; but whether her sin or another's some day Christ will lift again the cross.

Lovingly Yours,
 PENELOPE.

The Fremont Public Library.

A creditable library is just being established in Fremont and perhaps the brief story of how it has been successfully brought into existence will be of interest and profit to other towns ambitious for such a public blessing. And perhaps the story of its establishment may show them that, after all, there is not such a great distance between a dream and its realization. Fremont has done more wonderful, but no more worthy, things than to make this library a possibility.

Let it be said for the encouragement of the club women of Nebraska that the birth of the idea was in the stimulus received at the State Federation held last fall in Lincoln. The Fremont delegates were greatly interested in reports of library efforts made at other places in the state. One of those delegates was Mrs. J. P. Mullin, president of the Fremont Woman's club. It fell to her to provide four programs during the year, these being on the fifth Saturdays of the month. She arranged that the next fifth Saturday should be devoted to the discussion of the library question. Meantime her health sud-

denly failed and she was compelled to go south and will probably never be able to return, but this library will remain as a monument to her literary tastes and interest in the dissemination of

a good literature. Two professional men of the city were selected to address the woman's club on the appointed fifth Saturday. One of them presented the value and necessity of a library in so convincing a manner there seemed nothing else to do but to inaugurate the work. The other presented a general plan for raising the necessary funds, which was carried out to the letter.

This was followed by pulpit discussions of the beneficent and refining influences of good books. The newspapers co-operated most cordially. A mass meeting was held and subscriptions called for at the close of an effective exhortation. Then twelve committees were appointed to solicit funds, each committee being assigned a specific district, of which the members of the respective committees were residents. The most hopeful had expected to raise \$2,500. When the business districts, which have usually been mainly relied upon for subscription purposes, failed to meet expectations, it seemed that the effort would not be the success hoped for. But the system was so thorough and complete for canvassing purposes that when the residence districts were heard from the result was pledges for nearly \$3,000.

In addition to the cash subscriptions more than one thousand volumes have been presented to the library. Whatever may be the usual experience in this work it is fair to say that a greater portion of these contributions are eligible to a place on the shelves.

The city council immediately recognized the popular sentiment and levied a mill tax, the full limit of the law, for library purposes. A library board was appointed and it is expected that in a few weeks the public library will be in running order.

The surprising part of it all was the readiness of the public to respond. A dominant enthusiasm was easily aroused. It was soon discovered that a well-to-do citizen had already anticipated the matter and had a stipulation in his will to set aside \$10,000 of his estate to erect a library building. It is therefore probable that when this bequest becomes available (being dependent on the longevity of the citizen) Fremont will have a library worthy of such a building.

The legislature at its last session passed laws making it easier to carry on library work. A state commission was created and the limit of taxation was raised. With these helps and the example of Fremont's successful efforts, other towns may well be encouraged to similar undertakings.

ROSS L. HAMMOND.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Successfully Treated by the British Doctors and They will Make No Charge for Their Services to All Who Call at Their Office at the Corner of 11th and N Sts., Lincoln, Nebr., Before May 12th.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute have, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, established a permanent branch of the Institute in this city in the Sheldon block, corner of Eleventh and N streets.

These eminent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them before May 12th. These services consist not only of consultation, examination and advice, but also of minor surgical operations. The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever

NOT for many years has THE OUTLOOK published a serial feature which has attracted such widespread attention as Booker T. Washington's autobiography, "Up from Slavery." These articles are now to be published in substantial book form, by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, and we have arranged to make a most unusual and attractive offer to you for an advance order. The arrangement with Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., who are also publishers of "The World's Work," a magazine of a new kind, beautifully illustrated, and edited by Mr. Walter H. Page, provides for the offer of the following at exactly half price.

- Full year's subscription to THE COURIER.....\$1.00
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be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before May 12th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief consulting surgeon of the Institute is in personal charge. Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. No Sunday hours.

Special Notice—If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

Discharge of Ear Permanently Cured.
 Lincoln, Nebr.,
 April 6, 1901.

Editor Courier:
 This is to certify that I have been suffering from a discharge from my ear for two years, without finding any cure or relief. I was cured sound and well by the British Medical Institute, and the discharge was completely stopped with one month's treatment.
 Alex. Wedell,
 Cresca, Nebr.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Mysteries of Learning.

The bewildering effects of a child's first day at school are delightfully portrayed in a story in McClure's Magazine for May, called "The Right Promethean Fire" by George Madden Martin. Emmy Lou, the little heroine, has already figured in the pages of McClure's, and she is good enough to be admitted there regularly. In the present chapter she goes to school for the first time, and meets with mystification upon mystification.

The very manner of the infant classi-

fication breathed mystery, the sheep from the goats, so to speak, the little girls all one side the central aisle, the little boys all the other—and to overstep the line of demarcation a thing too terrible to contemplate.

"Many things were strange. That one must get up suddenly when a bell rang, was strange.

"And to copy digits until one's chubby fingers, tightly gripping the pencil, ached, and then to be expected to take a sponge and wash those digits off, was strange.

"And to be told crossly to sit was bewildering, when in answer to c, a, t, one said "Pussy." And yet there was Pussy washing her face on the chart, and Miss Clara's pointer pointing to her."

Emmy Lou's experiences ought to teach school mistresses something.

ELEGY.

He said to his hairs: "Oh hairs, few hairs,
 That grow on the top of my head,
 It makes me feel sick
 when my pate gets so slick
 That it looks like a loaf of new bread."

He said to his hairs: "Oh hairs, thin hairs,
 Each day you are growing more shy
 And the hairs on my head
 are all numbered, 'tis said,
 But its numbers don't run very high."

—William Reed Dunroy,
 in Sioux City Tribune.

"Were you not shocked," they asked the sorrowful Boston woman, "when your husband came home to you intoxicated?"

"I was," she acknowledged; "but I scarcely know which shocked me the more—the fact that he was under the influence of liquor, or the fact that he manifested it by his language.

"He wasn't abusive, was he?"
 "Not at all; but he used the split infinitive."