

LINCOLN LETTER.

Lincoln, Nebr.,
May 29, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

This is my regular day for answering letters, so I am going to answer the letter which I hope to receive from you this week. To be sure, my stock of ideas is low, but then girls are not supposed to need ideas in either their letters or conversation, you know. Such a queer, mixed-up week this has been. Such a mixture of business and pleasure, of ignorance and brains! I presume you have heard of the Dunkard convention which has been in session here this week. The streets have been full of the delegates in their quaint bonnets and gowns, looking as if they might have stepped down from the frames in some ancient picture gallery. Their lives are so simple and well-ordered, so quiet and serene; I have thought many times that Gray must have had a Dunkard settlement in mind when he wrote

"Far from the maddening
crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober fancies
never learned to stray;
Along the cool,
sequestered vale of life
They kept the even
tenor of their way."

In another verse he gives advice which might also be followed with profit:

"Let not Ambition mock
their useful toil,
Their homely joys,
their destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear,
with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple
annals of the poor."

Lincoln is beautiful now. The glory of a city is its trees, and I never saw more beautiful trees than there are here. No matter which way you walk, you pass under a wonderful green arch, for in most parts of the city the trees grow on both sides of the walk, meeting in the most confiding, friendly fashion over your head. The yards are ornamented with old-fashioned flowers and shrubs, most often left to grow according to the dictates of their own fragrant wills, and forming a refreshing contrast to the geometrical designs generally seen in larger cities. And the birds! Penelope, I did not know there were so many in the world as there are in Lincoln this summer! Birds of all colors and shapes, sizes and descriptions. I think they selected this place for their annual May festival, and have been practicing faithfully for the last five weeks. The meadow lark is soprano soloist, and like Melba and Sembrich her songs are pure melody. The chorus is most effectively supplied by the robins; the orchestral accompaniment is the wind in the tree tops, and I wish you were in the audience.

This is the day when people are taking even more than usual pains to be amused, and when the tail-feathers of the American eagle are strewn broadcast throughout the land. Decoration day and the Fourth of July,—wholesale picnicking days, dear to the hearts of children and often still dearer to the children's big brothers and sisters! It is too great a strain on the intellect to bear in mind the underlying thought in these holidays from morning till night. A short service in the morning,—the decking of graves in grateful remembrance,—then away to the parks, to the groves, to various scenes of pleasure and rest for the care-worn minds and bodies to which these brief relaxations come seldom enough. Truly, "there is a pleasure in the pathless wood, there is a rapture on the lonely shore," and

thrice blessed is he whose surroundings are such that he can occasionally "go forth into the open and list to nature's teachings."

Yours,
ELEANOR.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be
no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea:

But such a tide as
moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound or moan,
When that which calls
from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that, the dark;
And may there be
no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our
bourns of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my
Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

—Tennyson.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of the most remarkable but least noticed facts in connection with the war in the Transvaal is the extreme youth of a large part of General De Wett's army. When hostilities broke out almost every grown man enlisted, even the enfeebled, but the pace has been too rapid for the venerable burghers. As they were killed or incapacitated their places have gradually been taken by mere school children, many only thirteen or fourteen years of age. Under the title of "The Youngest Soldiers in the World," in the June Cosmopolitan Allen Sangree throws more light on the make-up and life of General De Wett's commandoes than anything heretofore published. The naive, simple letter from fourteen-year-old Deneys Reitz to his father, the secretary of state of the Transvaal Republic, has seldom been equalled for vital interest by any carefully written article on the war.

A good story is told of Mark Twain and a bookseller's clerk. Twain was formerly a partner in a publishing firm, and one day he went into a bookstore, and picking up a book, he asked the clerk the price of it. He then said that, as a publisher, he was entitled to fifty per cent discount. The clerk told him that was all right, and then Twain said: "And as I am also an author, I am entitled to fifty per cent discount for that reason, am I not?"

To this, also, the clerk assented. "Then I am a professional friend of the proprietor's, and I presume you will allow me the usual twenty-five per cent discount on that score."

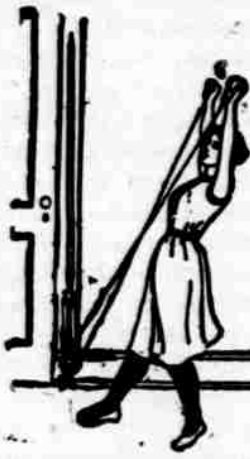
Again the clerk bowed assent. "Under those conditions, I think I will take the book," said the humorist; "how much?"

The clerk did some figuring with his pencil, and then said, without allowing a smile to intrude upon the solemnity of the occasion:

"As I figure it, we owe you the book, and thirty-seven and a half cents in money. We shall be glad to have you call again."

Charitable Old Lady—Poor woman! And are you a widow?

Beggar—Worse than a widow, ma'am. Me 'usband's livin' an' I have to support him.—Tit Bits.



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HIGH NOON.

Here where the faint
breeze droops upon the grass,
Where the summer incense
fills the air with pine,
Upon the highest hillside,
where the sun
Lifts Nature to himself,
I raise my shrine
To thee, High Noon,
In whose clear eyes,
undimmed by doubt or tear,
No secret shadow
of the soul is good.
Others may dread
thy burning judgment white—
For them be twilight altars
in the wood;
To thee, High Noon,
Bare breasted as a pagan
I would come!
Test thou my heart,
that proven, I may dare
Exult to shrive me
in thy riteless peace,
And sacramental faith
eternal swear
To thee, High Noon!
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson,
in June Century.

The Language of Flowers.

The florist told his love for her
In flowery language pat.
She smiled and blushed, her friends aver,
That he should lilac that.

"How long must I keep praying for you and papa?"
"Why, I hope always, Willie."
"Well, I've been asking God to make you more indulgent, but I don't see any change."—Life.

First Pub. June 1--4.
Notice to Creditors.—E 1555.
State of Nebraska, ss. County court, Lancaster county, in re estate of Arthur E. Goddard, deceased.
Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is October 1, 1901, and for payment of debts is July 1, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on October 1, 1901, and on January 2, 1902, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Publish weekly four times in The Courier. Dated May 31, 1901.
[SEAL] FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk