

**THE COURIER**

Published Every Saturday

Entered in the Postoffice at Lincoln as second class matter.

OFFICE, . . . . . 900-910 P STREET  
 TELEPHONE Business Office, . . . . . 214  
 Editorial Rooms, . . . . . 90

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
 Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$1.00  
 Single Copy, . . . . . .05

**LINCOLN LETTER**

Dear Penelope:

Since receiving your very welcome communication I have been thinking! With deep humility I confess the fact, and take the occasion to warn you never to be guilty of a similar indiscretion. If you value the good opinion of your friends, my dear, never think! At least never let them think that you think. If you find yourself in danger of being overpowered by a thought, by all means let it develop in secret; take every precaution to conceal from your friends the calamity that has overtaken you. For so sure as you begin to think, your natural impulse is to express your thoughts in words—and words, without a listener, are dead. From the instinctive reluctance of human beings to assume the role of listeners, one would infer that two tongues and one ear was man's natural equipment, and the danger, therefore, very great of over working the single member and under-exercising the dual.

Two facts have been impressed upon my inner consciousness during my mental aberration. One, that this is a world of misfits and of continual and painful readjustments. Some persons are flooded with love, much of which is unappreciated if not actually unwelcome, while others are starving for the affection which perverse fate has turned into another channel. That is the gist of one of my thoughts. My brain was quite exhausted with the simple statement of the fact, and, like other would-be reformers, I had no mental energy left to devote to a remedy! Indeed, I doubt if a remedy ever will be discovered this side of the ever-green shore.

My other thought is that a deep-unwavering love is a liberal education to the lover. It is worth more as a character-developer than a four years' course in the state university. All the graces mentioned in the good book and a few omitted from that first catalogue will grow out of a constant and persistent love. Patience, humility, long-suffering, charity, tact, adaptability—all these and many other virtues characterize the genuine lover. To these may be added the intense desire for self-improvement, the craving for more beauty, more wisdom, more accomplishments to make one's self more attractive to the beloved being. I have a sneaking conviction that I have thought these same things before—possibly written them to you. I don't become well enough acquainted with my thoughts before they are crowded out by new ones to recognize them on their second appearance. They may have a familiar look, but I am never sure whether they are my own or something I read in Shakespeare.

This is the season of church fairs and dinners, when your female friends try to inveigle you into paying Waldorf-Castoria prices for messy meals that make you sick and where all sorts of things you don't want are poked under your nose in the name of sweet charity. My chronic financial embarrassment is a partial protection from these attacks. Poverty is not so bad, after all, if it saves you from something worse. How many things in this world people do that they don't want to do! Nobody in his right mind ever really wanted to go to a church fair, yet there are church fairs regularly every season, and there are people who go to them in spite of their better judgment. There are insane asylums, too, and penitentiaries, and occasionally people find themselves in those places much against their inclination.

Mojeska played here the other night. I had tickets, but at the last moment gave them away and stayed at home. It may be sentimental—more likely it is plain idiotic—but the last time I saw Mojeska was in Omaha with Jack—and I didn't want to see her again when he is so far away. Dear Jack! If he only comes home for Christmas, my joy will be complete.

This sudden cold weather has been an expensive luxury. Plumbers are at a premium, and their prices have steeples on them. The cold has been intense, and the wind strong enough to blow you straight to the equator, if only you were headed that way. Today it is snowing very fast and very persistently; I am reminded of those beautiful verses by Longfellow:

"Out from the bosom of the air,  
 Out from the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
 Silent, and soft, and slow,  
 Descends the snow.  
 Even as our clouded fancies take  
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression;  
 Even as the troubled heart doth make  
 In the white countenance confession,  
 The troubled sky reveals  
 The grief it feels.  
 This is the poem of the air,  
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
 This is the secret of despair,  
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded;  
 Now whispered and revealed  
 To wood and field."

If you do not care for poetry, and prefer to have your fancies dressed in prose, you will like better Lowell's description of a snowstorm, where he says: "The preludings of winter are as beautiful as those of spring. On a gray December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snow-drops and anemones that harbinger his more assured reign. Now, and now only may be seen, floating on the horizon's eastern edge, those blue clouds from forth which Shakespeare says that 'Mars doth pick the masoned turrets.'" Sometimes, also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real snow-storm comes it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it which none other of the seasons can rival, and compared with which, indeed, they appear soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in Nature so beautiful as the next morning after such confusion of the elements? Night hath no silence like this of busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence which inflicts itself upon our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; whatever was stiff has been sweetly rounded as the breasts of Aphrodite; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if, Cowley would have said, Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it. It is the fanned snow,

That's bolted by the northern blasts  
 twice o'er,  
 Winnowed and packed by the Slavonian winds,—

packed so hard, sometimes, on the hill-tops that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all its curves, as if every one had been brushed by that inspired thumb of Phidias' journeyman."

You doubtless have been acting on the principle that silence is golden, knowing that on general principles I am an ardent advocate of the gold standard. In our correspondence, however, no political issue is at stake, and silver is plenty good enough for me. I'm tired and you're sleepy, so with these few remarks I will sign myself  
 Yours Affectionately,  
 Lincoln, Dec. 18, 1901. ELEANOR.

**A BENEVOLENT ENTERPRISE**

Is the British Medical Institute at  
 Cor. 11th and N Streets, Sheldon Block. It Gives Three Months' Services Free To All Invalids Who Call Before January 7, 1902

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 for treatment between now and Jan. 7. These services consist not only of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted and under no conditions will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before Jan. 7.

The doctors treat all kinds 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 associate surgeon of the Institute is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. No Sunday hours.

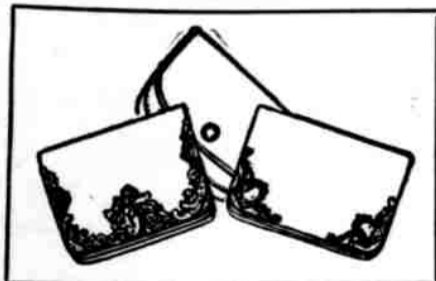
Special Notice—If you cannot call, send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

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The lot consists of Purses, Combination Pocket Books and Card Cases, Finger Purses, Shopping Bags, Boston Bags, Chatelaine Bags, Card Cases, Music Rolls, Wrist Bags, etc., in all styles of leather, including Seal, Walrus, Morocco, Alligator, Plain and Mounted Effects. It's a great chance, and only once in a lifetime to buy your Leather Goods Presents at One-half Price.

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