

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

Vol. 3, No. 12

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MEDITATIVE MUSINGS.

ITEMS IMAGINATIVE AND OTHERWISE.

Intended to Tickle the Risibilities or Induce Philosophical Discussion.

I understand the Lincoln Press Club is determined not to fall into innocuous demerit as did its immediate predecessor. A fine new billiard table has been ordered, another room secured and every preparation entered into to make it a pleasant resort for its members. Nearly every one of the press gang are members, while a number of gentlemen prominent in literary and professional circles are on its lists. At present it is but the nucleus of a splendid social club, and the Observer hopes that interest will be maintained and the club attain its ultimate object. It has pleasant rooms and a good membership, and there is no reason we know of why it should not have a long and successful career. The next meeting will be held next Wednesday afternoon, at which Col. A. B. Hayes of the *Journal* will read a paper on "Nebraska Farm Mortgages," refuting the assertions of certain eastern journals; Walt Mason will recite a poem and Hon. Patrick Egan deliver an address on "The Irish Emigrant."

I observed at the Dairy Maid's festival two of the young ladies chewing gum while in the drill, and I must say it looked anything but nice or proper. Chewing gum anywhere is contrary to laws of etiquette and looks bad enough in private, but when brought in such prominence is certainly noticeable and out of place. I will not mention names of the ladies, for fear of hurting their feelings, but this habit is one that certainly should be cured, and I trust the persons referred to will kindly accept this bit of advice.

Bohannon's Hall.

Of late this popular hall has been in constant demand and of the large gathering that has recently taken place in the city, nearly all have found it to their convenience and advantage to engage this new and spacious hall. In the Bohannon block we find not only a large and handsome dancing hall, but a second hall, the largest and best lighted assembly place in Lincoln, and we might add, the largest in the state. An idea of its capacity may be formed, from the statement made by the proprietors, that the larger hall will accommodate, including the gallery, 2,000 people. It is centrally located, the access thereto is easy and the accommodations offered are superior to that offered by any other hall in the city. For small parties the lower hall is a pleasant resort and on most all occasions is large enough, but for the great need that Lincoln has, heretofore experienced, the grand hall on the third floor fills the bill. The messenger service call box is handy, the place is close to business center, the ventilation is perfect, and in every respect the new place has the prospect of becoming the leading amusement resort in the city for dances, assemblies, public gathering, etc. While a select party is being given in the lower hall, a large gathering can take place in the large hall above with no interruption to either, so that two parties can, if necessary use the halls on the same night.

Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—yet get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for general spring medicine.

To Texas Via the Missouri Pacific Railway.

One fare for the round trip from Lincoln to all points. Tickets limited to sixty days, and transit limit going and returning of fifteen days in each direction. Excursions leave Lincoln January 25, February 8 and 29, March 7 and 21. Double line of Pullman sleeping cars from Kansas City. A rare opportunity to visit Texas. Lowest rates ever offered. For maps, descriptive pamphlets, rates, and further information, call on or address R. P. R. MILLAR, General Agent, City Ticket Agent, Corner O and 12th streets.

Brown's Vienna Coffee and Oyster house in the opera house block is the neatest and noblest resort in the city.

Wanted.

Dressmakers and ladies to call at 120 South 11th street, in the Holmes block, to investigate Madam Kellogg's French tailor system.

Silver Cross Cigars.

The best seller in the city, at Ed. Young's, 1020 O street.

For all kinds of society stationery, such as invitations, programs, cards, menus, etc., call at the COURIER office in the new Burr block.

Largest line of Key West and Imported cigars at the Burr block.

A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

Daily excursions to California via the Missouri Pacific Railway. The tourists favorite route. Choice of two routes going, and privilege of returning any one of four routes. Descriptive folders and all information obtained of R. P. R. MILLAR, Gen'l Agent, City Ticket Agent, cor. O, and 12th sts.

Here He Is Again.

A certain Dunkirk man was so mean that every one shunned him and he grew crosser and more crabbed from day to day, until at last his hat refused to fit him and his shoes snubbed him openly. One morning in winter a lady passing his house saw a strange sight. Standing on the porch was the old man, throwing crumbs to a flock of sparrows, who chirped and danced and pecked at the food in high glee. Moved to compassion for her previous bad opinion of him, the lady said, pleasantly, "Good morning, Mr. Neverspend—feeding the birds, I see." The old man looked up surlily and then went on throwing the crumbs. "Naw," he growled, "I'm missin' 'em."—*Buffalo Courier.*



Mr. Cheek—I owe you \$10, Griggs; can't you let me have \$5 more to make it \$15? Griggs—Ya-es, I guess I can go you a fiver; but will you tell what kind of nerve food you use?—*Texas Siftings.*

Preferable.

William N. Riddle, a New York broker, who has the reputation of being among the best close range shots in this country, has only one lung. It may be considered a great honor to be numbered among the best close range shots in this country, but w'd rather have two lungs and be unable to hit the gable end of a house at a distance of ten feet.—*Norristown Herald.*

Searched.

Mr. Wabash—Did you visit Ireland while you were abroad, Miss Breezy? Miss Breezy—Oh, yes; we were a month in Ireland.

Mr. Wabash (whose ideas regarding the location of the blarney stone are a trifle vague)—You kissed the blarney stone, of course.—*New York Sun.*

Taking a Fresh Start.

"Clara," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "hasn't that young man gone yet?" "Your daughter isn't here, sir," feebly responded the young man. "She has just stepped into the kitchen to fill and trim the lamp."—*New York Sun.*

It Will Fetch 'Em.

A wise man, who has given the matter much earnest thought, says "the coming newspaper will receive no advertisements." Huh! That's just what's the matter with the paper that's gone.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Gentle Hint.

"By George!" exclaimed Wagstaff, with a chuckle, as he looked his cards over, "I don't believe I could improve on this hand." "Perhaps you have never tried soap on it," suggested Buckhorn.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Where the Porter Sets In.

It is stated that the new vestibule cars run so smoothly that a man can be shaved on them. So he can on the ordinary palace cars; the porter has always done that for all the passengers.—*Boston Post.*

Horse Sense.

"I suppose that Fielden deserved hanging," said a Chicago man, "and yet it was a pity. He had lots of good horse sense." "Just so," replied his friend, "did not know enough to keep his head out of a halter."—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Worse Than the Climate.

Edith—What a dreadfully trying climate you have here in Boston! Is it the east wind that chaps your lips so? Maud—Oh, no; I've been taking some lessons in Volapuk.—*Life.*

Much Out of Little.

The hen, fool though she is considered, possesses in a marked degree the faculty of making much out of little. Feed her corn by the pint and she eats it by the peck.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Lived in a Boarding House.

Dentist—How did those new fillings work that I put in your teeth last month? Spooner (who boards)—All right, I guess. I haven't had a chance to try them yet.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Any Way to Suit.

Bereaved Widower (to office boy)—There is the obituary notice of my wife. Will you see that the editor gets it? Office Boy—Yes, sir. Do you want it illustrated?—*Epoch.*

Comparative Guilt.

Father—What do you think of a boy that throws a banana skin on the sidewalk? Son—I don't know. What do you think of a banana skin that throws a man on the sidewalk?—*Life.*

Cause for Youthful Sorrow.

Many of us have felt very sore over Michigan's greatest industry. She produces more singles than all the other states in the Union.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

But Hard to Keep.

National banking in Cincinnati is not difficult. It is easy to get the run of it.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Natural Question.

Young Mr. Sissy (to pretty cousin)—Do you know, Maude, that I have all my hats made to order? Pretty Cousin—They are lovely, Charley. I suppose the dealers don't carry such a small size in stock.—*The Epoch.*



Lincoln to Chicago without change via the Elkhorn line.

AT WIESBADEN.

THE SARATOGA OF GERMANY.

Its Handsome Gardens, Palatial Palaces and Its Lovely Parks—Other Attractions.

Written for the COURIER.

Opposite Mayence, (Mainz as the Germans spell it), on the other side of the Rhine is Wiesbaden, one of the famous watering places in Germany. After breakfast at our hotel, the Rheinscher Hof, we all took the horse railway, and went to the depot across the bridge and at the little village of Cusel we took the cars for Wiesbaden. It is only a few miles from Mayence. The situation is lovely. Most of the business part of the town is on a plain, rapidly rising into the high hills back of the town. Wide avenues have been graded through and by numerous gardens and parks. The streets along the hillsides are adorned by costly residences of the best class of Germans, and always with a profusion of shrubbery and flowers, roses, vine covered vases, and grassy plats. Our party were accommodated by two carriages and our drivers took in most of the principal objects of interest. The cabmen drive as hard a bargain here, as in New York. We rode for a mile or more along well shaded avenues and attractive dwellings to the famous Greek Chapel, erected some years since by wealthy Russians. It is an exquisite specimen of architecture, not large in size but costly in its decorations. The whole interior is of polished marbles from Italy, Greece and Egypt, not a particle of wood work being used.

One of its interior attractions is the sarcophagus of a Russian princess, decorated with more than a dozen statues of heroes and saints, around the sides of the polished marble block. The figure of the princess lies at full length in repose upon a marble cushion, covered with rich marble draperies, a thin veil of marble covers the whole figure. In so high esteem were the artists of this splendid chapel, that appropriate niches are adorned with statues of the architect, the binder, the sculptor and decorator. We have seen nothing in all our travels that surpasses this for beauty and costly decorations and works in marble, except the Memorial Chapel to Prince Albert, erected by Queen Victoria to her lamented husband, near Windsor Castle. Both are true specimens of the best modern art. Near by the Greek Chapel is the temple of Nero, built on a point overlooking the wide valley of the Rhine. We are here 1,900 feet above the sea level. The view is worth a visit to Wiesbaden, which lies spread out before it, beyond which is the silvery stream of the Rhine and the fine bridge leading to Mayence, with its fine gardens and houses and lofty spires in full view.

Nero's Temple is simply a dome, not of large dimensions, supported by columns and open to the country on all sides.

We returned by another road which brought us in view of the Royal Palace and other princely edifices, all of rare and choice design, but plain in exterior. The petty princes of Germany are very numerous and all cannot indulge in very costly residences. The rich aristocrats of the country are much more ambitious, and often their homes surpass in splendor their more noble lords and dukes. The same economy of the soil is here as on all the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence, vineyards and the sugar beet are cultivated wherever a small piece of earth can be found. The hills are terraced to their summits and are under cultivation. Returning from the hills we strolled through the parks and gardens, some of which were adorned with fountains of various devices, at times sending up a strong column of water to fall in spray into a marble basin. The fountains in front of the Assembly House in the midst of exquisite tropical plants, and flanked on both sides by the dense foliage of lindens, were the most beautiful in Wiesbaden. The Colonnade with its long row of stone columns on the side open to the street and its store, richly furnished for every want of mankind, from a watch to a pin, from a seakins coat to a child's bib found always a crowd of promenaders.

The Kochbrunn Springs, famous for certain human ailments had crowds of visitors, evidently the wealth and fashion of Europe can be found here as well as the overworked who need rest and change of scene from the vexations of trade.

Whoever has the means can find a charming retreat here in Wiesbaden. Wiesbaden had in 1871 a population of 35,463 and has been steadily on the increase. It is a strongly protestant town, 7,000 are Catholic and 1,000 Jews. In 1882 the tourist and invalids numbered over 40,000. Wilhelmstrasse is a fine avenue half a mile long lined with trees leading to the Theatre square.

The Kursaal with its fine colonnade of stones on two sides is a magnificent building. It is in the season the centre of attraction and its ample halls are thronged with the wealthy and the fashionable. It has a ball room, reading room, drawing room and concert room, all finished in the highest style of decoration, all connected with extensive pleasure grounds. The arcade of iron and brass extends to the principal Boiling Spring (about 156° Fahrenheit), giving 17 cubic feet of water per minute. There are many other springs for drinking and bathing, claiming special virtues.

There are many water cure establishments for the cure of various human ailments, and no doubt the usual share of quacks who pretend to cure all diseases. There are thirty bath houses and over 800 separate rooms. A library of 70,000 volumes and an art gallery. The worst form of gambling has been abolished since 1872. As a delightful summer resort by the best class of people in the world it stands deservedly high. It was an old Roman military station which were usually established for sanitary purposes at thermal springs. Those old Romans were no fools as many old records and ruins attest.

usual in all Catholic churches. I stood during the recital until the sermon in German began, which, however eloquent, I did not appreciate. I beat a quiet retreat and found myself in a few minutes in the centre of a large square facing a fine statue, erected to the great German poet Schiller. This I could understand, as who that has read him, has not been thrilled with the dramatic power and poetic elegance of this author. Passing onto the suburbs of the town near the walls of the fortifications I was examining some old Roman walls as I supposed, an intelligent German came up to me and supposing I was a stranger in town, offered kindly to show me some of the sights. He could not speak a word of English, but I understood what he wished. He took me through the modern fortresses, surrounding the city and by guards on duty which I could not have passed alone, then into long avenues of shade trees leading to the fine entrance to the cemetery, the gardens, rich in flowers and ornamental shrubbery. My stranger guide, all the time gestulating and talking in German to make me understand, in which he very well succeeded. It was a good object lesson, a rare one to me and not without some very ludicrous features. In my struggles to get knowledge he pointed out several tombs of great artistic merit and other objects of interest. Then turning to the right at no great distance across the fields he showed me the remains of the old Roman walls, probably built by "Drusus," 2,000 years ago. The masonry was very ancient. Then taking me by a narrow road through the modern fortifications, by a short turn I found myself suddenly in the city. He was a perfect German, one that you always detect, no matter of what race or language. I learned that he was a follower of Luther and he said there were ten Catholic churches in Mayence and one Lutheran. Madam de Staël, who traveled among all the nations and tribes in Europe said she had met only two kinds of people "men and women." The ladies all look just like American ladies and cry just as loud in the cars, are loved just as much by their boys as our girls.

The boys on the streets on their way to school look just like school boys in Lincoln, play the same games, at leap frog and marbles and kites, quarrel just the same and play the same tricks on each other. The women are just as fond of dress and display, are loved by the men just the same and make just as good wives, husbands and parents and work just as faithfully as with us for their homes. Whenever we found Germans that could speak English, we found ourselves at home, and when they found we were Americans took special pains to give us all the information we desired about their nation and people. Evidently Germans have a high opinion of the great nation on the other side of the Atlantic, where thousands of them have established themselves in good homes and found prosperous times.

Our next stage will bring us to Strasburg of which we have already given brief accounts.

The weather is growing warm and we shall soon be in some cool retreats among the Alps, where shall see the springs of the Historic Rhine.

Burdette's Philosophy.

"GIVE THY THOUGHTS NO TONGUE." So you have bought a dog, have you, my boy? Well, that's all right. The dog is a faithful friend and a cheery companion for a long stroll; but constantly bear in mind this thing: If Ananias had not been strangled when he was, the chances are that in less than a year he would have published a volume of dog stories. Be proud of your dog, my boy, but remember whenever a man tells a story about his dog, he is never inclined to fall shamefully short of the truth. I once called on Truth in company with a friend of mine, a good man who owned a dog. As we stood bowing at the door and scraping our feet on the snowy door mat, while Truth smiled a welcome, my friend said: "I guess I won't let my dog come in. A funny thing happened one day last week when he went calling with me. He went into the parlor—and just then a crash of thunder rent the heavens and made the earth tremble. Error black as night, ugly as sin and big as a mountain, stood grinning before us, and a boy came running up to say that Truth had just fallen into a Clarion county oil well 25,000 feet deep.

COURAGE AND STRENGTH.

Fanny Davenport is the strongest woman on the stage, and she says she developed her muscle by churning butter on her ranch in California. Just one word in your ear, friends: we have eaten some California ranch butter. You had that muscle before you churned it.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR SORORISTS. Mrs. Ewing says in *The Woman's Journal* that "she believes that 50,000 women could earn a living in this country by the manufacture and sale of home made bread." We believe so, too. There's a fortune in it. A paving material that will be yielding to the horse's foot, comparatively noiseless, and yet more durable than Belgian brick, is something that has not yet been discovered. On to the front, O woman!

THEY WORK BETTER IN THE OFFICE. "Have you suffered much from train robbers, conductor?" asked a passenger over the Wabash. "Not at all," replied the official. "I haven't seen a director on the train since last November." And only the sighing prairie winds swept plaintively through the windows, and the rattling wheels went clicking monotonously on—"I cleaned 'em out; I cleaned 'em out; I cleaned 'em out."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Where is the Museum Man? Editor (to young man)—So you would like a place on the paper as reporter, would you? Young Man—Yes, sir; but I'm just from college, and I don't suppose I'll amount to much for a year or two.

Editor (after recovering from a swoon, at the exceptional modesty)—Just one moment, young man, and I'll talk business with you.—*The Epoch.*

A Wise Decision.

We have read a little of the writings of every poet, from Chaucer down to Hiram Wilson, the poet laureate of Grassy Lick, but we have not learned enough about it to undertake to correct the manuscript of the original verses frequently sent to this office for publication, and we have decided that all poetry must go in verbatim et literatim with the manuscript.—*Mount Sterling (Ky.) Sentinel-Democrat.*

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

A WEEK'S REVIEW AND PROSPECTIVE.

The Field of Amusement in Lincoln.—News About Plays, Actors, Etc.

THE OPERATIC EVENT.

Tuesday evening last the Carleton opera company presented "Ermine" at the Funke to a very good audience. The title role was taken by Miss Alice Tinent, a young lady of prepossessing appearance who is also possessed of a very fine voice. She was the recipient of much applause, and in fact hers was a most finished performance. The part of Ravennes was taken by Mr. W. T. Carleton, and he was in his usual good voice it was well rendered. His singing of "Rose Marie" in the third act was rapturously received, and won him a recall. Mr. Robert Broderick as Marquis de Pomery, Miss Maggie Baxter as Captain Delannay, and Miss Clara Wislom as Princess de Gramponere are deserving of special mention.

EFFIE ELLISLER, "EGYPT."

The audience at the Funke Wednesday evening to see Effie Ellsler in her new play "Egypt" was a large one and one that thoroughly appreciated the talented lady's work. In her new character Miss Ellsler is given ample opportunity to show her excellent qualifications for acting of the higher order. Miss Ellsler is a finished artist and the play she is in starring in, gives promise of making a brilliant reputation for the lady and adding new laurels to her already established successes. The construction of the new play is similar to that of "Lore, the Artist's Dream," in as much as that in the first part of the play the heroine goes to sleep and wakes up in the last act to find that everything that had transpired was all a dream. The statutory scene in the fourth act was a difficult part for the actress, as it necessitates her standing perfectly still on a pedestal without support during the entire act. The supporting company was very good and the engagement was one of the most enjoyable ones we have had this season.

CRAZY PATCH LAST NIGHT.

Funke's was comfortably filled last evening to see what Kate Castleton and her company of comedians had to offer for the enjoyment of the fun-loving patrons, and well may it be said that everyone present enjoyed a delightful evening. Miss Castleton who very cleverly takes the part of Sybil Tabbs, a headstrong girl just home from the boarding school, introduces a bevy of topical songs, which are, of course, loudly applauded, and her treatment of the "Poor Maniac" is certainly gentle and kind, though not appreciated. Arrived at the theatre last night, the victim of a plot, acceptably fills the bill, while William Smith, who imagines himself to be John L., the slugger, creates much laughter at his victim's expense, and the character is well taken by Edie Foy. In fact the entire cast is an excellent one in whose hands "Crazy Patch" finds a successful and entertaining presentation. There will be a matinee this afternoon and another performance to-night, on which occasions "Crazy Patch" will receive its final presentations.

BUNCH OF KEYS.

On next Thursday evening the boards at the Funke will be occupied by that sterling company known so familiarly as the Spark's Bunch of Keys combination, under the management of the author, Frank W. Sanger. This extremely funny play has been on the road five years, and with the several changes this season, is meeting with even better success than it was accorded on its previous series of successful tours. The piquant and dashing little actress Marietta Nash makes all out of the part of Teddy Keys that there is in it, while James Mackie, in the great character of Grimes, has never been equaled, and



thurs Bell as Dr. Sullivan, the victim of a plot, acceptably fills the bill, while William Smith, who imagines himself to be John L., the slugger, creates much laughter at his victim's expense, and the character is well taken by Edie Foy. In fact the entire cast is an excellent one in whose hands "Crazy Patch" finds a successful and entertaining presentation. There will be a matinee this afternoon and another performance to-night, on which occasions "Crazy Patch" will receive its final presentations.

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with George Laure as Snagg, the piece finds a thoroughly enjoyable rendition. The *New York Herald's* critics says: "A Bunch of Keys" still possesses great attractions for the public, despite its frequent representation in this city. At least that is what seemed to be the case last night at the Grand Opera house, for the house was thronged to overflowing. This rattling, farcical production bristles with funny situations so closely followed upon each other that the audience was in almost a continuous peal of laughter until the curtain fell. The songs, dances and medleys which form an important item in the play were very nicely rendered.

Miss Nash as Teddy Keys, Mr. Mackie as Grimes, and Mr. Lauri as Snagg were extremely funny, and the rest of the company were just as entertaining and clever.

THE HANLON FANTASMA.

The coming engagement of the Hanlon Fantasma at Funke's next week is looked forward to with an unusual amount of interest, and our theater-goers have cause to expect much in the several performances of next week. The company played at Boyd's in Omaha last week to immense business and the *Bea* in speaking of it says it was the finest presentation of "Fantasma" ever seen in Omaha. This means much, for Fantasma is recognized everywhere as one of the grandest spectacular plays before the American public, and now that it has been improved, it stands at the head of this class of plays. Of their recent engagement in Chicago, the *Tribune* says:

"People were turned away from the Grand Opera House, where the Hanlons opened with the spectacular production of 'Fantasma.' The performance is not new in Chicago, but there have been many changes in the thing and some of the mechanical effects are novel and striking. The sea scene is especially noteworthy, and some very fine work is done in the way of mid-air business from wires. Miss Laura Burt, who appears as the Fairy Queen, is somewhat of a novelty in that character, inasmuch as she is something more than a woman with a pretty face and symmetrical figure, the usual total qualities of one who plays the part. She is a fine singer, with a wonderful soft voice, and is a clever actress as well. As a whole, the performance is one of the best of its kind. It is a performance almost exclusively for the eyes and it does attract eyes—a great many of them."

The first performance of the three night engagement occurs Monday evening, and seats are now on sale at usual prices.

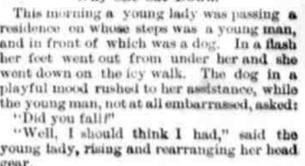
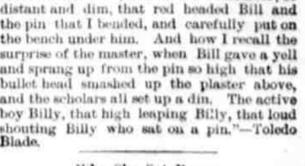
Caution Against Omahans.

Written for the COURIER. Must ever been in Omahans, Where rolls the dark Missouri down, And four strong horses scarce can draw An empty wagon through the town? Where muddy waters rise and swell, With fearful and resistless might; Where fish are caught by sense of smell Because they cannot see to bite? Where sand is blown from every mound To fill your eyes and ears and throat, Where all the steamers are aground— And all the houses are afloat? Where lager beer is all tneatru, And bloody scampers come to trade; Where everything is overdone, And everybody underpaid? If not, take heed to what I say: You'll find it just as I have found it, And if it lies upon your way, For Heaven's sake my friend go round it.

Latest Special Cables.

London Cable Correspondent—How is news today? Assistant—There's very little going on; don't know what we're to do. "Write up a tete-a-tete between Queen Victoria and John L. Sullivan, intimating that her majesty has offered him the place left vacant by the death of John Brown." "Yes, sir. Anything else?" "Well, you might knock together a column to the effect that the Tories are preparing to hitch a rope around Ireland and tow it up to the north pole. Guess that'll fill up the remainder of the space."—*Omaha World.*

One Way Out of It.



A Poem on Childhood. The bard was asked to compose a little poem upon his childhood, and this is what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember, so distant and dim, that red headed Bill and the pin that I beaded, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin so high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars all set up a din. The active boy Billy, that high leaping Billy, that loud shouting Billy who sat on a pin."—*Toledo Blade.*

Why She Sat Down.

This morning a young lady was passing a residence on whose steps was a young man, and in front of which was a dog. In a flash her feet went out from under her and she went down on the icy walk. The dog in a playful mood rushed to her assistance, while the young man, not at all embarrassed, asked: "Did you fall?" "Well, I should think I had," said the young lady, rising and rearranging her head gear. "Yes," responded the youth, "I thought it must be funny if you sat down to play with the dog."—*Albany Journal.*

Served Hot.

"Madam," pleaded the tramp, piteously, "I am hungry to starving. May I take a few snowballs to eat from your side yard?" "Certainly, my poor man," replied the woman with the big heart, kindly, "and if you like I'll warm them up for you."