

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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THE ELKS' FRATERNITY.

NOTES REGARDING THE NOBLE ORDER

What is Being Done at Home and Abroad in the P. B. O. E.

A great many persons who have erroneous ideas regarding the noble order of Elks are invited to read the following from the Springfield (Ohio) *Sunday News* of a recent date:

The general public perhaps does not adequately understand and appreciate the noble order of Elks. There is a tenacious error of opinion in the belief that it is in some way or degree a dramatic order. This is untrue but the belief arises from the fact that in the early history of the order members of the dramatic profession predominated in numbers. But in the last seven years the order has grown with wonderful rapidity and is now the leading social order of the United States. The gentlemen and ladies' social sessions are eminent and admirable features of the Elks, and they have proven universally popular and successful. Today, especially west of the Alleghenies, the order of Elks embraces in its ranks the flower of the business and professional men of every city. The mottoes of the Elks are: Charity, Justice, Fraternity, Love and Fidelity. Its benevolence is princely, and in strict conformity to the scriptural injunction—Let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth. All Knight Templar Masons who enter the order of Elks are at once impressed with the beauty, the spirit, the strength and solemnity of the obligation. The order of Elks is founded in American manhood, and its ties are as close and strong as fraternity can make them.

Springfield Lodge, No. 51, P. B. O. E., has done well in establishing a standing committee to whom all names for membership shall be presented before propositions or applications are taken. The duty of this canvassing committee will be to canvass the opinions of a majority of the members of the lodge as to the merits and desirability of a candidate. If the canvassing committee find an unfavorable opinion the candidate's application is not taken. If favorable, his application is received and he is balloted upon. By means of this canvassing committee, undesirable names are not presented to the lodge for action, and the unpleasant duty of rejecting a candidate is avoided.

ELK NOTES.

Six applications were made before the last meeting.

D. D. Muir and A. D. Minor were initiated into the first Thursday evening.

W. S. Huffman was appointed regular correspondent for foreign papers that publish Elk notes.

Committee on constitution and by-laws were given further time and will report at next communication.

Messrs. Muir and Minor take their second Monday evening. A number of others are also expected to show up for honors in both degrees.

Trustees were authorized Thursday evening to secure prominent lodge and club rooms and are told they have one of the finest locations in the city in view.

Regular communications hereafter will be held Monday instead of Thursday. There being usually some attraction at the opera house or social entertainments in the city on that evening, the change was deemed advisable.

The *Social Session*, a journal recognized as the official organ of the Elks, is represented in Lincoln by W. S. Huffman, their correspondent, who will receive and recede for subscriptions. Every Elk should be a subscriber, as it is the only organ recognized by the grand lodge. It contains complete reports and general news to Elksdom that proves interesting to all.

Oriental Politeness.

The Gazette de France publishes some curious notes upon the etiquette of the east. Here is the Turkish form of an invitation to dinner:

My Generous Master, My Respected Lord—This evening, if it pleases Allah, when the great king of the army of stars, the sun of worlds, approaching the kingdom of shades, shall put his foot into the stirrup of speed, you are invited to enlighten us with the luminous rays of your face, which rivals the sun. Your arrival, like the zephyr of spring, will drive away from us the smothering night of solitude and isolation.

And here is the formula for an invitation to a soiree or raki party:

My Noble and Respected Friend—This evening when the silvery bark, the moon, now fourteen days old, shall float upon the surface of the blue sky, spreading around love and tenderness, we shall be reunited at the village of Roumili-Hissar in the place called Hoziet-Mollah, a locality full of delights, and all the night until the awakening of the dawn we shall taste the joys of dry water and wet fire (cognac and raki). We will not admit of a delay of the thickness of a hair. May the power of sails and oars hasten your arrival, which will be a source of joy for all your friends.

A Young Lover's Confession.

"Darling," he whispered softly in the hush of the twilight, while the blonde head had nestled down on his shoulder and the fair cheek flushed beneath his kiss, "do you know that I deceived you once wilfully and wickedly?"

A muffled exclamation of dissent escaped from the region of his coat collar, and he continued:

"When you told me long ago in the moonlight that you could never marry a man who had horns, I had you to think I had none; but it is false. I have a corn—a small one. It is on my little toe. It doesn't trouble me any. But now I suppose I must bid you farewell forever, and sadly go from your sweet presence."

"Yes, go," she said, in a firm, sad tone. "Go to-morrow to the nearest chaprist, and never let this painful subject be mentioned between us again."—New York Sun.

A Rude Awakening.

She had been rhapsodizing about Browning for nearly an hour to young Mr. Waldo, and as she sat there in the flickering firelight, shading her eyes with one shapely hand, he thought he had never seen a fairer picture.

She was about to go to, when her little brother opened the door.

"Penelope," he said, "can't I have some of them cold beans you put away to eat after Mr. Waldo goes home?"—New York Sun.

Many old soldiers who had contracted chronic diarrhoea, while in the service, have since been permanently cured of it by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by W. J. Turner.

MR. MAHLER HEARD FROM.

Regarding Another Visit to Lincoln and the Prospective Dancing Class.

In a recent issue of THE COURIER under the head of "Meditative Musings" several paragraphs were devoted to the subject of another spring term of dancing under the tutelage of Mr. Jacob Mahler. The professor's eyes, it seems, caught the item referred to and in answer addresses THE COURIER on the subject. From his letter we quote the following:

"Believe me, I appreciate your kind remarks in THE COURIER of March 10 and you are right in your surmises. I have a number of applications from various places, all of which I am corresponding with. But candidly speaking, I prefer Lincoln, simply because I am acquainted with almost everyone and would not have to work up new acquaintances. While I do not care to make any money in Lincoln I would not want to lose any. If I came to Lincoln I would give the short term of twelve lessons for ten dollars—that would be an inducement to bring nearly all my old pupils back, together with as many new ones. If the people of Lincoln want me to return, I would come if guaranteed fifty pupils—twenty-five ladies and gentlemen and twenty-five children. Of course this is a small number, but if I can visit Lincoln and pay expenses this season I would be satisfied.

Mrs. Mahler and Rosalind are enjoying best of health. With kindest regards to our friends, I am yours truly, JACOB MAHLER, St. Louis, March 14, 1888.

Of Mr. Mahler's ability as a successful instructor there is no need to speak, for in Lincoln's most accomplished society we find a majority have received their knowledge of dancing from him. He is without exception the most successful teacher that ever visited this city, and while every attempt made by rivals has failed, Mr. Mahler's efforts have all been brilliant successes. As a society gentleman, as a master of ceremonies, as an entertainer and as an instructor, he certainly is well versed and presides in a manner that affords everyone pleasant entertainment. Many of his old scholars have signified their intention to return and many new ones have expressed a desire to become members of the class.

The prospects now look bright for Mr. Mahler's return. The number he asks as a guarantee is very small and if some one would but take the lead, more than enough names could be had to make it a success. THE COURIER can furnish ten names to start the list. Now, then, start the ball rolling.

Satisfactory.

The expression, "The wind blew through his whiskers," has been traced by a Chicago philologist to the isle of Cyprus, where, a great many centuries ago, a gang of Moslem pirates had their beards blown into the sea by a blizzard that got split by the pyramids in coming over the desert. The explanation is considered perfectly truthful and satisfactory.—for Chicago.—Philadelphia Times.

A Mortifying Circumstance.

Miss Ethel—I was so sorry to hear of your papa's failure, Clara. And is it really true?

Miss Clara—Yes, and for only \$90,000. Mamma and I feel too mortified for anything.—Texas Sittings.

Send a Stamp for the Receipt.

A hod carrier named O'Farrell had a narrow escape from death the other day. He was carrying a hod of brick under the windows of Miss Lightbread's cooking school for young ladies, when an angel cake, evolved by a member of the class, slipped from the window where it had been carelessly placed. Had it fallen upon O'Farrell doubtless it would have killed him. But it wasn't that kind of a cake; it just drifted out into the sunshine and eddied and floated and danced away off into the dim blue ether, like the ghost of a thistle down—away—away—away—until it was lost to human sight. That's the kind of cake the girls in Brooklyn make, my son. Had this paragraph happened in any other town in America there wouldn't have been a whole brick left in that hod.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Neatly Trapped.

Able Editor—Trapped a flyer, eh? Good job. Write it up with a big display, eh? How did you catch him?

Reporter—He called at the office this morning and introduced himself as a newspaper man.

"Yes."

"Then, after he got acquainted, he asked me to cash a check for \$50. I turned him over to the police."—Omaha World.

Makes Things Lively.

Miss Waldo (of Boston)—Yes, Mr. Wabash, I attended four weddings last week, and three more are on my tablets for this week.

Mr. Wabash (from the west)—Indeed, Miss Waldo, quite a profusion. I suppose in Boston leap year makes a great difference in the number of weddings.—New York Sun.

The Arcade.

The cheapest ladies' furnishing house in the city.

It is true that this king left many noble art treasures for his people, which is but a poor excuse for the extravagant debts left for the tolling, industrious and indulgent people to discharge. Some monarchs waste millions on war and are applauded. He spent millions on art, which Bavaria condemned.

MUNICH.

THE GREAT CAPITAL OF BAVARIA.

Its Numerous Palaces and Museums of Art—King Ludwig.

No one who makes the tour of Europe should omit to visit Bavaria, flow a portion of the United German empire. As a centre of art, in many respects Munich is unrivalled, in proportion to its wealth and population it is not surpassed by Berlin. Its kings, for generations, have been extensive patrons of all the fine arts, whether for use or ornament. Its extensive Royal bronze foundry has been liberally patronized by all nations. Some of the most costly works in bronze for our own country have been produced at these foundries. The magnificent bronze doors at the east entrance to the capitol at Washington came from Munich. The superb work, in miniature bas-relief, in the panels of these doors of American history has been admired by all who have seen them. The bronze statues of many of our heroes and statesmen now adorning our city parks in all parts of the country came from Munich. Having a carriage at our hotel we drove to the works, and by polite attendants were shown through the extensive buildings.

We recognized at once many of the models of work we had seen in our country, among them Washington, Clay, Webster, Everett and many others, several of them large equestrian groups. In an outer court we were shown the partly completed statue of Chief Justice Taney, ordered by his admirers in Maryland. It was nearly ready for shipment to this country. Here, again, we learned a fact going to show rapidly our own artists are beginning to keep pace with the most advanced nations who have had a thousand years of culture. The proprietor said that not so many works of art in bronze were being ordered from America as our own foundries were beginning to produce works of art equal to any in the world. It was ascertained that one extensive firm in Philadelphia, by the importation of the best skilled labor, was now filling most of the orders that usually come to them, that many of their best men had gone to America, where much higher wages could be paid, as the great expense of shipment was avoided.

THE MAXIMILIAN GALLERY.

This extensive palace, now an art gallery, stands on very commanding ground at the head of the principal avenue. There is a grand approach, by wide stone steps, from sides of the ornamental gardens in front. We found the entrance fee was one mark each. On reaching the marble vestibule we were informed that no visitors were allowed to enter the halls until they removed their shoes and put on the thick woolen socks which they purchased. On entering we at once saw the propriety of such precautions. The floors were inlaid with the most costly woods, showing the highest polish, and so slippery that one of our party suggested it would make a good skating rink. But a very rapid inspection of the walls of the many saloons showed, with what care the best works of the painter's art had been secured to preserve the most celebrated events in the past history of Bavaria. These works were not confined to mere battle pieces, treaties of peace, etc., but the subject took a very extensive range, and the beauties of nature in her ever-varying moods were depicted by the most celebrated masters. We came away with the impression that the kings of Bavaria deserve high praise for their devotion to works of art.

But this was only one of the many collections, with which the Bavarian capital abounds. We can barely enumerate a few of these that we visited without any attempt to describe their art treasures:

The old and the new Pinakoteks, immense picture galleries, the National Museum, the Military Museum, the Royal Gallery of Sculpture, the State Library, the Crystal Palace, in the botanical gardens, the English garden, with its many monuments, cascades, canals, Chinese tower, and a little court near, with beautiful grounds.

The public monuments are worth a passing notice, especially those of the elector Maximilian, King Max Joseph, King Ludwig I., Maximilian II., Schiller, Goethe, Shilling and Liebig. All these are in the most finished styles of Bavarian art, which is praise enough.

KING LUDWIG I.

We heard so much of this unfortunate prince while in Bavaria that we will recall only a few incidents in his life, not unknown to most Americans.

This young prince had inherited an extravagant love of art. Many of his ancestors were devoted patrons and having himself studied profoundly in these academies, it became the mania of his life to surpass his ancestors in the splendor and costliness of the palaces he built and in the richness with which they were finished and decorated. These at great extravagance he built on the borders of beautiful lakes and in the deepest recesses of the Bavarian Alps, and on the tops of the ragged rocks, with whimsical of the public caused him to seek to exclude himself in his latter days from the public and to shut himself up in his palaces.

A Bavarian writer has translated for the benefit of his Anglo-Saxon readers his description of the finest of these monuments, left by the unhappy Ludwig. He gives us a glance at the splendid castle at Berg on one of the most picturesque of the Bavarian lakes. For it was here that the wretched king walked out from the midst of the splendors of his castle and drowned himself. It happened in the midst of a jubilee. It was on a beautiful starry night, the lake and the mountains were ablaze with lights, and music, says the writer, floated sweetly on the night breeze, but these same fairy waters were soon to close over his head, weary with a crown that had so many thorns.

Of course the people speak extravagantly of the splendors of their king while they condemn his reckless wastefulness. We read an account which is a specimen of their appreciation of the castle of Berg: "Enter the portals, pass up vast passages and stairs, amidst a bewilderment of colors and gilding and wood carving, the prowess and pathos of old German mythical times, transfiguring the walls, pace the golden throne room and the vast dangerous hall, with its thousands of lights and then look out. The eyes of the unhappy Ludwig must have been dim with latter tears as he, too, looked out for the last time on the glorious Northern Vega, at his feet from the balconies of his fairy creation. It is whispered that ere he could be torn from that beatific vision, he made a violent effort to cast himself from the battlements, and

thus anticipate his dismal plunge at Berg."

It is true that this king left many noble art treasures for his people, which is but a poor excuse for the extravagant debts left for the tolling, industrious and indulgent people to discharge. Some monarchs waste millions on war and are applauded. He spent millions on art, which Bavaria condemned.

HIS APPRECIATION OF WAGNER.

The prince was a great patron of the classical opera, and he never failed in his liberality to those who had distinguished themselves as composers. Wagner owed his fame almost wholly to King Ludwig, who early discovered his remarkable genius, and at great expense he caused his best operas to be performed on one of the largest theatres in Munich, at his personal expense, that the public might judge of their excellence.

He continued his patronage of this great composer until his great merits were placed before the world. Who that has heard Lohegrin has not been thrilled with the grandeur and originality of his splendid operas? Well may the people of Bavaria declare, speaking of the desolating wars of Europe by ambitious and wicked princes: "Midst all this crash of nations and fury of conflicting hosts, the noble art treasures of a gifted and misunderstood king stand out as a beacon light in the storm of darkness and protest against a mistaken judgment that would condemn for a small extravagance in glorious monuments of peace, while gamster monarchs and ministers have wasted millions and punished generations with the destruction of senseless wars."

SIGMA.

Bill Nye as a Peevishist.

I do not know why I should always be regarded with suspicion wherever I go. I do not present the appearance of a man who is steeped in crime, and yet when I put my trivial little two-gallon valise on the seat of a depot waiting-room a big man with a red mustache comes to me and hisses through his clenched teeth: "Take yer baggage off the seat!" It is so everywhere. I apologize for disturbing a ticket agent long enough to sell me a ticket, and he tries to jump through a little brass wicket and throttle me. Other men come in and say: "Give me a ticket for Bandoline, O., and be dam sudden about it, too," and they get their ticket and go aboard the car and get the best seat, while I am begging for the opportunity to buy a seat at full rates and then ride in the wood box. I believe that common courtesy and decency in America needs protection. Go into an hotel or a hotel, whichever suits the eye, and the commercial man who travels for a big sausage casing house in New York has the bridal chamber, while the meek and lowly minister of the Gospel gets a wall pocket room with a cot, a slippery elm towel, a cake of cast iron soap, a disconnected bell, a view of the laundry, a tin roof and \$4 a day.—Bill Nye in New York World.

It Depends on the Use.

Mr. Sissy (who has just bought a yellow monkey on a red stick for his little brother) says: "This toy is not very durable, I fancy."

Pugy Shop Girl (demurely)—With proper care, sir, it ought to last you a long time.—Tid Bits.

A Mexican Snake Story.

A family in San Luis Potosi possessed a very fine rattlesnake. They had captured it by means of a forked stick when it was a baby, and succeeded in domesticating it. In the course of years it grew to be fourteen feet in length, and became tame and playful, never showing the slightest symptom of anger when handled by the children, but it would not allow its rattles to be touched. It became very much attached to its master, and would follow him around the house like a dog. During the recent storm in San Luis many of the houses were struck by lightning. The bolts were falling fast about the dwelling, which had sheltered the snake from childhood. Nobly determined to die for its benefactors, the serpent crawled up the outside walls of the house, and mounting the roof it stood on its head in a perpendicular position for the space of several minutes, shaking its rattles violently at the heavens, like Ajax, defying the lightning. The electricity, attracted by the living lightning rod, reduced to ashes the noble animal and also the house.

There is no use in letting the American papers have a monopoly of these snake stories.—Two Republics.

A Hint to Inventors.

First Yankee—What puts you in such a good humor this morning?

Second Yankee—I've just got my patent for my new patent ink eraser. I wouldn't take \$50,000 for it.

"Did you get a patent last year for inventing an indelible ink?"

"I did, and I sold it for \$30,000, and now I've invented an eraser that will even remove writing done with my own indelible ink."

"What are you going to do next?"

"I'm going to invent another indelible ink that can't be erased with my new eraser. I tell you, there is money in this patent business if you go at it right."—Texas Sittings.

The ladies of Lincoln have found it to their advantage to buy dress goods and trimmings at J. E. Miller. His stock this season is the largest and finest ever shown in this city and his grand sale has caused all Lincoln ladies to wonder. The prices are exceedingly low and the goods superb in quality and style.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

A WEEK'S REVIEW AND PROSPECTIVE.

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

LOTTA.

The people of Lincoln had the pleasure on Monday and Tuesday of hearing and seeing that most charming little queen of sublimated Lotta, in two of her most popular and successful plays, "Pawn Ticket No. 210" and "The Little Detective." The former is undoubtedly the better of the two, and is, probably the best Lotta has ever appeared in. The play was outlined in our last issue, and as nearly every one of the COURIER'S clientele was present repetition is unnecessary. Lotta retains all the piquancy and charm of acting that has always marked her work before the footlights.

NANCY & CO.

Of Arthur Rehan's Comedy company, which will appear at the Funke on Tuesday evening next, the New York World has the following good words to say:

Mr. Rehan wrought a large and brilliant first-class audience to an unusual path of enjoyment by a four-act farce called "Nancy & Co." The piece is a rattling series of incidents. It is admirably played, with such admirable comedy adjustment and such perfection of detail in action, that farce was actually lifted to a dramatic excellence seldom seen upon our stage.

Mrs. Nancy Brasher writes a play. Mrs. Brasher desires to have that play fitted for production by a man of technical experience. She sends the plot to Mr. Kiefe O'Kiefe, professional dramatist. The play is presented, accepted, about to be played. All this she does without the sanction or knowledge of Brasher, who follows her to New York, where she takes rooms at the Windsor. Kiefe is in love with Griffling's niece and lives in Griffling's house. Nancy calls there to see him and excites the suspicions of Griffling. He and Diana, his niece, follow Nancy to the Windsor hotel, where they find her, as does her pursuing husband; and he not only finds her there, but finds her registered as Mrs. O'Kiefe. This delights Griffling, who dislikes O'Kiefe, and does not wish him to marry his niece Diana. Nancy explains nothing, but asks a suspension of judgment until midnight—i. e., till after the play is played. Now, Griffling has a daughter with whom Captain Constable, of the United States army, is in love. O'Kiefe helps Constable to outwit Griffling and Constable helps O'Kiefe in the same praiseworthy object. Finally the nature of the intimacy between Mrs. Brasher and her dramatic collaborator is made evident, all the droll mistakes explained.

Into this story came all the talent of Mr. Harry Hott, who, as Mr. Griffling, gave us another type of the humorous old man, in which amorousness and parental propriety were most curiously blended.

It is doubtful if any other company in the United States could have done what he did with "Nancy & Co.," and the prospects are that it will prove a "running river of merriment" for a long time.

BOOTH-BARRETT.

The Two Greatest Tragedians of the Age at the Funke April 13th.

On Monday, April 23, the chart for the Booth-Barrett engagement will be opened to the public, the signers of the subscriptions coming in for first choice of the five dollar seats as their names are called. After that there will be a few rows at four dollars, and the remaining ones at three dollars. The first four rows in the gallery will be sold at four dollars, a few at three and the remaining ones at two dollars.

Next Monday the subscription list will be reopened, and those who have not signed for choice of seats should do so next week. This engagement will be the grandest dramatic event in the history of Lincoln, and will be highly appreciated by both our own people and those of surrounding towns who will avail themselves of this, perhaps the last opportunity of hearing these greatest actors in the world.

The railroads will give reduced rates to parties of ten or more. This has been agreed upon by all the roads leading into Lincoln. Especial care will be taken by the management of the Funke to provide well for all outside parties who write or telegraph their orders.

Parties from out of town can have their names placed upon the subscription list, or can order other priced seats by addressing Crawford & McEynolds, managers of Funke's opera house.

Miss Gretchen Marquette returned Wednesday from her Columbia visit accompanied by her friend, Miss Meages of that city.

Mr. A. C. Zeimer, the Burlington's efficient city passenger agent, was on the sick list Monday and Tuesday.

Messrs. Bets & Sewell, the grocers, received 100 bunches of bananas one day last week and lunch of five hours all were sold. This speaks well for the firm's patronage.

Miss Clara Funke is again "At Home" to friends after a pleasant visit to her sister, Mrs. Harris, at Ord, Neb.

The Burlington Flyers.

General Passenger Agent Eustis was in the city Wednesday and it is in his authority we announce that Nos. 1 and 2, the Chicago-Denver flyers, will be put on again permanently next Monday. This will be cheerful news to travellers, for it had been rumored that these trains would not be put on again.

A Necessary Foundation.

Eastern Man—That's your house, eh? My gracious! What does this mean! It stands on wheels.

Western Man—You wouldn't have the wheels on the roof, would you?

"But wheels! Wheels, sir! What are they for?"

"Why, to keep out of the way of new business blocks, of course. Where'd you come from anyhow?"—Omaha World.

The Newspaper Historian.

"What kind of a writer are you, Mr. Fake?" inquired Miss Snyder.

"I'm a posthumous author, my dear," was the self-conscious reply.

"What's that, may I ask?"

"Well, you see, he rejoined, "whenever a prominent man dies I write fictitious anecdotes about him."—Judge.

TO "ONE OF THE GIRLS."

What a Detroit Lady Reader Thinks of a Recent Contribution to These Columns.

To "ONE OF THE GIRLS."—"One of the girls" will please accept thanks and best wishes of a strong adherent and promoter of sensible doings of young society aspirants.

You deserve not only the concurrence of opinion but also the actual assistance of all your friends in your social sphere. All the young men with good sound judgment will thank you by being more gallant not only to yourself, but also to others.

This public display which some would be society youths think necessary to gain favor and prominence, partakes of the vulgar. It lacks that quiet, refined demeanor which is the distinguishing mark of a true gentleman. I mean by "public display" the too frequent use of carriages and profuse giving notes.

The people and immediate associates of these young men know they cannot afford such luxuries and consequently must entertain a very poor opinion of their mental or commercial ability. They should be given a secondary consideration by the fair sex in society. This would soon bring them to their senses.

A chaperon should always accompany a young lady, unless the gentleman be well known, when a carriage is necessary. A public conveyance prevents any assuming on the young man's part. The present state of society is such that nearly all should be mistrusted until proven otherwise.

Hoping your endeavors will attain the desired end, I remain a disciple of the same principle. Respectfully yours, K. G. C.

Detroit, Mich., March 19, 1888.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—You say, Uncle Rastus, that you took the ham because you are out of work and your family are starving. And yet, I understand you have four dogs about the house.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, but I wouldn't ask my family to eat dogs, yo' honah!—New York Sun.

The Evil of Procrastination.

He had invited her around the corner for some oysters, to which the young lady did full justice, and on the way back to the house he laid bare the pitiable condition of his heart.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Sampson," she said, "but I am already engaged."

He bowed his head.

"I regret that you are so deeply moved," the girl said gently.

"Ah, yes," he responded, and his voice betrayed genuine grief. "I should have known of all this earlier in the evening."—New York Sun.

A Phenomenally Stingy Man.

"I think that Highfive is the stingiest man ever created."

"Why?"

"He was recently sick and fell into a trance. His friends supposed he was dead and put him in a coffin. He returned to life however."

"Well?"

"Well, now he's brought suit against the undertaker because he won't take the coffin back."—Nebraska State Journal.

A Delighted Audience.

Amateur Actor—I think I was great in that death scene, Charley.

Charley—Yes, indeed, old man. Why, when you fell back and expired, and your lifeless form was carried away, the applause was fairly deafening. I never saw such a delighted audience.—New York Sun.

The Lesser Evil.

Omaha Wife—Nearly time to clean house again.

Husband—My gracious! Let it go this year, can't you?

"Impossible."

"Well, I'll tell you how to fix it. Don't clean house; we'll move."—Omaha World.

Bosom Friends.

Miss Walash—Didn't Mr. Waldo say to you as I entered the parlor last night, Clara, "Is that the beautiful Miss Wabash?"

Cl