

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

RANDOM NOTES

(Continued from First Page.)

to be seen in 'Therese' Friday night, and that's all there is of it."

Calling a bell-boy, Miss Lewis had him open a bottle of beer in her room. She drank a glass of this with apparent relish. For ten minutes she told of how well she had been treated by newspaper men—how Colonel Alden J. Blethen, of Minneapolis, had devoted considerable space to telling of her abilities, and how Major Bittinger, of St. Joseph, had given her an editorial, interview and criticism and free ad. all in the same issue of his paper.

"How long have you been in the business, young man?" she asked, and without waiting for a reply she went on: "I have never met you before. I have so many friends among the newspaper men."

As the reporter went away Miss Lewis called after him: "Be sure now and state that I will play 'Therese.' Get it in if there is only one line of it."

Inquiry at the office of the hotel as to who sent the telephone message was answered by the statement that it was done by direction of Manager Marston. He sat in the corridor while the reporter interviewed Miss Lewis.

The Far West.

Whist wraopt in a day-dream but lately And humming a song of my youth I woke with a start as I fathom'd The depths of its meaning and truth. The minstrel sang loudly of freedom— Of glories of lands far away. Though eyes have waned since I heard it— Its wisdom is patent today. Could I add a word to its counsel For easing of sorrow and pain It might be that children unborn yet Might say I had not lived in vain— It might be that some honest toiler, When called on for lay down his load, Might bless me for striving, though feebly, In helping to point out the road.

I've sped through a country of wonders, Gazed hereward and thereward until My eyes have grown dim with emotion, My heart in its place has stood still. With vistas of health, peace and plenty Around me wherever I roam My thoughts have recurred to the sadness Abounding on all sides at home. Ye toilers in alleys, in cities, Ye weary, oppress'd and down trod, Leave sin, shame and sorrow behind you— Go out and shake hands with your God. Why groan under burdens that break your? Why clamor at pignies who rule? Why breathe the hot air of contention? Why listen to dogmas that fool? Let blue skies above be your temple, Great Nature your truthful high priest. The earth "in its fullness" will serve you A rich and beautiful feast.

Why toil, for a mis'rabie pittance In atmospheres laden with guilt When miles upon miles wait the tilling And cities are still to be built In lands where to labor's a blessing— In lands of perennial sun— Where Nature meets the man open handed Paving the way for duty that's done! From fruits of the earth eat in plenty, Drink air from the mountains with zest; Your hearts will grow stronger and lighter Work honestly—God does the rest!

And if it be true as it's written That God—"in His image"—made man, Go emulate him! Create something! 'Tis action will sweeten life's span, 'Tis honesty leads men to labor. 'Tis labor wins honor and pelf. Strike out for this new "Land of Promise"— A destiny carved for yourself. Then honor'd by all who surround you, In homes that your own hands have made, The sunset of life you can welcome— Your debts to your Maker are paid.

—J. H. Barnes, American Theatre.

When the robins nest again, And the merry bobolink And the bluebird and the wren Their sweet notes together link, Will, oh, will the senate then Still be talking, do you think?

Wasted Ammunition. I paid two dollars for a tie; Oh, it was just immense, And then I started for the shore, With gayety intense. Said I: "I'll paralyze the girls With this most gorgeous tie; With them 'twill be love at first sight As I walk smiling by."

But when I stood upon the beach At last I had a fit— By Jove! The first girl that I saw Had on one just like it.

Cloak Display For today only at The Ashby Cloak Co. store. A beautiful line of Fur Capes came by express yesterday for the Ashby Cloak Co.

Getting Out of It. "Dennis, I'll give you a quarter if you'll take my dog to the pond and give him a swim," said a farmer to a native of Erie who was in search of work. Dennis agreed, took the quarter and the dog and started off. He entered the first public house he came to, spent the quarter, asked the landlord for a pair of water, which he threw over the dog and then went back.

The farmer, however, noticed that the underpart of the dog's body was quite dry, and on taxing Dennis with the fraud got the reply: "Faith, sorr, that dog can only swim on its back."—New York Mercury

Crepe and tissue papers at Crancer's, 212 South 11th. For Sunday dinner supplies call at Halter's market, opposite Lansing Theater. Phone 100.

For the latest and nobilyst cloaks and capes in cloth and fur go to the Ashby Cloak Co. The new garments have arrived and are very handsome. Ashby Cloak Co.

RESULTS OF ENVIRONMENT.

How a Philosophical Discourse Was Borne of the Timidity of a Backwoods Couple.

It did not take a close observer to see that they were from the country. His tall and lean figure was adorned with an ill fitting suit of clothes, and his large, clumsy boots were still covered with the dust of country roads—a sight so keenly appreciated by the courteous bunco steerer.

She had rosy cheeks and was plump of figure. Had she worn other than a red dress and not an old fashioned bonnet with green ribbons, she might have been termed real pretty.

They stood in front of the Astor House looking about them in a dazed sort of way. Evidently their desire was to cross the street, but the long line of trucks and wagons, the cable cars with their incessant clanging and the noise generally caused them to hesitate.

Presently she clutched him by the arm and anxiously, even nervously, looked into his face.

"Mercy, John, let's go back ter hum. This noise is too much."

"Yer right," replied John. "Can't stand it myself."

She clutched his arm, and with hurried steps they proceeded down Barclay street.

A party of gentlemen on the steps of the Astor House had been watching the couple and overheard the remarks passed between them.

"That shows you what effect environment has upon people," said one philosophically. "They were brought up in the country, where probably no murmur of the business and commercial world ever found its way. To them the lazy wind sighing among the branches of the trees, the singing of the birds and the running waters of the brook form an important part of their daily life. They would be unhappy, even in the grandest palace, without this simple yet beautiful music of nature."

"Yet how different it is with me, add undoubtedly with you all! I tire of the country in a few days. To me the scene before us now is as inspiring and beautiful as any I ever saw elsewhere. The rumbling of the vehicles over the pavement, the clanging of the bells, the hissing of steam, the hurrying feet and the unceasing noise of bustle and business all combine to make one grand symphony that my ears never tire of hearing. I can work and think the better for it, but were I banished to some rustic scene work would cease, inspiration would leave me, and I would even be unhappy, longing for the busy environments of a city like New York."

"As it is with individuals, so it is with nations, with kingdoms, empires and republics. Their characters, their traits and their nationalities can all be traced to their surroundings, and I believe there is nothing in what we call human nature that is not a result of environment. Change the universe, the customs and manner of living, and, mark my word, you change human nature."

The philosophical gentleman looked proudly at his listeners, and with the bow of an orator retiring from the platform he sauntered into the lobby of the Astor House.—New York Herald.

A Genuine Philanthropist.

One of New York's philanthropic merchants spends thousands of dollars each year in aiding the poor, but none of his beneficiaries ever gets a cent in cash. His idea is that money giving demoralizes the recipient. He will buy groceries and pay rent for a distressed family and secure employment for the wage earners. Once they are at work he tells them that he considers it a moral obligation for them to refund, at any convenient season, the sum he has expended. If they do, he regards the case as a triumph of self respect. If they don't, he finds some excuse for them in his own mind and keeps right on at his self appointed task. Last winter he hired a hall in the Hebrew district down town, engaged a competent teacher and provided a number of Jewish girls with free instructions. No proselytizing was attempted. Indeed not a word was said about religion. The girls became greatly interested, and their brothers begged for and obtained admittance. Similar classes are to be established this winter. The merchant allows himself an income of \$3,000 per year. All the rest of the money he makes is devoted to the aid of others.—New York Sun.

White With a Vengeance.

Here is a state of things which probably not the wealth of the Astors could buy in America. Lord and Lady Allington have a place in Dorset known as the White Farm. Everything is accordingly white. All the farm buildings, the house itself, and even all the animals on the place are white. Rabbits, cats, guinea pigs, hens, horses, cows, donkeys and all the creatures are spotless.

But this is not the most remarkable feature. The free and independent British men and maids who till the soil and churn the butter are compelled to attire themselves in white smocks and white frocks to bear out the general impression of whiteness.—New York Recorder.

Appropriate.

One day while his apparatus for deep sea soundings, by means of steel pianoforte wire, was being constructed, Lord Kelvin entered Mr. White's shop in Glasgow along with the great Dr. Joule, celebrated for his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat. Joule's attention was called to a bundle of the pianoforte wire lying in the shop, and Thomson explained that he intended it for "sounding purposes." "What note?" innocently inquired Joule and was promptly answered, "The deep C."—Argonaut.

An Explanation.

Teacher—"For men must work, and women must weep." What is the meaning of that line, Tommy Figg? Tommy—It means that men has to work to get money, and then the women has to cry before the men will divide with 'em.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Tourist Car to California—Cheap Rate, Quick Trip.

The travel from the north and northwest territory, tapped The Great Rock Island route, has demanded service of this character, and beginning October 5, tourist cars will leave Minneapolis every Thursday morning and join the regular tourist train out of Chicago every Thursday afternoon at Columbus Junction, Iowa, at 11 p. m.

Central Iowa and the great west slope district of that state, demands and will receive a similar service, and beginning October 10, a Phillips-Rock Island excursion car will leave Albert Lea every Tuesday morning, and via Livermore, Ft. Dodge and Angus, will arrive at Des Moines that evening, and Wednesday a. m. go west on the "Big Five," at which point it will join the regular Tuesday train from Chicago.

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Sheriff Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein James E. Szymon is plaintiff, and Christian F. Jorgensen et al. defendants, I will at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1893, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: Lots numbered twelve (12) to twenty-two (22) inclusive in block fourteen (14), lots twelve (12) to twenty-two (22) inclusive in block sixteen (16), lots one (1) to twenty-two (22) inclusive in block ten (10), lots numbered twelve (12) to twenty-two (22) inclusive in block seven (7), lots twelve (12) to twenty-two (22) inclusive in block eight (8), lots three (3) to thirteen (13) inclusive in block one (1), lots sixteen (16) to twenty (20) inclusive in block two (2), lot seven (7) in block twelve (12), lot eight (8) in block two (2), lots nineteen (19) and twenty (20) in block four (4), lots seven (7) and eight (8) in block five (5), lots twelve (12) to nineteen (19) inclusive in block three (3), lots twelve (12) to sixteen (16) inclusive in block nine (9), lots seven (7) to eleven (11) inclusive in block sixteen (16), all of the above lots and blocks in Bureau addition in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, under my hand this 1st day of October A. D. 1893. SAM McULLEN, Sheriff.