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TRIP TO EUROPE.

[Special Courier Correspondence.]

WINDERMERE, ENGLAND, July 25, 1892.

A week ago yesterday with my companion at large I hied myself into a hack at the Grand Union hotel, New York City, with a trunk on which sat the driver. Although I am not large in stature myself, with the assistance of a large robe holding my heavy coat, two hand grips and my valiet, who sat by my side, the inside of the ambulance had a full appearance. A half hour's rumble over the stony pavement brought us to Pier 40, Cunard wharf, where lay silently and unconcerned the object and cause of my subsequent sorrow, the destroyer of my happiness and instigator of religious speech, the Royal Mail Steamship, *Etruria*. A few steps on the pier and I was with a covered shed among piles of baggage and hurrying truck men and excited travellers. A big, burly Irishman grabbed hold of my trunk and remarked in a stereotyped manner: "Berth number and name, sir?" "My name, sir," I said, "is Smith, but I don't know what my berth number is." "Go get it," says he. "Where?" says I. "On the steamer," says he. "All right," says I. I summoned my valiet and sent him post haste after my berth and if he couldn't bring mine to get someone else. In the meantime my Irish friend pasted a big, red, round poster on the end of my new trunk. The poster was cheap and he got on fully as much of it as he did poster. This placard bore in the center a large letter "S," around which revolved the words "Cunard Line, Passenger Luggage." The "S," I suppose, is the short for Smith. My valiet soon returned with my berth and I immediately informed my Irish friend that I was allotted to occupy berth 51. With a large hunk of white chalk he marked the figures "51" all over my hand baggage which gave them a milky way appearance, and before I knew it a truckman gobbled up the whole outfit and disappeared from view. A long gang plank with canvas sides reached from the wharf to the lower deck of the steamer. I wended my way through the surging crowds to the precipice and taking four steps backward in accordance with my early training, I turned and walked up the chute and already I felt that the rippling waters were beginning to toy with me.

Everything was bustle and confusion on deck. People rushing and crowding to and fro and the good byes and farewells and kisses that came in contact with my vision were many and heart-rending. I was alone in the surging mass. Everybody was excited and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. The captain's cry of "all ashore," greatly increased the roaring hubbub and those who had come aboard to part with friends hurriedly sought their exit. No one seemed to know where they came in and the many anxious faces, for fear they would be carried away, were a sight to see. Up stairs and down, around the decks they went in all directions. "Where is the door?" "How can I ever find my way out?" "Oh, dear, I shall ever get off!" "This way, sir!" "Where am I?" etc., are only a few of the mingling echoes of that thrilling time. There was so much excitement that I was somewhat confused and I was shaking hands with myself and saying good bye, etc., for not a soul that I knew did I see. My valiet had mingled with the crowd elsewhere. It was indeed a festive occasion.

As the steamer slowly backed away from the wharf assisted by small tug boats the mass of human beings on the pier crowded to the very edge and a vast sea of white handkerchiefs floated in the air. Cheers and farewells filled the atmosphere. In spite of myself a lump formed in my throat and dampness collected under my eyelids, and I walked to the stern and sat on a railing with my feet on a large wooden chest. The harbor was full of steamers, tug boats and vessels of all kinds, and three fellows in a small row boat followed us for some distance, riding on the tops of the waves, cutting through the white foam. A mingled feeling of joy and sadness possessed me. Happy because I was fortunate enough to start on such a promising journey, and sad because I was fast leaving behind me all the friends I had on earth, save one, my valiet.

It was a very impressive scene and one I long shall remember. Governors Island to the left and the Statue of Liberty to the right soon passed beyond and were left dim in the distance. The shores of dear old America were fast losing their irregular appearance, and far away spread the broad expanse of water whose crested waves sparkled in the sunlight. The large *Cunarder* was fast carrying us to a foreign shore. The waters divided as the ponderous ship plowed its way through and we were soon to meet the mercy of the elements alone in mid-ocean.

At this juncture of the narrative let me relate a sad and bitter episode covering the balance of my present journey up to today save Friday and Saturday last. A copper tamboourine in the hands of a waiter announced that luncheon was ready in the dining saloon on the first deck below. Previous to this I had interrogated one of the sailors regarding sea-sickness in its various forms in order to ascertain the best prevention for the impending sorrow which I felt was with me, although at that time it was hardly visible to the naked eye. He was very kind about it but I learned little or nothing to assist me other than to eat heartily and to take exercise in accordance with one's desire. These instructions seemed not hard to follow. I resolved to do what I could to carry them out. I can remember so well how strong I was as I descended the stair case leading to the "gals" room, for I was as yet quite well. There was a constant jar and tremble of the boat, occasioned by the heavy machinery which was working full tilt. The air was impregnated with a varied assortment of odors that arise from food when cooked, and the salt sea breeze from an open port hole gave it strength and nourishment. We had a good luncheon and I ate long and hearty. I crowded in all I could conveniently hold and when I left the table I felt as though my fears were unfounded. Along about five o'clock in the

afternoon the ship was well out where the waves from turbulent and rolling, which caused her to pitch a little and occasionally take a good long roll first to one side and then to the other. I had been walking for exercise according to direction, and those things which I had caused to disappear at the table did not set as well as I desired. There was evidence of unrest among them. As I had walked all that I thought necessary I sat down in a steamer chair not far from the railing overlooking the water below. My head seemed a little off skew and there was something about the motion of the boat that I didn't like.

Time rolled on, as well as my stomach, and the dinner gong sounded dinner is served 5:30 p. m. Although I like dinner very much and always am adverse to missing it, I sat in my chair just as though I didn't know it was ready. The motion within and without was slowly increasing to a concert pitch. As I glanced around the deck I saw others who sat motionless and said but little and I felt somewhat relieved to know that I was not alone. The shades of night began to hover around and wrapped in my robe, my eyes nearly closed, I sat. Do what I could the rolling waters were fast bringing me trouble. About nine p. m. I descended to the depths below. I was dizzy, weak and thoroughly unhappy. As I slowly descended with my wardrobe within my narrow cell, where the air was full of nauseating food, a longing to put my foot on land came, but there was no land to be had, nothing but the moving, unstable waters as far as the eye could reach. In the state room there were two berths, one above the other. My valiet and I "tossed up" to see who would take which. I secured the upper and up I scrambled, first placing below on the floor at a convenient spot a large and spacious wash bowl. I knew it was only a question of time before I would have occasion to use the bowl, and as I lay flat on my back I thought of home. I braced my elbow against one side of the berth and with my left hand I held the edge of the dash board, which was high enough to prevent one from falling out in a rough sea. The tide was rising within and my heart sank inversely. I spoke to my valiet below as follows: "Clear the lolly, Frank, she's a coming." "Let her go," says he. I extended my ashen face over the side, threw up my hands, some strawberries, cold roast beef, potatoes, some perfectly elegant pudding—I don't know what kind it was now, I forgot the name—some apple pie, some bread and butter, two cups of coffee, one-half a baked apple, ice cream and cake and many other odds and ends. It seemed very sad to lose all these goodies, but it had to be done.

On several occasions during that evening there were times at regular intervals when I felt forced to repeat this soul-stirring exercise, which was not at all from choice, and when the dawn of another day appeared I was a very sad and lonesome boy. I had lost my interest in many things. The world was not as bright as it once was, and as I hour by hour grew weaker and weaker, what a yearning I got for my dear old terra cotta.

I got my valiet to put on my shoes and otherwise assist me in getting my clothes on, and managed to crawl to the upper deck where I could look at the fishes that live in the cruel waters.

I had no desire to eat neither had I to walk for exercise. My face was pale and haggard and my eyes were red with sorrow, my mouth had assumed larger proportions, my nose had lost its rounded form, my ears were dry and wrinkled, my chin had dropped from its normal position about half an inch, and even the hairs in my head had become distorted. There are men that inhabit this earth that carry with them a rectangular black instrument. On one side of this instrument is a button, and when they see favorable objects, they press the button and the rest follows. I attach a picture of one of these critters, and also two others that saw, which represent in a diminutive sort of a way some of my positions on the steamer *Etruria*. Below is the itinerary for the days I spent on this steamer:

Saturday—Not well. Luncheon and a tender, affectionate farewell to same on same evening.

Sunday—Got up, threw up, and went up on deck. Weather clear.

Monday—The same.

Tuesday—The same.

Wednesday—Very sick and tired of life. Would just as soon drop overboard and disappear to the depths below as not. Weather unsteady.

Thursday—If I could but die. No food on hand and homesick.

Friday—A little better. Mad, blue and not a success fully.

Sunday—At Liverpool and—glad of it. Before reaching Liverpool we were taken from the steamer in a small tender and the sail up the bay was a very beautiful sight. A short ride through the city brought us to the Lime street station of the L. & N. W. railway, and at 7:35 we entered the funny cars, looking like an old horse car about forty-five feet long with six wheels, and sped away for Windermere among the green fields and over and across the winding roads for which England is famous.

C. Y. S.

Diets and Hot Weather.

People in general are too careless about what they eat in warm weather. Too much drink, either temperance or otherwise is dangerous. Too much ice water or drinking too fast is apt to cause serious bowel troubles. For the table there are lots of seasonable goods in the grocery line. Too much meat is very unwholesome. Eat fruit, cereals, canned goods, and other non-fatty substances. There's a host of good things that are easy and quickly prepared for the summer table and if you will step in at L. Meyer & Co.'s on Tenth street opposite the post office, they can show you and suggest dozens of articles that will please you. Get something new for a change. Meyer & Co. are always introducing something new in their grocery department and there is nothing new but what may there be found. Their line of fine imported goods as well as choicest domestic edibles is complete with everything that is pleasing to the palate. Call in 76 if you don't want to go down town, and goods will be promptly delivered.

TOWN TALK

There is a great deal of speculation just now among politicians as to whether or not Judge Field, should he secure the republican nomination for congress, which he appears exceedingly likely to do, will resign his position as judge of the district court prior to election day. It is understood among his friends that he is inclined to resign as soon as the congressional nomination is awarded him, although many of them counsel him not to do so. That such is his intention, however, appears probable from the fact that when the recent republican county convention adjourned, it was with an understanding that it will meet again soon and nominate.

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STAGE GOSSIP

[Special Courier Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 16.—The town is yet filled with hard shell Baptists and Christian Endeavor people, and the latter have done the theatre a great deal of service. They are however the only new thing in town and Gotham has been greatly enlivened by their presence. That wonderfully successful play of Hoyt's, "A Trip to Chinatown," is yet playing to the capacity of Hoyt's Madison Square theatre and a deal has been consumed by which it will remain for just as long as it is able to draw. Charles Frohman who was to have produced his new play, "Settled out of Court," there August 8 for twelve weeks, will therefore appear at the Miner's Fifth Avenue theatre instead of Hoyt's Madison Square, and everybody is well satisfied with the deal. "Sinbad" is also doing a business that is simply wonderful. The public in summertime want just such plays, and their appreciation is only to be measured by the length of the line at the box office window. "Sinbad" is a clean, beautiful performance, full of glorious visions for the eye to enjoy, and nothing to offend the mind. Musically it is pretty, the airs are whistled on the streets and the auditor goes home with a pleasant taste in his mental mouth. There are a number of changes sung each week and the performance seems never upon a second visit. Gilbert's dry humor has made its usual mark, and take all in all it may safely be said that "Sinbad" is a success, rather.

DUNLOP.

The presidential election bugaboo is already influencing the route makers of money combinations, to the disgust of local managers, in territory that by common consent of the owners of road shows is to be boycotted until after the November contest. The rush to the states that are counted sure for one party or the other is, however, excessive, while the doubtful states are bare of bookings for September and October. The south will be invaded at least two months earlier than usual and Canadians will find themselves comforted with an embarrassing supply of entertainments pending the national canvass. But New England, the Middle and Western states will experience a drought of attractions during the fall. Clever managers will, perhaps, see the value of altering their course and getting into the neglected territory notwithstanding the election scare—which after all is only a scare. Neither side will blow in money on torch-light processions and other money business. Voters, not shooters, are in demand, and the contents of the barrels will be put where they will fetch the best results for both parties. Money will do the talking in this campaign. The struggle between the protected and the unprotected will be severe but it will not be noisy.

Next season Mr. McKee Rankin will go on the road with what looks to be the greatest success of his life. The play is called "A Kentucky Colonel," and is a dramatization from Opie Reed's famous novel by that name which gives the best view of the blue grass region of Kentucky yet published. Mr. Rankin will have a very strong company to interpret Mr. Reed's play, and as he is one of the best all around actors, nothing will be found wanting to make the production both artistic and telling. A great deal of attention will also be given to the scenery, which will be exact reproduction of well-known views in the state of Kentucky where the action of the play takes place. The piece tells a story in the most forceful, free manner, and will rivet the attention of the audience from start to finish. The tour will begin about the last week in August, probably in Newark after which it will be brought to Kentucky.

On Tuesday Mr. Charles H. Hoyt celebrated the fifth anniversary of his marriage at his pretty home at Charlestown, N. H., and presented Mrs. Hoyt with a magnificent bracelet, a tiny cord of gold holding one of the largest sapphires in the country, surrounded by a multitude of diamonds of the purest water. Mrs. Hoyt, who is perhaps more widely known as Miss Flora Walsh, was married quite young, and although the fifth milestone of her married life has been reached, she is still younger than any other star of her magnitude in the profession. The cost of the pretty bracelet was just \$1,000 for each of the five years of her married life.

Stuart Robson and his talented wife are touring the continent and being received royally by the American colonies and native alike. Mr. Robson will follow the general rule and open comparatively later. This season, and his manager, General Wm. Haydon, is not being any sleep-down at Navesink overlooking this much desired attraction. There are a number of plans on the carpet for Mr. Robson's interest next season, but his real ambition of "She Stoops to Conquer" will be prominent. Of this latter piece there is nothing to be said but words of unqualified praise for its artistic and understandable merit.

Booray for the supple high-kicker! (Hoyt for the supple high-kicker!)

Is there anything sweeter or sicker?

Than beauty in gauzes arrayed?

Than the jointless and sinuous dancer?

Who lies herself into a knot?

And the joyous old head-balls make answer,

There is not! THERE IS NOT! THERE IS NOT!

Ed Church, the man of whom we've heard of more or less theatrically in Lincoln for the past ten years, and in whose hands lies the destinies of the beautiful new Lousing theatre, is back from New York. Ed has been gone nearly a month, but it was time well spent as Lincolnites will learn as the new season progresses. One would think already glowing over his list of attractions that he had all the best that the country affords, and such is evident



READY TO CLIMB PIKE'S PEAK

A scene at Manitou Springs, courtesy of C. R. L. & P. Railway.

nate a republican candidate to succeed Judge Field on the bench. It is current rumor that J. B. Strode is likely to be that nominee, and if so the chances are that he will also be that successor.

There has been another awakening on the question of straightening Salt creek. The awakening was chiefly upon the part of those owning property on the bottom subject to overflow. Many of them some time since waited upon the commissioners of the sanitary district and urged them to prepare for submission another proposition for the voting of bonds. Commissioner Boggs frankly informed them that he deemed it perfectly useless unless they were prepared to make some material concessions. He suggested that if owners of property to be relieved from overflow would permit the commissioners to go upon their land and dig the necessary ditch, using only so much land as could be long in that line. He wrote Mr. Cain and was grateful soon after at the receipt of documents signed by that gentleman authorizing the commission to proceed as suggested. Of course Mr. Boggs was elated and thought he could almost see the work under way, but alas! Mr. Cain is the only gentleman who has thus far come forward with the desired permission and waiver of damages. Not one of the gentlemen who were recently so zealous to have the creek straightened by the plan proposed has come to the front, and therefore no plan has been formulated for the submission of a proposition to vote the necessary bonds.

The bitter war that is being inaugurated among the municipal brethren out at University place is likely to lead to reflections on the superficiality of a great deal of the professed piety of the day, and the entire and selfish subservience of spiritual to worldly interests. University Place is a realm of professed piety, and there is no doubt that its population consists in the main of conscientious Christians. But the black sheep are there, just the same, and the manifestations of their presence are just as emphatic and much more noticeable than in localities of less pretensions as to virtue and piety. The trouble is over the persistence with which Chancellor Creighton hangs to his job as the head of the Wesleyan university, an institution which is expected to represent and typify the intellectuality of Nebraska Methodism.

clerical snail. For most in their ranks are a number of well-known ministers, notable in the list being the presiding elders of this and the Nebraska City districts. Near the close of the last school year a mutiny was hatched in the university on the part of the senior class. The class insisted on rehearsing their productions intended for commencement day before a teacher with whose professional services the faculty had some