



**A Bright Lad,**

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and it grew out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

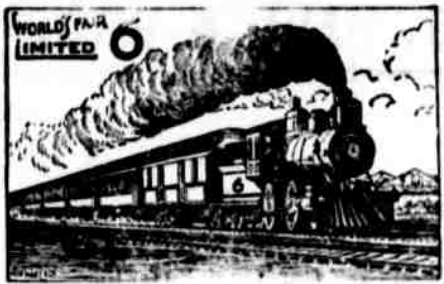
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Cures others, will cure you



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Wens and Fistulas without the use of Knife, Chloroform or Ether.  
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Call or send for circular containing the most efficacious cures of Consumption, Croup, Bright's Disease, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Tumors, Strains, Troubles, etc., etc. \$500 REWARD for any not genuine. For its name and address, send \$1.00 to H. W. RICHMOND, 1111 N. Dearborn and Adams Streets, CHICAGO, ILL.

**A WREATH OF SMOKE.**

**CUBANS, CREOLES AND SPANIARDS ALL USE THE WEED.**

Beautiful Eyes, Shrouded by Long, Dark Lashes—The Universal Courtesy of the Street—Where Henry Clay Cigars Are 5 Cents Each.

[Special Correspondence.]  
HAVANA, June 17.—The first thing we see in Havana is a cigarette. Its color is the last memory that is wafted to us as we leave the harbor. The pilot who boards our vessel smokes a cigarette, the bumboat man who imparts us when we drop anchor smokes a cigarette, and when we land at the wharf a cigarette is poked into our face. Cigarette rolling is in a high stage of perfection in Cuba. The American young man can learn a good deal in this direction. The Cuban never glances at his paper and tobacco. He is entirely oblivious of his fingers. He does not moisten the edge of the paper so as to cause adhesion. Such an act is a breach of good manners. Yet the roll retains its shape, and its smooth surface is not wrinkled.



A HAVANA STREET.

These cigarettes are of three colors—yellow, white and brown. The yellow prevails among natives, while the white cotton paper is preferred by strangers. I do not believe there is a resident of Havana who does not smoke—old men and boys, hags and beautiful ladies. I have seen women walking the streets with the longest and blackest of cigars in their mouths. To a foreigner the sight is disgusting, but custom sanctions it. A gentleman whom I met in the city informed me he smoked on an average five packages of cigarettes a day and two or three cigars. Cigarettes are put up 14 in a bunch, and a wheel containing 83 packages can be bought for \$1, Spanish. Henry Clay cigars are \$5 and \$5.50 a hundred. They are 15 cents apiece in the United States. American money commands a premium of from 8 to 10 per cent over Spanish money. The market fluctuates greatly, however.

The great tobacco factories in Havana never fail to astonish the visitor. Every detail is open to inspection. Cigars are rolled in countless hundreds by machine and hand, and cigarettes are spun out in a never ending roll, chopped off at one end into the right length. Girls of various ages and complexions put the little cylinders into packages. With such facilities at their doors, it is no wonder the Havansans live with a light between their lips. The people deny that the habit affects them. But a stranger is at once struck with the sallow, lifeless faces of the men he meets. The cause may be the heat, the fever or the tobacco.

In no city in the United States is so much courtesy shown the stranger. Politeness is bred in the Spaniard and Cuban. Ask the dirtiest figure that pushes an oar or basks on the levee for a light for your cigar. He draws out his box, scratches a match, and carefully shielding it from the wind holds it to the end of your weed until the smoke is puffing in clouds. Inquire of anybody on the street where a certain place is, and he cannot do too much to find it for you. You may speak but one word of Spanish and give that with a distorted brogue, and no one smiles at your attempts. Yet these same persons will charge you four prices in a business transaction and swear they are giving the cheapest figures. To rob an American is a legitimate transaction.

The vivacity of the Havana lies above the hips. His legs are languid and slow, but his hands, arms and face are never at rest. He talks like a Frenchman, using his eyes and hands as well as his mouth. It is amusing to watch a crowd of Cubans, creoles or Spaniards. Arms swing violently, and the owners act as though engaged in a quarrel. Black eyes and white teeth flash. These people of Spanish blood have the most wonderful eyes. I was disappointed in the small number of well built, handsome men I saw, but I was bewildered and astonished at the beautiful eyes, shaded by long dark lashes. Good humor seems to be a legacy to these smiling, olive hued beings, who constitute the bulk of Havana's population—the common people. I mean, often of doubtful blood, who drive on the donkey and ox carts, or through the wharfs, or give the narrow street a busy appearance.

The women we meet on the streets would appear much prettier to the northern eye if they had a few inches less powder on their faces. Young girls and older ones use it. The heat may render the custom a comfortable one, but it is not agreeable, especially when white powder is spread thickly on a very dark skin. Women are seldom if ever seen alone. In front walks the daughter, and close behind is the mother or some other elderly lady. The middle classes of both sexes are abroad all day and part of the night, and so of course are the lower, but the upper circles are not so careless. The gentlemen ride, and the ladies stir out little during the day. At night the arks and drives are very interesting with the open carriages, in which recline bewitchingly handsome women, and the well dressed gentlemen sitting their horses with all the grace of a Spaniard. A lady of Havana, no matter what her station, is invariably distinguished by small hands and feet, dark eyes and a pretty mouth. But I have seen many American women who were as more beautiful.

The fan in Spanish fingers is all that is said to be. It is the most dangerous weapon that can be devised in a

mutation. It serves men and women alike as a parasol or umbrella. I saw but one woman wearing a bonnet. A light lace shawl around the shoulders or thrown over the head and a fan are the protection used by a Havana lady against the sun. The men who labor dress very lightly. An undershirt and a pair of trousers are sufficient raiment. Children of tender ages are often in a most Edenlike state, but nobody notices such things. Even women stroll around in the business portion of the city in a looseness or scarcity of garments that would cause a pious northerner to shut his eyes.

But this same northerner will not be in Havana a day, from April to November, before he wishes his conscience would allow him to dress in nothing at all. The narrow streets and a sun straight overhead cause the great drops to roll down the visitor's face, while the people he meets are most aggravatingly cool. When the stranger sheds his clothes and gets down to two meals a day, he decides he can live for a week or so.

**A THING OF BEAUTY.**

The Handsome Gavel That Will Close the World's Fair.

[Special Correspondence.]  
CARTHAGE, Ills., June 22.—A middle aged man walked into Carthage from his country home, a mile northwest of the town, one day last week, and in his hand he carried a delicately carved gavel. It is the gavel to be used in the ceremonies of closing the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago Oct. 31, 1893. W. H. Bartels is the man who wrought this wonder by his own hand. No sooner had he reached town with his precious piece of wood than he was induced to have a photograph taken of it and himself as well. In his hand he is holding the gavel with which Mr. Lafayette Funk as president of the Illinois board of managers will officially close the great fair. This gavel was made expressly for this purpose by Mr. Bartels upon the request of the board of managers.

A more description of the gavel will not convey the actual beauty of the piece. It contains 72 different pieces of wood, most elaborately carved and inlaid. The gavel proper is made of a very choice cherry burl which shows the birdseye. One end is so carved that it can be inlaid with gold, upon which an appropriate inscription will be engraved. The other end contains Mr. Funk's initials, "L. F.," in a beautiful monogram inlaid in aspen, walnut and sumac. The shaft of the handle is carved and inlaid in Italian marquetry and is a dream of art.

The Bartels farm, consisting of about 52 acres, lies at the edge of a beautiful strip of timber a trifle more than a mile northwest of Carthage. Upon its site in the early days was erected possibly one of the first sawmills in this part of Illinois. James Benbow, a pioneer citizen, says that he made the rails for the old fence that encircles this farm in 1841. That was more than half a century ago, and yet reproduced in beauty and wonder of artistic carving are many of these old rails. The frame from which smiles the features of Mr. Bartels' aged mother in the exhibit in the governor's room in the Illinois state building is made from some of these old oak rails. Many other pieces of furniture in that exhibit are made of these rails.

William Bartels, Sr., settled on this farm in 1868. After his death William the younger came home from Chicago to look after the farm and the aged mother. About 14 years ago he was the victim of a siege of typhoid fever. During the weary days of convalescence he passed the time whittling with an old jackknife. One of the old oak rails furnished the material, and before the young man knew exactly what he was doing there began to grow under his knife strokes a wreath of oak leaves and acorns in bas-



W. H. BARTELS.

relief. The result of months of patient labor may now be seen at the old home. It is an exquisite piece of work in the shape of an oak mantel and mirror frame. Around the frame and mantel edge are wreaths of oak leaves and acorns, while in the center of the mantel-piece in clear bas-relief is a collection of daisies, callas and cattails. The hearth of the mantel contains over 110 different pieces of wood. This was Mr. Bartels' first triumph, and yet with the old jackknife he continued to execute wonders. Mr. Bartels states that his masterpiece, so considered by him, is the bas-relief carving in St. John's Episcopal church at Keokuk, Ia., representing Christ carrying his cross to Calvary. This piece of work is considered the finest woodcarving extant. In this church also, besides the exquisite carved altar and chancel rail, are the seven martyr emblems in bas-relief. Of the 92 oak carved seats in the church no two of them are similar in design or workmanship.

A friend of Mr. Bartels residing near Springfield, as stated, has presented him with an oak log which came from the farm upon which Abraham Lincoln once lived in this state. This log will be worked up into some beautiful emblem, or many of them doubtless, which will appropriately commemorate the name of the martyr president.

**A GENUINE MONARCH.**

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE WILL SOON BE OUR GUEST.

He Has a Fad For Collecting Jewels—A Strange Admixture of Intelligence and Bombast—The Third Monarch to Visit Our Glorious Republic.

[Special Correspondence.]  
CHICAGO, June 22.—This country is soon to witness the arrival of a new guest in the person of the richest and most widely known of the smaller oriental rulers. The shah of Persia has decided to keep within the boundaries of his domain this year, the kaiser will not come, and the only monarch we shall see will be the sultan of Johore.

Deputy Commissioner Lake of the World's Columbian exposition has received word to join the sultan at Carlsbad, where his majesty is now journeying for his health, and he has sailed thither for the purpose of conducting him to the United States.

The visit of an oriental potentate to this country is of more than passing significance. The sultan of Johore will be the first of the eastern monarchs to set foot upon our shores, and his welcome will be cordial and demonstrative. He is wealthy enough to keep up while traveling a state almost equal to that maintained by the shah, and those who have the good fortune to see him will talk long about his wonderful jewels.

The sultan is said to possess the finest collection of diamonds, rubies and pearls in the world. Many of the gems have histories which tell the story of the rise and fall of the effete monarchies of the east, and as he has a fad for collecting the finest within his reach he has spared no expense to enrich the royal treasury in this direction.

It requires no little search to find the domain of the sultan of Johore on the map. It lies at the foot of the Malay peninsula, a very small country, and one of which the world at large hears but little. Here the august sultan rules over a few hundred thousand people, Malays like himself, and holds his throne by the grace of Queen Victoria.

An English governor who resides at Singapore, the chief city of the peninsula, takes care of the queen's interests in that part of the world and incidentally looks after the sultan. The rajahs of Johore have from time immemorial been very rich, possessing jewels in great abundance and keeping up a state as rulers far beyond the importance of their cramped domain.



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

A quarter of a century ago one of them ceded his realm to England, since when succeeding rajahs have been dependents, having nothing to do but to spend their wealth. The sultans of Johore are strange admixtures of intelligence, cruelty and bombast. The natural wealth of the country is simply enormous.

Johore produces spices of every kind and scores of valuable woods, precious metals and gems. Its jungles are the haunts of tigers, elephants and serpents of great length, and the most dazzling birds of the tropics fill its balmy groves. Man there, however, is as cruel as the typical Malay can be. At a time not very far remote from the present the coasts of Johore swarmed with pirates' craft, and more than one Captain Kidd of the warm seas sailed from the secluded harbors to prey on the rich commerce of that quarter of the globe.

The coming sultan inhabits a palace built after the manner of a large bungalow. It is built of bricks and wood and is not in keeping with the "style" assumed by the monarch while on his travels. Here the sultan holds his levees, here he marshals his little army, and from the palace he sends out the royal orders not seldom tinged with cruelty.

When he lands among us, we will see a slight figure adorned with a gaudy turban well sprinkled with gems. The sultan's outer dress consists of a splendidly brocaded jacket, silk trousers with flaming red stripes and a manifold sash brilliant in coloring and clasped at the waist with diamond buckles. In fact, the sultan will suggest a living advertisement of some diamond store, as in addition to his other decorations his sandals will flash with gems, and his sword hilt will dazzle the eye of the fortunate beholder.

The sultan's retinue consists of 10 servants and 2 physicians, whom he carries with him for the purpose of looking after the royal health, and as his majesty is said to be overfond of the delicacies of the table the twain will doubtless find their task no easy one. Johore's sultan leaves the affairs of his dependency in the hands of the governor of Singapore, his English master. He will visit the principal cities of the United States, will pay his respects to the president and will inspect the World's fair, traveling all the time in a state that befits his wealth and high sounding title. He will be the third real monarch to visit us during his reign, the others being King Kalakaua and Don Pedro, the unfortunate emperor of Brazil.

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