LONDON SURROUNDINGS ALL OBLITERATED

Tribute of the Poet Wordsworth-The Exalting Friendship Between Him and Cotton-Hallowed Memories and Loving Legends.

[Copyrighted, 1893.1 LONDON, July 24 .- [Special to THE BEE.]-No single work written within the last 250 years has had universally so wholesome influence as Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," and I can call to mind no other writer who has, during the same period, through his sweet and calm personality and work, so held, if often unwittingly and unrealized, what may be termed the literary conscience of mankind so tenderly close to the tranquilizing touch of nature's outstretched tender hand.

This is not only a fact of excellent significance as showing the value and permanency of purity and simplicity in all art, but it is a tribute to the healthfulness of motive in sought-for source of inspiration by literary people; and its accuracy is easily shown, if needs he, in an impressive manner by citation, contrast and illustration from the best known literature between Walton's time and this. In many instances it has been clearly acknowledged by literary men themselves. In others the identification is so clear and true as to admit of no possible doubt. The frankest, though still indirect, and the most clearly traced indebtedness of this prompting influence to nature-loving in those whose genius transmits the same loving quality to others, is made by that master of English prose, Washington Irving.

While under the spell of Walton he be came for the nonce an angler. "I nooked myself," he charmingly confesses, "instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod, until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak, satisfied that it was his charming vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had be witched me, and not the passion of angling." We are certainly largely indebted to this bewitchment by Walton of Irving for that rambling, nature communing mood whence was filtered through his loving farcy the folk lore of the legend haunted Hudson, and gave us the sweetest and best of all his work in those tender tales of the Sketch Book. Wordsworth's Tribute to Walton.

No less undeniably, and far more conscieusly and direct, has Wordsworth, himself divine interpreter of nature's holiest moods and influences, paid tribute to Walton's power for purest inspiration. He tells us of "meek Walton's heavenly memory," one of the most beautiful expressions of praise and reverence to be found in our language, and in the same tribute to Walton's Lives of Hooker, Sanderson, Wooton, Donne and George Herbert, Wordsworth again bursts forth in this incomparable strain of

There are no colors in the fairest sky So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen Was shaped that traced the fives of these good

men. Dropped from an angel's wing.

bulogy.

Pages could be filled with most briefly noted admissions by the immortals of the gentle angler's subtle power to draw them to the ever-living fountain of purity, sim-plicity and truth. Justly then, Izaak Walton and his work must be framed in a different perspective than that of their commonly perspective than that of their commonly accepted setting. He must not be merely regarded as "honest Izaak Walton, father of the gentle art of angling." There were able writers before his time upon this engaging diversion. Most of what he wrote, as purely instructive, has been more than half a continuously of date. One rough the more than century out of date. One must be more than a deft and successful angler to be a disciple of Walton, and this truly lovable epithet is almost universally misapplied. I would say then that the name and fame of Izaak Walton increase with the centuries because a truly good and sweetly pious life with a glorious genius constantly shine clearer and brighter through his incomparable pages into our later and better understandings. His "Complete Angler," which it must be remembered is also the "Contemplative Man's Recreation," is an imperishable shrine in the world of letters, because, after the bible, it is the most perfect guide to the worship of nature and nature's God together to which we have access. And being "a disciple of Walton" must come to mean not merely one who can land a trout any vocation or avocation, is heart and soul attuned to the God-sent harmonies of nature through the measureless peace of pure and perfect life.

Only One Reminder of the Famous Angler. With this spirit of loving remembrance a quest for the olden haunts of Walton be comes almost a reverential pilgrimage. In a half month's time it will be 300 years since his birth, August 9, 1593, in Staffordshire; about 270 years since actual knowledge o his existence as a "sempster" or linen draper in the Royal Burse, Cornbill, where the Royal exchange now stands, was made a matter of record by deed, and just 240 years since the first sale "at 18 pence price" by Richard Merriot in St. Dustan's Church Yard. Fleet street, of copies of the first ed-ltion of the "Compleat Angler." The Lon-don, indeed one might say the England, of that time is no more. Loiter and delve as one may about old Fleet street and Chancery lane, there is not a single existing reminder of Walton and his time. So far as I am able to discover in the world's metropolis there is but one. That is the initials and date, "I. W., 1658," on the stone tablet to Isaac Casaubon in Westminster abbey's south transept. It was scratched there by Walton himself and is a descration now cherished by all Britain. Who would ever glance at the pages of "Casaubouiana" today, or remember that James I. made Casaubon prebendary of Westminster and Canterbury save for this silent token of

Iznak Walton's regard? The scene of the "Angler" lies directly north of London along the river Lea, be-tween Tottenham and Hertford, and it was no small walk from Walton's shop Chancery line to his favorite hauuts beside this stream. The river itself has its rise in Bedfordshire, still north of Hertfordshire "in the marsh called Luigrave or Leagrave from whence the Saxons borrowed its de-nomination," as the old writer Chauncy re-It pursues a sinuous course through richly wooded and meadowed parishes and such chief towns of Hertfordshire as Brox-bourne, Ware and Hatfield, and from Tottenham lazily and slimily flows down through East London under Lea bridge; is split into black lagoons in the foul Hackney marshes. and becomes a muddy stream again as it passes between Queen Matilda's bridge and the noted bridge of Stratford-le-Bow, the ancient way into Essex. Then, a mere open channel of London sewage it forms the various basins of the Lea cut, Limehouse cut and Limehouse basin of Regent's canal; and trailing to the west of Stratford and Barking marshes, the foulest-smelling fac-tory spot on the earth's surface, enters the Thames through the noisome delta forming

Old Tottenham Exists Only in Imagination. In Walton's time all this region was country. It is one of the most unpleasant ex-periences you can now know in London to follow the Lea from East India dock to Tot-tenham. The latter is even now a part of London, and one can only with difficulty see the way the gentle angler came and as dimly imaging the Tottenham of old, its then imagine the Tottenham of old, its then smart Elizabethan habitations, and its High Cross, where the characters in the "Angler" first met, and Piscator, on his way to fish the Lea as Ware that "fine, fresh May morning," makes the pleasant acquaintance of Venator and Auceps The White Swan inn at Tottenham was the place where Walton tarried going to and coming from the river Lea. The last time I saw it it was half bid-den from the High road and High Cross, a tiny, slumbrous hotel of the long ago, white, stuccoed and gabled, with a patch of

AT IZAAK WALTON'S SHRINE garden blosssom at its side and a bit of a skittle alley behind.

Just north of Tottenham is Bleak Hall. at a sleepy hamlet called Cook's Ferry, to which Piscator led his companions of the "Angler." Walton's own picture of the inn "Angler." Walton's own picture of the inn is a pleasanter one than can now be drawn—
"an honest alchouse, where might be found a cleanly room, lavender in the windows and twenty ballads stuck about the walls, with a hostoss both cleanly and handsome and civil." It was here over the eating of the toothsome chub that Venator insisted upon terming Walton, as Piscator. "master." Shortly beyond this the Lea winds pleasantly near Edminton, where John Gilpin, from the indecorcus speed of his horse, missed a comfortable dinner; and at Hoddesdon above was the "Thacht House," where, at the very outset of the "Angler's" pleasant exoutset of the "Angler's" pleasant ex-periences, Venator expressed his purpose of drinking his "morning draught." From Tottenham to Ware is a pleasant, vagrant jaunt; but the lover of Walton must needs carry the good old fisherman along with him in the sweet cradle of his fancy for all but the merest suggestion of companionship and identification in these first and old angling haunts along the river Lea.

A Friendship that Was Exaiting. Undoubtedly Dove Dale, the waterway of the vagarous and impetuous river Dove, forming the boundary between Derbyshire and Staffordshire in the romantic region of the Derby Peak, retains least changed the natural scenes most loved of Izaak Walton. natural scenes most loved of Izaak Walton. It is here his summer months for years were passed, in an almost idyllic enjoyment of his favorite pastime, and in a friendship with Cotton of so perfect a nature that it at least exalted an otherwise characterless man of no little talent to nobler aspirations and accomplishments. Every one is familiar with this strange and unequal attachment, how Walton almost saintly in character and how Walton, almost saintly in character and 44 years the elder of the blase spendthrift and scribbler of unreadable themes, became and scribbler of unreadable themes, became bis friend and companion in Beresford hall; how Cotton built the famous "Fishing House" beside the Dove, with its intertwined escutcheon of his own and Walton's initials and the motto, "Piscatoribus Sacrum," above the door; how their affection ripened until Cotton adopted Walton as his "father" and Walton the spendthrift gentleway as his "early and how it all had gentleman as his "son;" and how it all had a good ending when, at Walton's request, Cotton accomplished the best work of his life in part second of the "Angler," "Being Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream," prefaced by "The Retirement," or "Stanzes Irreguliers to Mr. Izaak Walten," of much poetic power,

beginning with the lines: Farewell, thou busy world, and may We never meet again' I always love to imagine this odd friend ship not to have been an "unaccountable" matter, but an affinity of opposites, begin-ning away back there as Walton "stretched his legs up Tottenham hill' and first met the wayward, ill-directed, though undoubtedly appreciative and sympathetic, Cotton as none other than Venator who, from the in-stinctive deference to a great soul which made the word "master" unconsciously burst from his lips, came by degrees of betterment, grateful love and reverence to know the gentle angler who had saved him from him-self as a "father" in the highest and purest spiritual sense. The whole romantic valley is spiritual sense. The whole romantic valley is redolent of legend and memory of Cotton and Walton. The ancient Beresford hall is changed, but the "Walton Room" is intact. The bowling green beside the Dove is as it was nearly a quarter of a thousand years age; and the old stone "Fishing House," now more than 200 years old, still stands in the marmurans dule one of the truest monthe murmurous dale, one of the truest monments in England to a strange but scathless friendship. Exception to Class and Mass Distinction.

The distinction between classes and masses was immeasurably closer drawn in England in Walton's time than now. Few laymen, and particularly tradesmen, enjoyed even ordinary familiarity with men of consequence in church and state. In this respect Walton was an extraordinary exception. All authorities hold that no man of his time enjoyed so lofty a personal regard smong the noblest and most famous men of that day. Two facts contributed to this. Though but a simple linen draper, the graces of his perfect life and the winsome qualities of his intellect and heart gave him not only the unqualified respect, but the unlimited

the unqualified respect, but the unfilling affection of men of high degree.

Besides this, his relation by birth and marriage made recognition of his personality and its logical result a matter of natural sequence. Some biographers betieve his mother to have been a niece of Archbishop Cranmer. His first wife, Rachel Floud, whom he mar-ried in 1626 and who died in 1640, was a great-grandniece of that prelate. His sec-1646 and who died in 1662, was a half-sister of Bishop Thomas Ken, author of the Morning and Evening hymns, and I have seen a memorial tablet to her memory, written by Walton himself, in the Lady chapel of Wor-cester cathedral. His son, Izaak, became a canon in Salisbury cathedrai, where his remains and those of some of his descendants now lie.

During many of the later years of Walton's life apartments were constantly reserved for him and his daughter Anne at the Episcopal residences of Dr. Ward, bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Morley, bishop of Winchester, and the marriage of this daughter Aane to Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester cathedral, in whose house Wulton died December 1683, centered still closer to historic Winchester, for centuries the royal capital of England, the closing memories of Walton's peaceful life, while the grand old cathedra here became a good man's tomb. Thus me morials in three of England's noblest eccle siastical structures preserve his glorious name.

Because these things about Walton are nowhere collectively made concise and clear, I have dwelt upon them here, and delight also to point out another remarkable fact in his career illustrating how the human intellect secures exalted and powerful sustentation from pure and equable physical and moral life. Walton was 60 years of age when his "Compleat Angler" first appeared Three of the remarkable series of his "Lives" were first published after he was 70 years old. At the age of 90, when he wrote the preface to "Thealma and Clearchus," a pastoral poem by John Chalkhill, the mental powers of this noble man were clear and strong and whole. I believe there is not in the whole range of English literature so luminous an example of sweet and pure living, thinking and writing as that fur-mished by the career and work of Izaak Walton.

finilowed Memories and Loving Legends So as the peaceful evening of his life was passed at Winchester, the pilgrim to Wal-ton's haunts and shrine will find in and about the old cathedral town the closest and tenderest ties of presence and memory. All through these lovely Hampshire valleys are the haunts of his hale and calm old age. The river Test stealing out of the Berkshire moors and the river Itchen gleaming be-tween the chalk hills of Hamps to murmur through the old cathedral town, both reach the sea at Southampton Water. In all their lovely way from the north are countless deeps and shallows where the gentle angler came. Every mossy old mill, every flower embowered steading, every slumberous old inn, every quaint old parish church, every rippling ford, silent nool and ancient bridge, every hall and castle and almost every riverside cottage along these streams has its lov ing legend of the good old man who trans fused the sweetness of his life into the mur murs of the water, the odors of the blos-soms, the melody of the birds and the very sunlight upon these Hampshire hills and

meads and streams. And when you have come to the notable cathedral wherein he lies, it is not the tombs of kings and prelates that hold your rapt attention. The bones of grim William Rufus of Kynegils, of Adulphus of Egbert, of Kenulph, of Canute and that spotless queen who troot the fiery plowshares unscathed, are all lying within their sepulchres near where the light of the marvelous altar white is bathed in the great east window. near where the light of the marvelous altar white is bathed in the great east window's mellowed rose. But you turn aside from mighty mortuary chest and giorious effigy to the little chapel of Prior Silkstede. It is here you will love to sit and muse and dream. For here the morning sunlight always comes, and filtering through the tiny panes of the ancient cathedral windows, it always seems to leave a radiant glow and always seems to leave a radiant glow and endless blessing upon the slab that covers the grave of gentle Izaak Waiton. Edgar L. Wareman.

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eenth street Chattel mortgage foreclosure caused Hopkins & Stout, Kearney druggists, to

close their store.

HISTORIC RELICS IN REVIEW

The Mementoes of Washington Exhibited in the Virginia Building.

IN TOUCH WITH PRECIOUS TREASURES

Commendable Work of Nebraska Artists in the State Building-The Reigning Nuisance in the Musical Line-Rents Take a Tumble.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2 .- [Special to THE BEE.]-On these warm sunny days at the fair one sometimes becomes dreamy and listless and quite indifferent to practical affairs of life, and as I pause to rest upon one of the bridges crossing the lagoon I watch the people come and go and wonder why it is that in this great human family, where all men are brothers and all women are sisters, the general resemblance is so great. Yet no two are just alike. Each is stamped by some peculiar individuality of form or gait or features which marks him different from his fellows.

But this loitering step must be exchanged for one of quicker pace, I tell myself, and soon I stand in front of the Virginia building, which is an exact counterpart of the Mount Vernon mansion, where General Washington lived and died. In it are to be seen valuable personal mementoes upon which it is a delightful privilege to gaze and to be able to touch with one's own hands the very pieces of furniture once in daily use in that historical home. Precious treasures are these to the patriotic American heart. They will be guarded with reverential care and handed down from generation to generation until time has crumoled them to dust. In a small room to the left of the front

entrance will be found General Washington's secretary, well preserved and looking almost new, with the brass handles of the lower drawers bright with recent polishing. But the small brass rings of the upper drawers are somewhat worn and bent. On the top of the secretary I write these very notes, and as I pull out the little drawers and peep into the tiny pigeonholes only a spot of black ink greets the curious eye. But how many pic-tures in fancy glide before the mental vision as I touch with reverent hands the little desk as I touch with reverent hands the little desk and wonder what important papers pertain-ing to the future welfare of our country may have revosed therein, in those bygone days when the owner of this piece of furniture was the first president of the United States. No doubt he often rested in yonder red up-holstered chair, habited perchance in the selfsame blue coat with gold trimmings that is kept in a glass case in a room across that is kept in a glass case in a room across the hall, beside his snuff box of tertoise shell inlaid with gold and his well worn knife with horn handle and steel blade upon which is stamped the date 1760. Here also is a small piece of the white silk bridal gown of Martha Washington which she wore at his birthnight ball. Here, too, is preserved his original will, and one may see the chirography of the father of our country—I for one feel quite encouraged thereby. In the same room is an antique plane, the same style as that given to Nellie Custis by Washington. Once upon a time, no doubt, it gave forth the music for many a merry waltz or stately minuet. But the hand that sweeps its yellow keys today will only be rewarded by a jingle of discordant notes. Among the mementoes is one that I cannot appreciate, and wonder why any one should fancy such a gruesome relic. It is a piece of the wood from which was made Washington's coffin box. In this case also is a pistol with a history. It is of dark wood, with barrel and trigger of iron, somewood, with barrel and trigger of iron, somewhat rusty now with age and long disuse. But the last bullet which left its rusty throat was fired by Aaron Burr when he fought that famous duel in which Alexander Hamilton lost his life. Half way up this stairway stands Washington's family cleck, and I wonder if its heavy pendulem ticked away the last moments that marked the close of the polya hero's earthly career. close of the noble hero's carthly career. The Nebraska Building.

In spite of the fact that the Neoraska building is not very inviting as far as exhibits go it is a nice cool place to rest and one from that state feels it a duty to see all there is, and takes considerable interest therein. The same kindly interest gives me pleasure in naming some of the pictures and the artists who have graciously con-tributed their skill to relieve, in a measure, the parren walls, and I am proud to say, in praise of the women of our state, that their contributions outnumber those sent by the men and are far more interesting, with few exceptions. Quite a striking victure is that by Miss Moore of Lincoln, the figure of a young girl with pet doves flying around her. It is well executed, both in subject and detail, the handling of the drapery, which is always difficult, showing careful study. Just over the stairway hangs a game picture of a brace of wild ducks. The green and gray tones are very effective against the back ground and crude board Another picture by the same Ella Hostetter, hangs between the side, swindows and represents a glass bowl, in which are two bananas and some sliced oranges. There is an excellent fruit piece from the brush of Anna Shelton-ap ples, green and red, two of which are re-flected in a new tin pan. I have spoken in praise of this same picture before, but could not learn the name of the artist. Below not learn the name of the artist. Below this, in a walnut frame, hangs an unpretenthis, in a wainut frame, hangs an unpreten-tious bit of canvas; the subject is a very simple one. "Only a Loaf of Bread," not bakers' bread, but a dainty home-made loaf that has remained in the oven long enough to make the crust deliciously brown. The side that was torn from a twin loaf is white and flakey and one might imagine it still warm so that it would melt the butter spread on it with the homely kitchen knife with horn-handled steel blade that is placed beside the inviting loaf. Mrs. Dr. Little-field of Palmyra, Neb., is the artist, and has handled the subject with true fidelity, not embellishing the homely study with any at tempt at elaborate background, which is in tones of dull ochre and dark gray. The value of this odd little painting in oil lies in the fact that it is strictly original, and I just suspect that the artist made that loaf of

bread with her own dainty hands.

Miss Gertie Boon of Table Rock, Neb., contributes a little gem. It is hung too high and to get a close view, for it will bear inspection, I borrowed a chair to stand on, I do really covet the picture, for one would not weary of it in a lifetime. It is a study of several red and yellow ears of corn that have been tossed upon the barn floor and knocked off a lot of the kernels. Still clinging to the ripe red ears are some dried corn husks. The picture is one of considerable intrinsic value and if original displays true

Mrs. Francis Mumaugh shows three animal heads-the head of a horse, the head of a calf and two pet sheep. They are fine, as animal painting next to portrait painting re-quires the most skill. But this artist seems to excel in still life and her large canvas of pink roses, spilled out of a basket, are simply superb.and one longs to gather up a hand-ful while the dew still lingers upon the per-

fumed petals. Miss Cora McGeary exhibits a fine bit of china decoration, pink roses on a large plate, also a bowl decorated in red roses. The exe-cution is line and very commendable to the painstaking artist.

It is quite a little step from the Nebraska to the Woman's building, but I want to men-tion a picture of fruit that hangs on the east wall of the main hall. It is the best one of its kind I ever saw. In that picture is a sliced watermelon, and so true to life is it that when I look at it I am possessed with an almost irresistible desire to hunt around or a step ladder so that I can climb up and take a big julcy bite.

A Musical Nuisance.

We are anxiously hoping for the death wall of that popular song, "After the Ball is Over." It has been sung and resum by every inhabitant of Chicago and every visitor to the World's fair has had it dinned into his ears at all hours and in all places. At the fair buildings it is played upon the exhibit planos, the ladies hum it, the street gamins yell it, the numerous organ grinders produce it in installments of sobbing walls, the tallyho coachers toot it on their horns and that new nuisance of the streets, the piano on wheels, plays nothing else. The very church bells of Chicago seem rung to the popular air. Little strolling singers of 5 and 6 years of age appear frequently upon

the curb stone opposite the front door. While they sing "After the Ball" a dismai old lady adds to the broken-hearted melody the still more unwelcome notes from a breathless old accordion. Waked from a restless sleep at early dawn one hears the sad refrain, or at the solemn midnight hour the drunken revoler brawis it forth, until one wishes that the hittle girl had never lived to "Climb the Old Man's Knee," or that the old gentleman had come in contact with a live electric wire ere the mournful tale had fallen from his trembling lips.

But "life is real, life is earnest," and we must accept the inevitable, which is to wait with angelic patience until the song has must accept the inevitable, which is to wait with angelic patience until the song has sung itself out of existence, or some new melody (or malady) makes its appearance. I heard it whispered that an appeal has already been presented to the city council to make the singing of "After the Ball," three times in succession, by one person, a punishable offense and the singer liable to immeniate arrest. immediate arrest.

A Joyful Relief. Yesterday I saw a wandering street singer pause before the house, rattle a tambourine and open his mouth. I gave a weary sigh of resignation. But that sigh was changed to on exclamation of delight, when he began to sing a parody, which was no doubt original. The time was a little off, and not much rhythm in the rhyme. But the words of the chorus will tickle the ears of the inhab-

the chorus will tickle the ears of the inhabitants of "Furnished rooms..." for thus it ran: "Wait till the fair is over. Watch all the rents come down. Many's the hopes that will vanish, after the fair."

But rents have already "come down," just as I predicted last June. Chicago had made arrangements to room the world, and one might well imagine they also had designs on the inhabitants of some of the other planets. The world did not all come out at once, and a large number of lodging out at once, and a large number of lodging house keepers have already "gone broke," for lack of patronage, and people who have waited to visit the fair until the present time will find that they have been the gainers financially.

GRACE HINES.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

G. W. Dillingham has just issued in paper cover A. S. Roe's novel, "The Star and the Cloud,"

A handsomely illustrated little pamphlet as an "Epitome of Detroit" has just been issued by M. W. Hannan of the same city. Among the "yellow back novels" lately issued we find "Gold," by Laura Daintrey, in which the author exposes certain social cancers in a style of some interest. G. W. Dillingham, New York.

William M. Hall has written a pamphlet on "State Bank Notes," in which he dis-cusses the various questions involved in the subject, resulting in conclusions decidedly opposed to the issue of such currency.

M. Parker has issued for free distribution a very neat little pamphlet, "How to See the World's Fair with Little Money," which contains quite a fund of information of a practical kind. M. Parker, box 836, Chicago. "The Two Countesses," by Marie Ebner von Eschenbach, is a very pretty translation of a love story of Germany. It is without affectation or sensationalism, but withal very interesting. Cassell Publishing company,

"One of the Professions" is the handle to a jug of romance from which Matthew White, jr., pours forth a stream of love lore into the ears of American readers. Home Book company, New York.

"The Father of Six" is the rather unusual title of a book by N. E. Potapeeko illustrative of the power of a woman's enthusiasm and earnestness as against a man's slower and less hopeful methods. The Unknown library, Fourth avenue, New York.

A paper submitted recently to the American Academy of Political and Social Science is entitled, "The Relation of the State to Education in England and America," by Prof. Isaac Sharpless: A perusal of its leaves is very instructive and contains much of importance in framing an opinion on the subject of future education. If books on statistics were noticed in ac

cordance with the labor involved in their preparation then "Statistics of Railways in the United States," by the Interstate Com-merce commission, would be entitled to a lengthy review indeed. The book is one of great value in its place. Free Russia is the name of a monthly periodical published in the interest of Rus-sian freedom. It is ably edited and is a val-

uable exponent of the cause of liberty. Its

presented in clear, terse language, and while so conducted it will wield powerful influence toward checking Russian aggres-"A Problem Unsolved" is the name of a complete novel presented in the August num-ber of Godey's Magazine. Besides a number of choice articles a frontispiece, "At the Casino in Newport," and several water color portraits of distinguished ladies ornament this issue. "A Glimpse of the Tiffany Exhibit, Chicago," by George Frederic Heyat, will interest the society lady.

The fishing articles in Outing for August are both seasonable and good. In one a grave Dominie finds a day's quiet pleasure beside a trout stream; another presents a truly delightful moonlight picture of the Land of Evangeline and the fun of lobster spearing; while in a third the scene is laid on Jersey's swirling shoals and keen anglers find glorious sport in taking hard-fighting

In general the departments contained in Current Literature include, beside "The World's Fair," "The Sketch Book," "The Queer, Quaint and Curious," "Recent Progress in Science," "Items of Natural History," "Fads and Fashions," "Echoes of tory," "Fads and Fashions," "Echoes of Vanity Fair," "Latter Day Philosophy," "Wisdom and Wit," "Travel," "Adventure," "Miscellany," "Literature" and a variou assortment of the poetry of the day. Current Literature Publishing company, 52-54 Lafayette Piace, New York.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, who has been dead for a good many years and who wrote interesting stories of a certain class, still appears as the author of new books. The last one, "A Changed Heart," is not in the least like Mrs. Fleming's own stories, and just where the title comes in among so many hearts is a mystery. G. W. Dilling ham, New York.

"The Athlete's Conquest," by B. A. Mc Fadden, is unique in that he makes physical strength the power by which his heroine wins love instead of sighs and tears, the stock in trade of the usual paper cover novel. The hero of the book would not look at a woman twice unless she measured at least twenty-six inches round the waist. Of course he finally met the right one. G. W. Dillingham, West Twenty-third street, New York.

Arthur F. Bentley, A. B., of Johns Hopkins university, has written in the Political Science Series a book of peculiar interest to citizens of Nebraska. The monograph is called "The Condition of the Western Farmer," and is a study of Harrison town-ship, Hall county, Nebraska. It is really a history of the settlement and progress of farmers and agriculturists in this part of the world from the earnest days, with con-clusions and deductions of great value to economists.

An anonymous writer, but undoubtedly some person of distinction, writes on "Amer-icans in Europe, by One of Them." The writer has evidently traveled with his mind's eye open, asleep or awake, and it is a pretty diversified eye, too, and a shrewd and bold one—one that dares to tackle the daily papers in his preface yet does it in such an adroit manner and with such force and truth as to avoid the least, evidence of evil intent.

as to avoid the least, evidence of evil intent. Above all else the writer is a critic, one who knows how to say well what he thinks, and has produced a most spicy and instructive volume. Tait Sons & Co., New York.

The complete novel in the August number of Lippincott's is 'In the Midst of Alarms,' by Hobert Barr (Luke Sharp). It is a tale of the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1871. Among other entertaining articles W. H. Babcock discusses "Supermundane Fiction," and M. Crofton, in "Men of the Day," presents brief sketches of Sir J. E. Milliais, Sir Arthur Sullivan. General Diaz, and Philip D. Armour, The poetry of the number is by Clara Jessup Moore, Howard Hall, and M. H. G. ber is by Clar and M. H. G.

A Conan Doyle's new book, "The Re-ugees," has the merit at least of being fugees," has the merit at least of being printed on best quality paper, finely illustrated and well bound. The story is a tale of the French court in the seventeenth century and of America during the same period. The fact that it is historical in its character The fact that it is historical in its character will make the book one of interest to those readers who are weary unto death of the floods of trash with which the country is deluged. Mr. Doyle has done good work in this story. Harper's Brothers, New York. Harper's Bazar for July 29 contains: "Little Paul P.," a farce, by Miss Grace L. Furgiss, author of "A Box of Monkeys," and

other popular plays for amateurs; a short story by Howard Seely, entitled "A Knight Errant of the Plains;" and the first of a short series of papers of great interest to art amateurs and decorators, entitled "The Elements of Floral Design," by Louis Mead. This series is abundantly illustrated.

Harper's Weekly for the coming week will contain an extensively illustrated article on the great National Yellowstone park. There will be four full pages of illustrations.

will be four full pages of illustrations. Other timely topics are the silver question in Colorado, with a portrait of Governor Watte, and a page of illustrations from photographs; a page of portraits of leading German politicians in the German Reichstag who have been closely connected with the discussion of the famous army bill; and pic tures relating to the recent trouble between France and Siam.

Mechan's Monthly continues the famous

work, the "Flowers and Ferns of the United States," by issuing every month a colored plate of some native plant, with the plant's complete history—giving this month a repre-sentation of the common Maiden Hair Fern Though issued in monthly parts, it is a work of reference for all time—catering to the artistic taste of the community, as well as contributing to the popular love for wild flowers. Among the several illustrations is flowers. Among the several illustrations is one of the new Japan snowball, the rocks of the Wissahiczon, and the wild roses of the coast range. Thomas Meehan & Sons, Germantown, Phila.

A witty writer has said that life would be endurable if it were not for the month of August. Romance provides the best possible means for making one forget the discomforts of the doglay season, its August issue

ble means for making one forget the discomforts of the dogday season, its August issue being a model midsummer number. A feature is made of the remarkable tales of Polish and Hungarian writers, foremost of whom is Maurice Jokai. Among these tales is "The Fate of a Nihilist," an original production of great power; "The Attaman," a wonderufl story from the Polish; and a Hungarian election comedy. Romance Publishing company, Clinton hall, Astor Place, New York.

The August issue of the Century Magazine

The August issue of the Century Magazine is the annual midsummer holiday number, with a special cover, and a table of contents which includes many attractive features. Readers will be apt to turn first to "Phillips Brooks's Letters to Children," a collection of letters from acroad by the late Bishop Brooks to the children of his brothers. They present a little-known and delightful side of the life and character of the great preacher, and they will have a charm alike for young and old. Stephen Bonsal, the newly appointed secretary of legation to China, contributes a unique and fully illus-trated description of "Fez. the Mecca of the moors." The illustrations are many. The Moors." The illustrations are many. The frontispiece portrait of Phillips Brooks is one of the best. A full page engraving of Winslow Honer's "Fox and Crows," the reproductions of etchings by a new Swedish artist, Anders Zorn, and the engravings of the article on "Contemporary Japanese Art," will attract attraction. The Contury Cont will attract attention. The Century Co.,

The August Californian, with the exception of the brilliant Columbian issue for July, is of the brilliant Columbian issue for July, is one of the finest numbers ever published. Among its varied attractions are three complete stories, the first of which, "A Smothered Fire," by Harriet Prescott Sponford, is a brilliant narrative of a woman's heroism and self-renunciation. "The Caverns of Ulo," by Verner Z. Reed, is the tale of a lost tribe in the land of the Montezumas and is embellished with many striking illustrais embellished with many striking illustra-tions, while the "Romance of Yono San," by John W. Woo1, is a Japanese story, which has the distinction of being illustrated by a native Japanese artist. There is always a romantic charm about Siam - the land of the white elephant—and one's dream of oriental-ism is much enhanced by the superbly illustrated article by S. E. Carrington. The arti-cle is particularly timely in view of the in-ternational complications in which the kingdom has been involved. California Illustrated Magazine, Market street, San Fran-

In the City Series, now running in St. Nicholas, President D. C. Gilman describes Baltimore for the August number. As might be expected, he is inclined to consider the city from the point of view of an educator, and consequently gives especial attention to the great libraries and universities that bid fair to wrest from Boston the name of Mod-ern Athens. The article is well worth readern Athens. The article is well worth rearing, and is excellently illustrated by Harry
Fenn. "From Montresa to San Mateo," by
E. Vinton Biake, is an exciting frontier
episode, telling of the rescue of a white boy
from a Mexican family who held him in serrom a Mexican latinly who held the story is vitude. The snap with which the story is told is well retained in Taber's spirited il-lustrations. With poems the number is richly set. "Watering the Flowers," by Thomas Tapper; "A Fair Exchange," by Gertrude Halliday; "When My Ship Comes In," by Mary Farrah; "The Runaway," by Nell K. McElhone; "A Dark Career," a de-liciously funny notion of Oliver Herford's, and the same author's "Forgetful Forget-me-Not"—all are the excellent bits of verse of which St. Nicholas alone seems to possess

the secret. The August Forum embraces valuable articles on a wide range of important current topics. Rafael H. Wolff, controller of one of the largest wire mills in the United States, voices the general sentiment of manufacturers in an article on the "Danger in Hasty turers in an article on the "Danger in Hasty Tariff Revision," urging the appointment by the president of a truly representative com-mission to formulate a tariff to suit all classes. An authentic "inside view of daily journalism," of great value to the intending newspaper man, is furnished by three practical journalists—J. W. Keller, president of the New York Press club, who makes some frank disclosures in a trenchant article on "Journalism as a Career;" John Gilmer Speed, formerly managing editor of the New York World, who compares the character of the reading matter in newspapers of 1881 and 1893, and Charles R. Miller, editor of the New York Times, who addresses "A Word to the Critics of Newspapers;" to show that the average newspaper is as good as its readers will permit. Frederic Harrison, the well known controversialist, whose critical papers in the Forum on art and literature have excited wide comment, writes unde the heading: "Art and Shoddy: a Reply to Criticisms.

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

Frances C. Baylor in Boston Globe. She blossomed in the country
Where sunny summer flings
Her rosy arms about the earth
And brightest blessings brings;
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower.
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,
And inland from the sea,
My lassic bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure could be.
She caught her dewy freshness
From hill and mountain bower.
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have lent her Some of its airy grace.
The wild rose parted with a blush That nestled on her face.
The sunbeam got entangled in The long waves of her hair,
Or she had never grown to be

So modest and so fair. The early birds have taught her

Their joyous matth song.

And some of their soft innocence—
She's been with them so long.

And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power.
I never dreamed the wild wood
Contained so sweet a flower.

An Ancient Pante. In the year 331 B. C. there was frightful mortality among the husbands

young and good-looking women at Rome. A general panic prevaited among husbands and a secret investigation began. It was discovered that a ladies' society existed for the purpose of ridding wives of undesirable husbands. They met in small parties at the house of at old woman, made pretense of celebrat-ing religious rites, but really to procure poison and arrange among themselves whose husband should be next put to death, so that suspicion might not be excited by too many deaths at the same time. A female slave was induced by the promise of protection and large rewards to denounce the women who had put their husbands out of the way; 170 were informed against, convicted and put to death. These were the first put to death. cnown cases of poisoning at Rome.

There are three things worth saving— Time, Trouble and money—and De Witt's Little Early Risers will save them for you. These little pills will save you time, as they act promptly. They will save you trouble as they cause no pain. They will save you money as they economize doctor's bills.

DOUGLAS COUNTY ROADWAYS I WAS BIG.

Correct Location the First Requisite for a Good Highway.

CONDITIONS WHICH GOVERN LOCATION

Complete Surveys Necessary to a Correct Determination of Routes-Character of Traffic to Be Considered -Important Suggestions.

> By Curt's C. Turner. IV.

Assuming that it is admitted to be desirable to construct correctly located roads, the question at once arises where these new roads should be located and how?

This is a question that cannot be answered definitely except after the most careful deliberation and with the aid of complete surveys. Therefore it must be clearly understood that all remarks that are made here are only made in the most general way.

In the first place, where should these roads be located?

To answer this question we must ask another-what is the character of the traffic to be handled?

Clearly the roads are to be built for the benefit of the farming community. Now in former centuries and fore the general introduction of roadways, roads were built as grand routes communication, leading from the capital of a country to its remote districts or to the capitals of other

countries. The conditions today are altered. The railways furnish the grand routes and to a large extent the local routes. The wagon roads are merely to be regarded as feeders to the railways. The nearest railway station is the farmer's market. The railway stations should therefore be made the centers from which all roads should radiate. Perhaps the best way to accomplish this would be to begin by connecting all of the small railway stations in the county with roads located on the most feasible routes obtainable.

Through the main valleys, such as the three Papillion valleys, should each have roads traversing their entire length. Two or three main roads should be built from Omaha and South Omaha across the entire county in an east and west direction. A system built in this manner would, with its various ramifications, reach every part of the county and would place every farmer in the closest possible communication with his market.

In locating such roads the utmost care should be spent to secure the most practical routes. The divides should be crossed at the lowest points practical. All grades should be carefully studied and the maximum adopted should be as low as possible. Care should be taken to avoid wet and swampy ground, and also to avoid spots where the snow is liable to drift in winter. Sunny slopes should be chosen when possible in order that the road may dry as quickly as pos-sible. When it can be done the heaviest grades should occur at the foot of an ascent, in order that they may be over-come when the horses are fresh and not exhausted from a long climb. There are numerous other matters to be observed in road location, but those given are the principal ones selected from the experience of many practical road builders. Careful attention to them is as much

a necessity to successful road construction as the stoppage of a leak is in any line of business It is difficult to estimate the value of

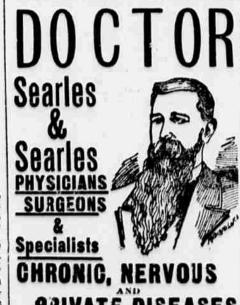
so great a reform in our metho construction. In a previous article its effect on the cost of haulage has been considered, but this is only a fraction of the advantage to be gained. Pages might be written on the great gain that would be felt by the farmers in thus removing the barriers from his free communication with his neighbor and the outside world. But these are questions for the social philosopher, whereas we are only discussing the material bene fits that would be secured.

Were all traces of civilization to dis appear from Douglas county today, and none of man's work be left excepting our roads for the future antiquary to judge us by, he would probably reason like this: "Here was a strange race of stupid barbarians, who spent their energies in herculean efforts to efface the monuments of nature. These efforts were presumably for the purpose of lessening the difficulties of transport, though in the absence of further knowledge cor cerning their modes of life it is difficult to understand their strange and illogical methods. Such a judgment would be a just one.

and though the antiquary may never render it, yet unless we after our methods, it will not be many years before the future residents of this county will render more scathing tributes to our lack of common sense and ordinary business

A picnic is not complete without some Cook's Extra Dry Champagne. A lunch with it is fit for the gods. South Dakota exhibits great blocks of the

soil from different parts of the state. These blocks, four feet deep, are the surface soil and are as black as coal. Maps of the state show just what sections are covered by this well nigh inexhaustible richness.



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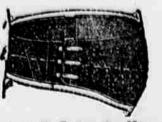
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Handsome Women Can Lose Weigh Fast. Homely Men Look Better Thin. Try Dr. Edison's System. No Dieting.



Band worth Twice the Money. Office of H. M. Burton, Hardware, Cary Station, III., Jan. 14, 1833.

Dr. Edison—Dear Sir: I am well pleased with your treatment of obesity. The band is worth twice the money it cost, for comfort. I have reduced my weight ten pounds. I weigh 233 now, and I did weigh 245, Yours truly.

H. M. Burtos.

They Are Doing Me Good.

Earlyille, III., May 23, 1892.

Loring & Co: Inclosed find \$1.53 for which pigues and me the other two bottles of Dr. Edison's Obestity Pills. I have used one anothink hey are doing the work.

S. M. RALEY, P. O. Box 75.

Talk So Much About Your Pills.

Peorts, III., June 18, 1897.

Dear Sirs: After bearing one of my friends talked guch about your Obesity Pilis an it he benefit he is deriving from them I think I will try them myself Piesee send me J bottles. C. O. D., and oblige.

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Feel Better and Weigh 13 Pounds Less Goshen, Ind., Sept. 18, 1892.

Gentlemen: Inclosed I send you \$1, for which you will please send methree bottless of the obesity pills. Am taking the fourth bottle and feel very much better and weigh 13 pounds less than when I began taking them. I will continue your treatment.

MRS. J. C. McCONN,
South Sixth Street.

An individual whose height is feet 1 inch should weign feet 8 inches

Dr. Edison says: "It may be well to point our that in my experience, which is necessarily very considerable, many troublesonge skin diseases such, eccesseum, azone, psoriasis, utlearia, etc., are primarily caused by obesity, and as the fat and flash is reduced by the pills and Obesity Fruit Sait and the action of the band these affections have almost magically disappeared."

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derland," and our new map of the Park. CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent,



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