

LITERARY NOTES.

Among the attractive illustrated features of the July Midland Monthly are "50th Iowa at Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville," "Ex-Gov. Carpenter," by Johnathan P. Dolliver, M. C., "Gen. Fitzhugh Lee," Osborn W. Deignan, "the Midland hero of the Merrimac," "Midland Photographers," and "Irish Churches," by Mrs. Hattie Wallace Ashby.

With five German warships facing Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila and the intentions of the German Kaiser still a matter of some doubt, the leading article presented in The Cosmopolitan for July will be read with interest. The forty-six portraits and poses of the Emperor William which illustrate the article are in themselves an extraordinary exhibit. They might be described as "The Evolution of an Emperor shown by forty-six human docu-

died in Boston, New Yorkers thought they had a literary centre, and perhaps it is fair to say, in spite of the New England protestations, that by some such means the primacy has passed from Boston, even if it has not passed to New York. The fact seems to be that Boston has outgrown that peculiar literary consciousness which once distinguished it from all other large towns. Mr. Howells finds the New York claim to resolve itself into the facts that there abide the majority of authors and journalists, and that so many of the great publishing houses are in operation there. But he adds: "If these things do not mean a great literary centre, it would be hard to say what does; and I am not going to try for a reason against such facts. It is not quality that is wanting, but perhaps it is the quantity of the quality; there is leaven, but not for so large a lump. It may be that New York is going to be our literary



SANTIAGO DE CUBA FROM THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH CONSUL. Undoubtedly so large a number of portraits were never before gathered together of any royal and imperial personage.

Fate has awarded a strangely incongruous fame to the peaceful little town of Santiago, which has been slumbering so long in the sunny southern coast of Cuba. The scene of the first encounter of American troops with the soldiers of Spain is a spot of characteristic tropical beauty, with wooded hills surrounding the placid waters of the harbor, and a typically lazy village resting at the head of the bay. Harper's Weekly has secured a charming photograph of a view of the town and harbor from one of the neighboring heights; a reproduction of his picture is attractive feature of the July issue.

The warm discussion which Mr. Howells has excited by his letters on "American Literary Centres" has been productive of many good-natured witticisms. Mr. Aldrich once noticed, it is remembered, that whenever an author

centre, as London is the literary centre of England, by gathering into itself all our writing talent, but it has by no means done this yet.

In fact, I doubt if anywhere in the world there was ever so much taste and feeling for literature as there was in that Boston. At Edinburgh (as I imagine it) there was a large and distinguished literary class, and at Weimar there was a cultivated Court circle; but in Boston there was not only such a group of authors as we shall hardly see here again for hundreds of years, but there was such regard for them and their calling, not only in good society, but among the extremely well read people of the whole intelligent city, as hardly another community has shown. New York, I am quite sure, never was such a centre, and I see no signs that it ever will be. It does not influence the literature of the whole country as Boston once did through writers whom all the young writers wished to resemble; it does not give the law, and it does not inspire the love that literary Boston inspired. There is no ideal that it represents."

Peace Hath Her Victories

No less than war. While our victorious navies are challenging the admiration of the world and paving the way for peace with each exploding shell, it is well not to overlook the notable achievements in the arts and sciences. If the making of fine linens was ever a lost art it is no longer. John S. Brown and Sons' table linens, made in Belfast, Ireland, are known for their beauty and fineness the world over. Their reputation is established and we take pleasure in announcing that ours is the only house in Lincoln handling these goods. They are made from the best Irish and Courtrai flax, spun, woven and bleached in Ireland, and the patterns are designed by the most celebrated Irish artists. There is a splendid exhibit of these linens at the trans-Mississippi exposition. After you see the exhibit you'll want the goods. Come into our store and look them over.

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Died at his residence in this city on Tuesday, July 12, Mr. John McMarigal, aged 62 years, a resident of Lincoln since 1869.

Died at his residence in this city Mr. Kent K. Hayden, aged 42 years, of an overdose of chloroform.

Died on Wednesday, July 13, Mr. James C. Cowdery, father of Ex-Secretary of State B. F. Cowdery, at the residence of his son. He was born at Mecca, G., and spent the greater part of his life in his native state. He was seventy-six years old.

Died in National City, Cal., at the home of his son Merritt, Rev. M. F. Platt, father of A. C. and H. C. Platte of this city. Mr. Platt was one of the early residents of Lincoln. He was well known in Congregational church circles, having been an active worker for about

twenty years in Nebraska. He came here from Iowa, having resided for many years near Pacific Junction before coming to this state. He was seventy-five years of age.

Died on Sunday, July 10, at his residence in this city Mr. A. H. Mendenhall. Having been ill for many weeks he lost his balance while looking into his cistern, fell in and was drowned.

Died in South Omaha on Sunday, July 10 Miss Grace White, a former university student. The remains were buried in Plattsmouth.

Died in Lincoln on July 11, of apo-

plexy. Mr. B. F. Wood of this city. He was fifty-four years of age. He leaves a widow and two daughters; Mrs. H. H. Branch and Miss Bebe Wood.

Died on Thursday, July 14, at his residence, 1446 P street, Mr. Joseph Brown.

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