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OMAHA LETTER.

The S Ranch, Wyoming.
August 3, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

Did I write you last from the Antarctic circle, or was it from the tropics? I do not, in fact, remember, only I know it was not from here.

Can you imagine the entire Mayfair family—eagles and doves alike, perched half way upon on a mountain side, with a background of gloomy, time-saddened pines, and not far to one side a rushing, foaming mountain stream?

Of course you cannot. We are so inseparably connected in your mind with brick and mortar that it will be difficult to you to adjust your thoughts of us as deserting our china gods and flinging ourselves at an undraped footstool, where nature is at her best or worst, whichever way you have a mind to look at it.

Yet here we are!

The days of Aladdin are not over, although now we very properly call the genie who own the lamp—Influence.

A friend of Papa's who is spending the summer in Europe offered us the use of their cottage for as long as we might wish it.

We went through awful travail of spirit before the offer was accepted.

Mother piled objection upon objection, all of which Papa swept aside with a breezy sweepiness for which I had not given him credit.

He was determined to forsake the busy market place, and Mr. S— had made everything easy for us.

I am sure most people thought we were a vaudeville show on the way out, as we attracted so much more attention than we are used to.

Gertrude has a friend with her, a St. Louis belle, who, when we asked her to go with us, said there was scarcely enough uncooked meat on her to be worth saving.

But she came, and is a very bright, pretty girl.

Phoebe was the homeliest thing in bronze you ever laid your eyes on. She

had insisted on crowning her woolly mats with a bright red soldier cap. Rob told me before we left home that Phoebe had "the most handsomest hat for our journey he had ever sawn." It was truly the most startling. I objected, and Mother told me if I wanted to do the cooking she would leave Phoebe at home, but that Phoebe simply and flatly refused to go without that cap. Phoebe had never been west before and she was either in an exalted state of admiration or a collapsed state of fear the whole time. "Fer de law sakes, Miss Penelly," she would exclaim, "how long you supposen dem rocks helt derselves up yander?" Or when we rounded some sharp curve and seemed suspended over a precipice, she sank into great fear, rolling her eyes and clasping her hands and begging "de good Lawd not to take his wrath outen poor ole Phoebe's skin."

However, nothing at all unusual happened to us, and when we reached the little town of B— we were met by a couple of wagons and Mr. S—'s man, who was to take us and our rather formidable luggage to our ultimate destination.

This place is not the ranch proper; that is on the plains below us. Mr. S— built this cottage one summer when his wife was in ill-health.

The little plateau, which is enclosed by a white paling fence, is sown to tame grass, and has a flower-bordered gravel path leading to the house. If you turn your eyes away from the mountains it seems hard to believe this normal habitation is located in the very heart of Nature's fastness.

Papa is like a boy let out for a holiday. He has kicked the shackles of duty far from him, and a good ten years have rolled from his dear burdened shoulders.

Of course Mother and Phoebe find things terribly inconvenient, and are making such a pondemonium of the house that Papa and I have escaped to the yard.

Rob rounded the corner a bit ago with a Comanche yell, to tell me that "Jim" was going to let him ride his buckskin pony, and take him fishing, and, in short, introduce him to a thousand and one delightful mysteries. Jim is the man Mr. S— commissioned to look after us. "A very superior fellow," Papa informs me. College bred, booky and all that. Of course it is another case of insufficient lungs that has ostracised this man from his fellow-beings.

This continuous, mournful whispering of the pines, this never-ceasing restless

rushing of the waters, get on my nerves a little.

I am reminded of all the lonely, broken souls of all the world, who have fled for life or balm, to these same dark mysteries. I think of Louis Stevenson's pitiful exile. Of Helen Hunt's yearning spirit, burdened with the injustice of men.

I wonder is life worth the awful struggle some have made to keep it—or any sorrow worth one's agony to forget.

If I had some great, heart-rending grief, I should not bring it here.

Here, in the awful vastness, it would surely rise and choke me with its burning fingers.

No! I could surely forget it easier in some crowded haunt, where men cried out because they hungered.

Yes, I could easier forget if I could minister with bread to those who starved.

How do I know? you would like to ask. I, whose life has been so placid—I, who have known no storms or griefs.

"Ab, well-a-day; the hay must be made." You cannot tell—even you, who see so well into the heart of things—you who know of the impalpable veil the soul drops before its inner shrine, and which no vandal hand dare thrust aside to find what prints the nails have left.

There is suddenly a pervasive odor of frying bacon floating through the air and fighting for supremacy with the scent of caraway blossoms.

I do not mind. If I had bacon for breakfast, I shall like some for luncheon. Phoebe's polished face appears at the front door,—all doors are one to her now—and she is calling with the easy familiarity of an old retainer: "Miss Penelly, yer Maw says fer you and yer Paw to come right along ways to youse lunch, 'cause de tea's done drawnd."

This is our first day here, and there isn't much to write about, unless I wanted to throw a fit about the scenery. I will spare you and try to do better again.

Yours,
PENELOPE.

"In some states the law forbids persons of unsound minds to marry."
"And nobody else cares to!"—Detroit Free Press.

Maud—I'd hate to think you'd throw yourself at Fred.

Mamie—Why not? He's a good catch. —Harlem Life.

THE DOCTORS EXTEND THEIR TIME

Owing to the Large Number Who Have Been Unable to See the British Doctors, These Eminent Gentlemen Have Extended the Time for Giving Their Services Free, to All Who Call Before Sept. 8th.

Owing to the large number of invalids who have called upon the British Doctors at their office, corner 11th and N streets, Sheldon Block, Lincoln, Nebr., and who have been unable to see them, these eminent gentlemen have, by request, consented to continue giving their services free for three months (medicines excepted) to all who call before Sept. 8. These services consist not only of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before Sept. 8th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief associate surgeon of the Institute, assisted by one or more of his staff associates, is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m.

No Sunday hours.
Special Notice—If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

"Please, mister, is this the pure milk?" said the anxious-faced woman.

"Madam," replied the milkman, "this is milk of the first water."—Record-Herald.

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