

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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AN OBSERVER'S THOUGHTS.

COMMENTS AND OPINIONS IN TYPE.

What He Sees, Hears, Thinks and Imagines.

While in Denver the other week the Observer had the pleasure of meeting Dave Rowe, the popular manager of last year's Lincoln team. He was en-route to Golden on a visit to his parents who live in that charming little town. Mr. Rowe believes that the Western association next year will include Lincoln and Denver, and thinks that Lincoln people should bestir themselves to secure some good players who will soon be available. Rowe has been incapacitated the past two months from playing ball by sickness, but he possesses as long a managerial head as ever. Lincoln should have base ball by all means next year, the people want it, and the Observer would like to see the lovers of the game take some action in the matter.

I hear of a good joke on the jolly party who occupied the tally-ho coach at the fair grounds one day last week. While enjoying a delightful spin around the track, one of several Lincoln young men in the amphitheatre sarcastically inquired: "Why, who are those people?" A rural rooster standing by—one of those fellows who are full of information and always eager to impart it—replied, "That's the Salvation Army, sir; that's the way they travel." It is needless to say the remarks brought down the house. I do not know whether the tally-ho party has yet heard this, but I would suggest the next time they appear in public they should take proper steps to leave no similar impression on the minds of the people who have not yet been educated up to this fashionable fall.

Those of our citizens who have not visited the capital building in the last six weeks will be surprised at the improved appearance it presents. The dome on the building is about completed, and the main building is being placed in readiness for the winter's needs. The improvements about the grounds add greatly to their appearance. Handsome driveways, the foundations for which are laid somewhere near China, lead through broad avenues of stately trees, while on every hand the results of a skilled and cultivated taste are displayed. Both J and Fifteenth streets will be paved this fall, and everything in readiness for the proper impression of Lincoln's growth upon the legislators, lobbyists and others who will flock to the capital this winter.

Among the many handsome and new style rigs now seen on the streets of Lincoln, the one driven by Mr. Will Wittman, that ardent admirer of all that is nobby in a turnout, is by all odds the most attractive and finest of its kind in the city. It is a very pretty two-wheel vehicle, and the horse a very stylish, large animal bedecked with a set of harness that is the envy of all who drive on the same street with him. It is made up of the best leather, the trimmings being the most striking and artistic features of the rig, everything in metal being of solid silver. Will is a great connoisseur of fine work, and the harness is another sample of the goods turned out by Wittman Bros.

These lovely moonlight nights are being enjoyed in many ways by the young people. A stroll through the shaded walks of the city, a ride through the city on horseback, or a drive by buggy comprise the most attractive series of amusement for such occasions.

Complimentary Party.

Messrs. E. H. Andrus & Son tendered the members of the Elks, Pleasant Hour and Pleasant Junior clubs a complimentary party Wednesday evening, at Cushman park. The train left the depot at 7:30 o'clock and returned about midnight. The evening was a very enjoyable one. Dancing was indulged in the greater part of the evening, lunch being served at the intermission. We were unable to get a complete list of those present, but the following were among the participants:

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jensen.

Misses Cody, Latta, Clara Funke, Gruninger, Hawkins, Martha Funke, Stout, Belle and Aileen Oakley, Lulu and Daisy Clark, Marquette, Nellie Mullon, Lillibridge, Giles, Bronnie Baum, Leland.

Messrs. Zehring, Foreman, Magoon, Richter, Smith, Andrus, Oscar Funke, Ernest Funke, John Stout, Houtz, Crooks, Will Clarke, Smith, Stout, Camp, Kerman, Baum, Edwards, Maxwell, Wilson and others.

The Henney Buggies.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the exhibits at the state fair were the numerous buggy and carriage displays, prominent among which was that of the deservedly popular Henney Buggy company, who occupied a large space in Dean & Horton's pavilion near Art hall. This factory which today turns out undoubtedly the finest buggy made in the west, has become more in popular favor with the advent of each season and from what formerly was a small concern in Freeport, Ill., an immense concern has grown, so that today that bustling city lays claim and justly too, of being the home of the finest buggies made in the western country, with a capacity double that of two years ago.

The buggy is known everywhere to the carriage trade, the name, in itself, being sufficient to recommend and sell it. Each vehicle is made of superior material, and the best of workmen are employed; only those having ample experience and ability being entrusted with the work. They make buggies and carriages in some fifty styles, and each one is sent out with a full pledged guarantee of what all that is claimed for it.

Mr. W. Henney of the firm was personally in attendance during the fair and met his many friends and patrons at the pavilion. Mr. Henney is a rather young man for one who has achieved such success in a large field, but his genial and business like manners show clearly how and wherein his success has been. Mr. J. A. Grasseup, Mr. Henney's able Nebraska representative, was, as he always is, his right hand during fair week and assisted in the showing of the handsome exhibit to all callers. We hope to see both gentlemen with us again next season with a display of these celebrated vehicles.

Mrs. H. W. Brown and daughter "Chie" and Mrs. H. C. McArthur paid Omaha a visit Thursday.

BITS ON BICYCLING.

A Potpourri of Notes About the Sport and Personalities About Wheelmen.

All contributions under this head sent to "Patsy" care of THE COURIER, not later than Thursday noon, will receive prompt attention and space in this department. THE COURIER is the only recognized journal in Lincoln for cyclists and all papers or items pertaining to this great and growing sport will be thankfully received.

The Lincoln Wheel club will run to Ashland Sunday morning.

Twenty-three members in the Wheel club now, and still they come.

Mr. J. S. Birch, lately from England, is a member and a rider of a "Ridge Safety."

Boys, be careful when riding on the streets, as it is extremely dangerous to go too fast.

G. H. Eaton rode from Ulysses to Lincoln, (distance forty miles), in seven and one-half hours.

Myron Wheeler escorted the boys as far as the Methodist university Sunday, but had to come back on account of an engagement.

If a medal is offered for continual riding, either Young, Eaton or Myron Wheeler will get it, as they are on their wheels at all times.

The Lincoln Wheel club was permanently organized last evening at the COURIER office. The club starts out with twenty-five members.

Eaton, Young, Kelly and Richter took the first run of the season Sunday, to Waverly and back. They report the roads in good condition.

Mac Miller, of the State National bank, was seen riding a wheel Wednesday evening. Mac has not been on a machine for a long time but he rides the same as of yore.

If any of the boys want to consider themselves "way up" in bicycle racing they can do so with safety if they can beat 2:32.5 made by a professional at Buffalo, September 10.

The best time for one mile amateur tandem in the World's Bicycle tournament at Buffalo was 3:01. For a tandem bicycle, 2:47. The difference between a bike and the trike being 17 seconds.

If the Boys would get up at six o'clock in the morning they would see several wheels going hurrying up and down the streets. Early morning rides will tend to strengthen your limbs for long distance riding and will give you a ravenous appetite.

A run to O'-senwood, and probably to Ashland, is on the tapis for Sunday morning. Those wishing to go, will meet at the COURIER office at 8 A. M. The writer will wind his alarm clock so as to be at the meeting place on time.

Geo. Bonnell has not the time to devote to the secretaryship of the club that he considers the should and in consequence sends in his resignation. We are very sorry that such is the case; however, we will keep Mr. B. among our active and interested members.

His Sentence.

"Evelyn," said young Mr. Buttercup huskily, "speak one word of hope to me. Do not crush me with your disdain. You say you do not love me now, but if I should come to you at some future time, perhaps—perhaps—oh, Evelyn, you see my sad condition, Ought I not to receive something more than a cold dismissal?"

"Perhaps so, considering your condition," said Evelyn softly.

"Then," exclaimed the young man joyously, "you would change your sentence to—"

"Ninety days," murmured the beautiful girl.—Chicago Tribune.

Rough on Grandma.

Little Philip—Old Mrs. Wiback told me today I was the image of my grandpa. Is that grandpa?

Grandma—Yes, my dear.

Little Philip (promptly)—Chloroform me!—Time.

A Friend in Need.

Mrs. De Timid (at Long Branch hotel table)—I beg pardon, but didn't you say you were presented to the queen during your tour abroad?

Prima Donna—Yes, madam.

"And you spoke of other experiences of a like nature?"

"I was presented to several of the crowned heads of Europe, talked with many of the great generals and noted diplomats and was granted an audience with the pope."

"Weren't you scared?"

"Not at all."

"Then if you are not afraid, I wish you would tell the head waiter that this salt box is empty."—Philadelphia Record.

Precise.

A laborer in a shipyard was one day given a two foot rule to measure a piece of iron plate. Not being accustomed to the use of the rule, he returned it, after wasting a good deal of time.

"Well, Mike," asked his superior officer, "what is the size of the plate?"

"Well," replied Mike, with the smile which accompanies duty performed, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and arm, from here to there, bar a finger."—Youth's Companion.

Peculiar.

In the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Miss Hesse Lane Entertains Her Young Friends Very Pleasantly.

A very agreeable afternoon and evening was spent Tuesday at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Lane, 721 South Eleventh street, by a number of Lincoln's young folks, the occasion being the birthday of Miss Hesse. Music and dancing were the staple amusements, the terpsichorean exercise being indulged in from four until eight o'clock. Elegant refreshments were also served. Miss Hesse was the recipient of many handsome and useful presents, and the day will long be remembered by all who were present. The participants were:

Misses Bessie Hayden, Blanche Fuller, May Burr, Julia and Mabel Beebe, Carrie Vivian, Hattie Root, Lulu and Carrie Poehler, Helen Welch, Sidney Murphy, Jessie Leland, Bessie and Birdie Newton, Julia and Grace Childie, Myrtle Bohanan, Minnie Naden, Cora Cummamond, Daisy Potvin, Edith Jones, Daisy Odell, Blanche Garten, Florence and Margie Winger, Georgia Camp, Grace Oakley, Marie Marshall, Stella Elliott, Julia Weeks and Lucy Griffiths.

The Constant Man.

"Did you notice the man who just went by?"

"Yes. Why?"

"He's as bald as a door knob. Who is he?"

"He's the inventor and proprietor of the celebrated Peruvian hair restorer."—Detroit Free Press.

It Didn't Sound as He Meant It.

Saidie—Just see that man on the other side of the car staring at me, George. Isn't he absurd!

He (emphatically)—Well, I should say so! (Painful silence).—Time.

Too Much Good Living.

A Blackfoot Indian recently covered a distance of ninety miles per day for four days on foot, and his sole diet was dried beef. The trouble with the white man is that he lives too well.—Detroit Free Press.

A Heavy Blow.



She was one of those splendid great creatures who believe in physical training for women, and she was fanning herself on the hotel piazza.

"Won't you come and sit down, Mr. Gorton?"

Mr. Gorton—I'd like to exceedingly, but I can't get a step nearer to save my life.—Judge.

A Young Man's Heroism.

Daughter to materfamilias at Narragansett)—Mamma, this is Mr. Braveboy, who so heroically rescued me from the waves this morning.

Materfamilias (who feels that the family owes Mr. Braveboy a debt of gratitude, but not liking the general appearance as to what the result may be)—Oh—oh—yes, Mr. Braveboy, it was very noble of you, I am sure, and er—I trust you did not find the water unpleasantly cold.—The Epoch.

Learning a Dangerous Thing.

Uncle Rastus (to his young hopeful)—Dolphus, yo' young rascal, yo' take dat slat pencil outen yo' mouf an' stop chewin' it!

"Dolphus—Yes, pa."

Uncle Rastus—Don't yo' know it am dangerous to do linin' ob de stomack to chew slat pencils! New day edication will kill yo', chile, kill yo' shov!—New York Sun.

A Small Literary Order.

St. Louis Bookseller (to customer)—Books, sir? Yes, sir; what can I show you?

Customer—I've got my bookcase pretty nigh filled up. I want somethin' not over six inches high, an' enoug' of 'em to occupy two foot an' a half 'o' shelvin'.—New York Sun.

An Expert at the National Game.

"Are you a ball player yourself, George?" she asked at the Polo grounds.

He smiled a sweet, superior smile.

"I can give those New Yorkers points on the game," he said.

"Then a foul tip came from Johnny Ward's bat and George, the expert, fell over two rows of seats trying to get out of the way."—Time.

A Bad Case.

Mrs. Ransom—So, your little brother is sick, eh?

Herbert—Yep.

Mrs. Ransom—What's the matter?

Herbert—He's got chicken coop.—Judge.

A Quicker Remedy.

A writer says that the best cure for mange in dogs is gunpowder mixed with vinegar. Gunpowder mixed with shot is just as effective and works quicker.—Burlington Free Press.

An Appropriate Name.

Pennsylvania has a tramp who weighs only eighty-five pounds. He is what the bicyclist would call a "light roadster."—Yonkers Statesman.

Probably Is.

A man named Spider is playing ball in a western town. He ought to be a good fly-catcher.—New York Tribune.

She Remembers That It Is Leap Year.

Young Man (in periodical store)—I want a Fireside Companion.

Clerk (arcely)—How would I do!—Tozas Siftings.

Then They Would Be Bean Poles.

There is a large colony of Poles in Connecticut. They ought to move to Massachusetts and raise beans.—Burlington Free Press.

Origina of Fish Stories.

There is usually an area of low veracity about a trout brook.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MINSTREL, DRAMA AND THE OPERA

A Prospectus and Review of Amusements at the Funks.

KEEP IT DARK.

Funks was comfortably filled Monday evening on the occasion of the appearance of Mr. W. T. Bryant's comedy company in "Keep It Dark." There isn't much plot, in fact there are little pretensions to one, in this play; but there are many clever specialties, lots of pretty girls, good singing and splendid dancing. Miss Lizzy Richmond, as Clementina Delaney, the actress, was charming, and her vocalism exceedingly fine. Miss Julia Wilson, as Bessie the housemaid, truly verified the tradition that the best goods come in small bundles. She is the most delightful little actress who has ever held down the boards at Funks', and kept the hearts of the young men continually in their various mouths. Bryant, as the "L. Pad" dispenser, was as eccentric as ever in his acting, but the audience could never get him to repeat his specialties.

LAST NIGHT'S PLAY.

"Skipped by the Light of the Moon" had a full house at Funks' last night and proved all it was advertised to be, a non-sensational, laughable lot of acting put together to amuse the audience. The scene of the play is laid at the fashionable watering place of Saratoga and shows how many tricks and in what sort of way husbands amuse themselves in the absence of their loving wives.

Messrs. Blaisdell and Frankel in the leading roles very acceptably filled the bill and the balance of the company did their parts satisfactorily. The musical numbers were good and the specialty parts amusing.

A STEERING ATTRACTION.

Friday evening will witness at Funks' one of the strongest and best plays presented this season, and one that, though not new, is nevertheless considered by both manager and public to be among the finest attractions on the road. J. Z. Little's "World," which has been presented on several occasions during past seasons, returns once more to Lincoln much improved in mechanical contrivances, scenery and cast. This great play opened the thirty-seventh season at Hooley's theatre in Chicago, and of the engagement the Chicago Herald says:

"The World" with its wealth of magnificent scenery and company of Chicago favorites opened a week's engagement at Hooley's theatre last evening. The house was filled to its utmost with the elite of Chicago, including our ablest and most severe critics, to witness this popular production of J. Z. Little's gifted pen, which has found such favor among our theatre goers. What makes the "World" so popular and long lived is naturally asked. In reply we will say, because there is a purity in the whole conception of the piece which at once aims at the hearts of the audience, and the details, situation and dialogue have that naturalness and pleasing air of originality. It also possesses more scenic features than any play ever written. Its scenery has been admired throughout Europe, Australia and America, and when it comes back to Chicago again after four years' absence it is as realistic and mystifying as before, as is the panorama scene, the revolving scene and sinking ship and all the other popular mechanical devices. The "World" has been produced in Chicago thirty-seven weeks, and the public's verdict of approval is manifested in the largest house of the season on this opening of its thirty-eighth, after an absence of four years. J. Z. Little is as pleasing as ever in the dual role.

MATTIE GOODRICH.

The charming little soubrette, Mattie Goodrich, will appear at Funks' next Saturday evening in the old favorite, "Grizzly Adams."

Now "Grizzly Adams" isn't the finest play in the world by any means. But it's most excellent of its kind. Some people don't like sensationalism. Well, there isn't anything "dizzy" about "Grizzly Adams." It's a good border drama; there's a bowie knife duel, it's true, but the duel is so well executed as to be really enjoyable. Plenty of life, stirring situations, foiled villainy and all that sort of thing, you know. A vivid dream, a miser's treasure, a hero just in time, burning cabin, a man of stone and heart of flint, etc., taken from the synopsis show what kind of play it is. If you want to see villainy knocked out, go and see "Grizzly Adams."

If you don't care particularly about that go and see Mattie Goodrich. She's all right. It's worth going a good way to see her in her costume. She makes so good looking a boy that it's positively painful to know that she reassumes her identity as a girl and her rights and skirts in the last act. Can Miss Goodrich act? Yes. She has a good voice and knows how to act.

DOINGS DRAMATICALLY.

Willard Spencer, the author of "The Little Tycoon," is writing a new opera.

Imre Kiralfy's spectacle of "Nero, or the Fall of Rome," will show a net profit of \$250,000 for its twelve weeks' run at St. George, Staten Island.

Paulme L'Allemand, the soprano, formerly of the National Opera company, sailed from Europe last Saturday to join the Boston Ideas, who open their tour October 12, in Troy.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett will open the new California theatre May 13. Mr. Barrett laid the corner stone of the old house and with John McCullough was its first manager.

Miss Fanny Rice, who has made so much of a success as "Nelly" at the Casino, will sing one of the principal parts in Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera when it is produced at that house in October.

Charles H. Hoyt's new farce comedy "A Brass Monkey" will receive its first New York production October 13, at the Bijou opera house. The cast will include Clifton Reed and Flora Walsh Hoyt.

"Captain Swift," is said to be a bigger success in London even than "Jim, the Penman." It will be given its first American production at the opening of the regular season at the Madison Square theatre, New York.

This season the Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett company will travel entirely by special trains. The distinguished tragedians occupying their own car "The Junius Brutus Booth." It will take three or four special cars to carry the elaborate scenery and accessories to be used in the representations of "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar."

OUR BOOK-TABLE.

The Latest in Current Literature—Among the Magazines.

SOCIETY RAPIDS: By "One in the Swim," Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers.

One of the raciest, spiciest and most charming books of recent date is "Society Rapids." Its author is a young lady, who hides her identity under the above nom de plume, but who has proven herself a most acute observer and a graphic writer. The story opens with the scene laid at Saratoga, afterwards transferred to Washington and again to Bar Harbor. Society in all its phases and follies at the summer and winter fashionable gatherings is depicted, and it is truly an eye-opener to staid westerners. The heroine, Evelyn Maso, tires of being only "a handsome girl," and plunges into with a perverse recklessness, is soon an acknowledged belle, leads the German at a questionable but fashionable party, indulges in a desperate flirtation with a leader of the town troupe with a peevish long as your ardent, but through it all preserves her innate modesty and moral sense of right, stopping just short of the whirlpools. Satiated with the false and hollow treachery of a fashionable life she turns back to her old routine of life, and at last marries the hero, or at least the only man who has the appearance of a hero, a necessary adjunct to every well-regulated novel. It is a story that every young lady should read, and its moral is not hard of discernment.

THE JOLLY PARISIENNES: By Emile Zola, Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

"The Jolly Parisiennes," the latest production of the greatest living French novelist, Emile Zola, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers; is a romance of decided interest, marked power and unusual sprightliness. It deals mainly with a "grande passion" and the eccentricities of Parisian society are depicted in a vein of lively, good-natured satire. Louis Neigeon and Bertha Gaucheraud are ladies such as only the gay French capital can produce. They have all the refinement of luxury and education added to extreme vivacity and jollity closely approaching recklessness, yet they are never other than ladylike and bewitching. Born flirts and skilled in all the arts of coquetry, gifted with beauty, grace and intelligence, they are in the highest degree chic, and, at the same time, as shrewd as they are piquant. George de Vaugelade meets Bertha and Louise—blonde and brunette—and submits to their fascinations in turn. Louise, however, makes the deepest impression on him and the denouement of his "grande passion" is as unexpected as it is salutary and instructive. "The Jolly Parisiennes" is a novel sure to delight all who read it. It is published in a large duodecimo volume, with an illustrated cover, price 75 cents, and will be found for sale by all booksellers and news-agents everywhere.

THE SILVER SHIP: By Lewis Leon. New York: Street & Smith.

This novel is one of Street & Smith's popular Sea and Shore series, and abounds in highly dramatic situations and exciting adventures. The action of the novel is laid in the Caribbean seas, at the time when Callocarras, the Bloodhound, a noted pirate, infested that region. A Mexican count, two kidnapped children, a rascally priest, a hammock-maker's beautiful daughter, and a blood-thirsty pirate captain are the principal dramatic personae; and incidentally a glimpse of life at the palace of the captain general of Cuba is allowed.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for October comes along looking fresh and bright. From an artistic point of view the number is of exceptional merit. The steel engraving, "A Reverie," is one of the loveliest girl faces we have seen in a long while. The full page wood drawing, "A Wind of Fate," is charming, and so is the story by Georgia Green, which illustrates it. "A London Success" is included—it has proved a capital serial; and in the second installment of Miss Bowman's "Esculapian in Acadia" is a gem of word painting. Indeed, any one article in "Peterson," this month, is worth the year's subscription. "Labelle Meduse," by Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train, is as original as it is striking; and "Break of Day," by Frank Lee Benedict, is a very powerful tale. "Talks by a Trained Nurse" is a valuable contribution. There are fashion plates and descriptions without stint, and valuable information on household and medical subjects. In short, it is an admirable number of a most excellent magazine, and we advise all our readers who are not subscribers to examine it; they will be sure to take "Peterson" next year. Send for a sample copy. Terms: Two Dollars. Address: "Peterson's Magazine," 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.—It is probably quite safe to say that of all perplexing questions which arise in the life of the average housekeeper, nothing is more perplexing, or a source of more anxiety of thought, than the servant question, and any help to the solution of this will certainly be welcomed; therefore we commend the pamphlet just issued, "The Servant Question: A View of the Inner Side," by H. S. Drayton, editor of the *Theological Journal*, containing hints on the choosing and governing of servants, and giving very definite information in regard to the understanding of their characters and dispositions from the form of the head and face and other external manifestations. Dr. Drayton writes from a practical point of view, and not only does he give suggestions in regard to the selection of servants, but the points made in regard to the management of this part are especially apparent to all who have experience with household affairs. As if to insure its being read by the entire class for whom it is intended, the price is made 10 cents, which may be sent in stamps, to Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 75 Broadway, New York.

ALDEN'S MANFOLD CYCLOPEDIA OF KNOWLEDGE AND LANGUAGE.

One of the most extraordinary literary enterprises of the age is the work which bears the above title.

The specimen pages which the publisher sends free to any applicant, show the type which is used—a good clear-faced brevier, also the form, "Ideal" for convenience, easy for the eye, handy to hold.

There will be several thousand illustrations—no "mere pictures," but everything of importance that will serve to explain the text.

The Manifold Cyclopaedia is much more than a "Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge"; it embodies also a dictionary of the English language—including every word which has just claim to a place in the language. How often you have consulted Appleton's or Cham-

ber's, or Johnson's cyclopaedia and failed to find the title you were looking for—then consult Webster's Unabridged and were successful; the word belonged to the dictionary rather than the cyclopaedia. Or you have consulted Webster, and found little more than a mere definition of the word—you must go to the cyclopaedia for details of knowledge. Or, more probable than either of these suppositions, you do not own either a first-class cyclopaedia or a first-class dictionary, or only one of the two, because of their prohibitory cost, so you "consult your imagination" and "go hungry" for lack of the few lines of print that would satisfy you! In the Manifold Cyclopaedia you will find a survey of all knowledge which is illustrated by the English language, and the cost is hardly more than commonly charged for a dictionary alone.

850 pages pages free, or a specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted; 50 cents per volume for cloth, 65 cents for half Morocco binding; postage 10 cents extra. John B. Alden, publisher, 303 Pearl street, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM, by Ralph Iron. New York: George Munro.

ONLY A WORD, by George Ebers. New York: George Munro.

FLORENCE FALKLAND, by Burke Brentford. New York: Street & Smith.

THE POSTOFFICE DETECTIVE, by Geo. Goode. New York: Street & Smith.

EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY, by C. T. Stockwell. Chicago: Chas. Kerr & Co.

HEADS AND TAILS; HOW TO STUDY THEM; by Nelson Sizer and H. S. Drayton. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

GODEY'S LADY BOOK for October. Philadelphia: Godey Publishing Co.

AMERICAN ART PRINTING. New York: C. E. Bartholomew, Publisher.

Lincoln's Fat Man Abroad.

Mr. Mickelwait, the heavy-weight conductor of the Missouri Pacific road into Lincoln, has returned from his trip east. The Quincy (Ill.) Herald of recent date contains the following regarding him:

"A Nebraska man named Mickelwait, who is travelling to Washington, weighs 400 lbs. and has to be carried in the baggage car, being unable to enter a passenger coach. He is in robust health, but is fasting to reduce his flesh."

The Kellogg-Potvin Concert.

Arrangements are being completed for a grand concert to be given at the opera house early in October. Mrs. Fanny Kellogg-Bachert, the queen of song, and Miss May Potvin, our own accomplished pianist, will conduct the affair. It will be a concert of a very high order, and especially pleasing to the lovers of classical music. The concert