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do J. D. Macfarland, Q and 14th.  
do John Zebunac, D and 11th.  
do Albert Watkins, D bet 9th and 10th.  
do Wm M Leonard, E bet 9th and 10th.  
do E R Guthrie, 27th and N.  
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MEN WRITTEN ABOUT.  
Bits of Interesting Personal Gossip Gleaned from the Newspapers.  
Lawrence Barrett studies Greek and speaks it with a nimble tongue.  
Richard Kidd, 115 years old, will vote in Texas if he lives till election day.  
One hundred and thirty of Lord Monk's tenants have bought their holdings in Kilkeny on very easy terms.  
The Count de Paris has determined to expend 20,000,000 francs on election expenses at the next general election.  
John Swan, of Strood, drowned himself through derangement, owing to overhappiness at his approaching marriage.  
Joseph Thompson, the plucky African explorer, is only 27 years old, of medium height, but robust and wiry.  
Mr. Bryan, once a department clerk in Washington, organized the postoffice system of Japan. Since his return from that country he has been in receipt of \$100,000 a year.  
Seven year old Tom Elmore is Florida's musical prodigy. He plays the piano exceedingly well and the violin. His favorite method with the latter is to sit on his father's knee and finger the strings while his father draws the bow.  
When Henry R. Smith, of San Francisco, died he left a will in which he directed that his son should be taught Chinese and the cost defrayed out of the estate. The young man is still pegging away at the language, and the widow has appealed to the courts to save the unconsumed remnant of the property.  
Will Carleton, the poet, wrote his first piece of verse when 10 years of age. It was a letter in rhyme to an older sister, and showed considerable skill in versification. "Betty and I" and "Over to the Hill to the Poorhouse," the poems that made him famous, were written when he was 21.  
Eugene Bloch, 14 years of age, recently committed suicide in Paris on account of unreciprocated affection. He fell in love with a plaster cast of Venus in his father's house and would stand gazing at it for hours. The boy neglected his studies, and his father grew angry and broke the statue into pieces. Eugene went to his room, twisted a sheet around his neck and strangled himself.  
John L. Porter, who designed and constructed the Merrimack, the first ironclad ever built, and who thus changed completely the system of naval warfare, is now welding a broadsword in the navy yard at Norfolk. He is an old man, almost 80, but is compelled to toil from early until late. He has had an eventful career, and his life has been a marked contrast to that of John Ericsson, who constructed the Monitor, and whose old age has been free from want.  
Capt. A. B. Davis, U. S. N., is one of the jolliest of Uncle Sam's sea dogs, and but for one thing his good nature would be complete. Hardly a day passes but what he is stared at by strangers, and sometimes followed for blocks by cranks. The reason is his remarkable resemblance to the late Gen. Grant. The likeness is startling. Even to the cut of his beard and the wart alongside of the nose. By a strange coincidence Capt. Davis is now in command of the revenue cutter Grant.  
W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, is a tall man, with gray hair and close cut whiskers. He is a great stage manager. At a rehearsal of one of his operas he devotes his whole energies to having everything go off as he thinks it should. He never smiles, even when a whole chorus is laughing at the quaint conceit of his verses. Though extremely dignified, he does not hesitate to go through the drollest contortions of body or the most free and easy dance step to illustrate the idea to those who are to interpret them.  
Charles Stewart Parnell has long refused to have his portrait painted. He cannot endure the tedium of "sittings." He is now, however, in the hands of Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, the young painter whose portraits of Mr. Gladstone and the pope have lately attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Thaddeus is obliged to keep a close watch on Mr. Parnell, who often grows rebellious under the restraint placed upon him, and threatens to desert the artist altogether.  
Ella Viassroff is the name of the famous Bulgarian brigand whose band has been making things lively in that country of late. He is a man of medium size, with broad shoulders, huge black mustache, and a hand as white and soft as a woman's. He wears a picturesque costume and is never without a cigar or cigarette in his mouth. He is devoutly religious and holds services in the forests and mountain passes. He is said to kill a captive in the politest manner imaginable. Altogether he is a grand villain.  
A year ago the German coachman of Mr. Alvord, of Green Farms, Conn., announced that he had become a German count and had inherited a fortune. He started for Germany amid general unbelief in his story. He has recently been heard from. He did, indeed, receive considerable wealth, some of it being in Central American bonds. He went there, negotiated the bonds, and with the money received engaged successfully in gold and diamond mining. He is now superintending the Faldia gold mines in Costa Rica, and has sent nuggets, rough diamonds and other valuable presents to his former employer.  
The Swedish Domestic's Popularity.  
The Swedish colony in Brooklyn is growing larger every year, and that the city benefits by the acquisition is a self evident fact. The Swedes are frugal and law abiding, and in a short time become good citizens. They live principally on Atlantic avenue, between Court and Smith streets, and in adjacent thoroughfares, and many of them own and successfully run small shops and saloons. With housewives Swedish servants have always been popular, and I am told that the supply falls far short of the demand for them. The Swedish domestic never comes to this country unless she has previously made some arrangement for obtaining work immediately on her arrival, or unless she has friends with whom she can stay. The result is that Swedish "help" is engaged before it reaches America, and consequently servants of this nationality are hard to obtain.—Brooklyn Eagle.  
The Sensitiveness of a Dog.  
I forgot to tell you when talking of the jealousies of dogs a little incident that occurred on Wabash avenue not long ago. A lady returned home after a visit to the seashore. Her two pet dogs were overjoyed to see her. One of them sprang into her lap and the other repeatedly tried to do so. The lady was busy relating her experience to friends, and the persistent efforts of the pet annoyed her that she lightly cuffed him. His feelings were so badly hurt that he abandoned the house and would probably never have returned had he not been picked up by a neighbor a day or two later half starved and shivering—a regular tramp. Even after his return it was several days before he could be reconciled.—Chicago News.  
For Electrical Measurements.  
Means for the accurate comparison of electrical standards and apparatus are to be supplied at Johns Hopkins university, no provision for such instruments having been made elsewhere in the United States.—Arkansas Traveler.

Praying on the Big Bridge.  
"Do you see that old woman there?" said a bridge policeman who is stationed at the New York end of the big aerial thoroughfare to Brooklyn, the other day. "Just watch her and see what she does."  
She was a tidily dressed old woman, with a pale, and face, and she was making her way slowly through the tangle of trucks, carriages and pedestrians in Park row, opposite the bridge entrance. She reached the curb at last and slowly mounted the steps to the bridge entrance. Instead of following the crowd to the cars or footway, she went over to the north wall of the entrance, where she stood a moment as though meditating. Then she suddenly knelt down and with her eyes closed and her head bowed, began moving her lips as if in prayer. She was on her knees but a moment, when she got shakily to her feet and moved toward the promenade entrance, where she paid her cent and started on foot toward Brooklyn.  
"Every day at about this hour that same woman comes here and goes through precisely that same programme. I asked her one day when she started away what was the matter, and she said, 'I was only praying,' and that is all I ever got out of her. Whether she is afraid the bridge will fall when she gets on it, and so prays before setting out on the dangerous journey, or whether she is in the habit of praying at about that time of day and finds the bridge entrance a nice retired spot for religious exercises, I never could make out. All I know is that she comes every day and prays every day, and seems a perfectly rational, respectable old body. The fact is that we here on the bridge do see some queer specimens of humanity among the tens of thousands who go by us every day."—New York Sun.  
Amusing Blunders in Speech.  
A "bull" may be said to be a gross contradiction, or blunder in speech. It was derived from one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer in the time of Henry VIII, who was celebrated, rather than famous, for the blunders which fell from his lips when he pleaded before the judges.  
A witty Irishman, upon being asked for the definition of a bull, said: "If you see two cows lying down alone in the meadow, the one standing up is invariably a bull."  
Miss Edgeworth, in her essay on "Irish Bulls," gives the following: "When I first saw you, I thought it was you, and now I see it is your brother." "I met you this morning and you did not come; did you come or not?" "Oh, if I had seen you in that climate until now I'd have been dead two years."  
During the Irish rebellion, an Irish paper published this item: "A man named McCarthy was run over by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday. He was injured in a similar way two years ago."  
In 1784 the Irish house of commons issued an order to this effect: "Any member unable to write may get another member to frank his letter for him, but only on condition that he certifies with his own handwriting his inability on the back of it."  
A well known English epigram commences as follows:  
"Reader, if thou canst read," This is somewhat akin to the hand board which the ford is dangerous when this board is covered by the water.—Frank N. Stauffer in The Epoch.  
Double Girdles for Gender Girls.  
A new device suitable for the costumes of slender women is the double girdle. The waist of the dress for this purpose is made unusually long and loose, and then a metallic belt of some sort is worn just above the hips, while another encircles the body three or four inches higher up. The effect is to impart an appearance of suppleness and grace. The suggestion of the duplicate girdle was probably found in the ballets of the eastern nautch girls. It is certainly novel and seductive. I saw at Lenox several elegant morning dresses made for these double belts in India cashmere and faille in contrasting colors. Some of the tea gowns similarly encircled were wondrous in richness. The picturesque and fanciful costumes of Oriental countries had all been laid under tribute to furnish ideas for these luxurious garments.—New York Cos. Pioneer Press.  
English Will Not Have It.  
In nothing is the contrast between English and American temperaments better illustrated than in the readiness with which our people show for radical changes in the way of improved travel. A new invention to expedite the handling of freight or baggage is at once caught up here, but in England they will not even change from the old method of checking and rechecking baggage. One large English road sent across a commission to look over our railroad system and report available improvements. The report favored our American plan of checking, but the English people will have none of it. They prefer to see to the delivery of their baggage to the cars and from them. But their special abhorrence is our open cars and Pullman system. To an American this looks like inexcusable old fogyism.—Globe-Democrat.  
Preserving the Poor Elephant.  
It is gratifying to notice that the poor African elephant, which anybody has been at liberty to shoot, if only for the fun of seeing him tumble, figures for preservative purposes in section 21 of the charter of the new British East African company. The company is thereby authorized to regulate the hunting of elephants in its vast domain, and to take any steps necessary to perpetuate this noble pachyderm in his native wilds. These intelligent beasts doubtless regard the white man as the mortal enemy of their kind, for they have had no peace wherever the Caucasian has appeared in Africa. It is high time that something were done to preserve them from thoughtless and indiscriminate slaughter.—New York Sun.  
"Some Other Man."  
The Rev. A. B. Dunaway, speaking of a certain preacher, said: "If he would spend as much time in earnest, wise effort to develop his own field as he spends in belittling his brother preachers who do succeed he would do a great work in the world." Many a man of that kind will read this and think of somebody else whom he fancies brother Dunaway had in mind, but no one will say: "He meant me!"—Richmond Religious Herald.  
Old Portrait of Burns.  
Many years ago, among the household effects of a Scotch farmer who died in Canada, was an old portrait of Burns, which sold for little and found its way to a pawn shop in Toronto. Some one bought it the other day for \$2, had it carefully cleaned, and was rewarded by finding it to be an oil painting by Raaburn, dated 1787. He values it at \$2,000, and will send it to Scotland, where it will be exhibited.—New York Sun.  
There was a grand reunion of the Billings family at Springfield, Mass., recently. Several hundred members were present, all descendants of three Billings brothers who came to this country in 1630. Many family treasures were exhibited consisting of portraits, table linen and bric-a-brac. It was voted to publish a history of the Billings family which Charles Billings had prepared.—Harper's Bazar.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.  
Ostriches sell for \$1,000 per pair in California.  
The revival of the tulip mania is threatened in Holland.  
For the first six months of 1888 the English railways killed 165 people and injured 957.  
Various Japanese towns are building water works, the Tokio works having proved so successful.  
The attempt to introduce chess among the working classes continues to be more and more successful.  
The old Libby prison, in Richmond, has been sold for \$11,000. The idea of the new purchasers seems to be to let it open as a public museum.  
Two artesian wells recently sunk in Sonoma valley, Cal., are considered to be worth not less than \$10,000 each. One of them flows 30,000 gallons of water per day and the other 100,000.  
The king cruiser of all will be the last ordered by the British admiralty, to be named the Blenheim. She will be of 9,000 tons, with twin screws, engines of 20,000 horse power, and a speed of 22 knots.  
A Missouri horse fell over a cliff thirty-five feet high and escaped with only a scratch on his leg. Next day he got a piece of corn-cob in his throat and choked to death.  
A Wyoming paper has made the discovery that there is a fertile valley in Utah county, forty miles in length, that is peopled by a colony of 700 Mormons, who harvest large crops and are in every way prosperous.  
A railway from Visp to Zermatt, Switzerland, hitherto considered impracticable, is about to be commenced. Its length will be twenty-eight miles and its grade 3,100 feet. It will be narrow gauge, without any coys.  
Rattlesnakes have been unusually numerous in Georgia this year, and their increase is attributed by the newspapers of the state to the enforcement of the stock law, which prohibits the hog, the rattler's greatest enemy, from roaming at large.  
A monument to the memory of Dr. Eliza Mitchell has recently been erected on the summit of Mitchell's peak, in North Carolina. The monument is of bronze, and is probably the highest memorial shaft in the world, the mountain having a greater altitude than any east of the Rockies.  
The arrival of the grape season suggests the fashionable grape cure in Meran. Physicians direct the grapes to be eaten slowly that the obedient patient can dispose of only one a minute. As some trained caterers work toward a maximum of nine pounds a day, it would seem that many spent all their time eating grapes.  
At Marseilles, France, a man who fancied his wife would look well in ostrich feathers entered a railroad truck wherein were several birds just arrived from Algeria en route to Paris. The poor fellow selected a fine specimen feather, and was about to pull it out when the ostrich kicked and killed him on the spot.  
A Georgia man is traveling through the state with his family in a curious vehicle. The body, which is something like a street car and which will hold thirty persons, is set on a long wagon, which is drawn by four large oxen. There is a door at the rear and steps for entering it, and within are a cook stove, dining table, sleeping berths, and all necessary arrangements for comfortable journeying.  
Joe Jefferson's Louisiana Home.  
Jefferson's island, the sometime winter home of the genial old actor of "Rip Van Winkle," is a superb hill, crowned with great forest trees, lying on a trembling prairie or semi-marsh, and with a fine lake, called Lake Plymter, for its outer margin. On this island, which contains 2,000 acres of land, was formerly an orchard of fabulously fine oranges. Here Mr. Jefferson plays at raising fine cattle. He has something over two thousand head and a few blooded horses, and it is hoped his interest in this lovely green isle is not dying out. Between the public road and the foot of the hill is a stretch of prairie two miles wide. It is dotted with herds of cattle, and on its shallows of waters are white and purple and golden lilies. Wild pink convolvulid stand along the untended paths and the golden red lumps are adorns. A tender haze like that of Indian summer hung over the hill island.  
As we came nearer the great trees resolved into definite shape, and from out their green depths there arose the fair outlines of the Jefferson home, a beautiful white building, with broad galleries—wings with bows to them and balconies—a latticed tower, all milk white and glistening in the sun like a white dove on its nest. Its airy columns and graceful outlines were surrounded by an almost impenetrable jungle of trees, and its aspect almost like a castle for the Fairy Tinsledown, that might vanish if we approached too closely. Everywhere were signs of neglect and decay—broken bridges, rotting fences, ruined walls. The hot sun slipped under a cloud, a great stillness seemed to press down on the earth—the repose and quietude of desolation and ruin. It seemed truly enough as if we were approaching the home of old Rip Van Winkle and none other.—New Orleans Picayune.  
An Interesting Pictorial Collection.  
The most extensive pictorial collection relating to the war to be found in the country is owned by the Massachusetts commandery of the military order of the Loyal Legion, and is the result of the persistent endeavors of Col. Arnold A. Rand, the recorder. I visited their headquarters this summer and was astonished to find about eighty volumes of war pictures, embracing the photographs of every commissioned officer of every Massachusetts regiment in the service during the war; also, the photographs of every general officer commissioned by President Lincoln, excepting ones. There were also photographs of battlefields, before and after engagements, camp scenes and all the buildings made famous by the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. There are more than 10,000 pictures in the collection, and during one year The Century Magazine paid the commandery \$500 for the privilege of reproducing photographs to illustrate its series of war articles. The best private military library in the country is that of Col. John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, recorder-in-chief of the Loyal Legion. Col. Nicholson has the data which enable him to trace up the register of service of every commissioned officer in the army or navy who served during the civil war.—Capt. J. C. Parker in Globe-Democrat.  
Debt to Unused Ink.  
How seldom do readers consider their debt to the unused ink; the debt of the written to the unwritten; of the said to the unsaid; of the speech to its silence? Many a boy has been commended for his resolution in saying "no" to his boon companion; not so many authors have been commended for their resolution in saying "no" to their companion—the pen. The author or the speaker who knows what to exclude, and when to stop, has found an art that makes his speech golden, because he has learned how to make silence itself speak.—Philadelphia Sunday School Times.

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This delicious summer beverage is made in California, from very ripe mellow Bartlett Pears. In the height of the ripening season many tons of pears become too ripe for shipping or canning purposes, they can then be utilized by pressing them into cider. The fresh juice is boiled down two gallons into one, and is then strained through pulverized charcoal. This heating, condensing and straining completely destroys fermentation and the cider ever afterwards remains sweet and good and is a most healthy and nutritious article for family use.  
Knowing there are many spurious ciders sold in this market we offer the above explanation with the eminent testimonial of Prof. J. H. Long. Very Respectfully,  
THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Sole Proprietors,  
San Jose, California. 39 N. State Street Chicago.  
Chicago, July 7th, 1887.  
THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Gentlemen:  
I have made a chemical examination of the sample of Jarvis' Pear Cider submitted to me a few days ago, and would report these points among others noted.  
The liquid is non-alcoholic and has a specific gravity of 1.055. The total extractive matter amounts to 10.25 per cent, containing only .025 per cent of free acid. The tests show this acid to be malic acid as usually found in fruit juices. I find no other acid or foreign substance added for color or flavor.  
I believe it, therefore, to consist simply of the juice of the Pear as represented.  
Yours truly,  
J. H. LONG, Analytical Chemist,  
Chicago Medical College.  
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