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### SQUELCHED.

#### A Story Teller's Life Spared Only on One Condition.

"I know," the northern member would occasionally say, "that people would be slow to believe some of the things I have been telling about my experiences in the war, but they are all true to the letter."  
"I don't doubt for a moment," said the western man, who wasn't in the war. "And now just let me tell you a little maritime story—fro beyond a doubt and not in the least fishy, though I will confess it is so old that it has burrs on it. A crowd of men were sitting in a saloon one night and a man got up and commenced to relate an experience of his own. It ran like this: 'I was on a ship ten years ago which was wrecked in mid ocean. Many of the passengers did not succeed in getting into the life boats and some of us had to jump into the water. I sank twice and then managed to catch hold of a piece of timber just big enough to support me. Recovering my breath I congratulated myself on having survived, and I suppose would have stayed there until I could be picked up by some passing vessel. Suddenly I felt one end of my timber go down, and turning my head, discovered that another man had grabbed hold of my lumber. In a moment or two we were about to sink. I urged him to be careful, but he would not heed me. We drifted along for some minutes, when I made up my mind that one or the other of us would have to go down, for with such pressure it was only a matter of time when we would both lose our piece of timber. I finally edged my way up to the man and choking him, made him release his grip. He fell off, and I suppose drowned, for I paddled away and saw him no more. It was a cruel thing to do, but self preservation being the first law of nature, I looked out for No. 1. You may not believe this, but gentlemen, it is the truth."  
"Then," the western congressman went on to relate, "a big man, with bushy beard and fierce looking eyebrows, arose from a corner and said: 'Alas for you, it was true. I was the man you pushed that awful day from the piece of timber. Hal hal you thought you had drowned me, but I live to face the man who treated me so. Kind fortune, when I arose from beneath the angry waves, and saved another piece of timber, and, though bruised by you, I had strength enough left to cling like an oyster to my timber, and in a few hours I was rescued by a passing ship. For nearly ten long years I have been hunting you, sir, and you shall die. I will give you five minutes to prepare for death—more than you would give me in mid ocean.'"  
"The crowd seemed disposed to interfere, but the big man with bushy beard drew two pistols, and called out: 'Stand back, everybody! with the death dealing weapons he covered the party who had narrated the ocean experience. The latter pleaded for mercy, and eventually the big man, with the bushy beard, said: 'I will spare your life only on one condition.'  
"Name it," gasped the frightened man.  
"That you will confine to this crowd that no such thing as you have related ever occurred, and that you have simply been telling a whooping lie, thinking that these people would believe you."  
"As quick as a flash the man admitted that he had simply been romancing. He was forgiven, but not until after he had treated the house."  
—Detroit Tribune.



#### A Dangerous Subject.

Editor-in-Chief of subordinate.—As John L. is about to die, you may write a scathing article, reviewing his life and congratulating the country on his expected demise.  
Subordinate.—The morning dispatches announce that Sullivan's chances for recovery are excellent.  
Editor-in-Chief.—In that case you may write an editorial suggesting that Kilrain may yet meet his match.—Omaha World.

#### Of Two Evils.

Doane.—I say, John, it's beginning to rain and three good old Necessity across the street with the row had to get here and work. Take him out on umbrella or he'll have it rained before he gets home.  
Clark.—Why, sir, he'll keep the umbrella.  
Doane.—No matter—bury up—I'd rather lose the umbrella than trust him for another day.—Detroit Free Press.

#### An As in Eden of a Title Deeds.

"We did you tell Kate Dennis on the boat with an 'as' asked Justice Peed of Bridget McGuire, of 335 Madison street, in the Essex Market police court, this morning.  
"You honor, there was nothin' nothin' nothin' as the matter was."  
The McGuire was held for examination.—New York Evening World.

#### One Way.

Rep.—See, mister, father wants to know what the cheapest way of getting round is.  
Willing Dealer.—Well, I reckon the cheapest way that I know of is to come and stand my apples when my building's around.—Exchange.

#### Some of His Business.

"John," said his wife, "go out and stop those boys from bothering that cow. The cow of the poor thing almost drove me crazy."  
"Just shut the window, the said, without looking up from his paper. "Oh my, without a word."  
—New York Evening Sun.

#### Too Much for the Critics.

Waiver the customer.—"If I sent an outfit all right, said Customer (indignantly).—"Well—I think the man takes away somewhat the flavor of the outfit.—From Shifings.

### Girls Written Up.

A public school teacher of Milwaukee has in her note book the following composition on "Girls," written by a boy: "Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behavior. They make fun of boys, and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say: 'Oh, ain't the moon lovely? This is one thing I have not told, and that is they always now their knees bettern boys.'—Chicago Herald.



Philal. Wealthy but Economical Father.—Do you know, my son, what strict economy would do for you?

Robert.—I know what it has done for me, father, and I respect you for it.—Life.

Senator Jones' Great Luck. The senator (Jones of Nevada) has always been ready to take great chances. He believes sincerely in the outside help that comes from no one knows where to shape circumstances around the path of a lucky man so that success is certain. As an illustration of the peculiar luck which he has had at all times during his life when he has once given his mind to hunting for a specific result the senator related a story of his early life when he was a sheriff of a certain county in California. He said:

"We set out one day to go up a great canyon which was near my headquarters. There was no road to it, it was a most fatiguing route for any one to travel over; it was as difficult, owing to the necessary climbing up and down, to travel six miles in this canyon as it would have been twenty-five upon the open highway. I had one of my deputies with me. We were out seeking for certain violators of the law. About midday we had traversed half the distance necessary to go and we stopped for a rest. I pulled out my pocketbook pipe, for I was very fond of smoking pipe then, I loaded up with tobacco, when to my consternation I found that I had no matches and no material for making a light. My companion was not a smoker, and of course he had no matches. I was almost dying for a smoke. I hated to give it up, and in my wondering what I should do, I turned around and I saw a match lying on the ground in the sand near a little stream that came down through the canyon. The sight of that match actually frightened me. I looked all around to see if there was any one in sight. I looked up and saw three men passing over that way, and then I looked up and picked up the match. I said to myself, 'Oh, come it won't light, it's been lying on this wet sand.' But it did light, and I had my smoke. I never knew anything to that purpose of luck, but I've had in many cases such a life such similar instances of good fortune that I can but believe to a certain extent in good and bad luck."—New York World.

#### Just and the Steer.

The people of East Killip, in the adjoining county, think that a pretty funny thing occurred in that neighborhood not long ago. Mr. Joe Thomas, who is the hired man of an East Killip farm, has a reputation for making himself into every distance that can find no other unfortunate person to fool with.  
One morning a few weeks ago Joe went to the barn to yoke a pair of very large yoked steers, and the yoke was large and cumbersome and the bows were big, but he got the wooden loop over one steer's head and pinned him. With the next step he had a woman, sitting about in the treacherous yard in his effort to hold the animal by one horn and carry the heavy yoke and with his feet firm, finally, by an unexpected machine, either the yoked steer crossed the other foot over Joe's head and below his arms, and he fell into the ditch. He doesn't know where, and would have a neighbor accompanying the horse behind the unhappy herd man yoked up with the frantic steer, his wild face protruding through the big old bow, skipping and plunging at terrific speed down the road toward him. Joe signed the neighbor, and at every jump he received in spluttering tones.  
"Send it off,—it had to off."  
The neighbor succeeded in doing it, turning the team by dint of very severe work into a single of a stone wall. Then he luckily happened around to the steer's head, managing to release the animal before Joe was quite killed. It was at this point that the hired man manifested the striking originality of his mind and his ingenuity at the neighbor's lack of guile at the same time. He yelled:  
"Here, you, what are you up to? Never mind the steer, come round here and yoke me!"—New York (Columbia) Special to New York Sun.

#### A Bit of Economic Criticism.

The warring opinions springing from a more or less given of economic given, with a force and power that were not to be expected, of a student of the old, one of the best expression of individual passion and lunging success of economic pulled up to us as to come out the opinion of the student and brilliant resolutions joined by a mere pediment of speech and motion which convey a glow of mind and breath cloth, all up the sides and open in front, one as a moment when a new subdivision in the code of bank suits, what is a mass of yet ornaments from abroad to him, displaying a much higher order of dramatic ability than the usual low season. —New York World.

#### Secret News.

Cultural News.—"Don't like a man! You grab the paper as soon as it arrives, keep it in your pocket, and then change the talk to being information on matters of public interest."  
"Friendship"—"How do you do? I'll tell you the paper business, if you wish. Let me see"—"Another secret letter."  
"Oh, don't read that."  
"The progress of the Campaign."  
"I don't care for politics."  
"Issues of the Hour."  
"Secret news and."  
"Science Solves a Problem."  
"I'll tell you."  
"Oh, don't read that."—Philadelphia Record.

#### Another Way.

Waiver the customer.—"If I sent an outfit all right, said Customer (indignantly).—"Well—I think the man takes away somewhat the flavor of the outfit.—From Shifings.

### THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

#### Didn't Know the Difference Between Himself and the Pillow.

Little Pat was in the habit of falling out of bed during the night, and his father, to break him of the habit, would remind him of it the next morning. One day, as usual, his father said to him:  
"Here, Pat, you fell out of bed again."  
"Oh, no, papa," said Pat. "It was the pillow, for I went up to see, and the pillow was on the floor by the side of the bed."  
"What made you cry, then?" asked his father.  
"Well, you see," said Pat, in his most sober manner, "it was dark, and I couldn't tell whether it was me or the pillow."

#### Helene Calls a Halt.

My little friend Helene, at supper, obtains possession of the mustard pot and, after most generously saturating her bread and butter with the fiery condiment, quickly takes a large bite, but bravely suppresses an outcry as she puts the bread some distance from her plate and remarks: "I don't wait till it gets told."—New York World.

#### A Permanent Fence.

Little Dick had been listening to the recitation in geography of an older brother. "I know what an island is," said he to mamma. "Well, what is it?" asked mamma. "It's a little piece of land all fenced round with water," proudly answered Dick.—Youth's Companion.

#### Just the Same.

Probably the meanest looking specimen of the canine race ever seen in Detroit was following at its master's heels on Grandwood street the other day. A policeman whose curiosity was aroused halted the man and asked:  
"Is that your dog?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Pretty rocky, isn't he?"  
"He is. You can't say enough mean things of him."  
"And you'll sell him cheap?"  
"Yes—for 10 cents."  
"But if he should get into a fight with another dog?"  
"I'd pull off my coat and whoopee and rustle and kick ten men if I could get at them."  
"That's human nature."  
"It is. A dog is a dog, no matter how lovely he is. Just put somebody up to kick Phlegmus once and see how I'll hold for you."—Detroit Free Press.

#### Suppressed for the Good of Mankind.

"I would like to show you an article I have written on 'The Way to Become a Society Young Man,'" said the visitor with the roll of manuscript.  
"Does it give the whole process?" inquired the editor.  
"It does. In my humble judgment it is the most complete treatise on the subject ever written."  
"What is your price for it?"  
"Twenty-five dollars."  
"Including copyright?"  
"Certainly."  
"I'll take it," said the editor, handing him the money, and, with the consciousness of a good deed performed for his fellow men, looking his benevolent face and lighting up his rugged brows, he tossed the manuscript in the fire and watched it slowly burn to ashes.—Chicago Tribune.

#### A Real Joke.

An exchange says there are no jokes, no real jokes, in the columns of the paragraphs nowadays. Here is one:  
"Thus you regard me?"  
"I do."  
"Will you give me a reason?"  
"Yes. Paris says you are rich."  
"I am not rich. I am poor. If you married me we would have to struggle hard to live."  
"Are you telling me the truth?"  
"I am. Can you doubt me?"  
"Come to my arms, Henry. I thought you were rich and I have a corn stew to marry a rich man."—Boston Courier.

#### Caught On After the Left.

"I'm indebted you called, Mr. Merritt," said Miss Spudde. "This is my birthday, you know."  
"Allow me to congratulate you," he returned, and then added, with an inward chuckle, "the anniversary, I believe."  
"Oh, you try to flatter me," she said, with a smirk. "All you can say is 'happy birthday.' I may not look it, but I'm just 21."  
"Why," he asked, "what year were you born in?"  
"Can't you count?"  
"Yes, but I was afraid you couldn't."—New York Evening Sun.

#### A Difficult Literary Problem.

Young John and his friend.—I say, Fred, did you read my last article in The Henry Club Monthly?  
"Found it immensely good.—Yes, indeed, all boys I read it through twice."  
Young Arthur.—Oh, then you must have found it very interesting.  
"Found—Well—er—no, not so much that; but Fred Smith bet me \$10 that I couldn't read it through twice, and I bet him \$10 that I could."—Life.

#### What We May Expect.

Out in California they were full lips with such to keep them from being unbuttoned. The next thing we know they will be putting yokes on the oranges to keep off breakers.—Burlington Free Press.

#### Good Snuffing.

First Best Man.—"Got a good cook now?"  
Second Best Man.—"No, but I've secured the services of one of the most talented literary editors in the city to edit the bill of fare."—Philadelphia Record.

#### A Remarkable Demand.

"She—She's—Harding, it can never be. But I will always be a sister."  
"Be strong—Oh, that's the deal, it's not what you think, if you've got your mind fixed I wish you would see up the cause of my business that I have sacrificed in finding out our relationship."—Life.

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