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THE HON. HENRY W. GRADY.

A Pen Picture of the Noted Georgia Editor and Orator. [Special Correspondence.]

ATLANTA, May 16.—The recent visit of Hon. Henry W. Grady to the New York centennial proved that the star of his northern popularity had not lost any of its luster. The newspapers, without exception, also agree that his speech before the Southern society sustains his reputation for brilliant oratory, rivaled, as yet, by no other southerner.

The term brilliant as applied to Grady is expressive—it fits the man exactly. In everything he undertakes there is a snap, a glowing audacity which other public men may possess, but which is too frequently unaccompanied by successful achievement.

Mr. Grady's office is on the third floor of The Constitution building. He is very accessible and wholly without the usual trappings of a great man. One is invariably struck with the bareness, almost carelessness, of the apartment. It adjoins that of Mr. Harris ("Uncle Remus"), who, it need scarcely be remarked, is little more of an aesthete than his chief. In the center is a long deal table, generally used to recline upon, as there are no chairs to be seen. Posted upon the somewhat severe looking walls are a couple of colored chromos, remarkable, if nothing else, for their extreme inappropriateness. One of them represents, in all the colors of the lithographer's command, a British naval veteran gazing soulfully at his beloved Union Jack, seated over a patriotic scroll and legend. The other is a Parisian architectural design. There are no books or even papers visible.

Before one of the windows stands a person of medium height and somewhat robust build. He has straight, shiny black hair, piercing black eyes of the same shade and a swarthy skin. The visitor has plenty of time to study his surroundings, as the gentleman at the window takes no notice of his entrance whatever. After a lapse of some ten or fifteen minutes he slowly turns around and commences to pace up and down the floor with his hands thrust into his pockets. Suddenly he stops and turns on the stranger a cold inquiring stare, and the query, "What can I do for you?" at the same time pointing him to a seat on the table. He pulls out a spittoon for your benefit, and in a few moments you are chatting amiably with the editor of The Atlanta Constitution, a man who wields more power and influence, both as an editor and as a citizen, than any ten other men in Georgia combined.

Grady's literary method is unique; in fact, I think it would be beyond most men. He goes to the window, stares at a brick house or a cotton compress for an hour or two, puts his main ideas in shape, adjusts each sentence, and even syllable, in its proper order, mentally, and then rattles the whole thing off to his stenographer, rarely committing a single error. While under the influence of an idea which he is putting through the literary process he is utterly oblivious to his surroundings. Sometimes the fit strikes him under peculiar circumstances, but the people of Atlanta are rather proud of this weakness than otherwise, and delight in respecting it.

Mr. Grady's secretary, Mr. Halliday, accompanies him everywhere. That now famous editorial which completely changed the attitude of The Constitution upon the tariff question was dictated upon the steps of a Whitehall street car which he had unconsciously signaled. It is jokingly related that the car was full at the time and that one of the passengers who dared to murmur at the stoppage was threatened with bodily injury if he opened his mouth. It is told of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, proposes of his recent visit to Atlanta, that a crowd had gathered on one of the principal thoroughfares, and traffic was temporarily blocked. The sad eyed senator asked his colored driver what the matter was.

"I 'spects it's Mistah Grady, sah! He got one o' his thinkin' spells ag'in!" he said as he turned the horses' heads into an adjoining street. This is only a sample of the stories told at Grady's expense. The success of the Piedmont exposition, the Georgia Chautauqua and numerous other enterprises is popularly credited to his personal efforts. His latest achievement well illustrates both Grady's character and influence.

For some months past a movement has been directed at New York to obtain subscriptions by public benefit and otherwise for the erection of an asylum for the Confederate veterans residing in the state of Texas. Many noted men lent their names, including that old Union war horse, Gen. Sherman; but the fund lagged slowly, even pitifully, along; Maj. Stewart, the agent of the enterprise, sent appeal after appeal, but still only a few hundred dollars lay in the treasury. Grady watched it from afar and chafed under what he thought was a deep humiliation.

Finally he could stand it no longer, and late one night dashed off an editorial, "the finest he ever wrote," said Mr. Wallace P. Reed, the southern story writer, as he told me the incident. Its force and pathos were wonderful. "Come home, Maj. Joe Stewart," he said; "come home, and let our scarred old veterans relapse into the honorable obscurity from which they should never have been dragged!" It was then proposed that Georgians build a home for their handful of gray warriors, fast thinning out, to live but a few years more except in the hearts of the people. The ink was scarcely dry when the money began to pile up in the office of the newspaper. In a fortnight, among the very humblest classes, nearly \$50,000 had been raised. The home will be located near Atlanta, and the work is already in progress. B. H. WILSON.

An agricultural paper says: "If cattle have their hair rubbed off, showing little patches of the skin, rub on a little sulphur and lard." "Tain't no good. We tried it on an old hair trunk up in the attic and it never helped it a bit."—Bob Burdette

HE RODE FREE.

The Man Who Bet He Could Beat the Conductor Is Now President of a Road.

Six or eight of us were sitting around the stove in the old Mansion house in Buffalo one night a decade or more ago, and the talk finally turned upon railroads and how conductors had been beaten by deadheads. One man told a story, to be followed by another, and a New Yorker finally observed:

"Yes, but this was in the past, before there was any real system or much sharpness. No one can beat a conductor in these days." "That's very true," added a second. "You have got to either come down or get off."

There was a quarter of an hour of such talk, and then a man who had moved into the circle and remained silent finally said:

"Well, I dunno. I am sharp enough to ride from here to Batavia without paying fare."

"Got a pass, maybe?" "No, I haven't."

"Do you mean to say that you can ride without ticket or money?" "I have done it."

"Is the conductor a relative of yours?" "No, sir."

"You didn't put up any personal property?" "Not a thing."

"Well, if it can be done I'd like to see it. There are three of us going down, and I'll put up \$25 that you can't ride for nothing."

"You won't put the conductor on to me?" "No."

"Well, I'm going that way myself, and I believe I'll cover that bet. The understanding is that I show neither pass, ticket nor cash, nor secure the conductor."

"That's the size of it. Put your money in the hands of this gentleman, Judge Davis, who lives at Batavia."

The money was put up, and next morning we all went down to the train together. The man who was to beat the road told us to go into the smoker and he would presently join us.

We got seats and the train pulled out, and we were wondering if our man hadn't been hauled off before the start, when the door opened and he entered with the salutation:

"Tickets, if you please!" "Say, if you keep on you'll be general manager some day!" sneered the loser when he saw that he had been roped.

He did better than that. A year ago he was made president of a bustling western road, and is now drawing a princely salary. —New York Sun.

A Pettifogging Dog.

Congressman Allen, representative from Mississippi, tells the following:

While practicing law in his native state the case of a man whose dog had been shot by a neighbor, and who wished to obtain damages for him, was brought before the court.

Among the witnesses summoned to testify to the qualities of the dead animal was a slow talking old dandy, familiarly known as "Uncle Sam."

"Did you know anything about this dog, Sam?" asked the counsel for the plaintiff.

"I reckon I did," replied Uncle Sam. "I've known him ever since he was a pup."

"Well, what sort of a dog was he?" asked the lawyer.

"He was a big yaller dog," replied Sam. "Oh, he was the lawyer some what impatiently. 'I don't mean how did he look. I mean what sort of a dog was he—could he hunt? was he a guard?'"

"He couldn't do nuthin' as I knowed on," replied Sam slowly. "Oop eat, an' sleep, an' lay roun' an' holler, an' make a fuss. Dat's what made 'em call 'im what dey did."

"And what did they call him," asked the lawyer.

"Why, sah," replied Sam, "folks called 'im Lawyer.'" —Drake's Magazine.

Part of the Trade.

Town Printer—Mr. Plane, the carpenter, is the greatest man you ever saw for making promises and not living up to them. Two months ago he promised to do a little piece of work for me, and hasn't got around to it yet. That is how he treats all his patrons. (To office boy)—Well, what is it, Johnny?

Office boy—Mr. Plane, the carpenter, says those bill heads you printed for him don't suit.

Printer—What's the matter with them? Boy—He says you've left out the words, "Jobbing promptly attended to," and if you don't put that in he won't take them.—Yankee Blade.

On One Condition.

"Miss Mainchance," said Mr. Poorfellow, sadly, "I've nothing but my good name to offer you, but I love you passionately and well. Will you be my wife?" Miss Mainchance (sweetly)—Come around again in another month, Mr. Poorfellow. If Mr. Tenmillion doesn't propose by that time I will be your true, loving wife.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Would Take Less Temper.

Fangle—Waiter, I called for spring chicken. Waiter—Yes, sah; dat am spring chicken. Fangle—Then you may take it back, and bring one in which the spring is not quite so finely tempered.

The Cheaper Plan.

Smith—Are you going to hire a cottage at the beach this year, Jones? Jones—No; I cannot afford to hire one, I'm going to buy one.—Boston Courier.

An Ambition Easily Gratified.

Thinksy—What a rare endowment is originality! I wish I could do something out of the ordinary. Friend—You might pay your board bill.—Time.

For Once in His Life.

"I have just made a bit," remarked the actor who had just stepped on an orange peel. Merchant Traveler.

Original.

Street Loafer—Hello, boy! what's new in the paper to-day? Smart Newboy—The date.—Yankee Blade.

CYRUS BAKER'S COURTSHIP.

So ye ast her, did ye, Cyrus? An' she answered with a "No!"

An' ye think the world a sandy desert wilderness of woe? An' the wind is full uv groanin' an' the air is full ov pizen, And there ain't no blessed star uv hope peeps over yer horizon?

An' the party smellin' roasts look like toasts on a hearth, An' the joys uv this probation you are findin' very scarce, An' the birds sing funeral dirges to the ears uv Cyrus Baker, An' the universe is lyin' ready for the undertaker?

Cyrus Baker, yer a flat, sir, an' you couldn't well be flatter: The way to git the gal yer love is jest by keepin' at her. All the party dears are cur'us—this is jest the way I view it— That the gals would like ter love yer, but ye've got to make 'em do it.

Don't hang round a lookin' lonesome as an icicle in June, An' go a-janglin' thro' the wort, a fiddle out uv tune; An' call an' see her now an' then, but don't get sentimental; But drop in once or twice a month, as if 'twas accidental.

But don't get regular courtin' an' don't hang roun' an' haunt her, An' don't say any words uv lov, however much yer want ter, An' ten to one she'll sweeten up, for Nancy can't stay sourd.

An' nex' time she'll say "Yes" so quick that you'll be overpowered.

An' then the universe'll be brim full of song an' praise, The sky will be a flower patch stuck full of star bouquets, The wind'll be a fiddler playin' tunes upon the grass, An' he'll play his jolliest music w'en you an' Nancy pass.

—F. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

The Captious Public.

A shoemaker on Grand River avenue painted his door the other day and hung out a sign of "Paint." Pretty soon a man came along and opened the door and asked:

"What sort of paint, and how do you sell it?"

"It's paint on the door," was the reply. "Oh, that's it. Better change your sign, then."

The shoemaker took in the sign and hung up one reading: "Paint on the door." He had scarcely done so when a second man accosted him with:

"Is that all? Why didn't you paint the ceilings, too? Looks mighty stinky, and I'd change that sign."

The shoemaker reflected for awhile and then made a new sign reading: "Look out for paint." It wasn't a quarter of an hour before a farmer came in with an old boot to mend, and as he rubbed his shoulder against the door he indignantly exclaimed:

"How did I know where to look out for this infernal nuisance?"

The man went out and removed the sign and tore it up, and as he returned to the bench he said:

"That's what a fellow gets for trying to satisfy the public. Now let the door take care of itself."—Detroit Free Press.

It Was Dear.

Fol—By the way, wasn't that a pretty bonnet your wife had on last Sunday? My wife noticed it, and called it a dear little thing.

De Rel—Your wife was right, and you'd agree with her if you saw the bill I've got to pay for it.—Yankee Blade.

Another Great Head.

Indulgent Mamma—Really, I don't know what you'll do, Bridget, to keep the children out of the sugar bowl. We can't punish them. Bridget—I think I can prevent it, mum. I. M.—What do you propose to do? B.—I'll keep the sugar bowl full of salt.—Omaha World.

Complying with the Rules.



Old Mr. Pheets—It's a pesky onhandy way of gittin' on th' cars, but I s'pose them rules has got ter be follered.—Judge.

Love Me, Love My Dog.

Young Wife—I'm afraid, mother, that John doesn't love me as much as he used to. Mother—Why, child, what could have put such an idea into your head? Young Wife—Oh, mother, you ought to see how dreadfully he beats poor little Fido.—Yankee Blade.

A Dramatic Catastrophe.

Supé (to stage manager)—Say, gov'nor, have you got a life preserver? Manager—No; what's the matter? Supé—The Roman general fell overboard into the tank with his helmet on and he is floatin' around head down.—Time.

Suspended Evolution.

Ho—Aw, weally, Miss Blossom, do you believe man sprang from the ape? She (very tired of his attentions)—Yes, I presume some men have, but there are others who have never yet made the spring, or at least never sprang very far.—Omaha World.

Shocking.

Aunt Susan (to Boston girl who has just returned from New York)—And how did you enjoy yourself, Carrie? Carrie—I had an enjoyable visit, aunt, but it was positively shocking to see so many people without glasses.—Boston Transcript.

It Would Break the Engagement.

Miss Crimp—People say I look like my sister. What do you think about it, Mr. Softy? Mr. Softy (for sister's beau)—I think you look very much like your sister, but please don't tell her I said so.—Yankee Blade.

Amnity.

Miss Maud Hogg, of Northampton county, Pa., was married a few days ago to a Mr. Mudd, of Maryland.—Exchange.

That's the Trouble.

Harry—I always pay as I go. Larry (feelingly)—Yes, but you don't go!—Time.

All Settled.

Every claim has been taken up in Oklahoma. That settles it.—Chicago Globe.

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