(Special Correspondence: NEW YORK, Oct. 17.-There appeared lately in a Russian weekly, just after a terrible accident on the St. Petersburg-Moscow railroad, a picture representing an American tourist traveling along it with a Russian, to whom he boasts that "we have trains in the states that'll carry you seventy-five miles an hour." you gat anysing?" answers the Russian with calm disdain; "we haf trains on dis very railroad what sall carry you into ze

next world in von moment!" This Amelie Rives combination of the quick and the dead is the only sense in which the term "quick" can be applied to the trains that crawl over the vast dusty plain forming the border line between Russia, Persia and Asiatic Turkey. The "express" (which runs once a week!) takes twenty-four hours to cover the 400 miles between Tiflis-the capital of the Caucasus-and Baku on the Caspian sea, while all the other trains take

Nor does the surrounding landscape do much to atone for this delay. The railway to Tiflis from the Black sea port of Batoum, indeed-passing as it does right through the shaggy gorges and frowning precipices of the Southern Caucasus—has a savage picturesqueness which no words can convey; but as for the scenery between Tiflis and Baku on the Caspian sea, the best way to imagine it is to multiply a billiard board by five millions and subtract the cushions,

Moreover, the frequent balts for "refreshments" are merely a hollow mockery, the said refreshment consisting chiefly of "black bread," much blacker than it is painted, tea, so weak that it can hardly get out of the teapot without help, and so called "cabbage soup," that is really warm water, into which a stale cabbage leaf seems to have fallen by some accident. In fact, the only palatable item in the local bill of fare is the magnificent grapes, which are sold here at half a cent per pound.

But even this dreary flat is precious to Russia. Firstly, as the great storehouse of mineral oil, which, though its present sources are said to be showing signs of exhaustion, is believed to contain many more springs which are quite untouched, and secondly, as the natural starting point of the fresh advance which she is undoubtedly meditating against the al-ready half devoured dominions of the sultan and the shah. Across this boundless level Russia's largest army might march unimpeded, with all its stores and

Not many years have passed since it belonged to Persia instead of Russia, and to this day the Caspian ports of Baku and Lenkoran, as well as the outlying villages of both districts, are just as quaintly Persian as ever in architecture, speech and population. But the capture of Erivan and the treaty of Turkmentchai pushed forward Russia's clustic frontier at the expense of the shah, while by the war of 1877-8 she sliced off another huge piece of territory (including Batoum and the great fortress of Kars) from poor old moribund Turkey.

When the time comes for Russia to strike another blow at her two neighbors, she will be at no loss for a pretext. enough of outrage perpetrated by Turkish masters upon Armenian vassals to give Russia an ever ready excuse for protecting her fellow Christians" by arguments pointed with bayonets, and remonstrances uttered through the mouths of rifled cannon. Against Persia she has an even more plausible ground of complaint in the prevalent brigandage along the Russo-Persian bor-

Among our companions on the Baku train was a young Russian lady who told us quite coolly that less than a year ago, while staying at a country house in the southern Caucasus, she had been awakened at midnight by finding the bloody hand of a gigantic brigand twisted in her hair, while the sword that had just cut down the trusty servant, who lay writhing at her feet, was brandished with horrible threats before her very eyes. Only a few days before we ourselves passed, a train was stopped and sobbed by banditti not far from Baku

That the shah of Persia himself would gladly hang all Persian brigands to-mor-row if he could, makes no difference whatever, for when a strong state is determined to attack a weaker one causes a quarrel are never wanting, and a mention of "outrages upon Russian subjects by Persian robbers" would look very well in an official declaration of war. War once declared, Russia would be likely to make short work of it. Of the 167,000 Russian soldiers permanently stationed in the Caucasus, nearly two-thirds would be available for field service after all necessary deductions had been made for garrison duty-a force sufficient to sweep from the earth any army that the shah could put into the field against it.

Nor are Persia's natural defenses worth more than her artificial ones. The last "rectification" of the Russo-Persian frontier indeed gave to Russia only a few miles of barren hill country; but those few miles included two of the most those few miles included two of the most important passes in the great mountain wall of Khorassan, through which a "flying column" of Cossacks could make a dash into Persia whenever they pleased. Then, foo, the unfortified Persian port of Enzelli, open to any attack of the Caspian flotilla, is only 122 miles from Teheran itself, and the march offers no difficulties to men who have passed the Caucasus and the Balkan. Moreover, Russia has now what she had not a few years ago, viz., a complete line of railrevoked the concessia's proposed ra

sia's proposed ra y to his capital from the Caspian a aboard, or that his rumored "friendly relations" with his big neighbor shoul 'remind one of Molere's clown, who, hen assailed by a bear, attempted to meiliate the monster by patting and complimenting it.

DAVID KER.

He Hedged. "Isn't it glorious weather?" he said to the man on his left on the street car platform.
"I will look into the matter and see," was

the quiet reply "Say, your liver is out of order," continued the other "Take some bloomer," continued "Take some blue mass at once." "That was a rather queer conversation," observed a passenger who had overheard it, after the liver ailing man had got off.
"Oh, I had to hedge," replied the other.

"After I had spoken of the weather I recognized him as a lawyer. He was going to write an opinion and send me a bill. I'm a doctor and so I gave him medical advice as an offset."-Detroit Free Press

Well Up in His Business.

He Will Look Further. There were four or five men in a Grand River avenue butcher shop recently when a man came in, looked them carefully over and

"Which of you is named Polonius!"
"None of us," answered one.
"Sure!"

"Just my luck. I wanted to lick a man named Polonius. I expected to find him in here. I've been to a good deal of trouble in chasing around after him, and it seems too bad to get left again."

"Yes, it does," replied the biggest one of the lot, in a reflective way. "Potonius hasn't any friends here, has bef" "He might have."

"Bully! In that case one of them might want to take his place, you know."
"Yes, perhaps I might."

"If you only would! Say, I can hammer you to squash in two minutes: "Out here in the alley!"

"Yes." "Nowf"

"Right off." "Well, let's see if you can!"

All went out, the two flung off their coats and it wasn't more than a minute before the man who was looking for Polonius grabbed his coat and ran down the alley, just escaping a kick which stove in the head of a barrel

of pork.
"Come back and be a man!" shouted the victor, as he waved his fists in the air. "Not this afternoon!" shouted the other in

reply. "I'm a-looking for Polonius, I am. Polonius is a thin, short man, weighing about 100 pounds, and he spits blood every morning before breakfast. I can lick him to squash

The Song of the Talker. Sweeter than Eolian breathings on the tense and trembling wire, Made by flower burdened zephyrs from the per-

fume reeking south; Sweeter than the heavenly harpings of the rapt angelic choir, is the music, endless music, of my ever

ing mouth'
How I love its giddy gurgle:
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up!
How I love to hear it go:

Sweeter than the bulbul singing hid in Orie How it satisfies the hunger of my wide, cious ears; listen to its music and no longer disbelle

The Pythagorean fancy of the musi-How I love its giddy gurgle:

How I love its fluent flow! How I love to wind my mouth up! How I love to hear it go! Sweeter far than shawms and cymbals, harp and

psaltely to me; Sweeter than the flow of water thro' sun smit weeter than the sunrise

How I love its giddy gurgle!
How I love its fluent flow!
How I love to wind my mouth up!
How I love to hear it go!

—8. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Pushing the Comparison Too Far. It was late, but the young man still sat un-easily on the edge of his chair trying to sum-mon courage to say the words the young woman was waiting to hear.

With a mighty convulsion he swallowed ething like an ostrich egg that had risen

something like an ostrich egg that had risen unexpectedly in his throat.

"Felisty," he faltered, "I never could say what I wanted to say, as other people can. I always was an unlucky dog, anyhow."

"You're not good for hunting purposes, Cephas," murmured Felisty. "You are too long in coming to a point."

"Well, I won't be a setter any longer, Miss McGinnis. Not in this house!" thundered the young man, as he grabbed his hat and left her presence forever. Miss Felisty McGinnis her presence forever. Miss Felisty McGinnis had carried his figure of speech a little too

far.-Chicago Tribune. He "Whiched."

As a lady entered a Gratiot avenue car in front of the opera house yesterday, a man who sat on the right hand side had his feet stretched across the aisle. She stopped, looked down upon him for a few seconds, and then

sharply queried:
"Which side of the car are you trying to sit on anyhow?"

He drew in his shanks and "whiched" to the side the balance of his body occupied.-

Wanted by His Mother. Tommy—Come out 'n play, Johnny. Johnny—Can't.

Detroit Free Press.

Tommy—Whatyer gotter stay home for!

Jonnny—The stove lid is broke, and ma
wants me to sit on the stove and keep the
smoke in.—Judge.

Effect of Ten Drinking.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the New York board of health, says: "Br the consumption of a certain quality of tea the body may be made to economize food, for tea prevents the vital organs from wasting food. In the aged it serves another purpose. An old, worn out stomach no longer digests enough food to make up for bodily waste. Tea, by prevent-ing this waste, arrests the falling powers of life. We do not wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite with the poor, who are unable to purchase sufficient food, and with the aged, whose digestion and vigor have be-gun to fail. Every half ounce of tea con-

tains three or four grains of theine.
"If an ounce of tea be taken within six or eight hours we will almost surely see the in-toxicating effects. Tea, when taken in such quantity, is sure to be rapidly followed by most injurious effects. The digestion will be ruined and the nervous system shattered. When ten was first taken to England it was used as we use greens. Of late years I have heard of its being eaten dry. I have also heard of a peculiar 'fad' among young ladies of steeping the leaves until they unroll and then drying and smoking them in cigarettes or pipes. These habits are very pernicious and dangerous, for thus the system will re-ceive more of the active principles than by infusing the tea and drinking it in the ordinary manner. Tea taken in moderate quantities-that is, a cup at each meal-can certainly have no injurious effect. But the extent to which many old women, and young ones, too, indulge in tea drinking is one of the social evils of the times."—Herald of Health.

Wiley Matthews Found.

Reliable news has again reached Ozark that Wiley Matthews, the condemned Bald Knobber who escaped the gallows by breaking jail here on the night of Dec. 28 last, is now living in Madison county, Ark. This is in the vicinity where Thomas Yeary, an excitizen of Christian county, Mo., and a playmate of the Matthews boys when they lived on Bull creek, near the scene of the Edens-Green murder, saw the fugitive last June. It is now reported that the Knobber does not deny his identity, claiming that he was tried for the murder and acquitted.

There is now no reward for Matthews' capture. The morning after the jail delivery Sheriff Johnson offered a reward of \$50 for the capture of each of the escaped prisoners, John and Wiley Matthews, and the five train robbers, who, by the aid of false keys, un-locked the cell doors and then dug a hole through the brick wall of the building. After the capture of John Matthews this reward was withdrawn.

Should Wiley be caught now he would cerainly share the fate of John and the two Walkers, and this makes the majority of the people of Christian county rather inclined to the hope that he may not fall into the hands of the authorities, as the law has already been so thoroughly vindicated and the Bald Knobber organization completely broken up. There is also a strong belief that Matthews

understands what a return to the Ozark jail would mean for him, and that he will not be taken without great risk to his captors.-Ozark (Mo.) Special,

A Negro Who Has Handled Billions. Few if any persons in this country have bandled more money and checks, bonds and other representatives of money than "Uncle" Henry Logan, the messenger of the register of the treasury. He is a colored man, past 70, as punctual as the hands of a clock and as trustworthy as a burglar proof safe. His principal function is to carry checks, warrants, bonds, etc., to and from the register's office, where they have to be signed. He has been doing this for twenty-five years, with carcely a day's absence during all that time. He has handled a targe part of the bonds and currency issued by the government, and the warrants that have been drawn upon the treasury. The aggregate in dollars, if it guests at a hotel here for several days. red out, would go up high into the billions. Express companies are paid a fixed sum per mile for every thousand do''are they transport for the government, and if "Uncle Henry" had been paid at the same rate he would now be rolling in wealth. He receives a salary of \$720 a year, and on this modest income he has been able to buy a home and raise a large family.

Uncle Henry held his place all through Mr. Cleveland's administration, and bids fair to remain until the infirmities of age compel his retirement. His black face and white hair are in striking contrast. His pleasant grandfatherly ways make him a general favorite in the department. He says he hasn't any politics.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Mackay's Wonderful Parrot.

London is marvelously empty, but enter tainments are still given at Mrs. Mackay's tainments are still given at Mrs. Mackay's. It is true that the hostess herself is not yet at home, but a grand green parrot has sat at the open window since last Sunday, looking out to Buckingham gate, and attracting hundreds by its humorous conduct. I have seen and heard many parrots, but never one like this. I was returning from hearing Burns and Tillett in the park on Sunday when I first saw it. The pavement in front of the window was thronged, and everybody was roaring with laughter, for the bird itself was laughing so heartily that its example was contagious. At last it said, with intense emphasis: "Well, I declare," and then burst into convulsions of laughter again in a manner really too luof laughter again in a manner really too ludicrous. It exchanged remarks with the spectators, it hailed passing hansoms, and on being asked what o'clock it was, it replied: "Half past 4," which was, in fact, correct Incredible as it may seem, the bird, on Mon-day afternoon, was asked the same question, and replied, accurately: "A quarter to 5." So great has been the attraction of this gay green bird that the police have had to keep moving the people on to prevent obstruction of the traffic. "Go on!" cries the bird.—St. Stephen's Gazette

A Type of Young America.

A lady entered a Sixth avenue elevated at Chambers street yesterday afternoon accompanied by a 5-year-old boy dressed in a jaunty sailor suit. The car was crowded, but the lady was handsome and well dressed and secured a seat at once. The sailor boy climbed upon the seat behind the lady, evidently his mother, and gazed abstractedly out of the window for a few moments. Then suddenly, without a moment's warning, he began singing in a voice that could be heard all over the car, the familiar Razzle Dazzle song. A broad and ever increasing grin spread over the car, and a few seconds later half a dozen boys and young men were keep

ing the sailor boy company.

The chorus grew and grew in volume until three-fourths of the occupants of the car were joining in. Suddenly the sailor boy got tired of "Razzle Dazzle" and began "Where Did You Get that Hat!" The chorus went him, You get that Hat? The chorus went him, too; and then the sailor boy, elated with his success, awang out into "Johnny Get Your Gun." The fun was suddenly ended, however, by the lady and the sailor boy leaving the car at Fourteenth street.—New York

Willis—So your cook has left you, cht Did she go off with the hired man!
Wallace—No; she wen' off with the kere taking care not to rub the polished wood around them.

ODDS AND ENDS.

South Carolina has this season sent 3,000, 000 watermelons to the northern markets. The phases of the moon are caused by the different direction of the sun's rays with re-

spect to the moon's surface. Prince Louis de Rohen, one of the foremost of Austran sportsmen, shot his 12,000th buck on Sept. 12 at Chaustrick.

Just at present it seems that the book which a young lady would not care to read to her mother has the largest sale.

John Connor, of Sault Ste. Marie, has a cat which has seven legs and eight paws, with one head, three distinct jaws, and to complete the combination it has two tails, The United Kingdom paid last year more than £3,250,000 for margarine. The United

States consumed 45,000,000 pounds. In the

previous year the consumption was only 44,-000,000 pounds. Three generations of one family are now serving in the royal engineers. They are Gen. Sir Alexander Cunningham, Col. Cunningham and Second Lieut. Cunningham, Gen. Cunningham was gazetted in 1831.

Herbert Spencer has completed the manuscript of his autobiography, but it will not be published till after his death. In this arrangement he has shown more wisdom than Frith, the artist, whose "Reminiscences" have brought him some irritating criticisms.

It is said that Tennyson takes a walk of three miles every day. Budding poets will kindly make a note of this, and when they take their three miles' walk, it is suggested that they take it in an opposite direction from the newspaper office.

Liverpool is probably the most densely pop-niated city in the world—it is beyond doubt the most densely populated in the United Kingdom. In the year 1887 its population was 593,000, or 113.8 per square acre; while Manchester stood next with 87.9, then Glasgow with 85.8, and London with 56.

Titmice, especially great-tits, are held in great horror by many beekeepers, who de-clare that they are their greatest enemies, and accuse them of tapping at the entrances to the hives and snapping up the bees as they come out to discover what is amiss

If only good John Bunyan could reappear in this world, how he would enjoy the enduring fame of his "Pilgrim's Progress!" It has been translated into eighty-three languages or distinct dialects, the latest being the Chinese dialect of Amoy. One does not hear if it has been illustrated by native artists or to suit native ideas, but it would be funny to see poor Christian and his friends pictured with pig tails and queer shoes.

A system of medical insurance among the industrial poor has now been put in suful practice for eighteen months by the Metropolitan hospital in the Kingston road. It enrolls all those within a mi'e of its gates who are willing to pay a small monthly charge as clients of the hospital, and when they fall ill they at once receive the full advantages which the institution can furnish. The new principle works excellently.

The value to Scotland of the opportunities for sports is very large. The deer forests, of which there are 109, covering 3,000 square miles of land useless for agriculture, rent for £100,000 annually; £12,500 of this goes to the local taxes. If any forest fails to be rented the whole neighborhood feels it greatly in the dimin shed amount of money expended there. The grouse moors-rent for £440,000, and pay £55,000 in taxes. Most salmon rivers are let with the moors, but some are rented alone, and add a considerable sum to the total already given.

Chose Between Father and Lover. Mr. Charles Hayes, a young business man at Chama, accompanied by his bride, a blonde

letter from few days ago Miss Dunn was the public school teacher at Chama. Charley Hayes fell in love with her long ago, and that love was reciprocated. The young lady went to her father's ranch near by on a visit, and it was agreed that Mr. Hayes should take advantage of this occasion to call and pay his respects to the old gentleman and ask for his daughter's hand. Although never having met Mr. Hayes Papa Dunn was "agin him, and declared he would never invite him across the home threshold.

The lover drove up to the house and the bright eyes that were watching for him glistened. Miss Dunn turned and said:

"Father, there comes Mr. Hayes."
"I shall not ask him to enter this hous

responded Mr. Dunn.
"Then, father, I shall have to bid you goodby," said the young woman, and she forcibly grappled the old gentleman, gave him an ear nest hug and a kiss, and rushed from the pa-

Mr. Hayes took in the situation and turned his team toward Chama, his future wife seated by his side. That evening they were married and came at once to Santa Fe for a visit.-Santa Fe (N. M.) Cor. Denver Repub

The Blind Postmaster.

Henry Fawcett, the blind English postmas-ter general, who died in 1884, was a greater man by half after the unfortunate accident which deprived him of sight, than he ever was before. He was born in 1833 and lost his eyes in 1858 at the age of 25 from the ef-fect of a gunshot wound. At that time he was a poor law student. Within less than ten years, through constant association with John Stuart Mill, he became only second to that great author as a writer on political economy. In 1865, eight years after his misfortune, he was elected to the house of com mons from Brighton, and soon became one of the leaders of that body. His writings, mostly on political and economic subjects, would fill a large library case by themselves. His career as postmaster general, dating from the time of his election in 1878 until the time of his death in 1884, was marked by many radical and important changes in th English postal system, not a few of which have been incorporated into the postal service of this country.—John W Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Druggists' Profits.

From time to time we see jokes and so called exposures dealing with the enormous profits made by retail druggists. It is true that the nominal profit is very large on some lines of goods, but the difference between buying and selling prices by no means deter-mines the net profits. In few businesses are there such losses in deterioration, evapora-tion and so on. But there is another peculiarity about the trate. Seasons are very clearly defined, and goods that will sell in summer are often worthless in winter, and vice versa. It is only during the malarial season that quinine preparations are saleable, and these give place late in the fall to cough mixtures and drops. The list might be continued to almost any length. There is only one class of remedies which is always in de-mand, and this includes the multitudinous preparations for the relief or cure of indiges tion, biliousness and liver complaints. These like the poor, we have always with us, and some people spend little fortunes for their stomach's sake.—Interview in St. Louis GlobeFor Late Styles and Immense Satisfaction, GO TO THE

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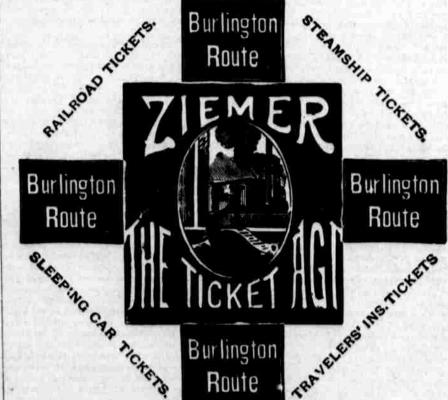
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