

VETERANS IN CONGRESS.

M. P. BANKS ON THE UPS AND DOWNS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

Himself the Earliest of All the Present Members of Congress—The Record of Thirteen Years—How Death and the Fierceness of Conflict Now Stricken.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Congressman Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, active and genial notwithstanding his seventy-three years, was seated in the anteroom of the office of the secretary of the interior awaiting an audience with Mr. Noble. Near by was McKinley, of Ohio. The pair represented generations widely separated. Beside the veteran Banks, who had been speaker, as McKinley aspires to be, the latter looked like a boy. On the wall over the desk of the private secretary hung a chart published thirteen years ago, and called "The Centennial Government." In this chart Mr. Banks evinced more than ordinary interest. He looked it over and over, rising first on tiptoe and then mounting a chair in his eagerness to scan all the names. It seemed to impress itself upon him as an old friend.

"Ah, McKinley," exclaimed the veteran statesman, "what a kaleidoscope of men, of human ambitions, of success and of disappointment this is. There are the names of my friends of thirteen years ago. I believe that no more than 25 of the 375 senators and representatives of the centennial year are still in congress."

So the veteran Banks and the younger McKinley sat down to compare notes. Banks knew the old congress and McKinley the new one.

"Let us begin with Maine," they said. They found that of the seven members of congress from that state in the centennial year but two remain. Hale and Frye, who were then representatives, now sit as senators in place of Hannibal Hamlin and James G. Blaine, "two men who have made history, and are still making it," as Mr. Banks said. Of New Hampshire's five centennial statesmen but one remains. Probably the country at large has forgotten Senators Cragin and Wadleigh. Henry W. Blair, then in the house, is now in the senate, and somewhat famous as the author of the Blair educational bill.

"Little Vermont is pretty constant," said Mr. Banks; "she is the only state in the Union which has here now the same senators who represented her in the centennial year. May my old friends Edmunds and Morrill be here thirteen years hence."

"That reminds me," added the ex-speaker, "that in talking about Massachusetts' representatives you should not forget me. I have the honor, sir, to be the member of the Fifty-first congress with earliest experience in national legislation. I was a member of the Thirty-third congress, which makes it just thirty-six years since I came down here a green, fresh statesman. Judge Kelley, the father of the house, did not come till the Thirty-seventh congress, or eight years later. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, first came to congress two years after I did, and Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, four years after. But their services have been continuous, while mine has not. Only three Massachusetts members of the centennial congress are now here—Mr. Dawes, Mr. Hoar, who was then a representative, and myself."

Rhode Island has no survivors of the period of thirteen years. Both of her centennial senators, Henry B. Anthony and Gen. Burnside, are dead. Connecticut fares no better. Her senators were William W. Eaton and William H. Bursum, the famous Democratic leader, who died a few months ago.

Time has worked magic changes in New York. Thirteen years ago Roscoe Conkling and Francis Kernan represented the empire state in the senate. Both are dead. Fernando Wood, the next most conspicuous member of the delegation, is also dead. Samuel Sullivan Cox passed away but a few weeks ago. Strange that in thirteen years all of the thirty-five statesmen from that state should disappear from the congressional roster. Not one remains. A. S. Hewitt still lives, but in private life. William A. Wheeler, then a congressman, rose to the vice presidency and disappeared. Thomas C. Platt was then the congressman from Tioga. Subsequently he entered the senate, resigned with Conkling, failed of re-election, disappeared from public view, and later on bobbed up serenely a power in his party. Elbridge G. Lapham, then a representative, succeeded the great Conkling in the senate, served his term and disappeared while Conkling was yet living and famous.

Not one Jerseyman survived the period that was composed of years to the unlucky number of thirteen. Of the nine men in the New Jersey delegation of the centennial year, but one, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, subsequently rose to higher distinction.

Pennsylvania, conservative and rock-ribbed, tenacious of her political views and favorites, presents a greater number of survivors from the centennial era than any other commonwealth. Though Simon Cameron, the Nestor, has disappeared forever, Samuel J. Randall, William D. Kelley and Charles O'Neill remain.

A remarkable instance, this, of long continued service of a great municipality. Kelley, Randall and O'Neill have together represented the city of Philadelphia in congress for a quarter of a century. Congressmen Mutchler and Maish are the other survivors in the Pennsylvania delegation.

Even little Delaware, in which the citizens had come to look upon the Byrds and the Saulsburies as life senators, has felt the influence of this period of change. Thirteen years ago Thomas Francis Bayard, the bird of his family to occupy a seat in the senate, was one of the most active statesmen of the day. Now, after serving eight years more as senator and four as secretary of state, he

is renewing his youth as a private citizen and bridegroom. The Saulsburies, too, have retired to private life.

Maryland had no representatives in '76 with enough vitality to span the thirteen year period, nor had Virginia. West Virginia shows but one survivor, C. J. Faulkner, then in the house, now in the senate. Henry E. Davis, who is building up a family wealth to rival that of the Vanderbilts, represented West Virginia in the senate thirteen years ago, as one of his sons-in-law will be likely to represent it thirteen years hence.

The two Carolinas possess but one member of congress whose service spans the centennial and the present year. Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, is the veteran. Of Georgia's great delegation of '76, but a single survivor (Congressman Blount) remains. Alexander H. Stephens and Benjamin H. Hill are dead. Gen. John B. Gordon is a private citizen. Senator Norwood of '76 became Congressman Norwood of '86, and is now out of public life.

Florida has no survivor. Her best known senator of the centennial year, Charles W. Jones, is now a poor outcast, half demented. Only William Henry Forney, of the Alabama delegation to the present congress, was in the congress of the centennial year. George E. Spencer, now a clerk in one of the government departments in Washington, was a senator from Alabama in '76.

Mississippi has but one survivor, the gallant Gen. Hooker. Lucius Q. C. Lamar, a congressman in '76, is now on the supreme bench; Blanche K. Bruce, a senator, is a lawyer in Washington, and John R. Lynch, who was born a slave and became a lawmaker in the centennial year, is now an official of the United States treasury. Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, was in the house from that state thirteen years ago, but none of his early colleagues remain in the Capitol with him.

In 1876 Texas was represented in the senate by one Republican and one Democrat—Hamilton and Maxey. Both have disappeared. John H. Reagan was then a representative. He is now a senator. Roger Q. Mills, chairman of the ways and means committee of the house, has been in congress since 1873, and David B. Culbertson, the best constitutional lawyer in the south, since 1874. Arkansas senators and representatives of '76, among whom were Powell Clayton and Stephen W. Dorsey, are known no more in the halls of legislation.

Senator Cockrell and Congressman Bland, the father of the silver dollar, are Missouri's only survivors. Congressman Whitthorne is alone among the representatives of Tennessee who was there thirteen years ago, as Joseph C. Blackburn, then congressman, now senator, is the only survivor in Kentucky.

Time's record in Ohio is like a romance. But two of the members of the delegation of the centennial year are still in public life—John Sherman, then, as now, a senator, and Henry B. Payne, then a member of the house and now in the senate. Allen G. Thurman, then Mr. Sherman's colleague, has lived to become the patriarch of his party. William Lawrence won national fame as the watchdog of the treasury. Frank Hurd became a noted orator, and was then pressed back and beaten in the race for place. Charles Foster, afterward governor, has twice or thrice had the senatorial cup dashed from his lips. James A. Garfield, a congressman thirteen years ago, then senator, president, martyr. What changes in a time so short!

Veteran Banks looks in vain for the face of Senator Oliver P. Morton. It seems a long time since O. P. Morton was a Republican leader, and yet here is Joseph McDonald, "Old Saddlebag," an older man than Morton, and Morton's Democratic colleague in 1876, looking forward to the possibility of a presidential nomination in 1892, after spending a decade in private life. Queer tricks time plays in this merry-go-round of political Indiana's only survivor of the centennial congressional delegation is William S. Holman, the objector. In 1876 an Indian, now pretty well known throughout the country, Benjamin Harrison, had held no important public office.

Michigan's present senators and congressmen have all come to the front in the last ten years. The leader of Illinois' centennial delegation was John A. Logan, then in his prime. With him in the senate was Richard Oglesby, then an old man. Only the latter still lives, but in retirement. Cannon, Henderson and Springer are the three congressmen from Illinois who have remained steadily at their posts. Scott will now make his reappearance after several years of retirement. Morrison, Stevenson and Sparks were famous members of Illinois' delegation in 1876. Only Morrison is in the government service. How time mows them down!

Wisconsin's congressmen are all of recent growth. The only member of her centennial representation who has survived the slings and arrows of remorseless time is Jeremiah M. Ruess, then the member from Buffalo.

In 1876 William Windom was in the senate from Minnesota. After leaving congress he served as secretary of the treasury, and then retired to private life, as he supposed, forever. He is again secretary of the treasury, made such without an effort on his part, while half a dozen men were running their legs off for the honor. Time brings luck as well as adversity.

Only Senator Allison remains of Iowa's centennial statesmen, only Ingalls of Kansas' deputation, and only Teller of Colorado's first representation. Jones of Nevada and Mitchell of Oregon are the only survivors of the Pacific coast.

"So you see, McKinley," said Mr. Banks, on counting up the result of his careful examination of the centennial chart, "my guess was not far wrong. Less than forty of the 375 senators and representatives whose names appear on this chart are in congress today. In a dozen years death and the fierceness of the struggle for political honors have swept away nine out of ten. McKinley, where shall you and I be a dozen years hence?"

WALTER WELLMAN.

SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

MRS. MOSES P. HANDY WRITES ON AN INTERESTING TOPIC.

The Average English Cook—Her Good and Bad Points—The Tolls Which English Servants Exact—Social Status Determined by the Servants.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.—English housekeepers, in that method which is the soul of management, are far and away ahead of their American sisters. An Englishwoman, as a rule, when she has any accounts to keep, keeps them with an exactness which is, or ought to be, an example to the rest of the world. The questions which an English cook in search of a place asks about dripping, broken bits, cold victuals and the like, are apt to be Hebrew to the American; indeed, English servants have come to understand this, and demand perquisites and privileges from American mistresses which they would never think of asking of an English one. If you have been well coached by your English friends, and stand up for your rights, your servants will have much greater respect for you than if you give into them. If you are wise, however, you will not engage an English cook.

Good cooking is not an English talent, though the Briton is firmly persuaded that of all nations of the earth his own is the only one which understands the first principles of gastronomy. To a French or American palate all English dishes, excepting curry, which, by the way, is an importation from India, are nearly tasteless, and it is safe to add salt to any dish of meat or vegetables served up at an English table. The best restaurants in London, from a foreign standpoint, are the Italian; indeed, it was a great day for the English when the Italians, who in the first place taught the French to cook, came over to open eating houses in London. There are several such, if you know where to find them, where you can get a good dinner a la carte at an even lower price than you would pay in America; where, too, the service is good and the napery clean.

If you do get an English cook, try to have a "blue ribbon," not a cordon bleu that is, but a member of the temperance band, who will drink nothing stronger than tea or ginger ale. The first caution given you on arriving in London is to drink anything rather than water; and the people, in this respect, carefully practice what they preach. Every servant, man or maid, exacts an allowance of beer, or its equivalent in money, and drunkenness is the national vice. The fundamental point to be ascertained in the character of your cook is, is she sober? Else, some day, when you have a dinner party on hand, she will absorb the wine intended for the sauces, and be found dead drunk on the kitchen floor while your guests wait in vain for their dinner.

It is rather comforting to find that after all English servants are good and bad, just like ours. If, however, you get a good one, you have a treasure; a well trained English servant is a bit of perfection. Good or bad, whatever their virtues or failings, they know their place, and their respect for you is in exact ratio as you keep them in it. No English mistress ever permits a servant to sit down in her presence under any circumstances, and if you care for the good opinion of your lodging house keeper you will never condescend to offer her a chair.

The chief way in which English servants rob their employers is in the tolls which they exact from tradesmen. In great houses where the upper servants order the various supplies, they have, or are supposed to have, control of the patronage of the household, and in order to keep the custom and gain their good will, each tradesman gives his special patron a rebate on the amount of his bill. Thus the butcher fees the cook, the grocer stands in with the steward, the dealer in hay and corn makes a present to the coachman, and so on through the whole establishment. Naturally, the tax so paid is added to the original amount of the bill, and thus in the end comes out of the master's pocket.

Ouida's sketch of the American born duchess, who, by ordering all supplies in person and auditing all accounts, saved her noble lord from penury and recouped his bank account, is scarcely so much of an exaggeration as it seems, and has been paralleled in some degree by more than one prudent woman in later years.

Wages are considerably smaller with us. Ten shillings a week is the price of a plain cook (a French man cook will charge £3), from \$50 to \$70 a year that of a good housemaid, and for twenty shillings you may command the services of an accomplished valet. One of the best waiters in a Regent street restaurant told me that he received no wages, and was required to pay for his meals; lodging being furnished him, he was expected to find his compensation in the tips of his customers; and in London, except from an American, fourpence is fully an average tip.

People change servants much less often than with us, for there is nothing which a good servant so dreads as a "short character," anything under a year being considered as prima facie evidence against the person who has been unable to keep a place longer. The servants in a household are a pretty good index to the social status of the household, and for this reason society climbers, who abound in England, as elsewhere, spare no pains to secure servants who have lived with great people, and are charmed with the reversal of a ladies' maid from the Countess of Conestaple, or a footman who can tell how things are managed in the ducal mansion of Pinnacles. The number of servants and retainers employed in great families is something to marvel at—a reminiscence of the feudal period.

We were talking of the four rich dukes, and somebody mentioned the exact amount of the income of the Duke of Westminster. "My!" exclaimed an unsophisticated American, "what on earth

does he do with it?" The answer came from a family connection of the duke and was made with crushing dignity: "If you had three hundred gardeners to pay every month, I fancy you wouldn't find it any more than you needed!"

"Three hundred gardeners!" ejaculated the American, and then subsided into silence.

There is nothing in London answering to the American boarding house. If you dislike hotels and do not care to take a whole house and go regularly to house-keeping, you go into lodgings for the week. The drawing room floor, up one flight of stairs, is regarded as the best in the house. The rent varies with the location and the time of year, rents during the season from the first of May to the middle of July being, in fashionable neighborhoods, three times as much, and in others twice as much, as during the rest of the year. The sum named as the price of the suite is the rent alone; everything else will be extra—service, fires, lights, linen, baths, blacking boots and of course all meals.

You will be expected to take breakfast in the house; your other meals you can have there or get outside, as you prefer. One and sixpence is the usual charge for a plain breakfast, i. e., bread and butter (if you are wise, you will insist upon French bread, for the home made is detestable), tea or coffee if you order it, and two boiled eggs. You may order anything you like in addition, on condition of paying for it. When the charge is two shillings, jam will be added to the bill of fare. Jam is one of the national dishes. The English breakfast is a thorn in the flesh to the American visiting London. "If I had my way," said a distinguished American, who had suffered many things because of English cookery, "if I had my way, I would change the British coat of arms. The lion and the unicorn should be a cow and a sheep, and Britannia should be represented as a dirty servant girl holding a pot of jam."

The critics who objected to the free and easy method of serving breakfast in one of Mrs. Langtry's plays (as though Mrs. Langtry were not familiar with the usages of English society) made a dire mistake. The presence of a waiter in the breakfast room is not considered obligatory. The bell is there, and the man or maid comes at call, but it is quite an eye for the guests to wait upon themselves and to hop up and run to the side table for the cold meats set out there; a very convenient custom, as breakfast goes on for an hour or more and guests come down when it suits their pleasure.

Luncheon is usually an informal meal, with cold meat, jam, bread and butter, cake and tea. This is served at about 1 o'clock.

Five o'clock tea is an English institution. Not only English women but English men feel a craving for their cup of tea at that hour, and a leading London actor told the writer that in America he always felt homesick at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and had "a yearning for some good Christian to take me in and do for me to the extent of a cup of tea."

Any one who drops in at that hour expects, as a matter of course, to be offered a cup; and besides, every English lady has her "day," when, after 3 p. m., she may always be found in her drawing room, a low table, which just reaches comfortably to her elbow, at her side. This is daintily spread with an embroidered cloth, and holds tea, with the addition of chocolate and two or three kinds of cake, and bread and butter cut thin as wafers. There is a good deal of pride taken in this fairy like bread and butter, and Punch has celebrated it more than once.

Perhaps the best apropos is of a little girl, whose mother took her to drink tea with two very particular old ladies. Mabel behaved beautifully, and the proud mother was listening delightedly to the praises bestowed upon her by the old ladies, when, horror of horrors! Mabel was discovered in the act of pocketing a slice of bread and butter. "Oh, Mabel!" gasped the mortified mamma, "how could you? I beg you will excuse her, dear Miss Smythe; really, I never knew her to be greedy before." "I am not greedy now," responded Mabel with dignity; "I don't take things to eat, but I thought I might have just one slice of this beautiful bread and butter to take home as a pattern for nurse." And, strange to say, the nice old ladies did not seem to be very much shocked after all. The tea is scalding hot, so hot that you are apt to wonder whether it is not taken from the fire at the very instant that the doorbell rings. It is deliciously fragrant, such tea as we never have in America.

The English have a theory that a long sea voyage destroys the flavor of tea, no matter how carefully it may be packed for transportation. When you praise their tea they say: "You should taste the tea in Russia." Following out this theory, the choicest teas are brought overland through Russia from China, and only cross the English channel on a fast steamer. They say, also, that Americans have no idea how to make tea. "I am going to Mrs. —, and I shall have to drink her tea," said an Englishwoman, plaintively. "It is sure to be lukewarm! Do you never serve tea really hot in America? The Americans over here hardly ever do!" Iced tea they consider barbarous to a degree; indeed, they look upon iced water as a suicidal beverage.

Dinner is the great event of the day, when the cares of business are dismissed, and your Englishman resigns himself to enjoyment in the serious manner in which he is used to enjoy himself. He always dines in his dress suit, and regards the American who wears a dressing gown and slippers to dinner with his wife and children as a Goth and outside barbarian.

Mrs. M. P. HANDY.

The Novel as She is Read.

Minnie—How do you like that book I lent you, Julia?

Julia—Well, I've only just begun it, but I've read the last two chapters and I had a peep into the middle, and it seems most interesting.

Minnie—It's a delightful book, I assure you. You'll have a good cry, I know, before you get as far as the first chapter—at least I did.—Pick-Me-Up.

Radical French Women.

A Paris correspondent, writing to The Woman's Cycle, asserts that French women are becoming clamorous for a seat in the chamber of deputies, and describes a meeting of the "Women's Protective League and Socialist Republican Federation," which was held to appoint the female candidates to be brought forward at the elections. Although 300 women were present, a man, M. Jules Roques, of The Courier Francaise, was called upon to preside. Mme. D. St. Hilaire opened fire by a speech in the lengthy preamble to which she deplored having wasted so many years in the writing of verses before she came forward to vindicate the rights of women, and was about to proceed when a rustle of silk was heard and a slim, elegantly dressed lady, with a dagger in her yellow hair, stepped upon the platform, and Mme. St. Hilaire was obliged to retire, much to her vexation.

This lady vested with so much authority was Mme. de Valsayre, famous in France for her opposition to M. Pasteur, her fondness for dueling, and her petitions to parliament for the privilege of dressing in male attire, which privilege, although granted to Rosa Bonheur, George San Mme. Dieulafoy, the celebrated Persian explorer, Mme. Foucault, the bearded woman, and two female stonecutters, for the annual sum of \$10, has been denied to her.

She is a forcible speaker, with a strong, masculine voice, and she insisted that men had no right to consider whether it would be wise to enfranchise women or not, for by the very act of paying taxes women had enfranchised herself and made herself equal with man. She also claimed that people would quickly get used to seeing a woman solicit votes as a candidate for election to the chambers as they had to many other things, tomatoes for example, and that when the electors, convinced of the eligibility of woman for office, should put her name upon the tickets success followed.

Mme. Normand and Mlle. Boulanger—no relation to the general—and other apostles of equal rights addressed the meeting, all agreeing that the only way of improving the unsatisfactory state of affairs in France was to send several women to parliament.

The Chicago Auditorium.

Curtains, stage, and everything else in the theatre are operated by hydraulic power, there being sixteen hydraulic jacks, four of which are telescopic, under the stage. Stage in this case should be plural, for there is a double arrangement by which one stage can be set while the other is in use, and the transfer made instantaneously. This is not after the style of the Madison Square theatre, where the one stage is above the other, but is modeled after the leading theatre at Budapest, considered to be the most convenient in existence. All the scenery is hung over iron sheaves, with iron cables and iron counter weights, there being over ten miles of cable used. The seats will be opera chairs, upholstered in amber plush, and in the galleries every one will have a chair.

A special feature of the hall will be its spacious lobbies. These are four in number—80x120, 60x120, 40x120 and 30x120 feet. In the basement are two smoking rooms, and there and on the second floor will be the cloak rooms and retiring rooms for ladies. The seating arrangements are such that a full view of the stage can be had even from the highest seat in the upper gallery, and the acoustic properties of the hall are pronounced perfect. The arches of the roof are treated in gold and ivory, and this is the leading feature of the decoration throughout. Over the proscenium arch figure pieces have been painted by Mr. Holloway, while the side panels are filled in with landscapes by M. Fleury. The paintings are of a superior kind and will attract much attention.—Chicago Tribune.

The Royalty of Europe.

It is the same all over Europe. Every now and then the direct line falls; then the powers in church and state have to trace away back up the genealogy to where some daughter of a king married some commoner or foreign prince of a sturdy stock, and trace down that line to find the right heir, the all important "next of kin." At the top there is rapid and perpetual decay; from the commonality fresh blood is constantly infused into the lower nobility, and thence in time it goes to recruit the higher and the royal line. An aspiring knight "marries well," and his son becomes a baron; that baron's son an earl and that earl's son a duke; a duke marries a princess, and by the failure of the male line his son or grandson becomes a king.

Most often, however, the foreign line comes in, and so it has resulted that every country in Europe, except Turkey, has a foreign or half foreign monarch. Thus, the reigning British house of Brunswick is German, before it the house of Orange was Dutch, and before that the house of Stuart was Scotch; the house of Tudor was originally Welsh, and while the preceding monarchs of Yorkist and Lancastrian lines were English, their common ancestors, the Plantagenets, would better be classed as French. The royal family of Denmark is not Danish, though that of Greece is. The king of Sweden is French. The czar is not strictly a Russian. The German emperor is Russo-British-German, the king of Bulgaria is a recent importation from Germany, and the king of Italy is from the same original stock as Queen Victoria.—J. H. Beadle.

A New American Conservatory of Music.

M. Theophile Manowry, the well known baritone of the Grand opera in Paris, who recently arrived in New York, will shortly be British duties as director of the vocal department of the new National Conservatory of Music in New York city, of which Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber is president. Mrs. Thurler, who is now abroad, hearing that M. Manowry had graduated with first honors at the Paris conservatory, and having him recommended to her in the highest terms by such well known musicians as Gounod, Saint-Saens, Massenet and Ambrose Thomas, persuaded him to give up his brilliant professional career abroad to accept the vocal directorship of this new National conservatory, in which she is so much interested. Mrs. Thurber's late efforts to establish national opera in the United States will naturally make this new movement of hers of great interest. Her idea is that America, which has done so much for education in other lines, should establish and endow a musical university, open to rich and poor alike, where art is not subordinated to money, and where Americans with talent can obtain musical instruction under the direction of the best masters at reasonable cost.

An Elderly Gathering.

At South Paris, Me., the other day, Uncle Robert Gray, 87 years old, harnessed his horse Dick, 34 years old, and accompanied by his wife, 85 years old, drove to North Paris and visited Sullivan Andrews, 82 years old, meeting while there Mrs. Edward Andrews, 81 years old, who has just returned from Europe, and Mr. Pottle, 83 years old. The art of living a long life evidently has been successfully cultivated in Oxford county by man, woman and beast.—Exchange.

There Was One.

Applicant to editors—Have you any vacancies just now?

Editor—Yes; the waste basket was emptied this morning, I believe.—Time.

Handwritten text, possibly a letter or note, mentioning names like "Miss" and "Mrs." and ending with "Telephone 2."

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