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MR. FARWELL'S DOMAIN.

A TRACT OF LAND IN TEXAS AS BIG AS CONNECTICUT.

It Was Given in Exchange for the Lone Star State's Great State House—Its Possibilities—How a Dog Cared for a Ranch. A Thousand Miles of Fence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The most extensive land owner in the senate is Mr. Farwell, of Illinois. Senator Farwell recently had some little trouble with the president about the Chicago offices, and if he should decide to retire from the senate and set up a monarchy of his own, wherein none could question his royal will, it would not be necessary for him to buy domain. Senator Farwell is already the owner of an empire of land. With his brother, John V., the dry goods merchant of Chicago, and Col. Abner Taylor, who is a member of congress from Illinois, Senator Farwell owns a tract of land larger than the states of Delaware and Rhode Island combined and almost as large as the state of Connecticut. It is a solid, compact tract, too, lying along the western border of Texas, abutting about twenty-five miles on No Man's Land, and extending thence southward about two hundred miles. If there were a railroad running north and south through this strip, and the trains thereon made no letter time than the average western railway train, Senator Farwell could ride from morning till night without once leaving his own soil.

This empire of prairie land is surrounded by a wire fence, and other wire fences cut it into pastures, so that there are in all just 1,000 miles of fence on the place. The farmer who has 1,000 miles of fence and two or three pastures, each as large as the state of Delaware, is a farmer on the true American scale. But Senator Farwell does not farm. He is in stock raising, and has on his great ranch nearly 150,000 head of cattle. In ten years Senator Farwell will be a very rich man, providing he holds to this tract of land. Already it is worth three or four dollars an acre, and the day is not far distant when it will be worth two or three times as much. In ten years that ranch, land, cattle, fences and improvements should be worth \$40,000,000, for there are 3,000,000 acres of pretty good land, and the present herd of 150,000 head will soon be multiplied five or six fold.

Senator Farwell was at luncheon the other day in the senate restaurant. With him were his boon companions, Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, and Senator Jones, of Nevada. Col. Dan Shepard, the skillful political private secretary of Senator Farwell, entered the restaurant on the double quick, and in an excited way told his chief that an alarming discovery had been made. On account of an error in the surveys, a considerable portion of the Farwell tract had been located in New Mexico, and as the Texas patents would not hold good there all the land thus located would be a dead loss.

"And how many acres are we likely to lose, Dan?" the senator inquired. "About 150,000."

"Oh, if that is all," said Farwell, nonchalantly, "we don't need to bother about it. A hundred and fifty thousand acres is nothing."

And then the senator went on with his luncheon just as if nothing had happened. It is only in America that a man can face the prospective loss of 150,000 acres of land and regard it as a mere trifle.

The Farwell empire in Texas is at present inhabited by about 500 men. One railroad—the Denver, Fort Worth and Texas—runs through it, and another railroad will shortly be built. There is one little town, which the senator and his partners laid out a short time ago, and in a few weeks they sold \$17,000 worth of lots there. It is not difficult to imagine this tract of land teeming with villages and towns and prosperous farmers. Were it as densely populated as the United States it would have a population of nearly 100,000 souls. If as densely populated as Mr. Farwell's own state of Illinois it would have a population of nearly three hundred thousand souls, and if it had as many people to the square mile as England it would have a population numbering nearly two and a half millions. That would be an empire worth having. I do not suppose that Senator Farwell has any idea of setting up a little republic of his own out there in the Panhandle of Texas, one in which he could make all appointments without consultation with the president of the United States, but if he has he will not be able to do so, for in selling him the land the state of Texas was careful to retain political control of it, just as it does of all its other millions upon millions of acres.

"I will tell you how we happened to get that land," said Senator Farwell. "The people of Texas wanted a fine new state house, and as land was the thing they had the most of they thought it would be a good idea to trade their land for a state house. So a party of their leading men came down to Chicago and asked some of us to build them a state house estimated to cost a million and a half of dollars, and take in payment therefor, three million acres of land, estimated to be worth fifty cents an acre. There were just two things I wanted to know before going into the scheme, and those were if the state house could be built for a million and a half, and if the land which they proposed giving us was worth fifty cents an acre. Col. Taylor went down to Texas and satisfied himself on both of those points, and we took hold. I am not going to tell you how much money the state house did cost us, for that is our own business, but it cost us a good deal more than the million and a half that was estimated by the architects. I must say that we got along pretty well with the Texas people, though the job was not without its difficulties. One of the first things we discovered was that the building as planned by the state architect would not stand up after it was built. So the plans had to be changed. Then we found that there

wasn't enough good limestone in the state that could be got at to build it of that material, and we proposed using Indiana limestone instead. But the Texans are an intensely patriotic people, and they did not like the idea of having their capital built of imported stone. So we made a new trade with the state, by which we were to use native red granite, the state to give us the labor of 500 convicts. About twenty miles from Austin, the state capital, is a huge boulder of red granite. How it came there is more than the geologists can tell, but there it was, and we built a railroad out to the big boulder and began cutting it up. Here a new trouble arose. We couldn't get a solitary stonecutter to work on the job because convict labor had been used in getting out the rough material. Our contractors advertised all over the United States, but not a man came to work. Finally the difficulty was adjusted, however.

"It is a saying all over the world," continued the senator, "that we Americans do things in a hurry. Certainly we were not slow in completing that state house, all the difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding. The corner stone was laid in the spring of 1885, and predictions were then plentiful that the building would not be completed in ten years. In a little more than three years the capitol was finished, two years ahead of our contract time. It is probably the largest and most complete building ever erected in so short a time. It is a very large building, covering, as it does, two and a quarter acres of ground. The building has four stories, and the large glass dome—emblem of the state—on top of the statue of liberty is 311 feet above the base line of the building. It is a state house which compares favorably with any other state capitol in this country, though it was built in a little more than three years, and at an expense to the state of nothing more than a slice of their still plentiful wild land. That is how my partners and myself happened to become the possessors of a tract of land in Texas as big as the state of Connecticut."

A few miles west of the Farwell tract, in New Mexico, is a sheep ranch about which I have heard a queer story. It was told me by Mr. O'Brien Moore, a Washington newspaper correspondent, who knows the great empire called Texas as well as some men know the towns in which they live. "Three or four years ago," said Mr. Moore, "when the surveyors were running the lines for this Farwell syndicate, they came upon a sheep ranch on the headwaters of the Canadian river. There were 2,000 or 3,000 head of sheep, all in good condition, and the place looked like a prosperous one, but no signs of human life were to be seen. Knocking at the door of the cabin brought no response, and there were no evidences at hand that man had been there for many a day.

"Presently a big shepherd dog came running up to them from the prairie. At first he was inclined to be hostile, but finally yielded to gentle treatment, and then his joy knew no bounds. A window in the cabin was open, and in and out of this the dog jumped three or four times, till at length the surveyors concluded to follow him. They clambered in the window and there found the skeleton of a man, which the dog whined over and treated as though something dear to him. Thus the story was made plain. The master, a lone sheep ranchman, had died in his cabin, and the dog had taken care of the flocks. Records found in the cabin showed that the man had been dead three years, and that the flock had increased 100 per cent. under the faithful animal's management. Every night he had driven the sheep to the corral, just as his master had taught him to do, and his body was covered with scars and sores received in combat with preying coyotes. This story was made, but it was not believed. It was everywhere set down as one of those wild western yarns which are so common in the newspapers. But I happen to know that this remarkable tale is literally true. The relatives of the dead man came on from the east to claim the ranch and the sheep, and what do you suppose they did with the dog? Why, they sold him to a friend of mine for \$150. If a dog like that had fallen to me no money could have bought him."

I asked Mr. Moore what he thought of the future of Senator Farwell's great tract of land. "Why," said he, "it will make him or his family almost as rich as the Vanderbilts. You do well to call it an empire. The growth of Texas, already one of the marvels of the world, has just begun. Do you know that the census of 1890 is likely to show Texas to be the sixth state of the Union in population? Her population is now not far from 2,500,000, and this places her next to Missouri, with only the state and New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois leading. In the year 1900 Texas will probably have a greater population than any other state of the Union, New York alone excepted. If Texas were as thickly populated as Ireland it would have a population of 55,000,000, and nobody who knows the state will deny that it is capable of supporting a population much more dense than that. It is a country in which can be seen growing side by side cotton, corn, wheat, barley, sugar cane, rice, tobacco and all kinds of vegetables, where in the orchards such tropical fruits as oranges, bananas and pomegranates grow side by side with hardy apples and other fruits indigenous to northern climates. The future of Texas almost leaves the realm of mathematical speculation and becomes like a dream. In the development and prosperity of the state this 3,000,000 acre tract of the Farwells is sure to become one of the most extensive and valuable estates in the world."

WALTER WELLMAN.

Only His Sister. Big Boy—Well, that beats me, to see that fellow spooning around that girl! And they say he's proposed and is crazy to marry her. Stranger—Nothing strange about it! She's a fascinating and beautiful young lady. "She! She fascinating and beautiful! Why, she's my sister!"—Chicago Lyre.



No. 34.—Behendings. Behend an animal and leave to follow closely; a bird and leave twice; the channel for a rapid current of water and leave a particle; a name sometimes given to plumbago and leave to increase; to connive at and leave a wagger; to disembark and leave a conjunction; nice perception and leave to feign; a delightful region and leave a haunt; a float and leave asterisk; a Scandinavian legend and leave a Turkish title; to confine and leave to grow old; to comply with and leave a Turkish governor; a crutch and leave a unit; a company of attendants and leave to be in trouble. The behended letters form the name of a famous writer.



Cut out this circle carefully, just outside of the black outline, or make one like it if you do not wish to cut your paper. Now divide the circle into four pieces with three cuts of the scissors. Put the pieces together again, and by making a heavy pencil line along each cut show what the young girl who was asked for her hand in marriage by a young man gave him for an answer.

No. 36.—Charade. You'll find my first a wild, shrill cry; My whole is often called a hue. My last is never loud nor high. And yet it is to follow, too. Do my whole you never could; Be my whole you never should; Wear my whole you often would.

No. 37.—An Enigmatical Quartet. A thousand, one gentle name needs for a start. Just a unit of that I can count. The next neighbor claims but a twentieth part. And the next one has half the amount. We are gentle folk all, by the spell of the whole. Be our wealth in a mint or a dime. Its charm is kind manners and calmness of soul. And these will most truly define.

No. 38.—A Pretty Puzzle. Insert a vowel wherever there is an x in the ten sentences which follow. When they are complete, select a word of five letters from each sentence. When these ten words are rightly selected and placed one below the other, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the names of certain misivous, very pleasant to receive: 1. ALL EVET, KLL LKXK. 2. YXZ DQZ YXZS GRVZ WYXZ YKXZ TXKZ. 3. WX HXZL DQZLY, YXZ YXZ HXKZS XZ WXKZ. 4. HXZTX HXZL X LKXZ TXKZ XZ HXZKZ. 5. PKNZY WXKZ, FXKXZ FXKXZLH. 6. X DQZWXKZ MEN WYLL CATCH ET X STREW. 7. TXKZ HXZL HXZLXZ HXZL TXKZ HXZL X QXKXZTX. 8. HXZKZY XZ TXKZ HXZLXZ TXKZ TXKZ HXZL. 9. HXZLXZ TXKZ HXZLXZ TXKZ. 10. HXZTX HXZKZS WXKZ.

No. 39.—A Star. 1 to 2. Borders. 1 to 3. Chiefs. 2 to 3. Remarks containing severe censure. 4 to 5. Roads with attention. 4 to 6. Marked by pressure. 5 to 6. Pierced with a certain weapon.

No. 40.—Word Squares. Not rough, a rainbow, a number, a Scripture name. Not din, to depart, edges of a roof, to ward off, pause.

No. 41.—Conundrums. Why are horses in cold weather like medicine gossips? Why is a specimen of handwriting like a dead pig? Why is a ten cent piece like a cow? When is water like fat?

A Few Conundrums Answered. Can you tell why the giant Goliath was very much a stone-thrower when David hit him with a stone? Why, because such a thing had never entered his head before. A prize toy should be given to the child who guesses the following: What kin is that child to his own father, who is not his own father's son? His daughter. When does a son not take after his father? When his father leaves him nothing to take. Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gait is broken and his locks are few. What Egyptian official would a little boy mention if he were to call his mother to the window to see something wonderful? Mammy look!—mameluke. We beg leave to ask you which of a carpenter's tools is coffee like? An ax with a dull edge, because it must be ground before it can be used.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 23.—Numerical Enigma: The chamber of sickness is the chapel of devotion. No. 24.—Historical Anagrams: Wellington, Washington, Caesar, Peter the Great, Darius the Great. No. 25.—Enigma: Ago. No. 26.—Hourglass: G A L L I N G C A R A V A N P R I N K M E R I T O N E V I M O N O D A S P P O L K A O T T E R E V E N I N G D E V O T E E No. 27.—Charade: Post-man. No. 28.—Illustrated Proverb: There is no use in crying over spilt milk. No. 29.—A Faithful Guide: The needle of the compass. No. 30.—Comparisons: 1. Bee, bear, beast. 2. Bean, bay, boast. 3. Fee, fear, feast. 4. Go, gore, ghost. 5. Row, roar, roast. No. 31.—A Quaker Conceit: Amosin. No. 32.—Geographical Anagrams: 1. Great Britain. 2. United States. 3. Australia. 4. Scotland. 5. Minnesota. 6. Philadelphia. No. 33.—Conundrums: Because they have their next world weeks twirled in this. One is what I was, the other what I wear. Because it contains many currents (currents, involute in violet).

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