

WITH SILVER SPOONS.

SOME CALIFORNIA BEAUTIES LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE RICH ALSO.

Many Heiresses to Many Millions—Pretty Grace McDonough—Miss Carrolan—Ella Good—Accomplished Jennie Dumphy, Emily Hagar and Miss Bissell.
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GRACE M'DONOUGH.

"What is the reason," exclaimed a dependent young man, "that the more money a girl has the uglier she is?"

This seems to be a common impression, but in San Francisco the facts do not bear it out. Even the rich girls are pretty there, and as for the penniless lovers they are simply distracting, but that is a way the penniless lovers have the world over, much to the disgust of mercenary and match making mamas. Here is a group of beauties, however, of which each and every one was born with a solid silver spoon in her rosy mouth.

This stately girl with the willowy figure and haughty carriage is Miss Grace McDonough and is the heiress to a cool three millions. She is the daughter of Mrs. Kate McDonough, who built the California the-

with him, but she only lived a short time after her marriage. Her husband was completely prostrated by her sudden death, and in two weeks he followed her to the grave. He was strong and in the very prime of life, and the doctors could find no name for the malady which killed him. Old fashioned people say it was a broken heart that killed him. Her sister's death left Miss Dumphy the sole heiress to over \$2,000,000. She is a charming brunette, with sparkling eyes and perfectly moulded throat and bust.

Miss Dumphy's father is among the most extensive land owners in California. In Nevada he has 100,000 acres which are devoted to cattle raising, as is another enormous tract in Texas. Near Soledad, Cal., he owns a farm of 15,000 acres, a magnificent property and one of the finest in the state. At the top of the Washington street hill, the highest point in San Francisco, is the home of the Dumphys. It commands a view of the whole city and the bay, and is surrounded by a splendid deer park. Mr. Dumphy was born in Ireland, while his wife is a native of sunny Spain. This perhaps accounts in a measure for Miss Dumphy's dark rich beauty and for her wonderful musical taste. She has a splendid soprano voice, and is an expert performer on the piano, guitar and mandolin. Among her many other accomplishments may be noted a thorough knowledge of German, Spanish and French, perfect freedom in the water and a firm seat on horseback. It is even said in the latter connection that she went with her father to one of the cattle round ups at Soledad, and that she distinguished herself there both as a horsewoman and a thrower of the lariat.

Miss Emily Hagar is the daughter of the late Senator Hagar, of California. Her mother was a famous St. Louis belle in ante-bellum days, and Miss Hagar inherits her glorious beauty and exquisite grace of manner. Her eyes are dark and melting, and her luxuriant hair is of a rich brown. She is full of esprit and a daring wit.



JENNIE DUMPHY.

"Emily Hagar can say the most audacious things in the most guileless way I ever saw," said a gilded youth, who was bewildered by a sharp retort, delivered in the soft voice and sweet manner peculiar to Miss Hagar.

Miss Hagar is also a highly accomplished young woman. She is a thorough musician, an expert equestrienne, an amateur artist of ability and speaks several languages. She is said to be the best dancer in San Francisco.



MISS CARROLAN.

atre, and a cousin of Mrs. Fred May and Mrs. Henry Moss, who are so well known in New York. She has an exceptionally sweet face and is attractive enough to play the role of Cophetua with signal success if she needed.

This dainty little creature, a regular Queen Mab of girls, is Miss Carrolan. She is round and dimpled and sunny haired and has a complexion like a Dresden shepherdess. She is as good as she is pretty and spends no end of money in charity. She is immensely rich, and life is full of zest and enjoyment for her. She is the very life of charades and no new "fad" is started without her approval.

Miss Ella Good is ten times prettier than a picture. She is one of a trio of lovely girls, daughters of W. F. Good, the rich banker. She and her sisters are extremely beautiful and impressively exclusive. Miss Good's style is very classic.



MISS ELLA GOOD.

She has waving masses of bronze hair, which falls away from her low forehead in crinkling strands; a complexion like alabaster or, rather, like the pure dead white of a magnolia. Her eyes are of that peculiar, clear, steel gray, with dilating pupils which give a brilliancy never to be acquired by belladonna or even by that modern necromancer, the beauty doctor, charm she never so wisely.

The Good residence at Washington and Gough streets is a magnificent structure. It took about \$200,000 of Papa Good's dollars to build it. He expended many thousands more in the purchase of furniture, pictures, statuary, etc., and has made his house a palace. Miss Good inherits her father's amiability. They are southerners.

Miss Jennie Dumphy is brown haired and set eyed. Her elder sister married an actor, much to the amazement and horror of her family. It was a genuine love match, and there is a touch of romance about it that appeals to every imagination. She was deeply attached to her handsome bohemian husband and was very happy



EMILY HAGAR.

Miss Bissell is a vivacious, light hearted, merry eyed girl, with red gold hair, a rose leaf skin, a pair of magnificent shoulders and a glance that works untold havoc in the hearts of susceptible youths. She is young and graceful and gracious. She is a Midas in petticoats as far as money goes, and she enjoys life immensely. She says she has such a good time that she cannot make up her mind to give up single blessedness, and she horrifies her friends by insisting that it is her fixed determination to die an old maid. The melancholy swains who are always in her train look desperate at this announcement, but she only smiles



MISS J. BISSELL.

at their discomfiture and goes on laughing her way through the world. All these girls are native born Californians, and devotedly attached to the land of sunshine which gave them birth.

ANNIE LAURIE.

The Emperor William is about to send the sultan a magnificent Saracen sword of honor which has been made at Berlin. The blade, which is of the finest steel, is heavily inlaid with gold, and the handle is a lion's head, with gold ornamentation, the eyes being made of rubies. The hilt bears the monograms of the emperor and the sultan.

A Mistake somewhere.
The mysteries of time and space are hard for little minds to grasp, and the questions of children on these subjects are natural, although they often sound odd enough. Little Rose, whose fourth birthday came around not long ago, could not get her small mind clear about the extent to which that anniversary extended.
"Mamma," she said, "this is truly my birthday, isn't it?"
"Yes, dear."
"But is it my birthday all over the world?"
"Yes."
"Then does everybody in the whole world know that it is my birthday?"
"Why, no, I am afraid, my dear, that there are very few people who know it."
"Then," Rose said, with an air of conviction, "you may think, mamma, that it is my birthday all over the world, but you must be mistaken, or folks would have to know it."—Boston Courier.

A Detective Report.
Managing Editor—Look here, this report of the railroad accident is very defective, and I am surprised that an experienced man like you should have written it.
Reporter—Why, what's the matter with it? Doesn't it give all the facts?
"Oh, yes, the facts are all straight. But in describing the burning of the mail car you don't say anything about a 'holocaust.' You neglect to say that the day coaches were broken into 'kindling wood,' and you never once referred to the 'miraculous escape' of the passengers who survived. No account of a railroad accident is complete without these features."—New York Tribune.

They Pay for the Lack of House.
"I'm after getting their house insured for \$150, Bridget."
"Arrah! an' where's ther money, Pat?"
"Faix, they won't pay that till ther house is burnt down."
"Och, yer fule, if they won't give it to yer now, divil a cent will they give when there's no house at all."—Harper's Weekly.

Piece by Piece.
There is a member of Congress who, though always erudite in his remarks, has a good deal of fondness for long words.
"He seems to weigh every word he uses," said an admiring constituent in speaking of him.
"If he does," was the response, "he takes them in sections."—Washington Post.

Only Reasonable.
Citizen—How is it that you are charging such tremendous prices for tea? I understand that there is plenty of it, after all.
Tea Dealer—Yes, but see how we had to worry about it all last winter, when we thought there would be none. You don't suppose we can worry like that and not charge for it?—Light.

Too Severe.
Wife—Wilbur, you haven't said a word about the biscuits. I made them all myself.
Husband—You are so forgetful, dear. Do you not remember that the doctor cautioned me to talk of nothing at the table, but things light and pleasing?—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistaken Leniency.
Magistrate—Now, Scups, as the goose you have stolen happened to be mine, I will be lenient for once and let you go unpunished, but mind you are not caught again committing the same offense!
Stups—Thanks, your worship; I'll be more careful next time!—Gerichtszeitung.



Temptation Resisted.

First Boy—Hi, Mickey, come here an get'r good smell of roast beef.
Second Boy—Not ter day, Skinnney; dis is Friday.—Scribner's Magazine.

Financially Crippled.
Tramp (piteously)—Please help a poor cripple.
Kind Old Gent (handing him some money)—Bless me! why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?
Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.—Tit Bits.

He Came Promptly.
"I wonder if Mr. Goodkatch will come this evening?" said Susie to her father.
"I hope not," replied her father.
"Why, father, what can you mean?"
"I am not prepared to return that money I borrowed of him yet. I want a few days more."—Yankee Blade.

Jones' Revenge.
Muggins—Funniest thing happened the other day—Jones was trying to make his mule drink out of a bucket, when the animal kicked him.
Cobb—Ah, then did Jones kick the mule?
Muggins—No, he kicked the bucket.—Life.

The Right Track.
"I always keep my boys on the right track."
"How do you manage to do it?"
"Oh! by lots of switching."—Chicago Ledger.

On the Stage.
Servant—Madam, the marquis is without and desires an audience.
Star Actress (surveying a nearly empty house)—So do I.—America.

Her Preference.
They stood on the beach by the billowy sea, and it seemed that the swift hours raced. For he was in love and so was she. And his arm was around her waist.
They watched the sails in the moonlight glow. As the ships went sailing by. And they softly conversed in whispers low. And with many a tender sigh.
"Oh, how I wish that I owned a yacht," said he in a wistful tone.
"How happy we'd be, and how bright our lot, as we sailed on the sea alone."
It was time right then, as it seemed to her.
"For my part," said she, "I think I'd prefer a wee little smack just now."
Somerville Journal.

She Got a Pointer.
Two men were playing a game of euchre in a drawing room car on the Erie road, and a little woman who had a seat near by watched the play with great interest. Finally, as a certain play was made she asked:
"Did he take that trick with the king of hearts?"
"Yes'm."
"He took your queen with his king?"
"Just so, ma'am."
"But a queen is higher than a king."
"Oh, no, ma'am, the queen ranks one below the king."
"Is that so everywhere?"
"Yes'm."
"Can't be no mistake?"
"Not the slightest. Don't you play?"
"Not much. My husband set out to learn me, but I took all his kings with my queens, and he got mad, and quarreled about it, and, and!"
"And you don't play any more?"
"N—no, sir, but I'll telegraph him within the next ten minutes that I was wrong, and that all is forgiven, and that I'll return and let him even take the bowers with ten spots if he wants to!"—New York Sun.



Disconcerted at the Park.
Brogin—Phwere's the gi-ruffy?
Factions Keeper—Right in front of you.
Brogin—Doan' tell Kelly Oi seen it, Joanna. I laid him a five dolly bet lasht night they hod no wings.—Puck.

A Blasted Romance.
"Miss Clara," began the young man, "it becomes necessary for me to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns us both. I will first ask you to recall to mind the last evening I was here. We parted, if you will remember, upon the steps. As I proceeded slowly across the lawn the full moon came from behind a cloud and enveloped me in a flood of mellow glory. Suddenly, Miss Clara, it seemed to me without a note of warning, I was overwhelmed!"
"One moment, Mr. Smithers," interrupted the beautiful girl as she stuck in an extra hairpin and turned down the gas three-quarters of an inch. Then drawing her chair still closer, she indicated by a wave of the hand that he could proceed.
"I was about to observe, Miss Clara," continued the young man, "that I was overwhelmed by the onslaught of your father's dog Grip, who ate up three weeks of my salary in half a minute, and unless your pa antes up for that suit there is going to be war."
"Say no more, Mr. Smithers," replied the young lady, rising slowly and painfully from the Jeness Miller position that she had assumed but a moment before, and pointing to the door. "Go. I will have pa send you a check for nine dollars by the first mail."—Clothier and Furnisher.

His First Experience.
There was a shooting party at Blank Hall, and among the guests was Sir X. Z., a very bumptious and overbearing man. His next neighbor was a quiet, inoffensive country parson who had not reached even to the dignity of a living. Sir X. Z.'s manner to the meek little curate was about as offensive as it could be without leading to a breach of the peace. The curate bore it all with exemplary patience, and showed no outward expression of his intense irritation. At the dinner table at night Sir X. Z. and the curate sat opposite to each other, and the conversation turned on the sizes of guns and lengths of barrels. The curate shot with a small bore, and expressed his belief in them. Sir X. Z., who had been in India big game shooting, thought to crush his clerical opponent by saying: "I suppose you shoot with a really big bore?" "Not till today," replied the meek one. The laugh that went round the table was balm to the curate's soul.—Churchman.

Present Address Unknown.
Visitor—Can I see Mr. Coupon?
Clerk—I think not, sir.
Visitor—Isn't he in?
Clerk—No, sir.
Visitor—Out of town?
Clerk—I think so, sir.
Visitor—Can you tell me where Mr. Coupon is?
Clerk—No, sir, I cannot. He died last Monday.—Munsey's Weekly.



A Pertinent Remark.

Mr. Proudfoot—Who's yo' a starin' at Gabe Roodles?
Gabe (whose suspicious have been aroused)—I s'pose a cat can look at a king, can't he?—Judge.

A Monster.
Smart—What do you think, Wooden, of a man that will beat a woman nearly a wee?
Wooden—Why, it's horrible, simply horrible! Who has done it?
Smart—George Francis Train. He has beaten Nellie Bly over six days.—Boston Times.

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