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SUMMER VACATIONS
DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE WATERING PLACES.
With Master Hand He Pictures the Snarers and Pitfalls That Entice Unwary Feet During the Period That Should Be Devoted to Rest.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 3.—Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile. —Mark vi, 31.

Here Christ advises his apostles to take a vacation. They have been living an excited as well as a useful life, and he advised that they get out into the country. I am glad that for longer or shorter time multitudes of our people will have summer vacation. The railway trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the sea shore. Multitudes of our citizens are packing their trunks for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The crystalline surface of Winnepesaukee is shattered with the stroke of steamer, laden with excursionists. The anglers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snags at the hook of adroit sportsmen and toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. Already the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life puts on festal array, and the rumbling of the tenpin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green baize billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar room goblets, and the explosive unorking of champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rattle of the ball room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses attest that the season for the great American watering places is fairly inaugurated. Music-flute and drum and cornet-piston and clapping cymbals—will wake the echoes of the mountains.

VACATIONS ARE GOOD, BUT—BEWARE!
Glad I am that fagged out American life for the most part will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inconvalescence. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—as I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth today, that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal deceptions of a multitude that no man can number, and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a note of warning—plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety all at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn, and find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the fashionable summer resort. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions.

THE DELINQUENCIES OF PROFFERED CHRISTIANS.
Elders and deacons and ministers of religion, who are entirely consistent at home sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White mountains take the day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the hearer as with the picturesque of half disclosed features. You see puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with two thousands dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended.

The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four week in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you are surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they denounce you as a bigot Puritan. Stand off from these institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of olden time Baden-Baden. Let your mood and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of H. Thorne and sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE HORSE RACE.
Another temptation around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse. There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape or spirit or sagacity or intelligence or affection or usefulness. He is semi-human, and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

Job sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the pointing of his nostrils, the paving of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job, with mightier pencil, does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were very fond of

the horse. He came into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war; a black horse—that meant famine; a pale horse—that meant death; a white horse—that meant victory.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle, and the saint, his sleek hide, and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the clasp of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in ecstatic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old war horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?"

YOU CANNOT BE A CHRISTIAN TURFMAN.
But we do not think that the speed of the horse should be cultured at the expense of human degradation. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names, and it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting, the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage, and the same abominations that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They look up their spangling team, and put on their sporting cap, and light their cigar, and take the reins, and dash down the road to perdition. The great day at Saratoga and Long Branch and Cape May, and nearly all the other watering places, is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, nearly every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and foul mouthed and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The two men on the horses riding around long before arranged who shall beat.

Learning from the stand or from the carriage, men and women so absorbed in the struggle of horse and jockey and a multitude that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocketbooks and portmonnaies. Men looking on see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring, but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety, and with fraud, and with profanity, and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck they go in that moral Epson.

KEEP A HAY FROM IT!
Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing dissipations this summer. Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragon and light cavalry horse. They found the turf depreciates the stock, and it is yet worse for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author, known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the creaks of our civilization there is nothing in this country approaching the unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belated institution of the British turf."

Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last two hundred years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!"

The Duke of Hamilton, through his horse racing proclivities, in three years got through his entire fortune of \$350,000, and I will say that some of you are being undermined by it. With the bull fights of Spain and the bear baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering places, and this is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda was meant to recuperate the physical health, and yet how many come from the watering places, absolutely debilitated! New York and Brooklyn, idling boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of congress water before breakfast. Families accustomed to going to bed at 10 o'clock at night gossiping until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice creams and lemons and lobster salads and oysters until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men, chattering themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth.

A POOR RULE THAT WILL NOT WORK BOTH WAYS.
In the summer you say to your good health: "Good-by; I am going to have a good time for a little while. I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office or shop or counting room, Good Health will come and say, "Good-bye; I am going." You say, "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation." It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and spleenetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer, would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering place. "Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is to the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all the other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. Those who form friendships and alliances such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long trail can make up for strong common sense. You may as

well go among the gayly painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet! The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly.

THE PERFUMED POP.
If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that excites the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft handed, soft headed pop who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in taking killing attitudes and waving sentimental adieus and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his best in the use of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an iron shod, two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flaming cravat, his conversation made up of "Ah's" and "Oh's" and "He-hee's." It would take five hundred of them steeved down to make a teaspoonful of calves' foot jelly. There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering place, her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has on her head only equalled by what she has on her back; very soon after she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, and what they will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her upon the banks of the River of Life for all eternity to look sweet! God intends us to admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make life long covenants!

Another temptation that will hover over the watering place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library or off the book stand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible I found sitting on hotel piazzas or under the trees reading books the titles of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was.

"Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation!" Yes. There is no need that you take along into a watering place "Hamilton's Metaphysics" or some thunderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables I will for a little while take light food, a little strychnine and a few grains of rat-bane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White mountain valise.

WHAT IF LIGHTNING SHOULD STRIKE YOU?
Would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day when you had in your hand one of these paper covered romances—the hero a Parisian rone, the heroine an unprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would read to your children at the rate of \$100 a line! Throw out that stuff from your summer baggage. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry ringing with merry canto, books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is the intoxicating beverage. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put glassiness on her eyes she is intoxicated. She may be handed into a \$2,500 carriage and have diamonds enough to confound the Tiffanys—she is intoxicated. She may be a graduate of a great institute and the daughter of some great man, and be nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old fashioned case of drunk.

Now, the watering places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. They tipple of the tenpin or billiard game they tipple. At the close of the cotillion they tipple. Seated on the piazza, they themselves off they tipple. The tinzed glasses come around with bright straws, and they tipple. First they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars per bottle and whisky at five cents a glass.

SATAN'S DIVERSIFIED GRADES.
Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One grade he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that.

When a man goes down to destruction Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper, and the man gets frightened and says, "Oh, let me get off!" "No," says the conductor, "this is an express train, and it does not stop until it gets to the Grand Central depot of Sinshuption." Ah, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

My friends, whether you tarry at home—quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourselves against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness; wells of salvation; streams from Lebanon; a flood struck out of the rock by Moses; fountains in the wilderness discovered by Isaac; wells of living water to bathe in; the river of God, which is full of water; water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst; wells of water in the Valley of Baca; living fountains of water; a pure

river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God.

WATERING PLACES ACCESSIBLE TO ALL.
These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dirty travel before we get there; it is only one step away. In California in five minutes I walked around and saw ten fountains, all bubbling up, and they were all different. And in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life.

A chemist will go to one of these summer watering places and take the water and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to this watering place!"

Crowd around this Bethesda today! Oh, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in! Oh, step in! The angel of the covenant today stirs the water. Why do you not step in? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of our closing prayer and plunge you clean under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Capt. Naaman, who, blotted and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin rosate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

ODDS AND ENDS.
A. Rinaldi, of Orlando, Fla., has a twenty-five cent coin of a Spanish denomination dated 1773.

It is reported from China that during storms in the Chekiang province halftons of such enormous size fell as to destroy houses and animals.

The Maori women in New Zealand are killing themselves. In their efforts to wear corsets since they have seen them on the missionary women.

Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning.

About 70 per cent of the students at Georgia's State university are poor boys, who are in their places through rigid economy practised at home.

As soon as the horse cars from Cairo to the pyramids are completed, and the work is nearly done, an elevator will be made to the tops of the venerable piles, so that ascent may be made quickly and comfortably to the modern traveler.

Among the centennial commemorations of the city of Odessa there will be the establishment of a medical department at the Novorossiyskiy university of that city, and the erection of new buildings for the judiciary departments, the postal telegraph offices, the hospitals and the insane asylum of the place, and also a new jail.

The family of the late Daniel Manning have given to the city of Albany the large photograph of the treasury building at Washington taken for the late secretary by the supervising architect's bureau. The picture is 8 by 5 1/2 in size, and is handsomely framed in carved Irish oak.

By the English law heirlooms are exempt from probate duty, so the duke of Hamilton paid nothing on the treasures of his palace when he came into possession in 1963. But when he sold them they ceased to be heirlooms, it appears, and the board of inland revenue has shocked his grace with a sudden demand for £18,000, or 3 per cent on the £600,000 realized from the Hamilton palace sale.

The latest researches show that in Rome's most flourishing period she had 1,300,000 inhabitants; in 335 A. D. she had 300,000; in 1377, 17,000; under Leo X, 40,000; in 1537, 100,000; in 1871 it rose to 344,000; in 1881, 300,000; in 1889, more than 410,000.

The Cravates or Croatian soldiers (1661) wore a band of stuff round their throats to support an amulet they wore as a charm to protect them from saber cuts. Thus, what began in superstition in the Seventeenth century ended in the fashion, which still obtains among the gentlemen, and latterly among the ladies—of wearing a cravat, or rather a scarf or necktie.

There is an interesting scheme for establishing a floating hotel at Hong Kong. The vessel is to have three decks, the lower being arranged for dining, billiard, smoking and card rooms. The main deck will contain a drawing room, twenty-one bedrooms, each with a full sized bath and dressing room, while the upper, or spa deck, has been arranged as a promenade.

On the body of a suicide found in the street the other day was the usual letter of explanation, containing this unusual statement, offered apparently as a reason for rushing out of life: "I have found out that I have had a double nature for years. At times I may be the best man in the world; but at others I am liable to injure my best friend."

An eminent physician of St. Petersburg was called to a patient, a young lady of good family, suffering with nervous prostration. On examination he found that the young lady had taken part in hypnotic seances and had been hypnotized several times. He reported the facts to the medical council. A commission of three eminent physicians examined the patient and concluded the fact that her ailment was due to hypnotic practices.

A Railroad Office in Summer.
A day or two after Chauncey M. Depew sailed for Europe a stranger sauntered into the office of the president of the New York Central railroad and asked to see Mr. Depew.

"He has gone to Europe," said the colored sentinel at the door.

"Can I see Mr. Du Val?" said the stranger.

"He's gone to Europe, too," was the reply.

"Well, can I see Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt?" was the next question.

"He is in Newport."

"Can I see W. K. Vanderbilt?"

"He is in Newport also."

"Where can I find Vice President Clarke?"

"He has gone to Albany."

"Where is Vice President Hayden?"

"He is out of town."

"And Vice President Webb?"

"He is in Europe."

"Can I see Superintendent Toucey?"

"He is up the road."

"Well, where is General Passenger Agent Daniels?"

"He has gone to Cape May."

"Well, who in thunder is running this railroad?" exclaimed the stranger impatiently.

"I guess it do be runnin' itself," replied the impatiently do be runnin'—New York Times.

AN ANCIENT WAR VETERAN
On a farm about six miles from Manchester, N. H., lives Christian Coonrad, a native of Cumberland county, Pa., who was born Sept. 25, 1790. Despite his great age he busies himself in caring for his cattle and hogs, cutting wood, and raising corn and potatoes.

But it is not for his years alone that Mr. Coonrad is worthy of notice. He is one of the very few surviving veterans of the war of 1812. He took part in the assault on Quebec in 1813, was in the battle of Fort Erie, witnessed Perry's great naval victory, and received an honorable discharge at Sackett's harbor.

Mr. Coonrad married sixty years ago. His wife still lives, and the couple have eleven children, forty-two grandchildren, and thirty-four great-grandchildren. The old gentleman has used liquor and tobacco all his days, believes in personal liberty, goes to bed at 3 a. m., gets up at 8 a. m., and votes the Democratic ticket whenever there is an election.

A PALACE MADE OF HAY.
The Novel Home to Be Provided for an Exposition.

Scattered throughout the United States at different times there have risen ice palaces, crystal palaces, bluegrass palaces, corn palaces, summer palaces and mineral palaces. Now another one is building—a hay palace.

Some time ago the good people of Monmouth, Ill., looked out upon the vast Kankakee marshes from which the people of the vicinage derive their chief income, and concluded that after harvesting and

balancing the wild grass they would use it to build a hay palace in which to hold an interstate exposition.

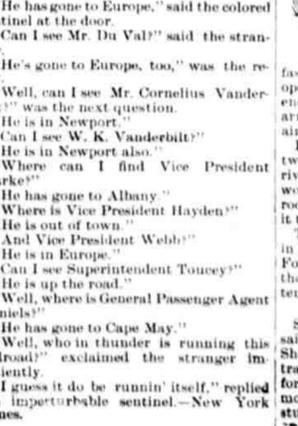
The structure, whose walls are to be constructed of the big bales, will have a length of 304 feet and a width of 170. The display will include collections of live native fish, geological, botanical, ornithological and zoological exhibits, Indian and prehistoric relics and representations of the products of farms, factories, forests and mines. The exposition will be opened by Governors Fifer, of Illinois, and Hovey, of Indiana, and one or more prominent speakers will be secured for each day of the exposition. The list will include ex-Governor Palmer, Senators Allison, Voorhees and Cram, Congressmen Payson, Cannon and probably Mason, and Bob Burdette.

A Famous Yachtsman's Sudden Death.
A prominent man in yachting circles recently deceased is George Lee Schuyler, who passed away suddenly the other morning in his stateroom on the Electric, the boat at the time being anchored off New London, Conn. Mr. Schuyler was born in 1811, and in 1844, with others, founded the New York Yacht club. Besides being the oldest member of that organization he was also the sole surviving owner of the famous old schooner yacht America, which won the Royal Yacht Squadron cup—now known as the America's cup—at the Cowes regatta of Aug. 22, 1851, de'ating eighteen craft British craft in that struggle. The cup then won became the absolute property of the owners of the schooner—J. C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, George L. Schuyler, James Hamilton, J. B. Finlay and Edwin A. Stevens. On July 8, 1857, they transferred it to the New York Yacht club as a perpetual challenge cup, for which any organized yacht club of any nation might compete. In December, 1882, the cup was returned to Mr. Schuyler by the club, who, in 1883, returned it under new conditions to the club. In 1887 the cup was again returned to Mr. Schuyler, who made out a third deed of gift, under which the club now holds the cup. With in the last few months it had been suggested that the cup should once more be returned to Mr. Schuyler so that another deed of gift might be drawn up, which would satisfy every one. His death ends this controversy, however, as the English must now race for the cup under the existing conditions or not at all.

A Two Fingered Wonder.
A remarkable young colored man is Benjamin Franklin Dixon, of St. Louis. He has but two fingers, yet with the aid of mechanical arrangements he can play on eight musical instruments at will—the harp, horn, harmonica, brass and snare drums, triangles, bell and pipes. A brass and leather contrivance around his neck holds the wind instruments, so that by stooping forward slightly he can reach them with his mouth. An electric button under one foot connects with the cones, drums and bells. The bass drum and the cymbals he plays by means of a cord fastened to his elbows. The other elbow operates the triangle. On his head is fastened a frame with bells in it, and while arms, head and feet are busy he carries the air he is playing on a harp.

Dixon lost the greater part of his hands two years ago. He and another negro were rivals for the favor of the same girl. Dixon won, and the jealous suitor put a dynamite rocket in his bedroom. When it went off it took with it eight of Benjamin's fingers. The crippled musician is accomplished in other things than instrument playing. For example, he can put his mouth over the rim of a beer glass and toss off the contents at one gulp.

Speculations in Virginia real estate are said to have mad Bertha von Hillera rich. She is a German woman, not yet old, who transpired the bank in walking maines for several years that she might make money to pay for a thorough course of art study. Now she is quite a clever painter.



B. F. DIXON.