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GIVEN A RESPONSIBLE PLACE.

James F. Goddard Named as the Successor to Albert Fink.

About a year ago Albert Fink resigned the office of commissioner of the Trunk Line association. While holding the position he did more than any other living



JAMES F. GODDARD.

man to reconcile warring railways and keep rates, both passenger and freight, from going to pieces. The various American lines appreciated his services, and cheerfully paid him \$25,000 a year for them. But the strain grew too great, and Mr. Fink retired, preferring to conserve

his health at the sacrifice of a big salary. It has taken over a twelvemonth to secure a properly equipped successor. The railroad magnates think they have found him now in the person of Mr. James F. Goddard, who has been chosen commissioner, and who will shortly enter upon the onerous duties of the position.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

A Brief Review of the Fair's History Up to Date.

The Columbian World's fair management at Chicago has at last got matters into a promising shape, and not a day too soon. It is only when one reviews the history from the beginning that he gets any idea of the difficulties overcome. There has been a fight from the start, first between sections and then between states and cities, incidentally between political parties in the same state, and then in congress, and finally between committees and advocates of rival sites in Chicago.

In 1855 the directors of the Interstate exposition at Chicago adopted this: Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that a great World's fair should be held in Chicago in the year 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in America.

St. Louis promptly objected that she had already taken the lead in the matter, but Chicago went on with her organization to secure the government's aid. Several congressmen then declared in favor of Washington as the place. New York also made an earnest plea, and other cities followed. There was unreasonable delay, and not till 1889 did congress begin to move, then the bill was referred to the committee on foreign affairs, and rival cities began their arguments. New York, as usual, "ran it into politics," and waited too long for the state legislature to authorize the appropriation of \$10,000,000 for the work.

Feb. 24 last the house of representatives gave the fair to Chicago. Eight ballots were taken, the last resulting: Chicago, 157; New York, 107; St. Louis, 35; Washington, 18. For a long time it seemed as if no progress was being made, and New York had many a witticism on Chicago, but now it appears that much was really being done. On the 9th of April the final incorporation papers were made out, on the 11th the completed bill passed the house at Washington, on the 21st passed the senate, and on the 25th the president signed it. May 26 he appointed commissioners at large; then the long fight over the site began, only to end the second week in September by the adoption of the parks known as Jackson and Washington.

Since then all the different boards and committees, national, state and local, have announced their satisfaction; committees on building and classification have been appointed, plans submitted and a good deal of the work of preparation done.

A Picturesque Wedding.

The marriage of Mr. John Kenneth Mackenzie and Miss Fannie Locke at Chicago the other evening was not only a fashionable event, but was also marked by several novelties of detail. The ceremony began in Grace Episcopal church at 8 p. m. The bride and groom were preceded to the altar by a surpliced acolyte bearing a crucifix, and conducting a band of seventy-eight choristers singing the wedding march and bridal chorus from "Lohengrin." The bridesmaids wore white satin gowns and green satin slippers, and upon the right shoulder of each were displayed the colors of the Mackenzie clan.

Miss Locke's costume was of the conventional sort, save that she had slippers of silver with Rhinestone buckles in imitation of the footgear worn by Dorothy Tennant when she became Mrs. Henry M. Stanley. The service began at the conclusion of the bridal chorus. After the introductory prayer the choir sang an English anthem never before heard in the United States—"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it; the Lord prosper you, we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord."

The big choir, the Rhinestoneslippers and the imported music were the new features of the occasion. The remainder of the ceremony was conducted according to the usual forms. Rev. Clifton Locke, father



MR. AND MRS. MACKENZIE.

of the bride, officiated. There was a great crush at the church and afterward at the reception. The young couple have gone to England for their honeymoon. Mrs. Mackenzie is a native of Chicago. Her husband is the son of a British army officer.

Cremation in Paris.

In Paris the practice of cremation is making steady progress. The furnace in operation at Pere la Chaise will reduce a body to ashes in less than an hour at an expense of about thirty cents.

ON HAVING DISEASES.

The Disastrous Effect of Reading Medical Works and the Cure Thereof.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

I remember going to the British museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever I fancy it was. I got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forgot which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge, I know—and, before I had glanced half down the list of premonitory symptoms, it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for a while, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever; must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus' dance—found, as I expected, that I had that, too—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and so far as that was concerned I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was housemaid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grating feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must have had; a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals" if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diplomas.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then all of a sudden it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear any thing. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and into it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my nose. I could not feel my nose. I could only see the tip, and the only thing that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather, all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill, so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said: "Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said: "I did not take up your time, dear boy with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is the matter with me. I have not got housemaid's knee. Why I have not got housemaid's knee I cannot tell you, but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I have got it."

And I told him how I came to discover it all. Then he opened me and looked down one, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the front, when I wasn't expecting it—a cowardly thing to do, I call it—and immediately afterward he butted me with the side of his head. After that he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's and handed it in. The man read it and handed it back. He said he didn't keep it. I said: "You are a chemist?" He said: "I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative store and family hotel combined I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran: 1 lb. beefsteak, with 1 pt. bitter beer every 6 hours. Ten mile walk every morning. 1 bed at 11 sharp every night. And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand.

I followed the directions with the happy result—speaking for myself—that my life was preserved and I still going on—Lawrence K. Jerome's Three Men in a Boat.

She Never Did Forgive Him After That.



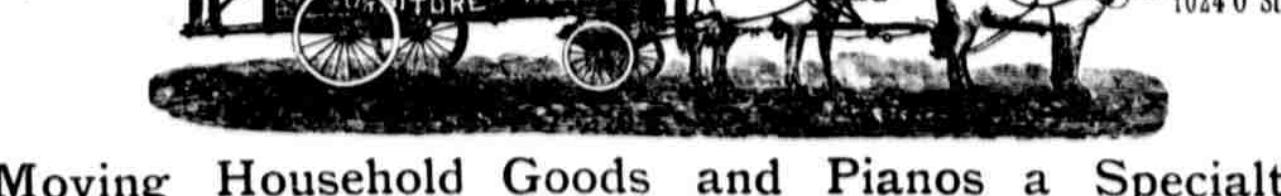
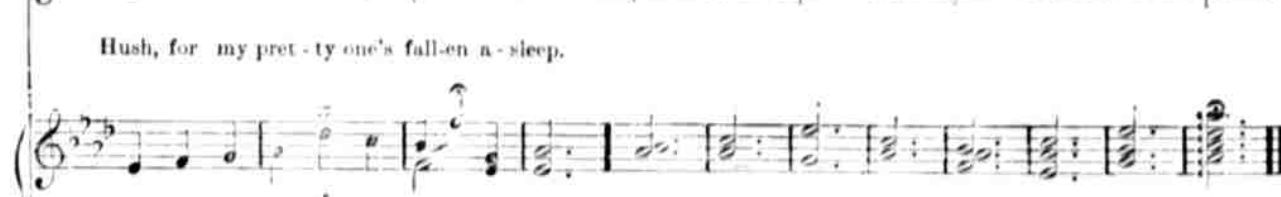
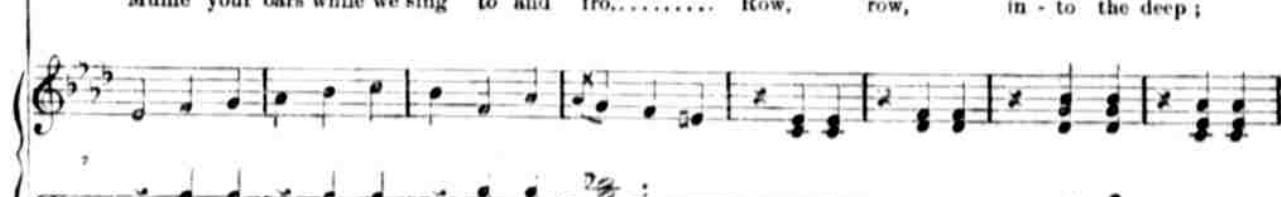
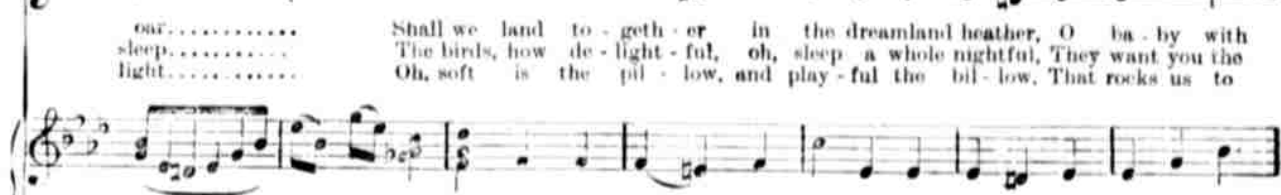
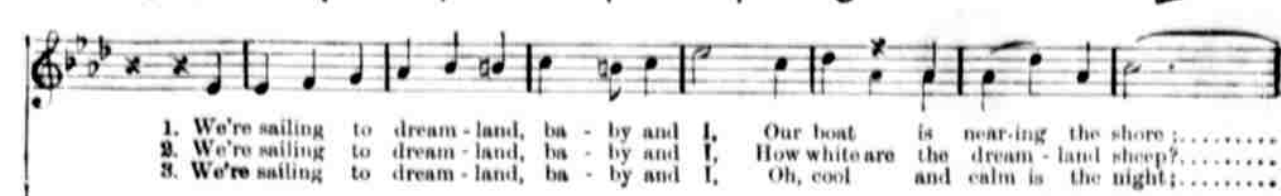
ence Mantepeuce (after trying her Well, Jack, I will try to forgive her kran artist, who has been utilizing successful pose)—Oh, hold on! Not yet wait one minute!—Life.

BABY AND I.

Written expressly for The American Press Association.

Words by E. B. BOHAN and JOHN de WITT.

Music by JOHN de WITT.



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