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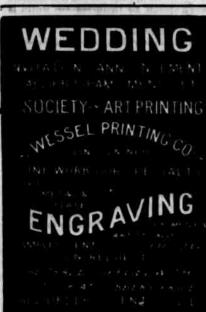
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THE SIX LEADING MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK CITY BAR.

Legal Pre-eminence Accorded James C. Carter, John F. Dillon, Joseph H. Choate, Frederick R. Coudert, John E. Parsons and Wheeler H. Peckham.



The New York bar contains some men of extraordinary ability, and as a whole it is probably the finest bar where the English speaking tongue is the medium for litigation. It is hard to say who is the ablest. Practice at the bar in New York, like business in every direction of energy, has developed specialists. Some lawyers devote their time entirely to probate affairs; others to the trial of patent causes; others exclusively to commercial business; while some never go to the courts, but are called upon to furnish opinions for which they receive great fees. In each of these departments there are lawyers pre-eminent.

However, there are a number of men who are, by general agreement, placed in the front rank, and after a somewhat extended inquiry it has been found that the majority of members of the bar whose opinion is of any value regard the following as the first six of New York lawyers. These are James C. Carter, John F. Dillon, Joseph H. Choate, Frederick R. Coudert, John E. Parsons and Wheeler H. Peckham. Upon the first four unanimity of opinion is found to exist; and while such unanimity does not appear respecting the places assigned to John E. Parsons and Wheeler H. Peckham, yet most lawyers think that taken all in all, they are also to be associated with the four first mentioned.



Mr. James C. Carter leads by universal hilds, Mme. Adam, General Sherman, consent. In some respects he stands where rai Porter, Mme. Blavatsky, T. A. Edi-Charles O'Conor stood when in his prime. a number of years, has found his fame only recently extending from his profession brethren to the country at large. He has been less known than many lawyers not so able as he, because he has not appeared prominently in sensational or dramatic litigations. He is a counselor rather than an advocate. And so sound and accurate are his opinions that in all the great cases of recent years they have been sought by one side or the other. If Mr. Carter advises a certain line, a certain method of attack, a certain plan of defense, his advice is considered final, and his opinion upon the law in any case is regarded as next to a formal decision by the highest court. Therefore his power is very great. Enormous proposed litigations are begun or are abandoned on his judgment.

Charles O'Conor was the first to discover Mr. Carter's ability. This was many years ago, and Mr. O'Conor associated Mr. Carter with him as junior counsel in the Jumel will case—one of the most important liti-gations which ever occurred in America. From that day to this Mr. Carter has steadily developed. He looks upon the law as an exact science. He regards it as the noblest of all professions, because its true foundation is justice. That is the theme



FREDERICK R. COUDERT.

of his addresses before legal gatherings. Justice, justice always! That to him is the object of law, or be goes even further and declares that law is the formal expression of justice. A year ago be astounded the profession by taking issue with the time honored definition of Blackstone, that law is a rule of action prescribing what is right and prohibiting what is wrong. Mr. Carter declared that law was not a rule, but that it was justice itself, expressed in terms. In private life Mr. Carter is of a retiring disposition. He is genial and cordial in his relations with men, but cares little for social pleasure or for those recreations which delight the leisure hours of profes-sional men. He is a bachelor, and a pathetic romance is the cause of this solitary life. He was betrothed in his youth to a

aiden whom death took from Lim, and e has never married.

THESE ARE AT THE TOP, though very profitable, while Mr. Carter's has been extensive and pertaining to a

greater variety of litigation. Judge Dillon is one of the new members at the New York bar, although a lawyer of many years' practice and study. He served as United States circuit judge in the far west with ability, deciding many questions of permanent importance, for they have established principles of law as applied to modern action. Yet he served for a beggarly salary when his ability and his accomplishments as a judge are re-called. He received only \$6,000 a year, and as time was running along he felt that such sum did not pay him adequately and that it was a necessity to earn more money. He seemed timid about his ability to do better in general practice, and so did not return to it until he was offered the post of lecturer in the Columbia law school, of New York city, at a salary of \$10,000,

He accepted the proposition, and with this certainty felt that he could open a law office and perhaps get some business. He had hardly done so when he was appointed relegraph company at a salary of \$10,000, and to his astonishment other retainers came in, so that at the end of his first year his fees and salaries amounted to over \$70,-000. That was more money than he had received in all his service as United States judge. It is also the smallest sum that he has carned in a twelvemonth since he has been at the New York bar. He is now the chief of counsel for Jay Gould in all of his important railroad operations; is also counsel for the Western Union and for other large corporations, and is still lec-



JOHN E. PARSONS.

turer at the law school. He possesses a wonderful capacity and a patience almost infinite in the work which he has to do, much of which is dry, technical and subtle to the highest degree. Like Mr. Carter. though his fame is so superbly established, his face and his name are but little known to the great majority of people.

Joseph H. Choate ranks all the advo-

cates at the New York bar. He is not so eccentric, not so dazzling, brilliant and peculiar, not so flery and meteoric in his methods before a jury as was his distin-guished relative, Rufus Choate. He is self controlling, moderate, suave, seemingly gentle, always genial, the master of his case, the possessor of an exquisite rhetoric and elecutionary charn. His diction is almost as picturesque as that which charcterized his uncle.

Mr. Choate is now about fifty-five years of age, and is a member of the law firm of which Senator Evarts is the head. His practice is diversified and enormous. He s one of the few men who is followed into a court room by a throng that they may listen to his eloquence. Like all great lawyers his capacity for work is astounding, and like most of them he has found his recreation more in his law books than in the delights of society.

Frederick R. Coudert is peculiar, both in Mr. Carter, while enjoying this repute for ality. He is of French extraction, and



WHEELER H. PECKHAM.

speaks that language and Spanish with the same elegance of diction that he uses En-glish. In the department of international law he stands first among the lawyers of America, and foreign governments have so recognized his abilities that he has long been the counsel of France and other Eu-

ropean states in America. Mr. Coudert, while not ranking quite the squal of Mr. Choate as an advocate, is still esteemed not far behind that eminent professional brother. He is distinguished both in and out of his profession for politeness. If he has temper he is its abso lute master, and while in important cases. when his feelings are aroused, he can show indignation, which is splendid to witness and to hear in his oratory, yet it is an indignation always vented upon a wrong and never upon a person. Mr. Coudert is eminently social in his private life. He has a fine residence in New York in the winter, and a very beautiful estate in New

Jersey, where he lives during the summer. John E. Parsons is a New Yorker by birth and training, a Presbyterian of great influence, and as a lawyer is believed to have the firest practice in the English speaking world. He probably received the argest fee ever taken by a lawyer, for he was paid, according to common report, \$400,000 for organizing the famous sugar trust, and is the general counsel of that mammoth business interest. Mr. Parsons is a man of suave habits, polished manners, of mighty industry and vast income. He

s now about sixty years of age, although e seems to be at least ten years younger. Wheeler H. Peckham comes of a family of lawyers. His father was for many years judge of the court of appeals, and was lost at sea while still a member of the bench by the sinking of the Ville de Paris. His brother Rufus succeeded the father on the court of appeals bench. Wheeler H. Peckham, until recently, devoted himself entirely to his practice, which is general and great. But last fall he was made the chairman of an independent organization of citizens, designed to secure reform in Ex-Judge John F. Dillon is thought by many to be perhaps of more profound legal mind even than Mr. Carter. Yet since Judge Dillon's arrival in New York his practice has been somewhat circumscribed, HIS DIRE REVENGE.

The Hour Had Come and He Used It to

Advantage. During the halcyon days of the roller skating rink I was in the ticket office of a rink in Louisville when a man came in and ssked if he could hire the floor for one hour It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and after some figuring he was told that he could have it for \$10.

"I want to bring a friend here and teach him to roll," be explained, "and I want it understood that no one is to raise a band

That was agreed to, and he paid the money and went away. When he returned, ten minutes later, he had his friend with him, and he selected one pair of rollers, strapped them to the man's feet, and after a little led him out to the center of the floor, where there was a single column reaching up to the roof. Here he loosened his hold, stood back with folded arms, and

"James Burns, you are a cheat and a liar! You lied me out of \$50 a year ago!" "Look, here, Sam; what does this mean?" emanded the other, who was clinging to the post for support.
"It means that the hour for my revenge

has come at last! James Burns, you are a scoundrel! Yes, sir, you are a contemptible, miserable wretch!"

"You-you must be crazy!" gasped the victim as he recovered from a "slew" made by one of his feet. "No, sir! Far from it! I planned this to

get revenge. You are a low lived, misera-ble cur! Words fail to express my contempt for you!" The other made a move at him, but

"slewed" right and left and came near going down. He got a new grip on the post, and stood there with his legs wobbling and trembling. The other steadfastly regarded him for a long minute, and then exclaimed: "Liar, villifler, slanderer. I defy and spit upon you!"

He advanced and spat, and then turned on his beel and walked away. The other was so mad and helpless that he shed tears, and he offered an employe & to come and belp him sit down and get his skates off. This was against the bargain, however, and no one went near bim. He got so mad that he decided to try it alone, but the instant he let go of the post one foot shot one way and the other in a contrary direction, and he came down like a block of stone. After ten minutes' work be got his skates off, and then he crawled across the floor on hands and knees. His companion had disappeared, but as he was ready to follow after him he waved his hand to us and said:
"I will hunt him! I will find him! I

will skin him, and use his skin for fish bait to catch bullheads with!"-New York

Not Going West. quite seriously. A patrolman who was passing through an alley off Beaubien street the other day came upon a boy of 12 who had a corn cutter in one band, a piece of broken scythe

ton Star.

hip pocket.
"On the warpath?" queried the officer, as he looked him over

in the other and an old pistol stuck in his

"Yes, somewhat." "Going west to fight Indians, I suppose?" 'Noap.

"What then?" "I'm going up here about two blocks to strike terror to the heart of a boy who thinks he can lick me. How do I look?"

"Very savage." "Do I need a butcher knife?"

"No He'll wilt when he sees you."
"That's what I want. I'll creep up on him, pull his hair, utter a war whoop and

Miss Blank-No. She has gone to Mrs. de Mugg's progressive conversation party. By the way, what sort of a party is that, Mrs. de Visite!

Mrs. de Visite-It is one at which the conversation begins with art, science and literature, and progresses very rapidly to fashions, gossip and servants.—Good News.

A Just Punishment.

Herr Wamperl fell violently on the icy

Rising and tuboing his bruised limbs he cried to the proprietor of the house where be slipped: "It serves you right that I should fall

on your pavement. Why didn't you scat-ter ashes over it?"-Fliegende Blatter.

Running Short.

Kingley (to Bingo, who has just moved) -This is a pretty nice house you've got, Bingo, but I thought you said you were going to buy it instead of paying rent. Bingo-So I was. But I had to pay the truckman first.-Munsey's Weekly.

Questionable Praise. Composer (to his friend) -- Well, how do

you like my sonata? "My dear fellow, no one will ever play it after you."-Fliegende Blatter.

His Occupation.



She-Yes, the only things that make life endurable are art and poetry. By the way, did you know that the young poet Warble, who has become so famous, had an elder

He-No; what does he do? She-He supports Warble.-Life.

Feminine Tact. Hostess (at dinner)—You own a very fine telescope, I understand, Mr. De Science, Guest—Yes, madam, I was fortunate snough to secure a most excellent instru

Hostess-Are you interested in micro-The House of Martha,

Guest-No, madam; I never had one. Hostess-Marie, pass Mr. De Science the

Christmas Eve-An Alarm



Chorus-What wuz dat? Didn't you hear sunfin?-Life.

Unsatisfactory.

"We had depended on you for a Christ-mas story," said the publisher, "but listen to this from the manuscript you gave us: 'It was a moist drizzling day, the clouds had obscured the sun all morning, and there hadn't been a snowflake within seventeen miles of the place for a week. The sleighs had last year's rust on their run-ners, and the inhabitants wouldn't have known the sound of sleigh bells from the explosion of a Gatling gun. It was just a common every day Christmas, on which Santa Claus had to take off his skates and drag out his overshoes.' It won't do; I don't think the reading public will have

"And yet," sighed the author as he rolled up his copy and put it into his pocket, "you said you wanted something a little different."—Washington Post,

Keeping Him a Lover.

Mrs. Sharptongue - D'ye mean t' say you've been married ten years, an' had a quarrel with y'r husband? Fair Stranger—That is true, madam "And ye always let him have the last

word? "Yes, madam; I wouldn't for the world do anything to lessen my husband's love for me. He might get careless." "Careless?"

"Yes. We are jugglers by profession, and at two performances every day I stand against a board while he throws the knives."-New York Weekly.

Gone West.

"My friend George has gone to Seattle," said the obituary editor to the funny man

"Ah," twittered the funny man. "What

has he gone to see attle for?"
"I should say," responded the obituary
editor with great solemnity, "that he has gone to Scattle, Wash." And the funny man felt the gray matter in his brain slowly congealing.—Washing-

A Transparent Lie. Friend-If you are so bad off why don't

you apply to your rich brother in Boston for assistance? Poor Man-I did write to him to assist me, and what answer do you suppose I got?

"I have no idea." "He wrote me that my letter asking for assistance had never reached him."—Texas

9 o'clock in the morning The Transcript is perfectly right. The boys must leave sidewalks where they are.-Lowell Citizen.

A Faulty Proverb. Gryce-That old Indian rascal, Dough face-full-of-prunes-up-to-the-neck, is on the rampage again, I see. I guess it's true that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Bryce-But did you ever know a real mean Indian to die?-Spirit.

Absent Minded. Professor (a little distracted)-I'm very glad to see you. How's your wife?

"I regret it, professor, but I'm not married. "Ah, yes, then, of course, your wife's

still single?"-Fliegende Blatter. A Reason for Everything. Walker--Weeks has got fearfully round shoulders, hasn't he? He never does any

work, does he? Wentman-No, but you ought to see the load of debts he has to carry!-American Grocer.

The Liverpool Twins.



Georgie-It isn't faih to draw when I do, You must b-blow, don't you know? -Judge.

They Came to Terms. "Did you and Dennis Dugan come to terms in your dispute?" asked a business man of his janitor.

"Yis, sor; and very uncompliment'ry terms they wor, sor."-Washington Post. No Relation to Mr. What. "What's your name?" "Teddy. "Teddy what?"

"No. Just Teddy." - Harper's Young People.

Our English Cook. "Now, ma'am, 'ow will you 'ave the duck today? Will you heat it cold, or shall 'eat it for you?"--Life.

The Atlantic

For 1891 will contain

Frank R. Stockton's Serial.

Contributions from

Dr. Holmes. Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier.

Some heretofore unpublished

Letters by Charles and Mary Lamb.

Mr. Percival Lowell will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of

Noto: an Unexplored Corner of Japan.

The Capture of Louisbourg will be treated in

A Series of Papers by Francis Parkman.

There will also be Short Stories and Sketches by

Rudyard Kipling,

Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, and others. Untechnical pa-pers on Questions in Modern Science

will be contributed by Professor Osborn, of Princeton, and others; topics in University, Secondary, and Primary Education will be a feature.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Parsons Mrs. Fields, Graham R. Tomson, and others will be among the contributors of Poetry. The Atlantic for 1891.

TERMS:-\$4.00 a year in advance, Postage Free; 35 cents a number. With new life-size portrait of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bruant, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait \$1.00. The November and December numbers sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1891 are received before December 20th. Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letters, to

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and published by CHAS. L. WEBSTER That's what I want. I'll creep up on him, pull his hair, utter a war whoop and roll him in the ashes. Well, good-by. If you hear shricks and yells you needn't mind the racket. It will only be me twisting his scalp lock."—Detroit Free Press.

The Last Resort.

A professor was exceedingly amazed by the fact that many of the students left the recitation room during the course of his lecture. He appealed to them in different ways, but in vain: some few still persisted in going out before the close of the lecture. Finally he announced at the beginning of the hour that in place of his ordinary lecture he proposed to preach a short sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed and found wanting." Then he added, "Gentlemen, you will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."—New England Magazine.

Nothing Very New.

Mrs. de Visite—Good afternoon, Miss Blank: I syour mother at home?

Miss Blank: I syour mother at home?

Miss Blank: I syour mother at home?

Miss Blank: No. She has gone to Mrs. & CO., New York.

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Notice to Defendant.

John Creighton Ballinger will take notice that on the 3rd day of December, 1890, John B. Cunningham and Chas A. Hanna, plaintiffs herein, filed their petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, state of Nebraska, against said defendant. The object and prayer of which are to forclose a certain mertgage executed by John Z. Ballinger and Emma E. Ballinger to the plaintiff upon the following described premises, to-wit: Lot 6, Block 9, of Second East Park Addition to the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, State of Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated the 10th day of March, 1890, for the sum of \$600, due and payable in monthly installments from the 15th day of May, 1890, \$15, payable each month with interest on the entire amount remaining from time to time unpaid at the rate of 8 per cent, per annum, from the 18th day of March, 1890, payable monthly tire amount remaining from time to time un-paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, from the 10th day of March, 1890, payable monthly. Plaintiffs pray for a decree that defendants be required to pay same or that the premises may be said to satisfy the amount found due. You are required to answer said jetition on on the forest the 5th day of January, 1891. Dated December 3, 1890. JNO. B. CUNNINGHAM, Atty. for Plaintiffs,

Notice Filite of Will.

Notice Probate of Will.

Theodore S. Ganter. Deceased.

In County Court. Laneaster county, New.
The State of Nebras ka to the heirs and next of kin of the said Theodore S. Ganter, deceased: Take notice,—That up in filing of a written instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Theodore S. Ganter, for probate an I allowance, it is ordered that said matter be set for hearing the 28th day of December. A. D. 1850, before said County Court, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at which time any person interested may appear and contest the same; and notice of this proceeding is ordered published three weeks successively in the Capital City Courter, a weekly newspaper, published in this State.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the County Court at Lincoin this lith day of December, A. D., 1880,

W. E. Stewart,

County Judge.

Legal Notice.

Legal Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of license to me granted, by the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, I will sell for cash, at public auction, at the cast front door of the Court thouse in the City of Lincoln, on Tuc-day, the 25th day of January, 1891, between the hours of one and two o'clock p. m. of said day, the following real property, of the estate of John McAllister, decreased, towit: Lot 11, of block 17 and the west \$\frac{3}{4}\$ of lot 9, and the east half of lot 10, of block \$\frac{3}{3}\$, all in the City of Lincoln, Nebraska,

JOHN S. GREGORY,

Administrator, estate of John McAllister, 11-1-91.