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STORIES OF PUBLIC MEN.

SECRETARY BLAINE AND HIS RE-
CENT ILLNESS.Stephen B. Elkins and His Successful Cam-
paign for the Life of His Boy—Logan
and the Presidency—Charles A. Dana's
Fear That He Looked Like a Thief.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 28.—In this letter I want to tell you two or three simple stories about some prominent men—stories which bring out the human side of persons who are generally talked and written about as public characters. For instance, there is Secretary Blaine, who is conceded by all observers, friends and foe alike, to be one of the most interesting men of his time, and perhaps the most interesting man in public life in this country to-day. Mr. Blaine's illness in New York, and the uncertainty as to when he should be able to resume work at Washington, called forth the sympathy of the whole country. I was talking the other day with one of Mr. Blaine's most intimate friends, Stephen B. Elkins. Mr. Elkins had just left Mr. Blaine's bedside.

"Mr. Blaine," said Elkins, "is just now somewhat depressed. He is not so very sick, but he has a form of the grip, which is so likely to depress the spirits of its victims. Why, I have had three millionaires come to me within the past few months and begin talking about themselves, in the end breaking down into fits of weeping. One was a many times millionaire, a man who had made one of the most conspicuous successes, amassed a great fortune, and who had everything to live for. Yet he said to me: 'Elkins, I don't know what the matter is with me, but I want to die. I can see no use for living. I feel so miserable I want to die and get rest.' And then this great, strong man, whose name is a power in finance and politics, broke down and cried like a child. Within a month another friend, a rich man, another one who had in family, fortune and prospects everything the heart could wish for, called at my office and said he wanted to talk to me about himself. It was the old story. He was not sick enough to go to bed; he was able to crawl around, but there was something the matter with him, he didn't know what, and he was about ready to give up. As he went on talking the tears began to trickle down his cheeks; he choked up and began to sob so that I had to close my door to keep my clerks from observing the rich man's distress.

"That is the sort of thing that has been going through the country during the past winter," continued Mr. Elkins, "and I am not surprised that victims of the prevailing malady should have committed suicide. Now, Mr. Blaine has been affected in somewhat the same way. His case was not so desperate as that of the men I have mentioned, but it was similar. For a few days he was much depressed in spirits. Never since the death of his son Walker did Mr. Blaine realize so fully the nature of his loss as he did while he was himself sick in New York. He always mourned for Walker, but during this ordeal he actually pined for him. Walker was very near his father, and was a manly, thoughtful, helpful son. I will never forget Mr. Blaine's first words when he returned to this country from his tour in Europe. You will remember his health was not good over there, and he sadly missed the help of Walker. We went down the bay to meet Mr. Blaine, and as we stepped upon the steamer Mr. Blaine took both of Walker's hands in his and said to him, 'my boy, you and I shall never part again.' When Jack, as the family called Walker, was stricken down and died, Mr. Blaine suffered the hardest blow of his life. No political or other disappointment ever struck so near his heart."

Mr. Elkins is himself one of the most interesting of men. Many do not like him or some of his methods, but he was never yet accused of being false to a friend. At this very moment, probably, Elkins is the happiest man in America. He has just won a campaign, beside which all his race for wealth, his victories in politics are mere bagatelles. He has saved the life of his boy. It was intensely interesting to me to hear this giant of a man, who has had his rough and tumble with the world, more often than otherwise coming out on top, but enduring his failures like a fighter, tell the story of his struggle to save the life of his son—to note the pathos in his voice, and to see the tear glisten in his eye. For five weeks young Steve Elkins has been in the land of darkness, from which he is just now emerging into health.

When he was taken with scarlet fever, his father, with characteristic energy and method of organization, called in the services of three physicians. One was employed to remain in the house, constantly at the little patient's bedside, till death or recovery brought an end. The other two were consulting physicians, calling twice a day. Three nurses were employed, so that there might be no lack of help. "I did not want any one to be waiting on my boy who was tired, and therefore unable to give the most perfect service," said Mr. Elkins. So the battle went on. Following scarlet fever was malignant diphtheria, accompanied by heart failure. For weeks the boy was at the very verge of the grave. Repeatedly the doctors said the end had come, but Mr. Elkins enjoined them, to labor on, with stimulants, electricity, oxygen—every known means of keeping alive the vital spark. Again and again the little light flickered, wavered, almost disappeared, and finally brightened a bit. But after weeks of delirium, after setting one foot in the other land, little Steve began to mend. He is now on the high road to recovery.

"But for his remarkable vitality," said the father, "he could never have endured the combined onslaught of so many dread afflictions. But even with this we should have lost him had it not been for the plan of campaign which I organized in his behalf. The doctors admit that but for my refusal to give up,

and for my instructions to fight every inch of the ground, his light would have gone out. The lesson to me, and the lesson to all who have boys and girls to save—and what will a man not give to save his child—is never to give up. Fight with every means at your command as long as a spark remains. We can never know how much reserve force there is in a little body to draw upon. Sometimes, unfortunately, there is less than there should be. In other cases there will be more, and parents should never be satisfied till they have developed and exhausted all there is. I am sure that many of our brightest and best loved children are allowed to perish because the physicians and nurses do not fight to the bitter end."

The story of his campaign for the life of his boy Mr. Elkins told me in private conversation, not intended for publication; but I am sure this keen, successful, practical man and loving father will not object if I give the lesson of his victory to my readers, that they may follow his example when death sets foot within their doors and threatens to carry off their little ones. If one precious little life may be saved by this means, I know Mr. Elkins will be glad of the publicity which I give to his story.

Speaking of Mr. Blaine and his illness reminds me of an incident related to me recently by Senator Cullom, of Illinois. We were talking about presidential ambitions and possibilities. "I confess," said Senator Cullom, "that at different times in my life I have had a thought of the possibility that I might some day be president of the United States, as I suppose every man in public life, and many men not in public life, have had. But a few years ago I learned one lesson, which sank deep into my soul, and which can never be effaced. It was when I stood by the bedside of dying John A. Logan, and held the hand of that great man as he passed from this life to the next. There was a strong, ambitious, admirable man, who for many years had given himself up to the noble ambition to be president of the United States. It is not saying anything against Logan—for I loved him too well to be capable of criticizing him now—to say that for a number of years almost every act and thought of his life was governed directly or indirectly by his ambition to be president. He had worked and slaved and schemed and given up his life to his aspiration. Yet here came inexorable death, no respecter of persons or prospects, and struck him down just as the cup for which he had so long struggled was about to be offered to his eager lips. "I say this because there is no question among public men of all parties that if Logan had lived he would have been president. His was the saddest death I ever knew, and my thought as I stood holding his hand and feeling it grow colder and colder within my grasp, was that the presidential rainbow is one which no man can afford to chase. If it comes to him in the natural course of events he is fortunate. But it is foolish to seek it when untimely death may at any moment step in and wrest from him the fruits of all toil and all devotion."

For fear that I am writing too much on solemn topics, I will now tell a lighter story, which was also told me by Senator Cullom. It concerns Charles A. Dana, the great editor of the New York Sun. During the war the accounts of the war department became so much involved that it became advisable to organize a commission to go to Cairo, Ill., where most of the trouble was, and straighten it out. Senator Cullom and Mr. Dana were asked by Mr. Lincoln to become members of this commission, and consented. They went down to Cairo, where the quartermasters' accounts were in frightful confusion. Hundreds of men were claiming pay for horses and other supplies of which there were no records. It was the duty of the commission to pass on these claims, weed out the bad from the good, and clear up the books. Of course the claimants were both numerous and insistent, and the members of the commission were besieged from early morning till late at night.

One day Mr. Dana had been taking a walk through the town, and came into the office of the commission with a thunder cloud hanging upon his brow. In a moment the storm broke. "Great God, Cullom!" he exclaimed, "will you take a look at me? Look at me carefully. Gaze into my eyes, scan me all over and then answer me truthfully." Cullom and his colleagues did not know what to make of this strange speech. For a moment they thought Mr. Dana had gone crazy. "Look me over, Cullom, and all of you," Dana exclaimed excitedly and earnestly, "and tell me if I look so much more like a d—d thief than the rest of you. Three times today have I been approached by fellows who have horse claims against the government, and offered a bribe if I would see to it that their claims were put through. If I really look as much like a thief as this would indicate, for God's sake tell me, so I can go off some place and shoot myself."

WALTER WELLMAN.

Transatlantic Travel.

The statistics of transatlantic travel present some figures that are simply amazing. While the exact figures of 1890-91 cannot be ascertained it is certain that at least twenty times as many people now go abroad annually as did forty years ago. Indeed it is not so very long ago that a voyage to Europe made one a noted individual in three-fourths of the country. Now every considerable village has citizens who can talk intelligently of what they "saw abroad," and in the cities it is rare to find a well-to-do man of middle age who has not taken a long sea voyage. At least 60,000 Americans went abroad last year, and, according to the reports, at least \$1,000 apiece on the average. Sixty millions is a good deal of money for a young nation to spend in seeing old countries, and buying curios and foreign clothing, yet the companies are looking forward to a better business this year, as there is no "campaign" on hand, and many want to go before '93, when the interest will center at Chicago.

The Dakota Hot Springs.

The improvements that have taken place at the Dakota Hot Springs during the past year make it now one of the most popular, attractive and desirable resorts of the country. In addition to the benefits to be derived from the use of the water, the superior climate and beautiful natural surroundings render it an especially attractive resort, while the curative properties of the water makes the Springs a rival of the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. Ample hotel accommodations are provided at reasonable rates, and the journey to and from can now be quickly and comfortably made via the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad, the only all rail line to the Hot Springs. Excursion tickets are sold at reduced rates. Full information can be obtained on application to W. M. SHIPWAY, Gen. Agt., Lincoln, Neb., or Jno. T. Mustin, City Tkt. Agt., 1133 O street; E. T. Moore, Depot Tkt. Agt., Cor. 8th and S street, or to J. R. Buckham, Gen. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Jimmy Got the Cake.

"And where are you going, Katy?" called a Houston street mother from a third story window to her daughter on the sidewalk. "Over to Mrs. Johnson's to inquire about her sick boy." "Well, go on; but remember that if she begins to brag that his pulse has been up to 110 you want to say that our Jimmy's pulse saw that and went fifteen better the week he had the measles. Don't let her bluff you on pulses."—New York Evening World.

Boils and Pimples

Are nature's efforts to eliminate poison from the blood. This result may be accomplished much more effectively, as well as agreeably, through the proper excretory channels, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "For several years I was troubled with boils and carbuncles. In casting about for a remedy, it occurred to me that Ayer's Sarsaparilla had been used in my father's family, with excellent success, and I thought that what was good for the father would also be good for the son. Three or four bottles of this medicine entirely cured me, and I have not since—in more than two years—had a boil, pimple, or any other eruptive trouble. I can conscientiously speak in the highest terms of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and many years' experience in the drug business enables me to speak intelligently."—C. M. Hatfield, Farmland, Ind.

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In The District Court, Lancaster County, Nebraska.

J. L. Blackman, Howard Ames and Mrs. Ames, first named defendants, vs. J. L. Blackman, second named defendant, et al. Plaintiffs, vs. J. L. Blackman, second named defendant, et al. Defendants. The object and prayer of the petition is to foreclose a certain mortgage by the defendant Blackman to the plaintiffs upon lot twenty-six (26) in block two (2) in Irving Place addition to the city of Lincoln in said Lancaster county and state of Nebraska to secure the payment of a certain promissory note dated Sept. 11, 1889, for the sum of \$50.00 and also one other certain note dated July 25th, 1890, for the sum of \$135.00 each due and payable on or before the first day of July 1891; that there is now due upon said notes and mortgage the sum of \$190.00 and interest thereon from the date of the said notes for which sum together with the interest thereon plaintiffs pray judgment and for a decree that the defendants be required to pay the same, or that the said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due.

You are required to answer the said petition on or before the 13th day of July 1891.

Dated June 4th, 1891.
WALLINGFORD SHARP
by ARBOTT, BELLECK & LANE
6-1-41 Their Attorneys.

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