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MEN WITH GLIB TONGUES

AN EXCELLENT TALKER IS A PERENNIAL JOY.

Walter Wellman Writes of Several Public Personages Who Possess the Power of Talking Well and Know When and Where to Exercise It.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, June 11.—A good talker is a joy forever, if he only knows when to talk, what to talk about, and when to stop; and, in my opinion, a man who has not these accomplishments can never be really and truly a good talker, no matter how glib his tongue or how brilliant his rhetoric. Washington is full of good talkers. One of the best of them is General Casey, chief of engineers in the war department, and the man who won fame by putting the half finished Washington monument on stilts while a new foundation was placed under it. General Casey completed the great shaft, too, and a proud day it was for him when he stood up there in a gale of wind and superintended the capping of the obelisk with the block of aluminium. I called on the general one day to make inquiry about an opinion of the department of justice concerning a war department case in which I was interested.

"The opinion has not reached us yet," said General Casey, "and of course I don't know what it will be. But I am afraid it will be just the reverse of what we want. We are sadly degenerating in this matter of law opinions, anyway. Years ago when we felt it necessary to call on the attorney general for an opinion we indicated to him what kind of an opinion we wanted, and generally got it. That is one of the beauties of the law—it is an elastic science; and it is this which makes me admire it so much, accustomed as I am to the exactness of architecture and engineering. I remember that some years ago, shortly after this state war and navy building was completed, congressmen raised a great ado because there was a solid partition between the central and southern parts of the structure. Senators and representatives used to rush down here to see the secretary of war about some river or harbor improvements, and then they would go over to ask the secretary of the navy for a job in one of the navy yards for some patriotic constituent. But when they started for the office of the secretary of state to see about that consular thing they ran plumb up against a stone wall.

"One day a senator bolted into my room and exclaimed: 'This is an outrage! There's the state department about twenty feet away, under this roof, but in order to get to it I must go out in the rain and walk about a block to another entrance. Too much blasted exclusiveness about this state department to suit me. In putting up this building, why did you fellows go and wall the state department off by itself?' 'Simply because you fellows that made the law authorizing the construction of the building required us to do so,' I replied. 'Well, can't you change it?' 'Oh, yes, if we can get the authority. The partitions are simply brick plugs between the columns, and we can knock them out in a hurry if congress will direct us to do so.' The senator thought we could knock the partitions out without authorization by congress, but in order to make sure we asked the department of justice for a legal opinion.

"Devens was attorney general then, and when I took the matter to him he said, for all the world like a bank cashier giving you currency for a check, 'How will you have it?' 'Have what?' said I. 'Why, the opinion of the department of justice?' 'Can I have it any way I want it?' 'Certainly.' 'Then I'll take it for removal of the partitions.' I got it, too, and that's the way in which the state department had its brick wall torn down and lost the architectural exclusiveness in which it formerly took so much pride.

"But this was not the only cause I have had for admiration of the elasticity and adaptability of the law," continued General Casey. "Three or four years ago a bridge case of a complicated nature came up for disposition by this department. We asked the department of justice for a legal opinion. Mr. Garland was attorney general, and as he happened to know that the president had taken some interest in the case, the wily purveyor of legal lore concluded to take no chances of having a wrong opinion. So he prepared three opinions, each different from the others, and with the three opinions in his inside pocket marched over to the White House, equipped for any emergency. A few minutes' conversation showed him what Mr. Cleveland's views were in the premises, and then he pulled out the opinion which fitted the case."

A famous talker is Dr. Elliott Cones, the noted Theosophist. Dr. Cones lives in a beautiful home near the president's church, and his parlors are the Theosophical court at the national capital. He numbers his followers by the score, and while they are chiefly women they are very bright women, restless, studious and more or less emotional. Almost any hour of the day one of them may be seen in the doctor's parlors, drawing inspiration from the high priest of Theosophy. In the opinion of a majority of these women Dr. Cones is about the greatest man that has lived since Christ, but it is odd that many of them decline to agree with him in his denunciation of the late Mine. Blavatsky as a fraud.

Dr. Cones' fierce opposition to Blavatsky is well known, and his expressions concerning her were the cause of a libel suit instituted against him by the late Hypatia of occultism. The women who look up to Cones also admire Blavatsky. I suppose because Blavatsky was of their own sex, for one of the strongest signs we have of woman's growth in power is her increasing tendency to stand by woman.

It is not surprising that Dr. Cones wields a magnetic influence over his disciples, for he is a remarkable man. He is a gifted talker. I sat for an hour and a half one recent evening talking with him of Blavatsky—that is, I did the listening. Dr. Cones attended to the

talking. When Dr. Cones talks at his best he becomes exceedingly emotional, and physically as well as mentally is at high tension. At a signal from the philosopher, well understood by a colored servant, the latter places on a chair by the doctor's side a porcelain jar containing Egyptian tobacco and rice paper. The doctor seizes a slip of the paper, pinches out with dainty touch a half thimbleful of the tobacco, and with deft fingers and delicate motions rolls himself a cigarette. Then he walks rapidly a few times around the room, lighting his cigarette with a perfumed wax match as he walks, and finally sits down, his "mood" on his eyes rolling like an oriental's, and talks.

It is talk worth hearing, you may be sure—perfect in rhetoric, graphic in coloring, logical in form, warm with imagination. Every five minutes another cigarette, each as daintily rolled and as daintily manipulated as its predecessor. Every ten minutes another turn about the apartment. If, perchance, the doctor sits down in another part of the room the watchful serving man slips softly in from the hall, removes the porcelain jar of tobacco and rice paper to a chair by his master's side and glides as softly away. Three or four removes of the occult philosopher, as many transfers of the tobacco jar from chair to chair, a dozen cigarettes, and the listener, by this time thoroughly en rapport, half awake and dreaming, half charmed and half mystified, is ready to endorse Theosophy or predestination or pre-existence or anything else which Dr. Cones may recommend.

One of the very best talkers in Washington is a newspaper man named Sterett—plain Bill Sterett, of Texas. He doesn't know any more about Theosophy or occultism than he does about the kind of fish they catch in the moon, but he knows human nature, which is a good deal better. He can tell a new story or narrate some hitherto unknown but marvelous experience of his—every story true and every experience actual—each quarter hour. Many of his stories are of the newspaper business, hunting and fishing, but they have no poorer flavor for that.

William E. Curtis, who was formerly a newspaper man, but is now one of Mr. Blaine's trusted lieutenants in the state department, is a keen observer, has been a great traveler, possesses a memory like that of a stereotypist, and is a first rate talker. He works like a steam engine and talks like a dynamo. I asked him the other day how old his pretty little daughter Elsie was, and he said ten years come July 2.

"That recalls to me," he went on, "one of the most harrowing experiences I have ever had. Ten years ago I was managing editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The night of the 1st of July I had been up till daylight, running backward and forward between my house and the office. I had just got nicely to sleep in the morning when a messenger rang the doorbell and they roused me and put into my hands a note which read, 'President Garfield has just been shot in Washington.' In fifteen minutes I was at the office, writing messages and giving directions. An hour later a telephonic message summoned me home imperatively. I had been in the house but a little while when word came from the office that I must report at once, as the composers had gone on strike.

"Back to the office I went, and had a conference with the business manager and with a committee from the men, and failing to reach an agreement, organized a plan to get new men and make sure of the publication of a paper the following morning. Then I rushed home again, and at the critical moment there was once more summoned post haste to the office by the startling intelligence that a mob was threatening the building. In those days The Inter-Ocean was a strong stalwart organ, and some of the people got the idea in their heads that certain political editorials which we had printed were indirectly responsible for the assassination. To add fuel to the flames, the first dispatches had it that our correspondent in Washington, Mr. Byron Andrews, was Guiteneau's accomplice.

"Of course Mr. Andrews had nothing more to do with the killing of Garfield than you had, except that he chanced to be in the railway station and an eye witness of the tragedy. But the people were excited and fierce, and a howling mob had gathered in front of the office, hooting and threatening. I nearly killed a cab horse in rushing to the office, and there threw up a window and made a little speech to the crowd, telling them the facts and begging them not to block up the streets. The mob slowly dispersed, and after some more trouble about the strike and the getting of new printers I hastened home to find myself a father. So you see I have abundant reason to remember July 2."

WALTER WELLMAN.

Novel Use for Cattle Bone.

A novel use has been found for "cattle bone" by expert jewelers. They employ it instead of sand to make small castings, quite delicate impressions of models being produced in its fine grain by pressure, and there retained much better than in sand. Sometimes a score of "bones," smoothed to plates and severally impressed, are connected by wires in a pile, with minute apertures and channels running through them to carry the molten gold, poured into the top, to all the parts. When the casting cools the "bones" are crumbled away, a "tree" of ring shanks, pin forms, or other shapes is presented, to be broken up and finished in detail. The fragments and dust of the bone go to make tooth powder and metal polishing material.

John H. Inman. The president of the Richmond Terminal company, John H. Inman, is building a handsome home on Seventy-second street, just east of Central park, New York. His present home at 20 West Fifty-sixth street is one of the most magnificently furnished establishments in the city. The treasures under its roof it is estimated cost nearly half a million dollars.

Cushman Park Special Trains.

Until further notice, B. & M. trains will run as follows between Lincoln and Cushman park.
Wednesday—Leave Lincoln 7:30 P.M. and return from Cushman at 11 P.M.
Saturday—Leave Lincoln at 2:30 P.M. and return from Cushman at 5 P.M.
Sundays—Leave Lincoln at 10:30 A.M., 2:30 P.M., 5:30 P.M. and 8:30 P.M.; returning from Cushman at 11 A.M., 3 P.M., 5 P.M. and 8:30 P.M.
Regular train No. 71 leaving Lincoln at 4:30 P.M. daily except Sunday will also stop at Cushman, honoring tickets, round trip rate of 15 cents will apply to all.

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. SHIPMAN, 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.

Silk gremadins and drapery nets in a great variety at
J. W. WINGER & Co.
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Waiter—What kind of soup will you have?
Beenthere—Just plain.
Waiter—What do you mean by that?
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As a Rule,

It is best not to attempt to remedy constiveness by the use of saline or drastic purgatives. When a cathartic medicine is needed, the most prompt and beneficial is Ayer's Pills. Their effect is to restore the regular action of the bowels, without weakening them. Being sugar-coated, these Pills retain their medicinal virtues for a long time, and are easy to take.
"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.
"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Herst, Judsonia, Ark.

Ayer's Pills,

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Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

In The District Court Lancaster County, Nebraska.

I, L. Blackman, Howard Autes and Mrs. Autes, first name unknown defendants, will take notice that on the 19th day of March, 1891, Wallingford & Shamp, plaintiffs herein, filed their petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are 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 \$55.00 and also one other certain note dated July 25th, 1889, for the sum of \$150.00 and interest thereon from the date of the said notes for which sum together with the interest thereon plaintiffs pray for 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 SHAMP
by ABBOTT, SELLECK & LAKE
their Attorneys.
6-1-41

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A MAN



Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Rv

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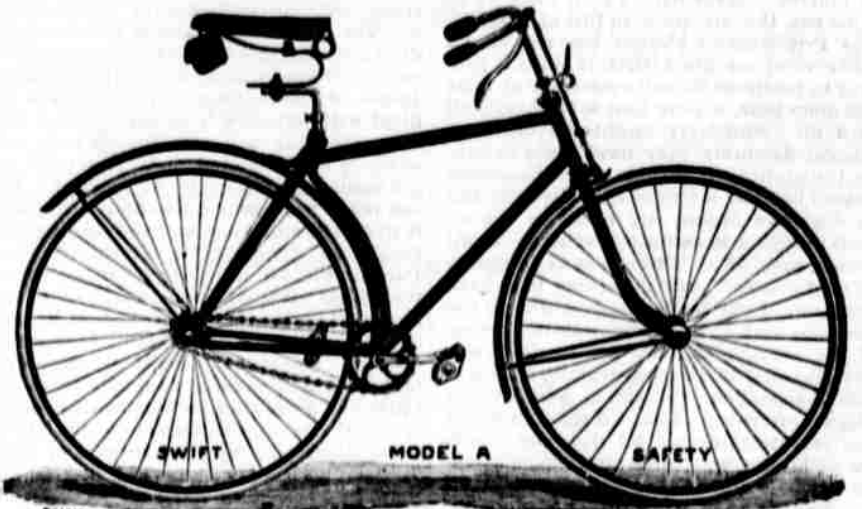
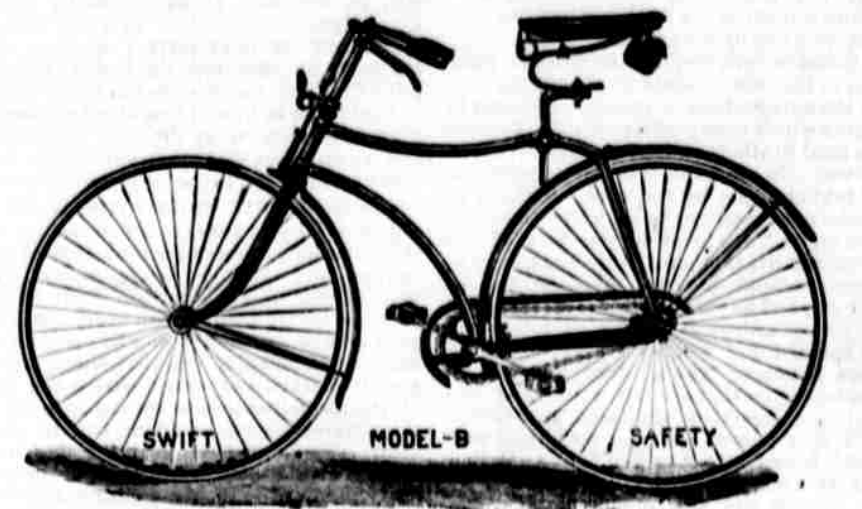
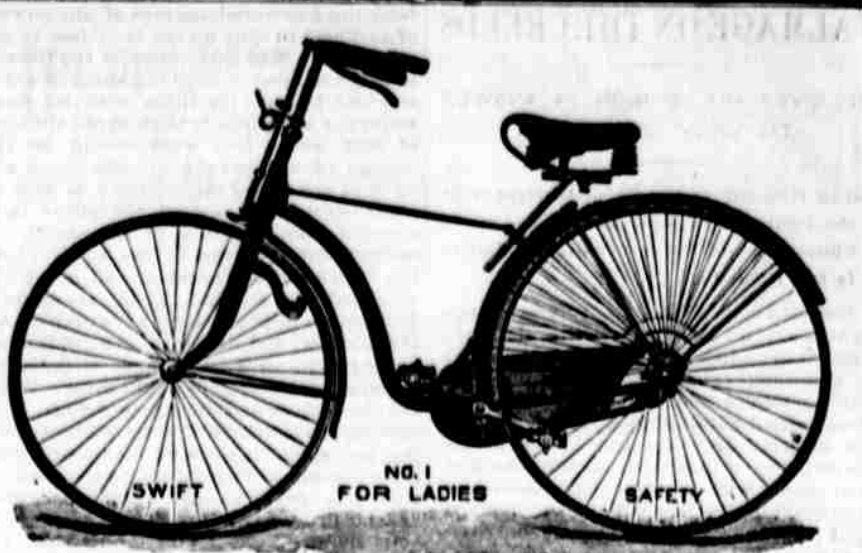
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A beautiful line of Fine Dress Patterns in Polka Dots, Combination Suits, French and English Goods. We have about 35 of the most stylish patterns left and have concluded to place all of them on Special Sale next week, same to be sold at

Popular Prices.

These goods are elegantly made up, are very stylish and will be sold at

ACTUAL COST

These goods certainly deserve your inspection. They are rich in design and the very latest fashion. A selection of fashion plates given with each dress.

BLAZERS

of White French Flannels in Blue, Red and Black Stripes at \$1.75, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00.

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