

HE SAW THE DANGER.

And Averted it in Time—Mr. C. Jacobs, One of Lincoln's Respected Citizens Tells His Own Story—Abundance of Proof That "The Dennis Treatment" for Cataract is an Unqualified Success.



CHARLES JACOBS.

The above is a good likeness of the gentleman whose name appears below it. He lives on E street, between 27th and 28th, and is a bricklayer well-known in Lincoln. He said to a reporter: "I suffered extremely with Cataract for a long time and was growing worse daily. I had heard of Dr. Dennis' successful treatment of Cataract and concluded to consult him. I began treatment with him about July 15th, and am now entirely well. I had no hope of getting relief so soon. Before I began treating with him I was hardly able to work at all, harked and coughed a great deal, was weak and seemed to have no strength; did not sleep well, poor appetite, nose stopped up, headache, ringing in ears, dizzy. Now I am free from them all and I believe I am entirely cured and can work as hard as any man. The treatment did not cause me to lose any time from my business whatever. I gladly recommend Dr. Dennis to anyone having Cataract as I had."

"The Dennis Treatment" For Cataract in all its forms, is uniformly successful to both the patient and the doctor. It is based on a correct theory demonstrated to be the right one. See Dr. C. Warren Dennis, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Surgeon and Specialist in Cataract, graduate of three medical colleges; 10 years' experience. Hundreds of cases successfully treated. Charges reasonable. Consultation free. Correspondence solicited. Patients at a distance treated by correspondence. References, many of the best people in Lincoln, who have been cured. Office, over First National Bank, 10th a d O. Hours, 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7:30 to 8:30; Sundays 9 to 5 p. m.

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WEBSTER & ROGERS, 1043 O Street.

C. L. RICHARDS, ATTORNEY, RICHARDS BLOCK, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

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Lincoln Shirt Factory To 1402 O Street.

In its new location this establishment will have better facilities than ever for turning out first-class work, and an increased line of Gent's Furnishing Goods will always be on sale. To our business has been added a

LADIES' TAILORING DEPARTMENT

In which garments of all kinds will be made to order and anything from the smallest trimmings to the finest Dress or Cloak will be skillfully executed and made on short notice. In this department we employ one of the best cutters and fitters in the country and satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular. Our factory will hereafter be known as the

Lincoln Shirt Mfg. Co.

A. Katzenstein, Sr., Manager. Call and see us. Cor. 14th and O Sts.

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\$3000 A WEEK! I undertake to help you secure any fairly large sum of money, whether you are rich or poor, and will, after instructions, will work industriously, how to get Three Thousand Dollars, a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Family and quick interest. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number who are making over \$3000 a year each. It is a NEW and UNUSUAL opportunity. Full particulars FREE. Address: E. C. ALLEN, Box 480, Aug 15th, Maine.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

DI VERNON DESCRIBES CHARMING MONTEREY AND SANTA CRUZ.

Building a Hotel with the Aid of Cotton Umbrellas, Only to Have It Burn Down—The Delights of Pacific Grove, Sea Bathing and Romance.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29.—California is a land of pleasure resorts. Monterey, Santa Cruz and Pacific Grove are known in all parts of the country, whence they continually attract a steady stream of



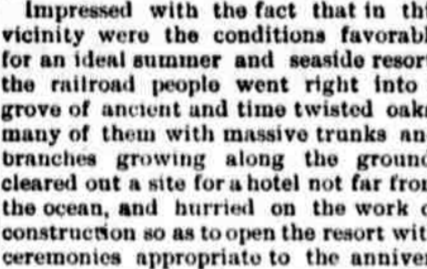
MIDWAY POINT.

visitors. Coronado, Santa Monica and Pescadero are also well known, but I shall write here of the first three named only.

Monterey looks northwest across the crescent of blue water, the Bay of Monterey, and catches a gleam of recognition from its sister city, Santa Cruz.

How shall I describe Monterey? Once the capital of the state of California, after the government no longer found its headquarters there it degenerated into a sleepy old Spanish town, a fishing station where once in a while a whale came up on the beach, and remarkable only for its lovely climate, its San Carlos mission, its old adobe, tile-roofed buildings, and its interest as the historic spot where Father Junipero Serra landed so many years ago.

Impressed with the fact that in this vicinity were the conditions favorable for an ideal summer and seaside resort, the railroad people went right into a grove of ancient and time-twisted oaks, many of them with massive trunks and branches growing along the ground, cleared out a site for a hotel not far from the ocean, and hurried on the work of construction so as to open the resort with ceremonies appropriate to the anniversary of Junipero Serra's advent. The workmen labored in all weathers, even in the steadiest downpours of rain, which reduced the mortar to the consistency of gruel. So the mortar beds were roofed over, and a man was sent up the ladder, with another man following close behind him holding an open umbrella over the hod of mortar; and the tall chimneys reared their tops skyward under the protection of a cotton umbrella. The destruction of this magnificent building, probably by the hand of an incendiary, caused much regret. No lives were lost, but oh, from the lamentations that have arisen ever since, there never were such wardrobes and such



THE BEACH AT SANTA CRUZ.

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Santa Cruz, not quite so fashionable as Monterey, is a bright, stirring little town, with a perfect beach, hotels high on the cliffs commanding a fine view of the ocean, the beach and the bathers, while the bathing is superb. The slope is of clean sand, rafts, safety lines, diving floats, canvas awnings for the spectators, all tempt one to have a good time. At Santa Cruz one can learn to swim in the placid waters of the San Lorenzo river, dash through the breakers in the surf, or bob serenely up and down in circular groups, or with a clutch on the safety line meet the swelling billows as they roll in. Only it is not quite so much fun to be rolled by a breaker, or to make a miscalculation and go under the billow instead of rising with it.

Many beautiful bathing costumes are seen in the surf and on the beach, for the ladies in California as well as those in the east are somewhat given to sun baths in the sand. Or a trio of merry men fresh from the sea and glowing with the exhilaration of the exercise, take a run on the shore and indulge in a flying game of leap frog. Santa Cruz is a favorite family resort, the children will dig forever in the sand and shriek with delight at the gay and festive sand flea that hops and never stops. Bright hued parasols dot the wide expanse of beach, and many a nice little flirtation goes on behind the friendly shade of a Japanese umbrella.

As for the drives, one can ride for miles along the ocean cliffs to the light-house and view the great natural bridge, or wander on Moss beach, or in another direction go through the fragrant red-woods and wind up the mountain spurs. It is impossible to be at a loss for something to do in Santa Cruz. The place has been the scene of more than one re-

valuable personal effects as were lost in that fire! The up train that bore the burned out guests to San Francisco looked like a scene of an extravaganza or comic opera. Blanket wraps and borrowed garments were the style, and as the train stopped at way stations taking aboard other passengers in more conventional traveling costumes the motley collection was amusing.

It was not long before another Del Monte arose upon the site, more elegant, more commodious than the first. How shall I enumerate the charms of Monterey? If it were for nothing else than to sit upon the broad, vine shaded porches, or to wander amid the groves of oaks and gardens to breathe the soft, balmy air, that indeed would repay one for the trip. Then there is the famous "Maze," where even lovers lose their patience at last and long to find a way out of its labyrinthian groves. An artificial lake stretches a broad expanse of clear water near Del Monte, and boating parties are all the rage during the summer season. The languorous strains of the soft guitar, the dainty tinkle of the mandolin and the bold notes of the banjo float across the waters as the merry-makers row in the entrancing moonlight.

And then there is the beach, with its miles and miles of sand, the rolling surf and the famous bathhouse, whose interior looks like a tropical garden, and which is never deserted during the entire season. Those who cannot swim can float, and, taking a quiet corner to themselves beyond the reach of the splash made by a boisterous diver from the springboard, safely turn up their toes, and with noses pointing skyward paddle from side to side of the tank.

And then there's the opportunity for flirting! There is nothing like propinquity after all. More than one matrimonial fish has been hooked and landed at Monterey. For a student of human nature the place offers an inexhaustible field.

Although Monterey is one of the youngest of the famous resorts in the world, yet a feature peculiar to it is its evidence of great age. The massive oaks around Del Monte, the crumbling buildings in the town and the old mission churches and the famous cypresses

on the grand ocean drive, the ocean itself and the hoary rocks, all make its age impressive. The "seventeen mile drive" along the ocean carries the sightseer from Monterey to the restored Carmel mission, on the shores of Carmel bay, and passes, as the monks of old passed to found that church, through a grove of cypresses that, botanically speaking, have all but vanished from the globe. For with the exception of a similar grove on the opposite shore of Asia in about the same latitude, these are the only specimens of their species, and they raise their gnarled and distorted arms to heaven and bend themselves in a distorted attitude of supplication as if to cry: "How long, O Lord, how long ere we, too, shall vanish from the face of the earth?"

At Midway point, which juts out into the ocean, stands a solitary cypress, the sentinel of the sea. Here was the scene of a heartrending tragedy. A young lady was washed from the rocks, caught in the swirling tide, and held upright in the water for two hours before she was submerged, drowned and cast upon the shore a mile lower down. Souvenirs peculiar to Monterey are the polished shells of the mammoth mussels and abalones which eastern tourists prize so highly. Most of the shells are bought in the rough by the shell polishers by the wagon load from "Chinese Camp," miles away. Here the Chinamen gather the univalve from the coast rocks, dislodge and dry the mollusk in the sun, and export it to China as a much prized delicacy.

Pacific Grove is not far from Monterey. There many thousands listen to lectures by Chataquan worthies, meet for religious conventions and bathe in the surf. It being possible to combine all three. Not only is it a summer resort, but it is thickly settled with homes of landowners who live there the year round.

A fine assembly hall and a church are on the grounds. And, by the way, a beautiful little church, the gift of Mrs. Alexander, nee Crocker, now stands upon the hotel grounds at Del Monte.

The Agreeable Talker. A man may know a great deal and not force you to confess that you know very little. He may select from his stores those grains and fragments likely to be welcome and mention them casually in reply to some question or remark made by one of his auditors. If you go to visit the collection of a geologist you don't care to see specimens of the primary, the secondary, the tertiary formations, with an abstruse lecture upon their birth, parentage and history; nor do you want to have "chunks of old red sandstone" flung at your head and find yourself slipping upon a moraine; but you do like to see the geodes filled with garnets or amethysts, the specimens of lapis lazuli and jade and malachite; you like to hear how diamonds are mined, and the comparative merits of the gold of Ophir and California. This is an open parable and commended to all men who know a great deal and wish to be counted as agreeable men.

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POMP AND PRIDE.

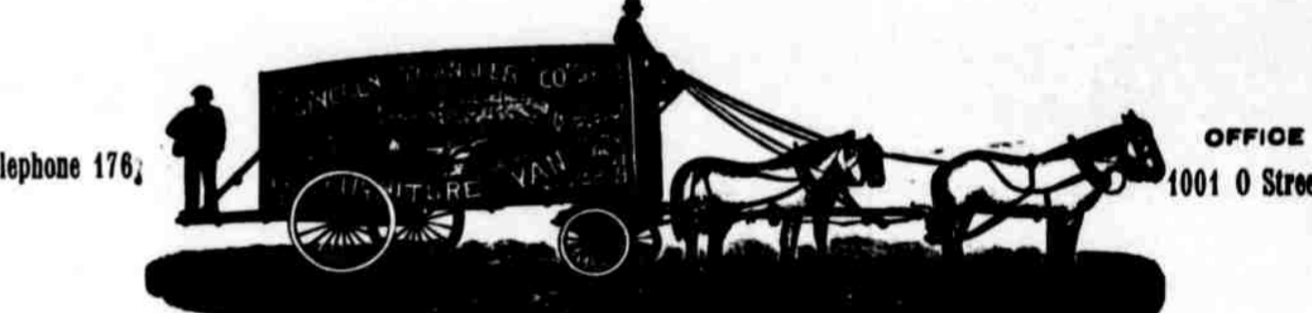
MILITARY SCHOTTISCHE.

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By E. S. PHELPS.

Musical score for 'Pomp and Pride' with piano and violin parts. Includes tempo markings like 'Tempo di Schottische' and 'TRIO'.

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