LAMBERTSON OUT OF OFFICE.

Nebraska's United States District Attorney Refuses to Hold Over Temporarily.

WHO WILL BE HIS SUCCESSOR?

A Warning to Beware of Lincoln Real Estate Agents—Ladies Organize a Firm—Capital City News.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU.]

In these latter days the spectacle of a democratic administration trying to retain a republican in a choice office, and of the republican refusing to enjoy the plucked plum for a brief session, has been reserved for Nebraska. Hon. G. M. Lambertson's term as United States district attorney for Nebraska terminated on Thursday, the 24th, and the office under the law became vacant. Yesterday Mr. Lambertson received a telegram from Attorney General A. H. Garland requesting him to continue temporarily as United States district attorney for Nebraska and to send on to Washington a certificate copy of his bond heretofore filed during his term of office. Mr. Lambertson refuses to comply with the request, and informed Attorney General Garland to that effect. In a short interview with Mr. Lambertson yesterday he stated that he was somewhat surprised that the administration did not appoint some democrat from the numerous list of applicants to the office, if for only a short time. Mr. Lambertson thinks the reason that the president has thus far delayed appointing Mr. Pritchett, of Omaha, permanently, is because Senator Van Wyck is known not to favor him and would undoubtedly oppose his confirmation, and that as soon as the senator's time expires Pritchett will secure the position.

A PROPERTY HOLDER SPEAKS.

In a hurried interview with a man with an addition yesterday, on the all absorbing topic of deals in dirt the BEE man was given a history of real estate agents in a general way that was quite vigorous. It seems to be getting quite dangerous for a real estate owner to look at a real estate agent, every squint costing the holder a commission to be paid to one or more of this hungry crowd of, to use a common expression, sharks. Several suits for the recovery of commissions have been brought of late by some special, general, or would-be agents, and the services rendered by each of them are put up in every conceivable form. The matter has come to such a pass that a property holder avers it is really unsafe for a proprietor to let his land remain out of doors, for the reason that some bulldozing agent is more than likely to be heard knocking at the man's door, repeating the biblical command of the Nazarene to Zaccheus, "Come down!" Several citizens have united in preparing a law, which they intend to have passed, making parties liable to agents for commissions only when the same is in writing, signed by both owner and agent. At Niagara Falls the standing warning is "Beware of the hackman;" at Lincoln, "Beware of the real estate agent."

LADIES IN REAL ESTATE.

During the past week Mrs. E. T. Roberts and Miss Emma Gillispie formed a partnership for the purpose of opening a real estate office. This new and somewhat novel firm in the real estate business has its office in the Richard's block adjoining the rooms of the Nebraska Stock Yards company. Miss Gillispie is one of the few lady notaries in the state and is equipped for the proper execution of all papers, and the firm has an excellent horse and carriage with which to drive home-seekers who wish to inspect property. The ladies will give all property entrusted to them careful attention and the firm will undoubtedly be a popular one.

IN DISTRICT COURT.

There was little business of importance before the district court yesterday and not until the present week will there be a really advance made in trials. Two or three of the prisoners in the county jail awaiting trial have been arraigned, pleading not guilty and having counsel assigned to them. One of the recent cases in court was commenced the last week, involving litigation over the sale of some lots near Seventh and L streets. These lots were sold in so far as the New York City owner is concerned, for $3,500, and the lots are reputed to command $8,000 in the market at the present time. The litigation arises over the question of who purchased the lots. The case is Henry Veith vs J. H. McMurtry, D. B. Howard et al, and Mr. Veith recites in his petition that he received by letter from the owner in New York City an offer to him of the lots for $3,500. Mr. Veith alleges that he at once accepted the offer by telegram and also telegraphed a money order for $500 as a partial payment. Mr. Veith further alleges that on the day that he made this purchase McMurtry found out about it, and, by collusion and fraud, claiming to be the agent of the property, immediately made a pretended sale of the lots for the same amount to D. B. Howard. Mr. Veith sets forth that this was no sale, but that it was a scheme of McMurtry to get the lots himself turough connivance with Howard. As there appears to be about $4,000 profit in the deal over the common selling price, the case promises to be decidedly interesting when it receives a hearing.

THE METHODIST UNIVERSITY.

During the past week the committee from the Nebraska conferences having the matter of the new university in charge held a two days' session in the capital city furthering the plans for building the coming summer. One of the features of the meeting that was hailed with a good deal of satisfaction by Lincoln people was the fact of the rapidly disappearing antagonism of York and other conference schools in the state that, after they were defeated in location, had declared in a half manner war on the university. From present indications past differences have been amicably adjusted and a big university, with all the title implies, is an assured fact for the city of Lincoln.

A QUIET WEEK.

The past week in social circles has been one of the most quiet of the winter season, and an absence of important balls, banquets and social gatherings was noticeable in society atmosphere. There is prospects for an awakening, however, the coming week. In the amusement line both the opera house and the People's theater have been occupied nearly every evening during the week. Friday evening the bald-headed men in the legislature and the entire lobby were completely sold by an alleged variety company at the opera house that was nothing more than a free-and-easy crowd surviving upon the gullibility of the public.

All Had Passes.

Salt Lake Herald.

The legislature of Nevada adjourned the other day and the train running out of Carson was filled with members. Some wag imitated the voice of the conductor and called out, "Passes!" Every person on the train except three mechanically held up their passes, and those three were strangers.

The Sunset.

A number of young men of the city have united and formed a debating society called the Sunset, which will meet every Sunday evening until further notice in Rathbun's business college, Sixteenth street and Capitol avenue.

An Intelligent Criticism of Patti's Singing.

[*Written for the Sunday Bee.*]

Looking back on last Thursday evening it is hard to think that such a treat as we had, will probably never be repeated in Omaha again. Not only is it doubtful that the "Queen of Song" will ever revisit us, but it would be an impossibility to reunite five such brilliant artists together again. For the number of years that Mme. Adelina Patti has sung and for the tremendous work that she has so brilliantly accomplished in her repeated "tours" around the world, it seems not only marvellous but phenominal that her voice, instead of maturing, should have gained in fullness and depth of tone, if such a thing were possible. The programme of last Thursday evening was well suited to bring out the diva's great powers of versatility and adaption. What can be more exquisite in "method" and "style" than her delicate "somorzando" and brilliant "staccato" in the famous "rondo" of "Ardon gl'incensi!" What phrasing could be more beautiful and refined than her phrasing of "Bel Raggio" and "The Last Rose of Summer?" She displayed such artistic delicacy of sentiment and breadth of tone in "Home, Sweet Home" that she created out of a simple, unpretentious song a perfect masterpiece! Nothing seems to alter the wonderful and faultless condition of her voice—time, weather, change of climate, fatigue, have no avail, for it is always as pure, clear, flexible and birdlike as it was when she made her "debut" as a mere child of 16. The power and roundness of her middle register is something superb, though, notwithstanding its great fullness of tone and its peculiar "carrying power," in the great duet of "Semiramide" one was so completely overwhelmed by the rich, rolling tones of Madame Scalchi that for an instant that well-known "timbre" rose almost unperceived but finally burst forth in that glorious high register which has so frequently electrified its spell-bound listeners. The miraculous ease with which Madame Patti can change from one register to another is not only due to her faultless method and immense study but to her voice itself. She was born with a voice and has always sung from early childhood. When but twelve years of age she would sing without effort the aria in "Somnambula" with all its intricate runs and trills and as her voice grew and developed all the more difficult "cadenzas" shrank into insignificance when handled by the youthful "Queen of Song." It would be a long and difficult task to enumerate the many different qualities of that exquisite vocal phenomenon, but let us hope that the many thousands who listened with eagerness to its every note fully appreciate the great treat they have had before them.

CANTABILE.

A FOUR DAYS' TRIP.

A Promised Revolution in Trans-Atlantic Steamships.

New York Tribune: The dispatch from Washington published lately stating that the Arrow Steamship and Shipbuilding company, of New York, had purchased the Marine railroad and ship-yard at Alexandria, Va., was confirmed at the office of the company, No. 115 Broadway. Robert M. Fryer, chief engineer of the line, said:

"We will begin work at once to build the ways for our first steamship, the Pocahontas; but there are to be no extensive shops built there. Our frames, which are simply the bulkheads, and all of the plates will be prepared at the works where we are having them made. The completion of this vessel, and others to follow, will mark an era of revolution in the Trans-Atlantic trade, since they are to be constructed upon a new principle and with an estimated speed to make the voyage from New York to Liverpool in a little more than four days. We will not carry any freight, excepting, possibly, a few express packages, but the vessels are designed for passenger traffic alone."

It is said that twelve such vessels are to be built, each to bear a historic Indian name. The models and drawings at the office of the company present a unique and promising appearance, but other people are not sanguine of the success of the company and the practicability of the vessels as are the directors. Mr. Fryer believes that he has solved the problem of swift and safe ocean navigation in this creation of his, as the vessel is solely his invention.

The Pocahontas is to be an iron and steel ship, and instead of being built on lateral lines, as has always been the custom, she will be built upon sixty-eight transverse steel walls or bulkheads seven and a half feet apart, each of the full size and accurate shape of a cross section of the vessel. These walls will have openings cut in them for the saloons, passage ways, tunnels, etc., with vertical longitudinal walls through them, thus making 1,060 water-tight compartments, of which 590 are to be below the water line. She will be provided with compound engines of 27,986 horse power, capable of giving a speed of twenty-two knots an hour. There will be twenty boilers to furnish steam for the main engines, placed fore and aft of the vessel, with three smoke pipes on each side of the ship next to the rail. What effect heavy seas will have on the smoke pipes thus arranged remains to be seen. Her dimensions are to be 540 feet in length, 40 feet beam, and draft of water 25½ feet.

Nineteen Men Executed at Once.

Yokohama Gazette: December 11 at Pekin was execution day, and there were thirty-one prisoners, among whom were several men of rank, who were under sentence of death by decapitation or strangling. On the day previous the convicts were treated to a bountiful repast of wine and victuals, according to an ancient custom with prisoners just before their execution. Early the next morning the condemned were taken out of their cells and placed between two bodies of soldiers, and having been securely bound and manacled, were placed in carts and at once conveyed to the execution ground outside of the Hsuan Wu gate, where a mat shed had been erected for the accommodation of the judges and other officials concerned in superintending the execution.

At a little after noon the imperial order was received consigning three of the culprits to death by decapitation and sixteen by strangulation, and to the remaining twelve, four of whom were men holding official positions, his majesty granted a reprieve, and they were accordingly taken back to their cells. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the executions were ended. It is said that a man related to the imperial family, by the name of Tsaisan, who was under sentence of death by strangulation and was to be executed on the same day with the other prisoners, escaped by climbing over the wall on the night previous, and although strict search was made, he has not yet been rearrested.

Among the pardoned was Chang Ch'eng, admiral of the Chinese fleet at Foochow at the time of the slaughter by the French last year. This unfortunate man had been immured in a dungeon ever since he was taken to Peking, and his life had been given up as lost by all his friends and relatives. It is, however, if rumor is correct, to the efforts of Viceroy Li Hung Chiang, who interceded in his behalf with the Seventh Prince whose his highness visited Tientsin, that he owes his life. On that occasion the viceroy represented that as China has at present urgent need of men who are qualified in naval and military warfare, it would be a wise policy on the part of the government to save such men as Chang Ch'eng and the others who were then awaiting sentence of death at the capital.

On December 15 three more criminals were executed, two by decapitation and one by strangulation.

"HARD LINES" FROM HOWARD

How Joseph Sermonizes on Newspaper Life Generally and Specially.

HEAD WORK AND HEART WORK.

Handsome Is as Handsome Does—Writing Under Masks—Value of Signed Articles—Death of James B. Fisher.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—"Wise, bright, entertaining, useful, hopeful."

Who?

Well, a great many people of whom you never heard and never will hear until they die, when encomiums will be of no use to them, when they will be followed by a reputation which is denied them in life. I was very much impressed Tuesday morning last by a touching obituary notice of a young writer named Fisher, whose sudden death cast a gloom through a large circle of friends and associates. It appears that he had been writing on the Herald fourteen years. I had known him very well quite ten years. During all that period he was distinguished by what Charley Thorne used to call his "versatility." He was a gentleman and bore himself with dignity and ease in circles of the first rank, whether they were literary, æsthetic or purely social. He was a man of the world and was at home among the desciples of fistiana. He knew all the pugilists of note. There wasn't a restaurant, a cafe, a hotel or a resort of any kind in which he didn't feel perfectly at his ease, and no great ball was complete without his cheery presence. He had a gift of poesy, and to the Morning Journal contributed columns upon columns of jocular, sentimental, pathetic taking, verse.

Quite a man?

Oh, yes, but who knew it?

Come now, I am talking to at least a million readers. Who of you all, until today read of, heard of James B. Fisher, of James B. Fisher who is an apt illustration of scores of useful, bright, vivacious, entertaining, instructive men upon the press in this city, and of thousands more scattered throughout the country, working day and night, with head and heart and zeal, bringing the combined forces of natural talent, acquired culture and long experience to the service of a public who never hears, and certainly never cares, about the hand that guides the pen, or the heart that beats back of it.

DON'T CARE MUCH FOR "SIGS."

I make no argument for the use of names.

Indeed, I am by no manner of means certain that a signature benefits the writer, for if Homer nodded occasionally what may well be expected of men whose daily life finds exit through thought alone; who put pen to paper in the heated hours between 11 and 2; who find themselves confronted by problems whose instant solution is expected in the glare of gas, amid bustle and confusion, to be tested in cold type, by critical acumen, through the day eye-glass of scrutiny, at the breakfast table on the following morning? It is one thing to be proprietor of a newspaper, successful, fortunate, on-driving to further prosperity, with regular hours from 9 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, with comforts, and a home that need not be left on icy nights, or in August heats, with everything to rest the brain and cheer the heart and make enjoyable existence. It is quite another to be a mere "literary feller," whom necessity perhaps, and often, whom inclination doubtless has led to that thorny path recognized as journalism, to be at the beck and call of half a dozen masters, to be sent here when you wish, to go here, to be compelled to obey, to look on Saturday night at the customary pittance, to contrast it with the tremendous fortunes built up by the efforts of men long since dead, kept up by the under dogs in this unequal tight.

It is quite a different thing.

NEWSPAPER LIFE.

Men of self respect, men of sturdy independence, often find themselves bending much lower the haughty head than they approve because of gnawing stomachs and hungry eyes and unclad feet at home. There is no occupation known to man so packed with possibilities of mental refreshment, of bodily enjoyment, of human healthfulness, of humanitarian endeavor as journalism. I take no stock in the oft repeated story that newspaper men are underpaid. That is but another way of saying that they are part of the human race. The human race is divided into two uneven parts. The one gets what it wants. The other, and vastly the larger, is compelled to take what its employer is willing to give. There is no necessity of entering upon a discussion of this. It is a simple, patent, demonstrable fact. We find here a farmer who finds it difficult to drag from the unwilling soil corn enough for his hogs, grass enough for his cow, vegetables enough for his family, while right alongside are the fat fields of opulence, whose grain waves in the summer breezes, from which come monumental crops of corn, potatoes, of all known vegetables, with masses of hay so voluminous as to crack the very sides of substantial barns, and necessitate the stacking of its shapely piles in open fields.

WHYS AND WHEREFORES.

Why?

I don't know.

And here, by the side of men who make from $5,000 to $30,000 a year, we find other men of equal intelligence, often of greater education, with sensibilities as fine, and intuitions as womanly, who drag one heavy foot after the other heavy foot along a highway which gives but a bare subsistence, ending in the ditch of poverty, or the asylum of inebriety.

Why?

I don't know.

These are facts, so that when we approach that much discussed question is it wise for a writer to use his signature, there is so much to be said on either side that the reader taking no special interest in it may well say: "A plague on both your houses; give us the matter, signed or not, we don't care."

JOURNALISTS' TEMPTATIONS.

And yet isn't it sad?

Don't you, as participators in the benefits scattered broadcast by Fisher and men of equal calibre, recognize the injustice to him and to them? His fourteen years might well have stretched out to forty. For reasons known to us who are his friends Fisher died prematurely. He was never strong, and the tax upon his physique by the arduosities of a profession which he loved was more than he could bear. I don't believe that the late hours, the writing by gas light or electric light, the nerve strainings that our profession demands, are so wearing as people like to insist, but I do believe that the temptations which beset the paths of newspaper men, ranging all the way from distasteful flatteries to almost necessary dissipations, have much to do with the average shortness of life in our profession.

Look at it for a moment.

What old man have we here?

CHARLES A. DANA

is the veteran editor of New York city, of any prominence, and he is but a trifle past sixty. Talk about his being withered by age or stifled by occupation. Look at him as he strides Printing house square. I saw him recently in Montreal with a group of men, some of whom were young enough to be his children, and he was the hardiest and the balest of the company. The picture of Charles A. Dana muffled a la mode, firmly fixed upon a toboggan sled, rushing down the Montreal slide at a rate of three miles a minute, the water standing in his eyes and glistening through his spectacles, his cheeks as rosy as the traditional apple and his beard floated back by the whistling wind, is something never to be forgotten. He is a strong, substantial man.

WITH VIGOR PRONOUNCED

in every line. Yet who has worked harder, whose road has been more tortuous? Who has fought more fiercely, who has had more blows to take as well as to give than he? And yet Charles A. Dana can look back over his forty years of journalism and count you four generations of newspaper men who have come, who have labored, who have gone. The festive occasions held in the rooms of the New York Press club disclose the fact that the vast majority of the men of the press are young—under thirty. Fisher was but thirty-three, and yet so conspicuous had been his service that the New York Herald, which may well be considered the dean of our profession, saw fit to pay him a tribute which was as merited and as just in its estimate as it was graceful and affectionate in terms.

One of the points made was the anonymous character of Fisher's work.

ANONYMOUS INDEED,

for even his friends, companions and associates were not always informed of the authorship of his matter. It is a curious feature in journalism that writers invariably read what they have written, and rarely read what others have written unless it be for a purpose. Come with me into the rooms of the Press club. See the young men who write upon our leading journals. Each buys the paper on which he is employed. Each turn to the page on which his article appears. Each reads what he had written.

Curious?

Oh, no.

You go to church, you hear Mr. Beecher, Mr. Talmage, Mr. Hall, Mr. Phillips Brooks. Mr. Anybody preach. The next morning you take your paper and turn, first of all, to a report of the sermon you heard delivered.

Why?

You heard it, you know all about it. As a rule there is nothing but the pith presented. You cannot explain why you do it, except on the broad ground of human contemporaneous interest. You go to a play, or to an opera, and when you read the criticisms, or reports as they would much better be called, you read first that which treats of the play, or the opera you saw or heard.

Why?

UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

So it is with newspaper writers, and in all probability among the army of men employed by the New York Herald who knew Fisher intimately, were his companions and associates, on an average not more than once in a dozen times would any person save the city editor, or the managing editor, or the blue pencil fiend who marks the paper for Mr. Bennett's information, know that he was the author of that particular article.

Now what do men work for?

What has Fisher gained for his fourteen years of intelligent industry?

Money?

That's nonsense. We all know better than that. The best paid journalists rarely save a dollar, and Fisher, with no family dependant upon him, with no necessities hanging about his neck, worked when he pleased and spent all he received.

For fame, perhaps?

Well, in view of the obituary, and this letter, it is obvious that no fame attended his progress through life, and the fame that comes after life is ended, and death completed, is no particular consolatory in the hours of tribulation passed on earth.

For what then, could he have worked?

There comes a strong argument in favor of saving banks, life insurance companies and signatures.

HOW THE OLD FELLOWS ECONOMIZED.

We know that Peter Cooper—I say we, I know it because he told me himself—when a day laborer at $1 put away 50 cents each day. The books of successful merchants tell us how Astor, Vanderbilt, all the great money savers who accumulated fortunes for other people to spend, put away little by little. Mr. Hoguet, of the Emigrant Savings bank told me that he had 65,000 individual accounts upon the books of his bank, and all are active accounts. As I stood with him in the bank on Chambers street I looked at the rows of foreigners there, Irish, German and Swedes. There were hundreds there waiting their chance to deposit. They were the rich people of the future. Their children will sit in the Metropolitan opera house half a decade hence, as to-day we find sitting there the families of men who began in this Cooperian manner, putting away

FIFTY CENTS A DAY

or whose fathers did it for them. It is possible for a man so to live and so to save, but he must be constituted to that end when he begins. He must have the grip between his thumb and forefinger. He must have somewhere in his mind a bump of coin appreciation, for mind you I don't believe that Peter Cooper, or any of those people, said to themselves, "I will put away this fifty cents to day in order that fifty years from now my children and grandchildren may make splurges." There may be such men as that also, but I don't believe that Peter Cooper ever had such a thought in his mind. I believe he was a good man, with an appreciation, even at an early age of the power of money, and he determined then to use that power when it came in his grasp for the good and the healing of the nations, so far as he could.

Now Fisher, like the rest of us, might doubtless have put away something every day, but he didn't. What, then, could he have had, taking into consideration the elements which combine I formed his peculiar composition?

NOTHING UNDER HEAVEN

that I can see, except the gratification that necessarily attends a recognition of success. How instantly that divides itself into two parts. Your own recognition of your success, and the public's recognition of your success. Some men are so constituted that they rather enjoy public misapprehciation. Don't you believe that old Paine, the miser, chuckled when I gave him a quarter of a dollar, and he had half a million dollars done up like a bundle of rags under his arm? Don't you believe that his keen appreciation of the humor of the situation almost paid him for the dirt and the squalor and the nastiness in which he lived and moved and had his being? I do.

To some men the constant swinging of a censer with its incense of flattery, is a necessity; to others it is a disgust. Some years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Dana I wrote a series of articles for the Sun; and I was amazed when he asked me to put my own name at the bottom. I said, "Why, Mr. Dana, don't you see what you do for a man in allowing him to put his own name to his articles?"

HIS REPLY WAS PROMPT

and characteristic. "If I don't care, why should you?" As a money making factor a signature is a great thing, but so far as outside recognition is concerned it doesn't amount to shucks. The kind favor of my first employer, who was not only a proprietor but a gentleman, not only a master, but a man, gave me, when I first began to write in 1860, my signature, and while it has often times been an embarrassment and often times a hindrance, and very, very often a check to free lancism, there is no question but that it has been of great pecuniary value. Still that is not what Fisher lived for, and it isn't what any of us who strive earnestly and zealously in our profession live for. I verily believe that to ninety-nine men in every hundred newspaper writers the good opinion, the inside appreciation of his companions and associates in the profession is of more consequence, of more absolute value than all the money he can earn, than all the public recognition that can be given, than all the poppycock and flattery they get from people who seek to use them, than all the "fame" that may attend them in their most successful years. Now and then you find a man with

A NOSE FOR MONEY.

Who getting it keeps it, who voluntarily puts himself on the low level of money grabbers and treasure hunters. But such a man hasn't the newspaper instinct. He hasn't the divine afflatus, he hasn't any quality absolutely which makes him worth the turn of a head, or the clasp of a hand, from the vast majority of the wise and useful, the entertaining, the instructive of his profession.

Fisher was buried Wednesday morning. St. Leo's church was packed with his old friends and associates, and many a genuine tear of affection fell upon journalistic cheeks, as Monsignor Ducey uttered the final benediction. Fisher's generous life made him a favorite in the profession and that, with the graceful tribute made him in the Herald, is all the reward he had, and that is more than a majority of the "wise, bright, entertaining, useful and helpful" of the profession get.

Hard lines——eh?

HOWARD.

CHURCH NOTICES.

To-day's Services at the Different Churches Throughout the City.

Beth-Eden Baptist church. Services at 4:15 p. m. at St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church. Preaching by Rev. J. M. Sullivan. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. All welcome.

German Lutheran church, 1005 South Twentieth street. Service every Sunday 10 a. m. Sunday school 2 p. m. E. J. Trese, pastor.

Saints' Chapel, Twenty-first and Clark streets. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12:30. Everybody welcome.

Calvary Baptist church, Saunders street. Rev. A. W. Clark, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Prayer meeting at 7:30 on Wednesday evening. All are cordially invited to the services of this church.

Presbyterian church, corner Dodge and Seventeenth streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Harsha. Sunday school at close of morning worship. Young peoples' meeting at 6:45 p. m.

First German Free Evangelical church, corner Twelfth and Dorcas streets. Rev. F. H. W. Brueehert, pastor. Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by the pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. All German friends and their children are cordially invited and welcome. Remember the new church with the white spire.

German M. E. church, corner Eleventh and Center streets. Preaching to-day at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. All Germans are invited, especially the children to attend our Sunday school. Rev. H. Kineger, pastor.

All Saints' Church, First Sunday in Lent. Morning prayer at 11 a. m. Processional "O, Paridise, O, Paridise," venite first tone eighth ending, harmonies by Caryl Floria; Benedicite by Caryl Floria; Benedictus by Caryl Floria; Anthem "I will arise and go to my Father," by Caryl Floria; Processional "Lord to thee alone we turn," by J. B. Colding; Even song 4 p. m. Processional "Hasten sinner to be wise;" bonum est fifth tone, D; deus miserlatur, Parisian tone, harmonies by Stainer; hymns 4, 9, 346; Processional "Brief life is here our portion."

Unity church corner Seventeenth and Cass streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12:15. Rev. Wm. C. Wright, of Wisconsin, will preach this morning. Subject of sermon, "Free Christianity Brood, Helpful and Progressive. No evening service.

NOTES.

Rev. W. J. Harsha will preach at 5 p. m. in the United Presbyterian church, Park avenue.

Rev. Joseph H. Foy, D. D., pastor First Christian church, will leave for the east on Monday. The Dr's. pulpit will be supplied by his ministerial colleagues in the city.

First Baptist church, corner Fifteenth and Davenport streets, Rev. Dr. Kenney will preach at 10:30 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to these services. Seats free.

The Swedish Christian Temperance society of this city will hold a special temperance service in the Swedish Lutheran church, corner Cass and Nineteenth streets, Monday at 8 p. m. All the Swedish pastors will be present and a special subject discussed. All Scandinavian ladies and gentlemen cordially invited. The committee.

United Presbyterian church, corner Park avenue and Grant street. Preaching at 11 a. m., and evening at 7:30, by Rev. Jas. Duncan. Sunday school at 3:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00. All welcome.

North Presbyterian church, Saunder. street. Rev. Wm. R. Henderson, pastor. Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Strangers made welcome at all the services.

Third Congregational church, corner of Nineteenth and Spruce streets. Rev. A. B. Penniman, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subject of evening sermon: "Conscience." Sunday school at noon.

Saratoga Congregational church meets at Saratoga school house. Services a. 3:45 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:45 A cordial greeting for strangers.

Congregational Tabernacle, First, Capitol avenue near Eighteenth street. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., led and preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. F. Sherrill. Sabbath school at noon. Evening, a short gospel service: Sabbath school at noon. All are welcome.

St. Mary's avenue Congregational church. St. Mary's avenue and Twenty-sixth street. Rev. Willard Scott will preach both morning and evening at 10:30 and 7:30. Morning topic, "Purpose." Gospel service in the evening, with sermon upon the Sunday school lesson. Sunday school at noon. All welcome.

First Christian church, Twentieth and Capitol avenue. Rev. Jos. H. Foy, LL.D., pastor. Services to-day at the usual hours. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. In the evening Dr. Foy delivers the Sixth of his ideal services, husband, wife, parent, brother, sister, etc., etc. Seats free.

BILL NYE AND BIG HATS.

He Adds His Anathema to the General Chorus in the Back Row.

New York World; The late William Shakespeare once wrote in an autograph album these words:

All the world's a stage,
Sincerely your friend,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Perhaps he meant that there were flies on it—but we will not undertake to enter this field of thought. However, to speak in a more serious vein and treating the subject in a more dignified way, I will state that after a number of years' scrutiny of the world I am convinced that the great bard used this expression in a figurative sense only. Could he pick up his pen to-day he would either erase the above line or add to it so that it would read:

All the world's a stage and nobody but the woman in the high hat can see what is going on upon it. Yours bitterly,

BILL.

It is not a new field, perhaps, this discussion of the tall hat, but I desire in my poor, weak way to add my testimony to the testimony of those who have sat down on said hat. I feel of a truth—occasionally—that this high hat is making an old man of me and drawing lines of care here and there over my fair young face. Here at a time of life when I ought to be in the full flush and pride of manhood I find myself no longer able to build the fire in the morning, and my breath, which was once as robust as that of the upas tree now comes in short pants.

The tall hat with a wad of timothy or a five pound pompon at the apex thereof, has brought this about. How would a man look who might sit in the bald-headed row wearing a joint of stovepipe on his head trimmed with hay? Has it not been the custom for years to place bald-headed men in the front row, because they offered no obstruction to the vision?

And now, what do we see?

We do not see anything!

I will leave it to any disinterested person to say whether I do not love and admire woman, whether aggregated or segregated, but she does do some things which as her friend and admirer I deeply regret.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. Booth's performances in which he took the part of Hamlet with great credit to himself, as I afterwards learned from a member of the orchestra who saw the whole performance.

If I had not promised a former wife of mine that I would never touch liquor I would have been amply justified that evening in saturating myself with bay rum or some other seductive beverage.

I paid a large price a week beforehand for a seat at the Hamlet performance, because I had met Mr. Booth once in the Rocky mountains and had made a deep impression on him. I had also told him that if he ever happened to be in a town where I was lecturing I would dismiss my audience to come and hear him, and he might do as he thought best about shutting up on the following night to come and hear me.

Well, I noticed at first, when I went in, that the row before me was unoccupied, and I gathered myself up in a strong, manly embrace and hugged myself with joy. The curtain humped itself, and the first act was about in the act of producing itself, when a meek little gentleman, with an air of conscious guilt, came down the aisle in advance of a woman's excursion, consisting of four female members of his family, I judged. He looked about over the house, timidly took off his coat and seemed to be preparing himself for the vigilance committee. Then he sat down to see whether executive clemency could do anything for him.

The first woman of the four was probably over forty, and yet with her almost beardless face she looked scarcely thirty-eight. She wore a tall, erect hat, with a sort of plume to it, made by pulling the paint brush tail out of an iron-gray mule and dying it a deep crimson.

She wore other clothing, but that did not increase so much as this hat, which I had to examine critically all the evening.

She moved her head also, and kept time to the music and breathed her in pleasant, and audible so once or twice. She also spoke to the miserable man who brought her. Her voice was a rich baritone, with a low xylophone action, and she breathed like the passionate exhaust of an overworked freight engine. When she spoke to her escort I noticed that he shortened up about four inches and seemed to wish that he had never entered society.

The other three women had broad hats with doukes to them, and the one who sat on my right also sat on her foot. This gave her a fine opportunity to look out through the skylight of the opera house now and then. The next one to her wore a deceased Plymouth Rock rooster in her hat. The fourth one sat in front of an oldish gentleman who went out between the acts and came in with a pickled olive in his mouth each time. He could not see anything on the stage, but he crawled up under the brim of this woman's hat, with his nose in the meshes of her hair, and his hot, local option breath in her neck, patiently trying to see whether the slender legs in long, black hose belonged to Mr. Booth, Apollinarus or the ballet.

If you will continue in your excellent paper to sit down on the tall hats, I will get you quite a number of subscribers here.

BILL NYE.

Carbolic Smoke Ball

The Standard Remedy for the Permanent Cure of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Neuralgia, Headache, Croup, Deafness Eye Diseases, Snoring, Colds, etc. Over 600 Smoke Balls in use in Omaha.

Home Evidence:

OMAHA, NEB., Dec. 28, 1886.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co., Omaha, Neb.—Gentlemen: I see you have opened an office in Omaha and wish you great success. It was your remedy that cured me of neuralgia and headache, from which I had been troubled for years. I purchased a ball last summer through the Indianapolis, Ind., agency and since I have commenced using it I have been entirely relieved from my trouble. Hoping this may be of service to you, I am, very truly,

T. C. RIPLEIGH,
Conductor Pullman Car Co.

OMAHA, Feb. 3, 1887.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co.—Gents: For years I have been troubled with a very severe case of catarrh and continuous droppings of the throat. I purchased one of your Smoke Balls about a month ago and since I have commenced its use my trouble has been gradually disappearing. I have great faith in the remedy and can recommend it to all. Resp'y yours,

SIG. ARNSTEIN,
Dealer in Clothing and Gents' Furnishings, No. 115 So. 13th.

OMAHA, NEB., Feb. 20, 1887.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co.—Gentlemen: I can add my testimony to the efficacy of the Carbolic Smoke Ball. It has cured me of a very severe case of catarrh, and I will always take pleasure in recommending it to others. Yours very truly,

N. HALL, (With Omaha Daily Herald.)

LINCOLN, NEB., Feb. 22nd, 1887.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co., Omaha, Neb.—Gentlemen: I have received one of your Carbolic Smoke Balls, and must say that it is the best medicine I have ever used, it cured my cold in 20 hours, and gave me quite a relief from my catarrh. I can recommend it to everybody as a sure relief. Yours very truly,

GEO. MAYERLE,
Proprietor of the Depot Hotel, Dealer in Groceries and Provisions.

One "Smoke Ball," lasting from one to three months, generally sufficient. Price, $2.00.

Our "Debellator" package, unequaled as a blood purifier, which should be used in catarrh when there is a dropping of mucous matter into the throat, or stomach disorders, and in all cases of asthma or hay fever. Price, $1. Unequaled as a cleanser of the system.

MAIL ORDERS receive careful and prompt attention. State disease or symptoms in writing, addressing Main Office. Smoke Balls sent on receipt of price ($2.00 and 4 cents in stamps. "Debellator" package, $1.00. Agents wanted.

Carbolic Smoke Ball Co.,

Southeast Corner Dodge and 15th sts., Omaha, Neb.
Lincoln Branch Corner 11th and O sts.

CALL AT ONCE AND GET WELL.

DR. DIAMOND DICK'S PARLOR MEDICAL CAR

Is on 10th street adjoining Paxton & Gallagher's wholesale grocery house. Call and consult him free of charge. Omaha, Nebraska.

Proposals for Paving.

SEALED Proposals will be received by the undersigned until 11 o'clock a. m., March 1st, 1887, for the following kinds of paving material, viz:

Sheet asphaltum, as per specifications.
Asphalt blocks, as per specifications.
Sioux Falls Granite, as per specifications.
Any other Granite, as per specifications.
Colorado sandstone, as per specifications.
Any other stone, as per specifications.
Macadam, as per specifications.
Wooden blocks, as per specifications.

Any bids for paving in addition to being according to said specifications may also be according to such specifications as the bidder may prescribe, the same to be set forth in detail and to accompany bid.

Each bid shall specify a price per square yard for the paving complete on the street or alley, or any part thereof.

Work to be done in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the Board of Public Works.

Bids to be made upon printed blanks furnished by the board, and to be accompanied with a certified check in the sum of one thousand dollars, payable to the city of Omaha, as a guarantee that the bidder will within thirty days from the opening of such bid give bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars, as the mayor or city council may direct, that such bidder will enter into contract for such paving, of the kind and material specified, as may hereafter be required for the year 1887.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids, and to waive defects.

J. E. HOUSE,
Chairman Board of Public Works.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 25th, 1887. j27 31aw30d

Notice to Bridge Builders.

CIRCULAR NO. 8.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of county clerk until 12 o'clock, Wednesday, March 2d, 1887, for the building of sixty feet of trestle work, according to the specifications to be seen at the office of the county clerk on and after Saturday, February 26th, 1887.

The right to reject any or all bids is hereby reserved. By order of the board of county commissioners.

C. P. NEEDHAM,
County Clerk.

feb25 4t

MATTER of application of Blake, Bruce & Co for permit to sell liquor as a druggist.

Notice is hereby given that Blake, Bruce & Co did upon the 15th day of February, A. D 1887, file their application to the mayor and city council of Omaha, for permit to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors, as a druggist, for medicinal mechanical and chemical purposes only, at No 1111 Harney st., 2d ward, Omaha, Neb. from the 15th day of April, 1886, to the 15th day of April, 1887.

If there be no objection, remonstrance, or protest filed within two weeks from Feb. 16th, A. D. 1887, the said permit will be granted.

BLAKE, BRUCE & CO., Applicant.

J. A. SCHWARD, City Clerk.