BURLINGTON BENEFACTIONS.

The State Journal Breaks Forth in Praises of Its Masters.

A GROSS MISREPRESENTATION

Wholesale Grocers File Complaints Against the Union Pacific For Excessive Charges - Agent James Discharged.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLY BUREAU.] The Lincoln Journal yesterday, editorially and locally, in words of fulsome praise, asserted that the B. & M. had conceded all that had been asked of it in the rate question, and, "that Lincoln is now on as good a freight basis as any other jobbing town, and has the full benefit of extra advantages as a distributing point." This statement is so utterly false and misleading that the people of Lincoln are entitled to the truth in the matter. The Journal, like the scriptural ox, knows its master's crib, and the visit of General Manager Holdrege to the city was undoubtedly the cause of this outbreak and word painting picture of praise to the Burlington road, that might be believed if the position of the Journal was not so well understood. In the face of the efforts of Lincoln citizens and the board of trade, through the freight bureau, to secure commercial rates that will upbuild the city, a voice of flattery like the words of the Journal are of direct injury and damage. The truth of the matter is that the alleged equalization of rates amounts to practically nothing, It is at best only an equalization in part of the out rate to points in the state, and in a very moderate way assists, a few of the wholesalers, and then only on a special class of goods. Coal, lumber and heavy materials are not af-fected in the least, and the in-rate, the rate that is of direct benefit to the city and which drives away every new institution seeking a location here, is as heretofore utterly ignored. The equalization of rates praised and lauded by the Journal is an admission by the Burlington that they can be regulated and in that is all the direct benefit that the city gets. The fact that the road recognizes that Lincoln is demanding attention is, in a secondary

way, of a good deal of encouragement to the citizens who have planted their money in the contest.

But what Lincoln must have to prosper, and what the freight bureau and the board of trade are working for, is an equable in rate, and the Journal, just as well as every other posted man, knows that that question is the germ of the encourage. that that question is the germ of the en-tire business. That which holds Lincoln back is the fact that on every pound of freight shipped to the city, on every ton of coal for fuel, and every car load of lumber for building, an extortionate local rate is charged from the imaginary line known as the Missouri, river to Lincoln. Herein, in the words of one of Lincoln's best posted citizens, lies the trouble; and from the same source the statement comes that the freight bureau has asked of the inter-state commission that the in-rate to Lincoln be made proportionate to its distance from eastarn points per mile with the rate given cities on the Missouri river or from it. A mileage rate of this kind would make the rates on lumber, coal and merchandise from the initial point of shipment to Liucoin only about a cent greater than Missouri river rates of the present, instead of some 6 cents as now in vogue under the added local rate. A readjustment of rates on this basis, the spirit of the interstate law, would be of direct and practical interest to the rank and file of Lincoln sitions. coln citizens, to both wholesalers and re-tailers, to every man who builds a house or consumes fuel. When, therefore, the Journal asserts with the glib of a confidence man that the B. & M. has removed all objections and given what Lincoln asks for by sim-ply readjusting rates out on one single class of shipments that benefit at best only one class of wholesalers, the ridiculousness of its position becomes apparent to the most obtuse, and the value of the Journal as an exponent of Lincoln interests is at once realized. The Journal, like the leopard, may change its spots by shifting its bed place at night, but the tatoos of the Burlington company are too indelibly pictured on every part of its anatomy to be covered up by such simple subterfuges as its declarations that the road has granted all that has been asked and become a

COMPLAINT FILED. Yesterday Plummer, Perry & Co., wholesale grocers of this city, filed the following complaint with the railroad commissioners. The complaint is against the Union Pacific railway:

the Union Pacific railway:

To the Honorable Board of Railway Commissioners of the State of Nebraska: Your petitioners state as follows: Attached is a bill of lading for one car of sugar, No. 17088, initials C. & N. W. R'y., shipped from San Francisco, Cal., June 27, 1887, and contracted to Omaha at 60c per hundred; consignees: Plummer, Perry & Co., Lincoln, Neb.; also expense bill attached for the same goods in the same car charges paid under protest at Lincoln, Neb., July 7, 1887. A rate of 60 cents per hundred is collected to Omaha and shown as advanced charges. A local rate of 15 cents per hundred is charged in rebilling to this point. In connection with these facts Plumer, Perry & Co. complain that the rate of 15 cents per hundred, at which shipment was rebilled to Lincoln is unjust, unreasonable and extortionate under existing conditions and circumstances. Please observe the following facts. The railroad company named in rebilling did not break bulk but forwarded shipment to destination from rebilling point in same car in which it was shipmed from the original point railroad company named in rebilling did not break bulk but forwarded shipment to destination from rebilling point in same car in which it was shipped from the original point. Also, this company in disregard to precedent established by quoting Missouri river rates to Lincoln for several years prior to April 5, 1857, during that period Pacine coast business for this city was contracted to Omaha and rebilled free of charge, or if charges were collected they were refunded to the consignees, making the net result the same. Again, the distance from San Francisco to Omaha is 1865 miles, and to Lincoln 1888 miles. When it is considered that the difference is but 23 miles the re-billing charge should particularly not exceed an ordinary switching charge. Finally the Union Pacific and Omaha and Republican Valley railway, the lines hauling this freight to and from the re-billing point are parties to an unlawful combination and discrimination against this locality and the mercantile prosperity of Lincoln the local distributing rates from Lincoln and Missouri river points to stations within the state of Nebraska reached by these railways are practically the same and the local rate charged on the reshipment to Lincoln is prohibitory and prevents complainants from competing with other jobbing points within the state in competition with them.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION of the American mortgage and guarantee company have been filed with the secretary of state. This company is located at Franklin, Franklin county, Nebraska, and has a capital stock of \$500,000. The incorporators are James F. Zediker, Albert R. Peck, James I. Thompson, E. D. Phillips and E. T. Smith.

John D. James, the ex-law and order league agent, who was sentenced at the last term of the district court to thirty days imprisonment for adultery, was re-

days imprisonment for adultery, was released from custody on the order of
Judge Pound as follows:

It appearing that John D. James, confined
in the county jail of Lancaster county under
sentence of the court, is in a dangerous condition and cannot longer endury confinement
in such jail owing to the disease with which
he is afflicted, and that further confinement
would probably prove fatal to him, it is
hereby ordered that he be discharged from
said jail, his sentence having nearly expired.

S. B. Pound, Judge. James has been a very sick man for the state of the raculous. All druggists have it.

past ten days and Sheriff Melick was nlarmed lest he would die while confined in the jail. James will probably return to Kansas City as soon as able.

DISTRICT COURT CASES.

The following cases were filed yester-day with the district clerk for hearing at

the coming term:

Badger Lumber company against Minerva L. Beachley et al., an action on foreclosure of mechanics' lien in the name of James Burcham, assigned to this plaintiff, in amount \$482.80, with interest from August 1882.

terest from August, 1886.
Gilbert M. Barnes brings action against William and Wilhelmine Rhodes, the action being for \$1,000 damages based upon a violation of contract in the sale of lots 5 and 6, in block 2, Lavender's addition to Lincoln. The petition recites that in April the defendants entered into a contract to sell the lots and tered into a contract to sell the lots and afterwards in May, in violation of the agreement, sold the real estate to Mary E. Sawyer to piaintiff's damage in the . Sawyer to plaintiff's damage in the

above amount. Henry C. Martin sues Adam W. Smith and asks judgment for \$250 and costs, basing his claim on the fact that in June he was employed by the defendant to sell a stock of ready made clothing, boots and shoes, and was to get the usual commission for the sale. After a few days the plaintiff alleges that he procured a purchaser in the person of Marcus De Brumer, who purchased the stock for \$9.000. The defendant not paying the commission, action is brought to recover.

John P. Lader has filed suit against George A. Watson, foreclosing a mortgage given in 1886 to secure a promissory note of \$78. The plaintiff asks judgment

for that amount.

In the case of Esther L. Warner, who secured an injunction against the Atchison & Nebraska branch of the B. & M. railroad, the attorneys for the railroad have filed a motion with the district court asking that the injunction be dissolved.

TRYING AN OFFICER. The city council yesterday were engaged in taking and hearing testimony against Officer Hobson, the captain of the night force. This alleged policeman ought to have been dismissed months ago, as he does not possess the first requisite for a good officer. The offender that could not escape arrest from him would need to be blind or a cripple, and the police force ought to be shorn of such useless timber. There are several charges against him, but one of general inefli-ciency ought to be maintained by a ris-

REAL ESTATE.

Transfers Filed July 18, 1887.

W d.
Douglas County to T C Bruner and L
V Morse, lot 2 bik 5, Douglas add, deed.
Hannah M Kerr and husband to L V
Morse and T V Bruner, 45x% feet of
lot, D Hascall's add, to Okaboma, R W Dodd to John Liddell, lot 13 and and west 7 feet of lot 6, block 6, De-

nise's add, q c.
R S Van Gorder to Blanche I Kenney,
lot 3, block 20, Boyd's add, w d.

John F Mawhinny to Sarah J Hanna,
lots 11 and 12, block G, Lowe's add, Alvan S Vincent and wife to John F
Mawhinny, lots 11 and 12, block G,
Lowe's add, w d
Jehu H Hungate (trustee) to John F
Flack, lot 22, block 4, Bedford Place
deed.

deed...
William Stadleman and wife to William Latey and William V Benson, part of lot 4, Regan's add, w d......
Larmon P Pruyn and wife to D J Hutchinson, lots 8 and 9, block 1, Pruyn's subdivision of block 3, Hyda Park w d.

Joseph W Woodward to Frank P Roll, e 50 ft of w 140 ft of bik 16, Bartlett's add, w d. John A Horbach and wife to Charles Gardner, lot 8, bik 5, Horbach's 2nd

add, w d ay C Whinnery to Henry L Beard and Andrew J Eaton, lots 1, 2 and 3,

to Mary E Gaston, e % of lot 24, blk 1. Millard place, administrator's

Vilson Reynolds and wife to John I Redick, tot 1, in 2-15-13, part of 35-16-13, e ⅓ lot 9, in 1-15-13, w ⅓ lot 1, in 2-15-13, q c. John G Jacobs, administrator, to John I Redick and William J Connell, un-divided ⅙ lots 64, 103 and 105, Gises'

LET THE PEOPLE ALONE. Jay Gould's Adjuration Sharply and Justly Criticized.

Lincoln Democrat: "What the country needs," said Jay Gould to a newspaper reporter the other day, "is to be let alone. The country is able to work out its own prosperity. The American people are a great, noble and brave people of the country is able to work out its own prosperity. le, and all they want is to be let alone. They don't want interference from the president or congress, the state legisla-tures or governors. It would be better if the state legislatures met only once in five years." What is "the country," Mr. Gouldy What proportion of it does your \$100,000,000 constitute? Do you count every man a citizen with equal rights, or do you estimate a man's importance in the social fabric by the amount of prop-erty he holds. Doubtless you hold the latter view, and from that point of view what the country needs is to be let alone. Capital has no difficulty in taking care of itself and can afford to be "let alone." The Tolliver gang asks nothing more than to be let alone. There are a great many people who could get along nicely if they were only "let alone." Mr. John M. Thurston craves nothing so much as to be "let alone." If legislatures met but once in five years, the solitude of the people would be so intense that they would no longer have the company of their property or their rights. Mr. Gould could acquire most of the former "if let alone" for five years and Messrs. Poppleton, Thurston, Walters, Hanlon, Crawford and Gurley would have small difficulty in getting up a corner on the latter. Your scheme does not strike the people favorably, Mr. Gould. You may leave them alone for a centery if you wish, but they must decline to be "let alone" by themselves for periods of five years at a stretch.

Victory at Last.

Consumption, the greatest cure of the age, the destroyer of thousands of our brightest and best, is conquered. It is no longer incurable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain remedy for this terrible disease if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—consumption is a scrofulous affection of the lungs—can be

HE WAS CORNERED BY BEARS,

A Colorado Miner's Adventure in Midwinter on the Mountains.

BESEIGED IN A CABIN BY BEARS.

He Holds out Against the Attack Without the Use of Firearms -One of the Closest Calls on Record.

Rocky Mountain News: "Yes, sir, that was about the closest call I ever had."

This remark, coming from a well built, good looking young miner, and made with a serious reflection that left no doubt of its sincerity, attracted the attention of a News reporter who happened to be standing close to a group of mining men

a few days ago.

"Close calls," are very attractive features for journalists, and anything in the hairbreadth escape line will attract the attention of the news reading public from the ablest editorial which ever emanated from the pen of a writer on realistical economy or the ethics of culpolitical economy or the ethics of cul-ture. Therefore the News man invested half a dollar in a couple of regalias and, lighting one of them with a crisp two dollar bill, politely handed its mate to the author of the above remark with a suggestion that they seat themselves comfortably and enjoy a quiet smoke.

The offer was promptly and effectively accepted, and between whiffs, after a desultory word or two on mining prospects, the writer said: "Sullivan, what did you refer to when you made that remark about a 'close cali,' a few moments

ago?"
"What I said to the boys just as you came in, do you mean?" said Sullivan.
"Yes; you call it about the closest call you ever had, and I like to hear about such things, so just fix yourself comfort-ably and tell me about it." Sullivan, wholly unaware of the dan-

gerous calling of his acquaintance, readily consented and soon was deep in the recital of what was truly one of the most narrow escapes known of in an even eventful regions where tornadoes are born and the festive six-shooter waxes

eloquent.
"It was last winter," started Sullivan, "when me and my partner, Jim Rogers, was working an assessment on a couple of old prospects of ours up in Geneva park about half way between Grant and Montezuma. Grub had given out a few days before, and while Jim was driving the work on a hundred-foot level through the work on a hundred-foot level through solid rock. I started over to Montezuma for a supply of grub. Snow! Well I should remark. And cold? Well, if we hadn't had to have grub nothing else would have got me over that seven miles and back, but it had to come over and I brought it. I had just got to the cabin and fixed up supper for Jim and me and got the dishes on the table. I stepped to got the dishes on the table. I stepped to the door to throw out some potato parings, talking to Jim, when, as I turned around at the door. I saw, looking through the little window in the side of the cabin, one of the ugliest and biggest bears that I ever want to see. She was sitting up on her haunches and looking right in at me, and as I turned a little more, I saw through the partly open door two more big bears in front of the cabin. We didn't have even a dirk knife in the cabin, no gun or revolver, and the axe was at the wood pile thirty feet from the door, and the two bears between me and it, I tell you I thought it was rainin' bears for a minute. A good deal quicker than I'm telling this I jumped for the poker that we used to fasten the cabin door with, and slipped it into place. Just then the old she bear at the window gave a growl and made a pass at the window with her paw. Biff, it came, sash, glass and all, on to the floor. Before the noise had stopped, smash came the other bears against the door, and it's only a miracle that it didn't come in. The poker was bent all out of shape. Well, Jim and me did lots of thinking about that time, and if ever I wanted a 45-repeater I wanted t right then. You see the snow had been lying awful deep up there and the bears was ravenous and most likely hadn't had

anything to eat for a long time. They have to get terrible hungry before they will attack a cabin like that.

"We threw burning paper and firebrands, dishes and everything we could get hands on at the old bear in the window but she just stood there and glared. low, but she just stood there and glared at us. I never thought there could be so much fire in an eye as there was in hers. She stood there looking at us and we at her, when all at once we heard a noise on the roof. You bet we knew what it was too, and were about ready to give up then. The 2-year-olds, the old bear's cubs, had got up on to the dirt roof of the cabin. Pretty soon they commenced throwin' dirt and in about two minutes had got down to the poles that held the dirt. We could look right up through the poles that held the poles where the dirt was clawed off and see them. And wasn't they mad! They would claw along lengthwise of the poles and rake the bark off every clip, and every minute we were expecting them to get their claws n between the polic and then we would have been gone. If they had known enough to give one or two scrapes sideways they could easy have scooped off enough poles to let them down in. What then? Well the bears would have had a square meal and I wouldn't be here telling you about it. All the time they were scraping away up there I stood with the straw bed tick on the floor open and a lighted candle in my hand. told Jim, it was poor chances, but I'd rather be burned up than eaten up. The old bear staid right there at the window all the time watching us. It was too small for her or she'd have been in herself. After a while they seemed to get tired, and, after prowling around the cabin until we were near frightened to death, they went off, I measured the biggest ones tracks in the snow next morning, and it was fourteen inches long. It wasn't long before that cabin had a rifle in it, and you don't catch me in a bear country again with no protection but a straw bed and a can-

Always Giving Satisfaction. Brandreth's Pills have always given satisfaction. In tifty years there has been no complaint of them. That is about their life in the United States, and millions of persons have used them. There is no doubt that they have established themselves by merit alone. They cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, piles, diaerhoa, liver complaint, and fevers, and greatly prolong the human life. One or two at night on an empty stomach, for a week or two, will keep you in good form and tone up the system.

SUDDENLY BEARDED. A Philadelphian's Whiskers Grow

Out in One Night. Philadelphia News: "Peculiar? Well, I should say so; but that man going down the street is the greatest curiosity I've ever seen," said a friend to a News reporter as they stood together on Chestnut street yesterday. "How's that?"

"Did you notice his full brown beard?" was the answering interrogatory. "Yes; weil?"

"Well, that man a week ago had no more beard than a baby, and now look at him. You mightn't believe me, but that man's face was as bare as the paim of my hand up to five days ago. He was awfully anxious to grow some sort of a hirsute appendage on his face, and some time ago he started to shave, and, though

of pink pimples. He gave up in disgust a year ago with a heart full of despair, and his face as bare of beard as before.

"His name is Frank Gilder and he lives over in West Philadelphia on Darby road, just below Chestnut. He tried every beard starter he ever heard of. He looked with longing aver mean plants. looked with longing eyes upon pletures labeled 'before and after;' he shaved fruitlessly, he cursed, he prayed; in fine, he did everything, yet the board refused to sprout.

"On the night of June 27 Mr. Gilder went to bed in a disturbed frame of mind. He had been that evening twitted a great deal about his beardlessness. Be-fore retiring, he relates himself, he wished most earnestly that his beard might sprout, and his accommodating

might sprout, and his accommodating fairy must have overheard the wish.

"When he arose in the morning and saw his reflection in the glass surprise would bardly describe his feelings. He was frightened; then those feelings gave way to unmitigated delight. He danced a regular war dance in his stocking feet, and wound it up with a whoop that rattled the glass in the windows for a square around, and brought the entire family to his room.

"His glass had shown him that a fine beard had sprouted. His face was cov-ered with a quarter inch stubble of fine brown beard and he could feel that it was brown beard and he could feel that it was growing still. His long delayed beard had started and it had all come out in a night. Such a case was never heard of before. His appearance created consternation at the breakfast table, the family failing to recognize him until they heard his voice. The curious part of it was that his new beard grew so fast that by noon it was more than an inch long, and by sundown it was three inches long and still growing. It is three inches long now and still growing, but he has had it trimmed every day since it first came out. His great fear now is first came out. His great fear now is that it will all grow at once, and that its vigor will in that way become exhausted, the hair fall out, and leave him as badly off as before. He has the additional fear, too, that it sapping his vitality, as he feels himself is grower weaker daily, and the chances that an overgrowth of beard

my cause his death. "Physicians whom he has consulted are at a loss to account for the spontan-eous growth. One whom he consulted stated that he had never neard of a smi-lar case. He gave it as his opinion that the essential structure of the hair, which is an assimblage of epidermic cells at the bottom of a flask-shaped follicle in the substance of the skin, were always present, but that some condition of the cells prevented them from being supplied with blood, and that they simply lay there without sprouting. Further, he said there may have been some condition of the papilla, in the bottom of the follicle and upon which the hair rests, which prevented the prevente vented the proper enlargement of the

Heroes and Heroines. There are few people who endure bod-ily troubles without complaint. Did you ever meet among the heroes or heroines of your acquaintance—if any such there have been—one with a yellowish cast of countenance and that jaundiced aspect generally, which the most unpractised eye recognizes as the product of a dis-ordered liver, who will not complain, and peevishly too, of the soreness of the recal-citrant organ, of pains beneath the right shoulder blade, of dyspeptic symptoms, constipation and headache? Of course you never did, and of course the individual was not using Hostetters Stomach Bitters or he would not have looked so, -so have complained. To purify the blood when contaminated with bile, and conduct the secretion into its proper channel, to re-establish regularity of the bowels, banish bilious headache, and remove impediments to complete digestion nothing can approach to efficacy this peerless alterative and tonic. Malarial complaints, always involving the liver and kidney and bladder mactivity, are remedied by it. It is a capital appetizer.

SHAVING DEAD MEN. A Chicago Barber's Experience With

Different Corpse. "I've shaved dozens of dead men," said a barber to a reporter of the Chicago Inter Ocean. "I'd rather shave a 'stiff' than a crank any day, for these reasons: You get paid more, they don't bleed if you cut 'em, and never grumble at your work. I've been paid as high as \$10 and never less than \$3. That is the regular price and I won't take less. I've seen lots of funny things in this end of our business. Less than two weeks ago I went to a house not a thousand miles from Washing'on park. I had finished the job and was packing my traps when the dead man's wife—I mean widow came in. She walked over to the corpse. examined the face closely, and was turning away with a sort of satisfied look whed suddenly she gave a shrick and eried like a professional. "What's the matter, madam?" I

"Why, you-you mean thing. You've p-p-p parted his h-hair on the wrong side boo! boo!" Another time I went to an aristocratic residence on Michigan avenue. I won't tell you the number, because it wasn't ong ago. The dead man's brother was in the room with me—ore of those al-leged English dudes, you know, who talk through their nose and lisp like a wo-man. The first strike I made on the neck

of the corpse caused his brother to take a conniption. "Now, now, now; stop that. I say, stop that," he lisped. "Aw-aw, donehuno, that's not right. You musn't shave the neck up; you must shave it down. If you shave it up the hair will grow up and curl the wrong way, don't you know, and he can never part it again like it is now."
"I looked at the man and saw he was in earnest, and I tried to keep my face straight, but it was pretty hard work. The idea of shaving a corpse so he could

When nature falters and requires help, recruit her enfeebled energies with Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. \$1.00 per bottle.

part his whiskers nice afterward!'

Warm Weather Wit.

Boston Post: Ice is about the only thing needs a blanket wrapped around it to keep it comfortable in hot weather. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph: "The first musquito of the season visited me last night," observed the snake editor, and I made him my enemy." "How was that?" asked the horse editor. "Well, he landed on my hand, I mashed him, and now he is dead against me.

Baltimore Argus: So the girls and the young man tripped up to the fountain and he called for seven sodas, and his face was a study when the druggist told him the fountain wasn't running. But it wasn't a circumstance to the druggist's face. As for the girls, they said George was real sweet and so disappointed because he couldn't treat them. And on the way home George explained that he had discovered that every other druggist for squares around used metalic stoppers in his epigastrium that generated cuprous oxide of nitrogen in the syrups, which was liable to bring on attacks of megalosaurius.

Pittsburg Dispatch: Jones—"Who is that fellow? He ought to be flogged." Johnson—"Maybe he ought, but then—"

Jones-"The confounded fool tramped Jones—'The confounded fool tramped on my pet corn as he passed by.''
Johnson—''H'm! Weil, if I was in your place I just try to look as though I liked it. He's a desperate character.''
Jones—''He is! What's he done?''
Johnson—''He went into an editor's sanctum the other day and asked: 'Is it hot enough for you?' He's a bad man:"

For more than half a century in use. he lathered and shaved for six months. The genuine Brown's Ginger. Frederick the best he could raise was a pretty set Brown, Philadelphia, 1822.

GOTHAM'S

Cyrus Field Ten Times a Millionaire in Spite of Jay Gould's Squeeze.

SOME PLETHORIC PURSES

Other New Yorkers Who Will Not Go Broke Though They Lose & Few Millions of Easily-Earned Lucre.

New York Letter Chicago News: "Is Cyrus W. Field broke?" That is the allabsorbing question in Wall street, the exchanges and the clubs. His friends stoutly maintain that he is, and that even his real estate is held by Jay Gould and Russell Sage. But that is not true. Mr. Field has lost perhaps \$10,000,000 during the past month, but he is not a bankrupt. He has still about \$10,000,000 left. The Washington building, which is occupied by lawyers, bankers and brokers, is worth \$3,000,000; Mr. Field's city house with its contents, is worth \$50,000; his newspaper, the Mail and Express, he values at \$500,000; his country seat and forty cottages at Irvington on the Hud-son are worth \$1,000,000, and in addition to this he owns a big block of Anglo-American cable stock, New York Cen-tral stock, and securities that are worth \$5,000,000. So it will be seen that he is still comfortably off so far as money is concerned.

He is out of Wall street now and out of speculation. The chances are that he will put his business in shape and go abroad for a while. He is tired of work. He says he wants a little play now. "I'm cutitled to it," he said a few days ago, "and I mean to have it."

"and I mean to have it."

Who is the richest man in town? is a question often asked here.

John Jacob Astor undoubtedly. His fortune is placed at \$200,000,000. A tidy sum indeed, but Jay Gould is pushing him pretty hard, and the Vanderbilt boys are close behind the king of Wall street. Here is a list made up by a Wall street broker that is as nearly accurate as any broker that is as nearly accurate as any such estimate can be: Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, \$90,000,000; Russell Sage, \$60,000,000; Winslow, Lamar & Co., \$30,000,000; D. O. Mills, Whitehall Reid's father-in-law, \$20,000,000, Bob Whitehall Reid's father-in-law,\$20,000,000; Pierrepont Morgan, \$18,000,000; Bob Garrett, \$20,000,000; Fred Vanderbilt, \$15,000,000; Sidney Dillon, \$10,000,000; Addison Cammack, \$8,000,000; John Rockafeller, the Standard Oil man, \$10,000,000; Hi Rockafeller, his brother, \$8,000,000; August Belmont, \$20,000,000; Cyrus W. Field, \$10,000,000; Deacon S. V. White, member-elect of the new congress, \$7,000,000; R. P. Flower, \$6,000,000; Wash Connor, Jay Gould's old broker, who has just married the divorced wife of the ex-lottery king, Simmons, \$3,000,000; Victor Newcomb, \$4,000,000; Harry Hart, who is manipulating Pacific Mail, \$10,000,000; Oswald Ottendorfer, editor of the Staats Zeifung, \$5,000,000; James Gordon Bennett, \$10,000,000; Austin Corbin, \$30,000,000; 000,000; Austin Corbin, \$30,000,000; Erastus Winan, \$3,000,000; and there are a score of others who are worth from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000 each. But why

go on? Jay Gould is likely to make \$50,000,000 more in live years, and the men named above will all add to their vast wealth if they live a few years. A plain, ordinary, every-day sort of a millionaire counts for nothing here. You can staud in Trinity church steeple and throw a stone in any direction and hit a millionaire. They are very common, and are really considered of no account The Astors have seldom dabbled in Wall street speculation. They prefer real estate. No family in America has so kept its wealth within itself as the Astors, who continue the financial policy originated by old John Jacob Astor about the beginning of the century. It is commonly supposed that he made the bulk of his fortune in furs. He formed a gigantic project for extending the busiless from the northwestern lakes to the Pacific by means of various trading posts, by establishing a central station at the mouth of the Columbia, and then, by making a depot at one of the Hawaiian islands to supply China and India directly from the Pacific coast. The prorectly from the Pacific coast. The project was partially carried out, but meanwhile Mr. Astor saw greater opportunites for making money in city real estate than in the fur trade. He began to buy extensively, and the growth of the town was so rapid that in some cases the property increased a hundredfold.

When e fied forty years ago he was estimated to be worth \$20,000,000, He left to his son, William B. Astor, the bulk of his estate, to be managed in the interest of the family. William B. left it in turn to his son John Jacob, and now John Jacob has intrusted it to his son his sole child, indeed-William Waldorf Astor, ex-minister to Rome, who, by the way, is writing a society novei. virtually amounts to an entail and pre-vents the wealth from being scattered, though there is small danger of that, the Astors being noted for conservatism and thrift. They have always invested in real estate, buying few bonds or stocks, and have evinced great care and discreand have evinced great care and discre-tion in their investments. Their con-stantly increasing surplus they have, so to speak, put into the ground, reaping ex-traordinary prolits thereby. They never sell; they are ever buying, buying, but keeping their transactions as secret as possible. No one but themselves and their agents have any idea of the vast blocks of real estate in their possession. They own thousands of business houses and dwellings, and add each year to or three hundred houses to their immense

When it is remembered that wealth doubles at simple interest in less than seventeen years, and in less time when invested in real estate, it is easy to understand how theirs must have grown in the past ninety years. One of the advantages of such investments is that they in crease with the value of the city. They are not confined, as bonds and similar securities are, to a fixed rate of interest. Certain lots purch sed thirty years ago would pay to day what is equivalent to 40 or 50 per cent per annum. There is little doubt that the Astor estate is by far the greatest in this country. It cannot be much short of \$350,000,000, and by the close of the century, if managed as it has been, it will be nearly doubled. Where will Jay Gould be then?

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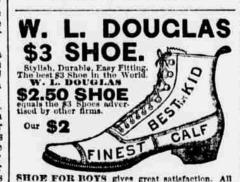
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