BABY GOULD'S WARDROBE.

In a Point of Elegance and Value It is Unrivaled.

LORGNETTE THE LATEST FAD.

Grandmothers Shopping—A Religious Illumination—Langtry's Shrewdness—Clara Belle's Letter.

NEW YORK, August 25.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Edith Gould has a boy baby. The telegraph told you so more than a week ago. As the oldest son of Jay Gould's oldest son, he is an interesting little fellow. Jay Gould expects to die leaving a hundred millions. George Gould might easily leave five hundred millions. Therefore the grandson of the great accumulator might figure his portion up to a thousand millions when he comes to make his will. Where is the baby girl who is destined to catch him? Away with surmises. Let us deal with the plain, present facts of the infant's wardrobe. All the information I can give on that subject relates to the lace profusely used to embellish the wardrobe. About six months ago, Mrs. George Gould was talking in her father-in-law's presence of a wonderfully beautiful specimen of lace that she had seen in London, while she was playing there with an American theatrical company, just before her retirement from the stage and marriage. This lace was, she said, a perfect example of the most exquisite point d'Alencon. It had been the property of the Empress Eugenie. It was unique on account not only of the beauty of its floral design, but also the perfection of its color. The tone of the lace throughout was a delicate creamy white, while the slight difference in color between the flowers and the foundation on which they were worked could be appreciated by the connoiseur in these matters. It had not been obtained by tinting, as in the case of inferior laces, but it was simply the natural result of the patient hand labor expended on its manufacture. This exquisite piece of point d'Alencon consisted of ten yards of wide flouncing, besides a handsome garniture in two widths to correspond.

YOUNG MRS. GOULD

expatiated on the beauties of this lace volubly.

"Do you want it?" Jay Gould asked.

"It would delight me," was Edith's reply.

"What would you do with it?"

She gave an evasive answer. But her desire to possess that particular piece of lace was unequivocal, Mr. Gould said that she should have it. Within two weeks it was in the house, for the order to buy it was sent over the cable. The price was £2,000, or $10,000, and the duty and other expenses raised the cost to about $15,000. The bride knew what she meant to do with that lace. It was cut up ruthlessly, and variously utilized in embelishing the clothes for the baby who has now come into the Gould family. The youngster doesn't know it, but his elegance of wardrobe is extreme. Experts are frequently deceived by clever imitations of china, and even of the paintings of the old masters, but it has been proved over and over again that it is impossible to reproduce

FINE OLD LACE.

Good antique lace is inevitably full of intricate details, which were lavished on the work regardless of the labor and the time expended. These lace-makers thought nothing of their own trouble, so long as the result came as near to perfection as possible. Perfect examples of needle-point lace, such as Point d' Alencon, Venetian Rose Point, or Point d Argentan, will certainly last long and look beautiful long after modern Brussels lace has worn itself out. The materails employed for antique Point D'Alencon were the finest possible hand-spun flax, together with the horse-hair or silver wire over which the pattern was worked. These materials render the lace excpedingly strong and durable, although the reseau is quite as light and graceful as that of the more showy production of Belgium.

Jay Gould takes a peculiar interest in unique workmanship of every kind. This piece of lace has been studied by him. He assured a friend of mine, in showing and explaining the treasure, that such magnificent specimens as these were rare even in those days when point d'Alencon was a lace produced in considerable quantities, and important examples can never be produced again. There are but a few workers left who can produce these extraordinary qualities of needle-point lace, and it seems a grievous pity that the taste of modern times should be in favor of effect and quantity rather than quality and perfection in design and execution. As the lace-makers must of necessity work only to suit the public taste, the art of making this exquisite needle-point lace is no longer learnt by the work girls. It does not pay, in fact, to teach them, as they would probably not be able to earn a living, even when arrived at proficiency in this most beautiful and interesting art. Hurrah for the Gould baby.

A year or so ago every lady carried to the theater a cut glass scent bottle as big as a policeman's club. But pretty soon it was discovered that a few lumps of sugar usually accompanied the bottle, and that women dropped enough liquor on the sugar to get up a comforting state of booze during a five act play. There occasionally an accident happened. At Irvin's first presentation of "Hamlet," a lady well down in front dropped her huge cut glass truncheon. It broke squarely in the middle and the place smelled like a barroom away to the last rows, for her scent bottle was filled with choice old rye. "Get thee to a nunnery," advised Irving, and the poor girl who owned the gaudy comforter, departed smelling as if he had bidden her to get to a distillery.

Now the latest fad is the lorgnette. Ladies sit with the huge tortoise shell things held to their faces.

"What be they?" said a real old Joshua Whitcomb, who was taken by a city friend to the theatre; "they look like razors for all the world."

The long handled shell lorgnette is fitted with perfectly plain glass, nine times out of ten, the occulists will tell you, but it is trying to the eyes to sit a whole evening as many women do, and look through two shell hoops, though the glass may be plain and clean. However, it is the fashion, and will encourage weak eyes, to the benefit of that class of humanity who deal in spectacles as well as lorgnettes.

Our mothers and grandmothers made

A SERIOUS BUSINESS

of shopping. The quantity of information they demanded about the birth and education of a piece of black silk, before they bought it, is not looked for now. The taking home of a sample to see how a calico was going to wash is an obsolete custom. I remember my dear old grandma sitting on a chair in a Washington street store, in Boston, chewing vigorously with the few teeth time had left her on a little rag to see if the colors were "going to run," before she bought me a dress off a pattern of French calico. The other day some lady said in my hearing: "Oh, never buy corduroy. It is something dreadful. It never wears out."

There is going to be a curiously religious illumination of fashionable finery. In your visit to New York, Broadway has of course been your chief stamping ground. That being so, you have seen Grace church standing at the head of the lower section of Broadway, right where a bend in the famous thoroughfare lets its site seem to block the way as approached from the south. Adjoining the church enclosure on the north has stood a business building with its side faced with masonry corresponding to that of the sacred edifice. The view or sordid trade was therefore shut off from the ecclesiastical picturesqueness. This summer the old house has been demolished, to clear a site for a finer structure. The question was what to do about the wall exposed to the church. At one time a controversy seemed sure. The warehouse needed light, and the owner asked leave to put in windows overlooking the churchyard. The churchmen wished a churchly wall, as before, with no windows or sign-bords to mar the admirable scene. Of course, they might erect an independent wall on the edge of their own ground, thus shutting up the mercantile windows; but the builder might retaliate by running his structure higher still, and defacing it with huge inscriptions.

A HAPPY COMPROMISE

was reached. The church agreed to the windows, provided that they be of stained glass set in walls of churchlike architecture; and the man bound himself to forever keep that side of his property clear of any indication of trade. The result is now in place. Gazing at Grace church, one sees just beyond the seeming side of a cathedral, or something of that kind, with windows through which the light stream, in vari-colored rays, not on the worship of God, but on dry goods, which women may be worshiping. Thus does religion get crowded when it insists on a place in Broadway.

Once more must a little space be given to the self-advertising

DEVICES OF MRS. LANGTRY.

She is a shrewd business wonan. When she hired almost the most magnificent villa at Long Branch for August and September, at the ascerted price of $1,000, she had made her calculations, and knew precisely what she was doing. The Branch was without an object of sensational interest. Since the splurging days of Jim Fisk and Dr. Helmbold, the character of the resort had steadily changed from riot to quiet, until this year the proprieties were unbroken. Well-bred elegance is general there, and it is rarely that anything socially startling arises to break the monotony of propriety. So Langtry could count surely on getting into notice, if she put herself on exhibition. She showed her beauty illustriously, but always with a cool, ladylike manner that betrayed no consciousness of public gaze. She went surf-bathing in so many different costumes that it was no wonder the reporters' descriptions conflicted; she sat in the grand stand every race day at Monmouth park, wearing stunning colors, betting on the events, and focussing all eyes; she went to the noon concerts at the West End, to the Elberon Casino to dance, and to all the big hotels during the evening dance hours; and Ocean avenue saw no glossier carriage, drawn by prancing horses, than the one which Freddy Gebhard put at her service. By the way, Gebhard will be more affluent next summer than he is now. He cannot touch his fortune, the income only being dealt out to him by trustees. The legacy is invested in New York city real estate, and at present it yields to him only about $25,000 a year. That is not enough to buy all he desires. He is often in debt, and his quarterly dues are nearly always anticipated. The leases from which his income is derived have been running nearly twenty years. Most of them will expire next May, and their renewals will be made at doubled figures. So Freddy will have $50,000 to spend per year, and he'll do it.

Langtry is rich, too, and

GETTING RICHER FAST.

That brings me back to the topic of her thrift. As soon as all Long Branch eyes had been fixed on her, and crowds were following her wherever she appeared, it was announced that she had reluctantly consented to appear in Amusement hall at the west end. For a fact she had engaged her company to begin rehearsals at the branch, and give performances there if desired; and the extra scenery and costumes were sent there before her own arrival. Thus she got the actors for the cost of their board and fares; the hall was given to her free; there was no bill posting or newspaper advertising to pay for; and a few lithographs, placards and circulars sufficed to fill the house at $1 to $2 per ticket. She cleared the rental of the villa and its maintainance by this one performance. Thus she gets a sumptuous stay at the seashore free of charge, besides considerable of such new publicity as this letter is giving to her.

The silliest looking thing at the watering places this summer is

THE DANDY WITH A SASH

around his waist. He has become a frequent sight. At the beginning of July he discarded suspenders, along with his vest, and put on a narrow leather belt to hold his trousers up. The device was neat and decorous. Before the end of the month the belt had turned to silk and become bright in color. Early in August it grew wider, and assorted hues were seen in the same scarf. Now the poor, decorative idiot wraps a silken rainbow around the junction of his brilliant shirt front and white flannel trousers, and looks like an imitation man made of Neopolitan cream. He is numerous at Long Branch, Newport and Saratoga. It is hopefully recorded here that he will die with the end of the season and never be resurrected.

A fashionable kink ready for next winter is to be a smoking room, provided by the ladies of the household for their male callers. The example has already been set in several swell Newport houses. The smoking is done on the Persian plan. An ornate pipe bowl of rare china is set on a table. The very strongest tobacco is used, but the smoke passes through perfumed water before reaching the lips. The single bowl holds four ounces of tobacco, and half a dozen long, flexible stems radiate from it. Hostesses who have big houses appropriate a small room to this use, and I know of at least four residences in or near Fifth avenue with apartments now being furnished with divans and fitting decorations. The ladies go to the smokery, as the room is called, light the big pipe, pass a stem to each smoker, and sit to chat while the air becomes thick with smoke. Their dresses get thoroughly impregnated with the odor of tobacco, and even their hair, when let down and brushed out for the night, gives off the smell of the smoke. It is not in the least nice, and

NO DELICATE GIRL LIKES IT,

but, in the game of rapid society, whatever is stylish goes.

We get the news that Mrs. Whitney, wife of the secretary of the navy, will next winter attempt to amalgamate New York and Washington society to some extent. Mrs. Whitney's position in this city is right up at the top. The Astor-Vanderbilt set is the one she figures in. Her house is exceeded in size and beauty by only three in Fifth avenue. Her money is abundant, her skill as an entertainer is famous, and her husband is willing. Although her receptions in Washington have been brilliant, they have by no means equalled those in the New York mansion. It was presumed that the New Yorkers of dizzy exaltation who throng her parlors here would make visits to the capital, but they have not done so. During this summer the subject has been discussed heavily and thoughtfully by the persons concerned, and the decision is that New York "society" may mix with Washington "society" without contamination.

CLARA BELLE.

Rev. K. G. Chatterjee, of India, is now at Saratoga. He says that he has suffered more from the heat in America than in his native country.

SOME LITTLE BITS OF FUN.

His Folks Dealt With the Doctor—"With Verdure Clad."

HOW THE BOODLERS CAME DOWN

An Awful Situation—Rhode Island Prohibition—Minstrels of the Night—Ruling Passion—Witticisms.

The Minstrels of the Night.

When the flowers are calmly sleeping
And sweet silence reigns o'er all,
When the first tom cat of evening
Climbs upon my garden wall.

There he meditates on Nature
On her quiet beauties round—
But his reverie is broken
By a form upon the ground.

Then he sings in notes op'ratic;
Sweet Maria hasten here;
Nature waits her queen to welcome
And the stars are shining clear.

Then Maria's sweet soprana
Greets dear Thomas on the wall,
And the sisters, aunts and cousins
Come together one and all.

Now the concert—strains delightful
All the echoes round prolong;
Mortal beings lack the power
Yet to value feeline song.

Every solo is repeated
Clearer, louder than before,
And the curses, shoes, and so forth
From near windows give encore.

When the morning light's anpearing,
Creamy visions come and go,
Kitchen maids preparing breakfast,
And the cook stove's ruddy glow.

Then the songsters all are silent;
Sober thoughts in each arise,
And they make a hasty parting—
Each one to a back door hies.

Into breakfast now they scamper.
Maltese, tortoise shell, and white;
Hushed until another gloaming
Are the minstrels of the night.

How the Boodlers Came Down.

Brooklyn Eagle: The "boodlers" came down like the wolf on the fold, And they scooped in the silver and greenbacks and gold; From the town on the lake to the town on the sea, They raked in the "boodle" from A unto Z.

The people were stupid and silly and green, And the "boodlers" the cheekiest thieves ever seen; In the street, in the office, by night, and by day, They grabbed what they wanted and took it away.

They laughed when the newspapers gave them a blast, And they winked in the face of the judge as he passed; For they knew, while this land should be peopled with men, That "boodlers" who'd "boodled" would "boodle" again.

People put them in prison, but then, all the same, Elected new "boodlers" to keep up the game; From Tweed to McGarigle—who but believes, It's the fate of the land to be governed by thieves.

Pickpockets and gamblers, thieves, drunkards, and toughs, Ex-convicts and sluggers, bartenders and roughs, Forgers, fences, and liars, and confidence men We've elected to office again and again.

And we'll do it again; we'll let people see There's a chance for the thief in the land of the free, Long life to St. Barabbas! A pledge let us borrow—To the health of good Sodom and righteous Gomorrah.

Must Have Been Awful.

New Orleans Picuyune: It was midnight, and an impassioned lover in an up-town drawing-room kneeled at the feet of his heart's choice and exclaimed: "Gerty, I will do anything in the world to make you happy." "Do you mean it, George?" "I do, I do, darling." "Then for heaven's sake go home and let me go to bed."

Prohibition in Rhode Island.

Pittsburg Chronicle: New York man (to Rhode Island man)—What is the effect of prohibitory law in your state?

Rhode Island Man—It promotes pedestrianism.

New York Man—How is that?

Rhode Island Man—Everybody walks a mile or two into Connecticut for drinks.

A Parting Wish.

M. F. Butts in the Century.

We bade each other a long adieu,
With looks and tones regretful,
"Whatever happens," I sadly said,
"We never shall be forgetful."

"Ah, never!" replied my faithful friend
"Our past is a pleasant story.
And, oh, I hope we shall meet again
This side of crematory."

The Ruling Passion.

"My dear," said a husband, gently rousing his wife—the lady was dangerously ill—"Mrs. DeHobson called a little while ago and left her love and sympathy for you. She seemed deeply affected."

"John," said the sick lady in a very weak tone of voice as she slowly unclosed her eyes, "what did she have on?"

"With Verdure Clad."

Little Boy—Please, I want the doctor to come and see mother.

Servant—Doctor's out. Where do you come from?

Little Boy—What! Don't you know me? Why, we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week.

Papa's Teeth are Being Fixed.

Put away the beefsteak, Mollie,
Chop the cutlets into hash;
Turn the solids into salads;
Crush potatoes into mash;
Bake the rice in little patties;
Have the mush with dressing mixed,
For the hour is fraught with danger—
Papa's teeth are being fixed.

Mix the festive pancake batter;
Chop the lobster into bits:
Fry the soft and plastic doughnut
That the grinder never grits;
Cut the bread in yielding slices,
Lay an oyster in betwixt;
Banish all the pleasant solids—
Papa's teeth are being fixed.

Some Little Bits of Fun.

A poet writes: "I am saddest when I sing." So is a cat.

The days of the book agent are numbered. A German firm has invented a steel-clad bullet that will penetrate four inches of brass.

Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most often is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"

Captain Norris was telling Colonel Mooney about a friend who had been injured in a railway accident. "He ought to get heavy damages said the practical colonel. "He did," said the captain; "he got both legs and an arm broken."

"My father is a splendid arthmetician," remarked the banker's daughter to her swain, Alonzo Cake. "You should see him foot up a column." "If you mean a spinal column," replied Alonzo, the sagacious, "I am willing to forego the pleasure at whatever cost to my future peace of mind."

Mexico arrests women for wearing mother hubbard dresses, and has passed a ukase, which we believe is Mexican law, that no citizens must walk the streets without trousers on. We don't want to get into any international trouble, but we must say that Mexico is getting a trifle "finnicky."

The bull-dog in the play, whose part was to seize the villain by the throat and hold on for dear life, succeeded the other night in Buffalo in dragging from under the player's collar the piece of liver which coaxed him on, and, taking it before the footlights, he sat down and quietly ate it, while the villain escaped.

Three Frenchmen who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their native language endeavored to translate into English the well known opening to Hamlet's soliloquy—"To be or not to be." The following was the result: First Frenchman—"To was or not to am." Second ditto—"To waere or is to not." Third ditto—"To should or not to will."

There was a young belle of Ky,
Who said to her lover, "Yes, dy,
Too long we have tarried,
We'll shortly be married."
So the youth was uncommonly ly.

"Sir," said the angry citizen to Mayor Hewitt, "I have fallen on a coal hole on Broadway and injured my back." "All right," said the mayor, "I will send a letter to the board of aldermen at once. If that does not remedy the evil, you had better apply a porous plaster."

"Carpet" rhymes with no single word, but some bold poet dared to evade the difficulty thus: "Sweet maid of the inn, 'Tis surely no sin, To toast such a beautiful bar pet; Believe me, my dear, Your feet would appear, At home on a nobleman's carpet."

"Did you tell your daughter that I would give her one-half of all my property if she would marry me?" said a rich old widower to the father of a sweet sixteen. "Yes, I told her." "What did she say?" "Said she would have the whole hog or none."

Mr. H—"Can you play any tunes yet on your new piano, Bessie?" Bessie—"Oh, yes; I have just learned 'Gayly the Cuspador.'"

In a Hebrew school: "What crime did Joseph's brothers commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

A young correspondent wants to know: "What is the critical period in man's life?" Well, my boy, it usually begins about six weeks after he is married, and lasts some time.

"I began with nothing," boasted a millionaire who had made his money in crooked ways. "And that is the condition you have left those who have dealt with you," was the blunt response of a bystander.

We see that Bob Burdette, the humorist, has "become a deacon in a Baptist church in Lower Merion, Pa." Bob says the Kentucky State Journal, may be saved by water out there, but he coul dn't do it in Kentucky.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CALAMITY JANE is an interesting tale of life in the Black Hills woven by Mrs. George E. Spencer, and published by Cassell & Co., New York. The story, while somewhat on the order of the lurid melodrama, is quite an interesting one to those who follow it closely. Meg, a young New York office girl, marries the nephew of an old lawyer, who thereupon disinherits him. The young couple, Mr. and Mrs. De Pew, determine to seek their fortunes in the Black Hills region. On the journey they have a very exciting time with road agents, and when they finally settle down and the young husband begins the practice of the law they meet with many disappointments. De Pew engages to fight a claim for an old miner, and has opposed to him a rich and unscrupulous company, which stops at nothing short of murder to succeed in its plans. He would have failed had it not been for Calamity Jane, who helps him because she has taken a liking for his wife. Calamity Jane is a sort of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval combined. At one time she appears as Charley, a famous road agent, and at another in her own proper person, joining unasked a picnic of the society ladies of Deadwood and compelling each of them to give her a lock of hair, or playing faro in one of the gambling saloons with which the town is filled. She dies, of course, to slow music, the old miner secures his claim and, Meg and De Pew become millionaires.

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A BOOK which promises to be of valuable aid to men in all branches of business has just been issued by H. V. & H. W. Poor, of New York, under the title of "Poor's Directory of Railway Officials and Railway Directors." This work is replete with interesting and useful information upon the railroads of the world, and will be found an almost indispensable companion to the business man.

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PERIODICALS.

THE PANSY for August, by D. Lothrop & Co., contains forty pages of stories and pictures for boys and girls.

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WIDE AWAKE, that popular periodical published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, proves itself worthy its name in the August issue. Charles Egbert Craddock, Elbridge S. Brooks, Margaret Sidney and other well known writers contribute to make this issue an unusually interesting one.

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THE LEADING place in the September number of the Popular Science Review is given the third article on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," by David A. Wells. Under the heading, "Sleep and its Counterfeits," Dr. A. de Watteville describes lethargy, catalepsy, somnambulism, and various phenomena of hystero-epilepsy and hypnotism. Mr. George P. Morris gives a description of an attempt made by the Rev. Thomas Budd to found an industrial school in West Jersey two hundred years ago. On "Social Sustenance," Mr. Henry J. Phillpot discusses the centralization of energies. A series of lively ethnological sketches in Annam and Tonquin is given from information furnished by French officers in those regions. The nature, manufacture, and uses of cork are described by Arthur Good and William Anderson. "A Botanical Bonanza" is described by F. E. Boynton. The speeches of Professors Stokes and Tyndall, Sir Lyon Playfair, Lord Lytton, and the Earl of Derby, at the banquet recently given to Professor Tyndall in London, are published in full. "Some Human Instincts," Professor William James considers the instincts of acquisitiveness, constructiveness, play, curiosity, sociability and shyness, secretiveness, cleanliness, modesty and shame, love, jealousy, and parental love. Dr. von Nussbaum gives a paper bearing on "The Physiology of Freezing." "Culture and Character," and other topics of the time, are discussed in the "Editor's Table."

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THE AMERICAN Magazine will hereafter be published under the management of the American Magazine company: a corporation abundantly equipped in finances and business experience. Readers are promised a continous improvement of the magazine in all its departments, including several new and attractive features. The September number of this magazine promises to be a decidedly attractive one.

***

THE FORUM for September will be one of the most attractive numbers yet published. In an article on "The Sixteenth Amendment," Senator Ingalls will set forth the arguments derivable from history and from political science which go to show the impolicy of extending the right of suffrage to women. Other contributors to the September number of the Forum are to be: the Hon. Thomas White, minister of the interior of Canada; Mrs. Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; Dr. Jessopp, the well known English essayist; President Bascom, of Williams College; Professor Young, the astronomer; Andrew Lang, Professor Cope, Bishop Coxe, Nicholas P. Gilman, and Professor Winchell.

***

A VERY interesting periodical is the American edition of the Illustrated London News, The Illustrated News Co., Potter Building, New York, is an American corporation, and reproduce the News under special contracts with Messrs. Ingram Bros., who protect them in the exclusive right of the reprint.

ECHOES FROM THE ANTE-ROOM

News and Gossip of the Various Secret Orders of the State.

OMAHA'S NINTH DIVISION.

Institution of the Trojan—The Harry Gilmore Division—New Officers of Success Lodge B. of R. B.—The Orders in the State.

The BEE is desirous of making this column one of interest to the members of the secret orders of this state. To this end it is urged upon the officers and members of the different organizations to send in each week, items which may be pertinent and of interest to their respective orders.

TROJAN DIVISION, U. R. K. of P. was instituted Wednesday, August 24, in the afternoon at Castle hall of Nebraska lodge No. 1, K. of P. by Sir Knight Col. Thomas Burrill, assisted by Sir Knight Lieutenant John W. Lounsbury.

There were thirty-two uniformed knights in line when presented to the colonel for institution, by the sir knight captain elect, W. S. Spencer, who has with untiring zeal recruited this the 9th division in the Omaha regiment.

The officers of the division as installed were:

Sir Knight Captain—W. S. Spencer. Sir Knight First Lieutenant—G. A. Kinkle; Sir Knight Herald—John A. Johnson; Sir Knight Recorder—H. K. Galbraith; Sir Knight Treasurer—John P. Edstrom; Sir Knight Guard—A. F. Hancock; Sir Knight Sentinel—H. C. Hartry.

Trojan division will commence active drill at once and endeavor to do credit to themselves in the active display of the regiment at the meeting of the grand lodge in October.

The timber with which Trojan division is constructed makes it reasonable to expect a decidedly favorable showing on the part of the new division.

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THE STAFF of General W. L. Dayton, brigadier-general of the Uniform Rank K. of P., in this state, has been completed and is as follows: Adjutant-general, James Irvin, Lincoln; inspector-general, John S. Gibson, Omaha; quartermaster-general, Harry J. Wells, Omaha; surgeon-general, W. H. Hanchett, M. D., Omaha; aide de camps with the rank of major, August Uhtoff and J. E. Smith, Omaha. General Dayton has shown excellent judgment in the selection of his staff and has secured Pythians who are earnest and industrious in the cause and will very materially aid him in the discharge of the important duties of his office.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, August 31, at 8 o'clock, the members of Harry Gilmore division, No. 125, Order of Railway Conductors, accompanied by five hundred invited guests, will leave the Union Pacific depot for Fremont. The Musical Union band and orchestra will accompany the boys. The train will be made up of first-class coaches and a baggage car, and will be placed in charge of two of the oldest employes of the road as engineer and conductor. The affair promises to be a very enjoyable one.

***

PARK LODGE has at present enrolled on its roster ninety-five good solid members, including all the band boys, twenty-one in number, of Fort Omaha, Nebraska. Everything is in good running order at present. Knights Charles L. Conner and W. W. Bingham were elected to represent us at the grand lodge to be held in Omaha in October. We trust that "Echoes from the ante-room" will meet with the approval and hearty support of all the Knights of Pythias lodges. We will send you everything of interest.

R. A. MACLEOD,
K. of R. & S.

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SUCCESS LODGE No. 135, Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen, have elected the following officers for the term beginning September 1: Harry Hopkins, master; Ben Miller, past master; William McCauley, vice-master; G. H. Benson, secretary; W. R. Cahill, financier; T. McTigue, W. A. Smith and W. F. Ormsby, trustees, Harry Hopkins, delegate to the Grand lodge at Binghamton, N. Y.; Ben Miller, alternate.

***

THE GRAND lodge of Knights of Pythias of Nebraska, which meets in Omaha, October 11, will have a membership of 120. The programme for the exercises in connection with their assembly is being carefully prepared and the event will be one of great attraction. As in commercial matters Omaha is now the centre of attraction in Pythian circles and many members of the order from a distance will be present to participate in the festivities.

The executive and financial committee for the grand lodge entertainment will meet at the office of Grand Secretary E. E. French this morning at 10 o'clock.

***

AT ITS meeting Friday night the Omaha regiment of Knights of Pythias decided to have two battallion drills each month, the time and place to be hereafter designated. It was further decided to extend an invitation to Major General Carnahan to be the guest of the regiment during his visit here in October at the Nebraska grand lodge and the state encampment of the uniform ranks.

***

THE SECRETARY of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., New York, reports for the year 4,461 initiations, reinstatements, 401, amount paid for relief of brethren, $124,534.52; paid to widows and orpans, $13,804.29; paid for burial of dead, $62,741.25; making a total for the past year of $201,491.93.

***

THE EXECUTIVE committee for the grand lodge entertainment Knights of Pythias, has its hands full just now making arrangements for the reception of that body. The members of this committee are as follows: E. E. French, chairman; Jno. T. McMannis, secretary; H. J. Wells, assistant secretary; Henry Hornberger, treasurer.

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HARKER POST No 51, Grand Army of the Republic, gave a picnic Friday at Wilber, Adjutant Davis, Hon. J. H. Presson and Dr. Duncan delivered addresses during the day, and Department Commander Russell spoke in the evening.

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A PUBLIC MEETING of the regimental officers of the Knights of Pythias will be held at the hall, corner Dodge and Fourteenth streets, September 9, at which some important business will be transacted, and to which all interested in the order's prosperity are invited.

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THE SELECT KNIGHTS and United Workmen of North Platte are arranging for an entertainment at Lloyd's about fair time. Details are not yet decided upon, but a good time is anticipated.

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THE QUARTERMASTER'S department of the Omaha regiment K. of P. has suffered quite a loss in the death of several valuable steeds belonging to the old veteran who presides over that department.

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SOUTH OMAHA LODGE 148, I. O. O. F., held a meeting Monday night and put on for the first time their new regalia and initiated two new members. This makes the membership number twenty-nine.

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THE MASONS of Saline county held a picnic on the assembly grounds at Crete, Wednesday, August 24. About three hundred people were present.

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MR. M. L. YOUNG, a prominent mason of Wisconsin and grand lecturer of the order in that state, is spending a few days in Omaha.

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OMAHA LODGE No. 1, I. O. O. F, conducted the funeral services of Sumner F. Atkins in this city Thursday.

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ON YESTERDAY a lodge of Brotherhood of Railway Porters was instituted in this city by James D. Miller, Grand Master Porter. This order is a new one, having its origin in Chicago, and there are but three lodges now in existence, the one in Chicago, the second in St. Louis and, this the third, in Omaha. There is of course no reason why this order should not prosper as it is made up of Pullman palace and other car porters, than whom there are no better heeled monopolists in the land. The order will naturally be a select one, the qualifications for membership being a railway portership, and as a consequence, the possession of those qualities which carefully nurtured enable "knights of the berth" to roll in affluence and luxury. The officers elected and installed yesterday are as follows: George Franklin, master porter; Wm. Basy, second master porter; A. Williams, third master porter; W. W. Drayton, fourth master porter; J. H. King, corresponding secretary; Hank Watson, recording secretary. Thos. Vinegar, treasurer; R. C. Logan, chaplin; Fred Forlish, first marshal; trustees: W. J. Merriam, W. M. Drayton, Charles Watkins and Jordan Granger.

The Road Agent.

Paul Kemble.

Out on the silent plains he stood,
Alone with his jaded steed.
The ruffian's face beneath the hood
Concealed some daring deed!

Never a sign of life went forth
From a man or beast so worn;
His eyes were fixed upon the north—
His look was one of scorn.

He'd ridden hard and swift that day
Some forty miles or more.
The old stage coach was on its way,
But he was on before.

Freeing his horse, he tethered him,
And then stretched idly by,
Noting erewhile, with visage grim,
Each dark'ning change of sky.

The evening spread its gathering gloom,
And all around was still—
Still as the dead in the silent tomb,
Save the note of a whippoorwill.

When up through the valley the stage coach came,
Swinging and blinking its light;
And old Bob's voice could be heard just the same,
Swearing with all his might.

The leaders snorted and plunged, in vain
(The road was heavy here)
Bob plied his lash with might and main—
They staggered thro' very fear.

"No use; they're stuck!" and down they lay;
A voice rang out close by:
"Throw up your hands! Don't move, I say!
No tricks, Bob, or you die!"

"How many have you there inside?
Throw down that leather bag!
Remember, I can fill your hide
So full you'll never brag!"

A piercing scream was heard—a cry:
"Oh, God, it is my son!"
The ruffian faltered, dropped his eye—
Bob reached back for his gun.

A moment's pause—a scared white face
Looked out upon the scene.
A shot!—a stagger to retrace—
"You've done for me, Bob Keene!"

The ruffian sank back as he cried,
And clutched his wounded breast.
The scared white face stood by his side,
Confronting all the rest.

Frenzy was pictured in the look
She turned upon her boy,
And, stooping down, she gently took
His hand and sobbed out: "Roy!"

"Speak to me darling; say something!—
Say what I taught you, Roy!—
Say only, 'Mother!'—God will bring
His rest to my wayward boy!"

And there she knelt and kissed him there,
To staunch his life blood tried.
He whispered soft: "Mother—my prayer!—
Our Father, who—" and died!

Terra-Cotta Tables From Babylon.

London Times: A collection of Babylonian antiquities of great interest is at the present time in the hands of a private collector in this country. The collection consists of a a series of about three hundred inscribed terra-cotta tables relating to the revenues and tithes of one of the most ancient Babylonian temple. In 1880 Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, when engaged on the work of exploration in Babylon on behalf of the trustees of the British museum; discovered about thirty miles from Bagdad the site of the ancient city of Sippara, one of the chief centers of the religious life of Chaldea, in which was a great temple dedicated to the sun god. On the return of Mr. Rassam to England, native overseers were retained on the site for a short time, but were last year removed. No sooner were these men withdrawn than Arab antiquity hunters from Bagdad commenced their irregular digging on the site, and the collection which has just reached this country was thus obtained. The majority of the tablets relate to the collection of the revenues of the temple, which were derived from tithes and dues imposed on corn and dates, as well as contributions from religious donors. The new collection of tablets affords very clear indications of the wealth of the land of Chaldea in the seventh and sixth centuries before the christian era. Thus from one tablet we learn that 4,600 sheep were given to the temple as sheep dues in one year, the owners being allowed to redeem them on payment of certain sums. In the reign of Darius we have the entry of fifty-four shekels of gold—a metal rarely mentioned in these tablets. One of the mosst interesting features of these tablets is the great care with which the accounts are kept. The names of the payers are entered in full, and sometimes the name of the father and the trade are given. The amount is entered in ruled column, and separate payments in other columns, the total being given at the foot, and the whole sometimes countersigned by witnesses. Independent of their value as indicating the flourishing condition of the land of Chaldea and the richness of the temples, some of these tablets are of great historical value as connecting links in the chain of documents on which Babylonian and Assyrian chronology. Every one of them is dated in month, day, and regnal year of the king's reign when the transaction took place, and are, therefore, a most valuable aid to the construction of the chronology of the period.

Southern Mocking Birds.

Maurice Thompson in Scribner for September: All along the charming gulf coast from Mobile to Bay St. Louis, or, in the other direction, to St. Mark's and Tallahassee, there is not a cot, no matter how lonely or lowly, provided it has a fig tree, that there is not a pair of mocking-birds to do it honor. The scrup-pernong vineyards, too, are the concert-halls of this famous singer. Near the home of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and, I believe, upon the estate of the ex-confederate chieftian, I sat in the shade of a water-oak and heard a mocking bird sing, over in a thrifty vineyard, the rare dropping song of which naturalists appear to have taken no notice. It was a balmy day in March; the sky, the gulf, the air all hazy and shimmering, the whole world swimming in a purplish mist of dreams, and I felt that the song was the expression of some such sweet, passionate longing as exhales from "Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale." Under the low hanging boughs and over the level, daisy sprinkled ground I gazed upon the sheeny reach of water, half convinced that I was looking through

"Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn,"

and the very tones of the bird's voice accorded with the feeling in which the day was steeped.

Genuine bird-song is simply the highest form of avian vocalization, by which instinctively, if not premeditatedly, the bird finds expression of pleasure. The absence of the true rythm probably is significant of a want of power to appreciate genuine music, the bird's comprehension compassing no more that the value of sweet sounds merely as such.

Go It Bull, Go It Stallion.

A fierce and novel battle was witnessed on the farm of a Mr. McGregor, in Ohio, between a valuable stallion and a short-horn bull. The animals were grazing for hours in adjoining fields, when something aroused the ire of the bull. He jumped the fence and engaged the stallion in a terrific combat. The stallion, which was a Clydesdale and a beautiful animal, displayed considerable pluck, and for a few minutes the struggle was simply terrible, the earth being torn up for yards by the huge animals. All efforts to separate the brutes were futile, and the battle continued unabated for ten minutes, when the bull gored his adversary in a vital spot, killing him instantly. The bull showed the effects of the struggle in bites and bruises all over his body received from the horse.

Unfortunately Situated.

Detroit Free Press: A big newsboy was insulting a small bootblack in the alley back of the postoffice yesterday, when a letter carrier said to the little chap:

"I wouldn't stand it if I were you."

"I'm obliged to," answered the boy, as he trotted along with the carrier. "I'm out of condition this summer, my trainer is out west, and the police wouldn't let us go beyond ten rounds, anyhow. Wait till I catch him in Chicago!"

ALWAYS TELL the TRUTH

About where to buy

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For Ladies, Men and Children.

PUT this aside for future reference when ladies', gents' and childrens' shoes you want to buy.

HAVE the kindness to call and inspect my selected stock, you'll find my prices are not high.

IN ladies' and childrens' fine shoes I carry Shaw & Albright and Thos. Kirk goods and every leading make as well.

LADIES, you can send me, or leave your orders whether they are small or large.

I GUARANTEE you courteous attendance and delivery, if needs be, free of charge.

PAYING strictly cash to the manufacturers when I buy, getting large discounts, I save by doing so.

LEAVING to my customers these discounts, is my means of making business grow.

ALL I solicit is a share of your patronage, as in fine boots & shoes, I have now on hand

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GIVE that excelent hand and machine make gent's shoe of B. C. Young & Co., of Boston, a trial.

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Men's Boots	$2