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JOHN H. F. LEHMANN & Co.,  
1310 and 1312 Farnam St.

### A VISIT TO THE FATHERLAND.

The Experience of a Bee Correspondent on the Banks of the Rhine.

### FROM COLOGNE TO MAYENCE.

A Quaint Old German Village—Some Old Castles—The Famous Heidelberg University—"English Spoken" People.

MUNICH, August 20.—[Special Correspondence of the BEE.]—It was with a feeling somewhat akin to genuine sorrow that we took leave of the quiet city of Brüssel and bade adieu to the jolly bachelor doctor in whose luxurious home we had been so royally entertained. Yet we were very anxious to get to Cologne, whence we were to take a trip up the Rhine to Coblenz.

There was very little of interest at Cologne except its great cathedral, which all critics acknowledge to be the finest Gothic edifice in the world. When I first set eyes on its gigantic towers they seemed to look down upon me like old friends, for how many times I had seen them (and who has not?) on that well-thumbed page of the old geography which has been out of date many years. Imagine, if you will, an immense mass of stone, rising doubly higher than the five-story business blocks around it, shaped like a huge mouse crouching upon its haunches with its ears—the two monster towers—reaching sublimely into the sky to the height of 500 feet. Such is the appearance of this king of cathedrals at a distance. The workmanship of the interior and exterior, which I shall not attempt to describe, is of the highest order, and is in strict accord with the gigantic proportions of the building.

This great mass of masonry is about the only redeeming feature of Cologne. The fine appearance of the city at a distance is soon forgotten by the visitor who wanders through her dirty, narrow streets, whose sewers run above instead of under ground. In a desperate attempt to get a breath of pure air one evening, Professor G. and myself wandered out across a pontoon bridge over

the river Rhine. The air was as pure as a mammoth beer garden. Ah! the German in his element at last, we thought, guzzling beer and smoking his big porcelain pipe on the banks of the Rhine. In the matter of beer we were disappointed. Not a beer mug to be seen. On the contrary, everyone was drinking wine. Rhine wines are the natural beverage in the Rhine towns, and very little else is drunk. In other respects, however, the native German conformed to our ideal. Big, wise and contented, he sat with his smiling wife and happy children at a table loaded with wine bottles, pulling great clouds away from his forehead with a handkerchief, nodding his head to the beat of a melodious Strauss waltz, and casting admiring glances at his favorite daughter, who sat opposite. As I sat thus, gazing at the typical German family, my mind could not help wandering from him to the vivacious Frenchman, the snobbish Britisher and the purse-filling American, and wondering at their different ideals of human happiness.

The evening was delightful, with a clear sky and full moon, and I shall never forget the picture which presented itself as I looked out over the famous old river spanned with picturesque bridges and lined with shaded walks, to the city whose gray monotony was broken by slender spires; all of these again were dwarfed into insignificance by the massive outlines of the cathedral, or keener still, as the German called it, rising on a slight eminence, originally formed by old Roman fortifications.

Next morning we began the trip from Cologne up the Rhine, not, however, until the head waiter of the hotel had hounded us to desperation with his bottles of genuine "Eau de Cologne," which he confidentially informed us could not be got of any other man in the city. The gentleman in full dress was wily when we said we had no money room for his bottles, and we afterwards learned from him that we enjoyed the proud distinction of being the only persons who ever failed to make an extensive purchase. The Rhine from

COLOGNE TO MAYENCE well deserves its great reputation for picturesque scenery, and the tourist whose time is even limited to ten weeks will find no means fail to see it. Steamers make regular and frequent trips between these places, and the time and expense are nothing compared with the beautiful pictures which present themselves on every side. The trip from Cologne to Königswinter is the most modest part of the route, and furnishes a good introduction to the exquisite combinations of rural and historic scenery which follow.

We stopped at Königswinter, a quaint old German village with narrow streets and big-roofed houses, situated at the foot of the celebrated "Siebengebirge" or Seven Mountains, whose dark outlines were plainly visible from Cologne. The Drachenfels, though not the highest, is the most popular of these mountains, whose summit, a narrow rock 1,000 feet high, rises almost perpendicularly above the Rhine, and supports the ruins of an ancient castle. The view from the long green slopes of the other mountains was on one side, crowned with rugged peaks, while on the other lay a broad fertile plain, dotted with farms

and villages, gradually sloping towards the river. The fields are of a yellowish brown formed by regularly shaped fields and pastures made the most beautiful landscape I had ever seen, while the winding river and wooded hills in the distance added equally surpassing charms.

We had no time to visit the other mountains, but descended to our antiquated hostelry and drank our fill of the sweet wine called the "dragon's blood" (drachen's blut), which grows on the slopes of the mountains. Let me say that anyone who drinks wine (and he gets little else that is fit to drink on the Rhine banks) should always order wine which is grown in the immediate vicinity, as it is always very cheap and never any other than the genuine article.

The Rhine from Königswinter to Mayence cannot be justly described in a letter like this. THE RIVER STEAMERS, which are provided with everything for the comfort and convenience of travelers, make the trip in about two days, stopping for the night at Coblenz. I know of no better way of filling forty-eight hours crumful of genuine pleasure than to make this trip in the fine weather of spring or autumn.

Villages as old as history are thickly scattered along the banks of the Rhine, and behind these rise beautiful hills, whose sides are covered with vines and whose summits are crowned with the ruins of some ancient castle or with a plant and villa of no modern date. There is a fascinating charm about the old castles, and especially about those which are connected with an interesting legend of the war, of the crusades, or of some lone venture of the valiant knights of the middle ages. The towers of Longfellow have immortalized many of these places, and anyone will be well repaid for making even a short study of them.

From the Rhine we went to Frankfurt and to Heidelberg, with its university and famous castle, the grandest ruin in all Germany. It is much larger than Warwick or Kenilworth, and occupies a commanding position above the town. The tower at Heidelberg is a masterpiece of various parts of the old pile are magnificent even in ruins, and the massive tower walls, thirteen feet thick, show that the castle must have been a wonder of strength and beauty.

The stiff-capped university students were to be seen in all parts of the town, and especially around the beer halls, where they very often congregate, and very little else is drunk. In other respects, however, the native German conformed to our ideal. Big, wise and contented, he sat with his smiling wife and happy children at a table loaded with wine bottles, pulling great clouds away from his forehead with a handkerchief, nodding his head to the beat of a melodious Strauss waltz, and casting admiring glances at his favorite daughter, who sat opposite. As I sat thus, gazing at the typical German family, my mind could not help wandering from him to the vivacious Frenchman, the snobbish Britisher and the purse-filling American, and wondering at their different ideals of human happiness.

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European soldiery. Helmets shine and armor glimmers at all times and all places. Half the men one meets on the street, especially in a German city, wear uniforms. Still this is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that all Europe, from Calais to St. Petersburg, is one vast martial camp. English soldiers look well, but rather dullish, except the Highlanders, whom everyone falls in love with at first sight. The Frenchmen are inclined to be small, but look as if they could fight like tigers for fine appearance and intelligent faces, the German soldiers are vastly superior to all the others, while their brethren from Switzerland have long been a favorite butt of ridicule.

Munich is especially alive with shoulder straps. At any hour of the day one can see columns of troops tramping blither and blither, always accompanied by a fine band of music. A crowd of anxious spectators is always seen following these cavalcades, and among these curious camp followers one hears nothing but the English language with the Yankee twang. The natives look upon this military array as an every-day matter, but the American usually utters a hearty "good-bye" to the military men, and with this my learned but perspiring friend, the professor, caught my arm and said he couldn't keep up any longer. So we cast one longing, lingering look behind us and started back to our hotel, where the boom-boom of the big bass drum softly died away in the distance.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

L. HERBERT ANDREWS is the author and Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, are the publishers of a late novel bearing the simple title, "Only a Farmer's Daughter." The book is in pamphlet form and is a simple tale woven in a decidedly interesting style. It is based upon the usual objectionable features in the average novel and is worthy a place in the family book shelf.

THE READER OF "Upland Mystery," a recent publication from the house of Laird & Lee, Chicago, is not disappointed in a perusal of this novel which is, as its sub-title suggests, "A tragedy of the rugged life of the mountains." The production of the pen of Mary R. P. Hatch, and is decidedly interesting to all who relish dark and mysterious tragedies peppered with excellent skill.

A PRACTICAL AND scientific treatise is that entitled "Artistic Horseshoeing," written by Professor G. E. Rich, and published by M. T. Richardson, 57 Rose street, New York. In this book are given the most complete and thorough instructions to cure different diseases of the feet, and to correct improper action in trotters, pacers, etc. Professor Rich makes in all fifty-three different shaped shoes for different purposes, and the most important of these shoes are illustrated in this book. Professor Rich is a practical horse-shoer himself, having worked at the business all his life, and the directions which he gives, therefore, for shoeing horses and making shoes are thoroughly reliable in all respects. Illustrations are presented showing the different bones of the horse's foot, together with their uses. It is handsomely bound in extra cloth, and beautifully printed on fine, heavy super-calendered paper.

ONE of the most promising personages of the literary world just now is Miss Marietta Holley, popularly known as Samantha Allen, or Josiah Allen's wife. She became a favorite very early in her literary career, and each new issue from her pen has added to her fame, until her latest work, "Samantha at Saratoga," Messrs. Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, are the publishers, and the book is a decided hit.

Preparing for this work, Miss Holley went to Saratoga and spent an entire season, with eyes and ears open, and with heart and pen busy at work. She went in her famous assumed role of Josiah Allen's wife, her imaginary Josiah at her side, with his characteristic blunders, faux pas, and quick, boylike enthusiasm. As Samantha Allen, Holley is an observant, unsophisticated, outspoken and sound to the core on every question of propriety. Such a couple in the whirl of Saratoga would certainly develop many remarkable situations and utter many funny comments. It is here the humor of the book arises. Plain, back-country, village life, and gay, artificial Saratoga life are so wide apart, that each side becomes ludicrous to the other.

THE new volume of the English Illustrated Magazine to be issued in October will be interesting. Mr. H. D. Fraill will contribute a monthly article of criticism on matters literary, social and artistic. A paper on "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Dickens" will also appear in an early number, and this will be followed by a series of letters of Charles Dickens never before published. Fiction will be represented by Professor Minto, under the title of "The Mediation of Ralph Harlelot," and will be followed by stories by Mrs. Moleworth, B. L. Farjeon, J. S. Winter, and others. In poetry the editor promises contributions from Mr. Swinburne and Mr. George Meredith for the early numbers. Mr. Herbert Hallton will furnish for the same series of papers drawings of the picturesque scenery of the old coach roads. For the frontispiece the editor announces that arrangements have been made for the reproduction of designs by Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, James Sant, E. Burne Jones, C. Casper Hemy, etc.

THE STUDIO has ceased to be an experiment and is now firmly planted in the public good will. The July number begins a new volume—the third—and no other art journal published anywhere

offers a more varied and valuable program than that of which this journal announces for the coming year. Etchings by the best talent at home and abroad have already been published, and more are promised by such names as Rajon, Chase, Blum, Bacher, Sidney L. Smith and Henry Farrer, while every number contains copies of pictures made from the originals by the new photographic process.

The July number contains an etching of Mrs. Grover Cleveland by Rajon, which is one of the most beautiful works of the kind that we know of, and, in addition six full-page illustrations, three of them from etchings by Rembrandt, to accompany an article by Mr. Edward H. Greenleaf, the curator of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and two from original paintings in the Durrand-Ruel collection. The portrait of Pope Leo XIII. by Gaillard; "The Poor Fisherman," by Purvis de Chavannes, and the "Death of a Bull," by the sculptor Falguiere.

Mr. Paul Rajon, the distinguished French etcher, while in this country in the winter of 1886, received from the editor of the Studio a commission to execute a portrait of Mrs. Cleveland for that journal. Mr. Rajon welcomed the opportunity to add the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland to those of the other distinguished personages of our time whose faces he has etched, and was in fact, having amicably consented to give the artist a sitting. Mr. Rajon was invited to Washington, and made the requisite studies at the White House. In two sittings he completed the portrait, and from this drawing he has made an etching which is pronounced by those who have seen it who are familiar with his works, one of the most brilliant and expressive of all his portraits.

THE FORUM for September will fully maintain its reputation as the most interesting of periodicals. In a lengthy and very entertaining article, United States Senator Ingalls discusses the sixteenth article of the constitution, and concludes conclusively that suffrage is not a right but a privilege, propounding that woman will be accorded the ballot when she, as an entirety, demands it. Dr. Augustus Wood, of the University of Michigan, writes of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The author of "Life of Prof. E. D. Cope. The Manners of Critics." Andrew Lang, American Geographical Names, Cleveland, Ohio. Great telescopes. Prof. G. A. Fraill, The Gist of the Labor Question. President John Bascom. Profit-sharing. Nicholas P. Gilman. Ignatius Donnelly's Comet. Prof. Alexander Winchell.

THE SEPTEMBER century has both a holiday and a political flavor, in each of which respects it makes a strong appeal to current interests. The second part of "Snubbin' Through Jersey," by Mr. Hopkinson Smith and Mr. J. B. Miller, is now in the hands of the printer, and will be published. The illustrations, by Hopkinson Smith, George W. Edwards, and O. H. Perry, realize and supplement the text.

Other papers of outdoor life (and of comparative interest, namely, "Landscape on Photography") are devoted to "The Amateur Photographer," by Alexander Black, and "The Camera Club of Cincinnati," by D. W. Huntington.

The constitutional centennial is taken up in an article on "A Franchise and Framing of the Constitution," which is contributed by Prof. John Bach McMaster. Two pretorial papers relate to Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, of whom there is a frontispiece portrait, engraved by Thomas Johnson. The illustrations of these papers are by Harry Fenn. The Lincoln history reaches a sub-junct of special interest, namely, "Lincoln's domination and election," the special topics being the two Baltimore conventions which nominated Douglas and Johnston and Bell and Everett respectively, the Chicago convention which nominated Lincoln, and the campaign which followed, after which comes a chapter on "The Beginnings of the Rebellion," including a temperate consideration of the purposes and organization of the secessionists. In addition to letters from Henry A. Wise, James M. Mason, and the famous "Scarlet Letter," by William L. Yancy, letters of much interest, hitherto unpublished, are presented from Governors Wise (Va.), Gist (S. C.), Ellis, (N. C.), Thomas Moore (La.), Pettis and Brown (Ga.), A. B. Moore (Ala.), and Perry (Fla.). Among the illustrative material are fac-similes of Lincoln's letters to Pickett concerning the presidency, and of his letter of acceptance, together with portraits of John C. Breckinridge, Joseph Lane, George Ashmun, Hannibal Hamlin, George W. Curns, William M. Everts, John Bell, Edward Everett, and Herschel V. Johnson; also views of the Republican Wigwag at Chicago, in which Lincoln was nominated, the state house at Springfield, and a group of the famous "Wide-awakes" of the Lincoln campaign. The entire number is especially interesting, and one of the most valuable yet issued.

The leading paper in the always welcome Magazine of American History for September is a biographical sketch of the distinguished revolutionary officer, General James M. Varnum, from the pen of Judge-Advocate Asa Bird Gardner, U. S. A., L.L.D. The second paper, "How California Was Secured," by Hubert Howe Bancroft, will command universal attention; it is clear, concise, and informing to every American. Then comes "Our Revolutionary Thunder," by James D. Butler, of Wisconsin, short, but admirable in its scope. Nothing in this number, however, will attract more genuine appreciation than the fourth paper, entitled "Union, Secession, Abolition," as illustrated in

the careers of Webster, Calhoun, Sumner, by W. M. Dickson, of Cincinnati, followed by the "United States and the Greek Revolution," an article of exceptional merit, by Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman. "The Mayas; their Customs, Laws, and Religion," is the sixth article, by Mrs. Alice D. Le Plongeon, who has spent many years in Yucatan. "A Patriotic Parson" is a biographical sketch by Rev. Dr. Lamson. The curious will be entertained with "Running Antelope's Autobiography," chiefly given in pictographs—the Indian novel method of chronicling events. The shorter papers are of much importance. "H. C. Van Schaack's Historical Treasures," notably; and Oriental Documents contain the "Memorandum of Route Pursued by Colonel Campbell in 1779, from Savannah to Augusta, Georgia," annotated by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., L.L.D.

The Political Science Quarterly for September opens with the second (and final) portion of Dr. E. R. A. Seligson's inter state commercial law. L. J. Huff gives an interesting account of Ferdinand Lassalle, the founder of the German social democratic party. S. L. Osgood (England and the colonies) examines the causes which led to the American war of independence and maintains that England was legally in the right. Prof. Morse of Amherst college, discusses the cause of secession. William Adam Brown (state control of industry in the fourth century) describes the socialistic experiments of the Roman emperors, and was in fact, crowned with the Quarterly contains, as usual, numerous short reviews of important publications in history, statistics, economics, politics and law.

THE ST. NICOLAS for September opens with a delightful frontispiece by Harry Mallock Foote, illustrating "Tip Tyle's Beautiful Mother," a charming tale of life at a seaside watering place, by Nora Perry.

A paper that will interest boys is the article on "Christ's Hospital"—the famous "blue-coat school" of London—where the scholars never wear hats, dress very neat, and will carry enough school as founded hundreds of years ago, and have many quaint and curious customs. E. S. Brook's "Historic Girls" series, of "Christina of Sweden," who was much more like a boy than a girl in her nature, and was in fact, crowned "king" of Sweden, will interest the boys and girls.

"The Boyhood of William Dean Howells" is pleasantly treated by William H. Bidwell, and will carry encouragement to many young literary aspirants; General Adam Badeau writes comprehensively and thrillingly of the "Battle of Gettysburg," and of Pickett's charge, while George G. Mansford shows the young man who is "Ready for Business," and wishes to become a "Sea Captain," the bright and seamy sides of a sailor's life and the best and safest way of accomplishing his ambition.

### ALVAN CLARK.

An Omaha Man Pays a Tribute to the Late Eminent Astronomer.

To the Editor of the BEE: The article which appeared in a recent issue of your paper has induced me to relate my personal transactions with the eminent telescope maker and astronomer, the late Alvan Clark, who ranked so high in the latter science that the honor of membership to the astronomical societies of both England and France was conferred on him.

Before he became a maker of telescope lenses he had for some time been a portrait painter, being in fact regarded as one of the best artists in Boston, his studio being at 111 Tremont street. I have in my possession a portrait painted by him at that time.

In my profession as optician, I was often applied to for optical glasses for the making of lenses. Thus I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Clark, who became my chief customer for that article, supplying him with discs whose diameters varied from five to twelve inches. He had previous to this time made a telescope for a clergyman of Maldstone, England, that excelled one in the possession of that gentleman made by the celebrated Fraunhofer, of Munich.

His reputation as a telescope maker soon became world-wide, and being applied to for telescopes whose object glasses were of larger dimensions than any he had hitherto made, he placed himself in correspondence with the manufacturer Chance, of Birmingham, England, (not France as the article in your paper stated), from whom he obtained all his later and larger diameters, such as the twenty-two inch lens that he made for the Chicago telescope, which I saw at his residence in Cambridgeport lying on a handbarrow, under the hall stairway, for quick removal in case of emergency. The value of the lens alone was estimated at \$10,000. Subsequently he made the Lick telescope of California and the Russian glass. The former a glass of 36 inches in diameter, the latter 30 inches. I may mention that prior to his coming to Boston, he had made, while in Pittsfield, Mass., an improvement in the accuracy of the sight of rifles. Of this, however, I have no personal knowledge, nor of his making patterns, which I saw mentioned in one of your recent papers. The article referred to is in error in what it says of Canada balsam in connection with the object glasses of telescopes. In my long experience as an optician it is only opera glasses to which I know it to be applied; never to telescopes of any kind.

### NEW YORK "SLUMMING."

A Strange Craze Which is No Longer in Fashion.

New York commercial Advertiser: "Slumming," said a private detective the other day, "has gone out of vogue almost entirely as a popular recreation for the members of Gotham's 'good society.' Three or four years ago it was all the rage. It was an absurd and never very healthful custom morally or physically. But it came from London, and that, of course, was sufficient to commend it as a fashionable folly in New York. The pastime was simple enough in itself. A party of half a dozen young women of good social standing, sometimes accompanied by two or three young men of their own set, but more often without the knowledge of their male friends, would decide on a trip through the low quarters of the city. The time selected was always late at night, generally from 11 to 1 o'clock. Often the trip was taken after some evening entertainment at which the more conventional modes of entertainment had been exhausted.

The young women would rendezvous at the residence of one of their number, divest themselves of their jewelry and other finery, and array themselves in the oldest and shabbiest garments to be had. Nearly always, too, they donned boots, caps or coats of a dark color, and when they were all ready they sent for a detective from some of the private agencies to act as guide. Then they set out for a nocturnal jaunt through the slums.

"But the experience could hardly have such parties in years gone by. I used to take them down through the Bowery, which, by the way, was a good deal more dangerous thoroughfare then than it is now; across through Hester, or some neighboring street into the dirtiest tenement quarter of the east side, and back through the Hebrew market, Mulberry and Mott streets, winding up the trip by giving them a small of low life, and a glimpse of the underworld.

"It was surprising how resolutely nearly all the young women stood the ordeal. The very ones that I should have taken to be the most fastidious seemed to stand the most. Young women who, doubtless, would have fainted dead away at the sight of a drop of blood, and gone to bed for a month if sewer gas had been mentioned at home, would trot along blithely through streets reeking with stench, and through the various stages of humanity huddled in a hundred tenements. They would peep into 'dives' and 'joints' of the lowest order with unshocked modesty; witness an occasional human nature, is to be accounted for on an opium den. Probably this interesting phase, or, rather, paradox, in feminine human nature, is to be accounted for on the sustaining power of a morbid curiosity which temporarily blunted the finer sensibilities. At any rate, that is the way I accounted for it.

"But the experience could hardly have salutary effects upon the young women. Many of the sights witnessed were indicative, to say the least; and an acquaintance with the dark side of life is not necessary, it seems to me, for the best development of womankind, which, otherwise, might never be obliged to come in contact with it.

"Of course, there were exciting incidents in some of the slumming trips. Remember being in one on one night, with three years ago, with an unusually 'swell' party. There were five young women who all lived in as stylish houses as any on Fifth avenue. One of them in particular was of very high family. Two especially favored young men were permitted to accompany the party.

"We started about 10:30 o'clock and made the rounds without incident as far as lower Mott street. As we turned into Mott street, a crowd of Chinamen were standing near the corner above. They were gesticulating and jabbering angrily. Just before we reached them, one of the heathen drew a long knife and plunged it into my companion's side, who struck the man with the knife uttered a fearful yell and started down the street toward us, brandishing the dripping blade as he ran. The young woman of whom I speak was on the outer edge of the sidewalk. I grabbed at her arm as she fell, and she rushed down upon us, and tried to get her out of his track. All the rest of the party had cleared the way. This particular young woman wasn't quick enough, and the next instant the alms-devised murderer was upon her.

"I don't think he meant to harm her, but she blocked his path and he was running for his life. Before I could snatch the young woman aside, up went his bloody knife, and flashed down again.

"The young woman dropped to the sidewalk, but before the rampant heathen could rush on I fell him with a heavy walking-stick, which carried. The other Chinaman who was with me, in pursuit, then pounced upon him, and bore him, struggling frantically and trying to slash somebody else with his long knife, into a neighboring dyer.

"The young woman, who was unconscious, she was unconscious. All the other young women began weeping and wailing that she was killed, and the two dudes stood transfixed with terror. I sent one of them on the run for a cab, wishing to avoid the publicity of calling an ambulance, and when the cab arrived, drove with the insensible girl to the nearest drug store. There it was found that her dress bore the only actual wound—a shallow cut, which had struck a corner steel and glanced off. She had fainted from fright. She revived in a few minutes, but the episode broke up the party's slumbers for that night, and, in fact, I don't believe any of them or their friends, to whom the story was told, ever have indulged in the diversion since.

"By the way, the young woman in question has since been married to a man whose name is well known in Wall street.

"A few experiences like this may have been as effectual as anything else in putting an end to the fad. Anyhow, as I started to say, 'slumming' is now a dead letter with the 'good society' in New York."

### CHURCH NOTES.

Central United Presbyterian Church, Seventeenth street between Dodge and Capitol avenues—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Services conducted by Rev. D. D. Wagon, of Major, Neb. Weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 o'clock, and young people's meeting at 8:45 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15. All are invited.

Calvary Baptist Church, Saunders street—Rev. A. W. Clark will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Presbyterian Church, corner Dodge and Seventeenth street—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Harsha. Sunday school at noon.

First United Presbyterian, 612 North Eighth street, Rev. Edw. B. Graham, pastor. Public worship at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15.

South-West Presbyterian Church—Corner Leavenworth and Twentieth streets, Rev. David R. Kerr, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 12:15 p. m. Young people's meeting at 7:15 p. m. (General prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8 p. m. Song service Wednesday evening, 8:30.

First Congregational Church—No preaching service to-day. Sabbath school at noon, as usual.

Trinity Cathedral—Capitol Avenue and Eighteenth street. Services to-day at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Dean's bible class at 12:15 p. m. Sermon by Dean Gardner at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:15. All are welcome at every service. At the 8 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. services all seats are free.

North Presbyterian Church, Saunders street—Rev. W. E. Henderson, pastor, will conduct service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Young people's meeting at 8:30 p. m. Strangers made welcome at all services.

Unity Church, corner of Seventeenth and Cass streets—Services resumed to-morrow. Rev. W. E. Copeland will preach to-morrow at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. German Lutheran Church, 1005 South Twentieth street—Service every Sunday at 10 a. m. E. J. Press, pastor.

Park Avenue United Presbyterian Church, corner Park Avenue and Grant streets—Preaching in the morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 8, by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Hendricks.

Beth-Eden Baptist Church—Rev. L. H. House pastor. Preaching services at 4:15 p. m. at St. Mary's avenue Congregational church, Sunday afternoon, 4:15 p. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Strangers welcome. Seats free.

The Rev. Mr. Detweiler and other prominent clergymen will address the Temperance meeting, Sunday afternoon, in the Tabernacle, Capitol avenue, commencing at 3:30. All are invited to attend.

All saved churches, at Fifth and Howard streets—Morning prayer at 11 a. m., evening song at 7 p. m. The choir will sing Florio's Te Deum in C and Thurou's jubilate in G, and the anthem, "O Taste and See," by Sullivan. Take St. Mary's avenue cars to Fairview street, or Farnam and Park avenue cars to Twenty-fifth street.

West-Eden Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. J. Harsha. Sabbath school at 3 p. m.

First Baptist Church, Strangers' Sabbath School, corner of Farnam and Dodge streets—Rev. A. W. Lamar, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Morning theme: "Christ's Condemnation of Evil." Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Evening theme: "The Christian's Duty to the World." Sabbath school at 12:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7:30 p. m.

The recognition services of the Beth-Eden Baptist church were held at the St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church September 4, 1887. Delegates were present from the six Baptist churches of Omaha and the two from Council Bluffs. The exercises were simple, in accordance with Baptist usage, but none the less impressive.

St. Mary's avenue Congregational—Rev. Willard Scott, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at noon. No evening services.

### Nebraska and Iowa Penitents.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—[Special Telegram to the BEE.]—The following Iowa penitents are the issue of August 22, 1887: Mack can war—Mary D., widow of Samuel Badam, Henderson; Mary, widow of Charles Oxman, Fort Madison. Originals—William S. Gay, Centerville; John V. Hoon, Mondak; Patrick Kitten, Springfield. Increase—Jacob A. Rupert, Lisbon; David Mackin, Madison; Edw. B. Grant, Ames; Mexican war, Andrew Gork, Knoxville. Originals—Oliver H. Titman, Geneva; William H. Hopkirk, Agency; George Miller, Charles City; George A. McChesney, Toledo. Increase—David Warden, Fairfield; John Loden, Kewell Junction.

Nebraska: Increase—Lymon H. Foskett, Ruby. Restitution, increase—Marcus Desch, Ansonville; Rousseau—Ezekiel Mahin, Humboldt. Mexican war—George S. Culbertson, Dorchester.

In many localities Hood's Sarsaparilla is in such general demand that it is the recognized family medicine. People write that "the wife in the neighborhood is taking it," etc. Particularly is this true of Lowell, Mass., where it is made, and where more of Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold than of any other Sarsaparilla or blood purifier. It is the great remedy for debility, scrofula, dyspepsia, biliousness, or any disease caused by impure state or low condition of the blood. Give it a trial.