KEEPING UP THE GOOD WORK.

The Omahas Again Vanquish the Men From Milwaukee.

BOTH TEAMS PLAYED LOOSE.

Des Moines and Chicago Take a Trip to Davenport and Des Moines Wins—Kansas City Gets a Game.

Western Association Standing.

Following is the official standing of the Western association teams up to and including yesterday's games:

	Played	Won	Lost	Pr Ct
St. Paul	68	42	26	.617
Des Moines	65	40	25	.615
Omaha	66	39	27	.591
Kansas City	66	32	34	.484
Sioux City	27	13	14	.481
Chicago	69	31	38	.449
Milwaukee	72	32	40	.444
Davenport	66	25	41	.378

Omaha 9, Milwaukee 4.

Like Saturday's game that of yesterday is not worthy of a very extended notice. The playing of the visitors was almost devoid of anything that approached the brilliant, while that of Omaha was far below their standard. Both sides made costly errors, and the hits were scattered after a fashion that did not call for much enthusiasm, although there were about twenty-five hundred people there ready to enthuse on the slightest pretext. No scoring was done until the third inning, when the Omahas earned a run on three singles, Wilson being the lucky man to get home. In the fourth they added another on a hit and two bad passed balls. In their half of this inning the visitors overhauled the Omahogs and passed them by two runs.

Maskrey got his base on balls, Pettee made a hit, and on Crooks' wild throw on Griffith's hit, Maskery crossed the plate. Mills then lined out a safe one and ran home ahead of McAleer, who smashed the ball way out to left center for a home run.

The Omahogs came right back at them, though, and tied the score. Wilson hit for a couple of cushions, Miller got his base on an error by Forster and both scored on a second error by the same unlucky individual.

The Badgers could not help their position in their half, and in fact failed to score after the fourth.

In the sixth the home team piled up three more runs. O'Connell was hit by the pitcher, Cooney made a two bagger, and both ran home on two successive passed balls.

In the eighth, Moffett, who took Annis' place in the fifth inning on account of an injury sustained by the latter in making a brilliant running catch, scored on Cooney's second handsome drive.

In the ninth the Poet hit a long fly to McAleer, who graciously muffed the same, and and the Highlander went clear around to third on his miserable throw in and scored on a passed ball.

That's all there was of it. Here is the official score:

OMAHA.

	AB.	R.	B.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, lf	5	1	1	0	3	2	0
Annis, m	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Crooks, 2b	5	1	2	0	5	5	1
O'Connell, 1b	4	1	1	0	7	0	1
Cooney, ss	5	1	2	0	4	5	0
McGarr, rf	3	1	0	0	1	1	1
Wilson, c	4	2	2	0	5	0	0
Miller, 3b	4	1	1	1	2	1	1
Shaffer, p	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	38	9	10	2	27	16	4

MILWAUKEE.

	AB.	R.	B.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
McAleer, m	5	1	2	2	2	1	1
Forster, ss	3	0	0	1	0	3	1
Strauss, 3b	5	0	1	0	3	1	1
Fuller, 1b	5	0	0	0	11	0	0
Maskrey, rf	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Pettee, 2b	4	0	2	0	2	3	1
Griffith, p	4	1	1	0	0	9	0
Shenkle, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Mills, c	3	1	1	0	9	0	2
Totals	36	4	8	4	27	17	6

Omaha	0	0	1	1	2	3	1	0	1—9
Milwaukee	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0—4

Earned runs—Omaha 1, Milwaukee 1. Two base hits—Cooney, Wilson. Home run McAleer. Double plays—Burns and Cooney; McGarr and Wilson; Forster, Pettee and Fuller. Bases on balls—Shaffer 4, Griffith 2. Struck out—By Griffith 6. Passed balls—Mills 6. Wild pitches—Shaffer. Time—1:40. Umpire—Hagan.

Kansas City 5, Minneapolis 4.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., August 5.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Good batting by the home team and poor pitching by Klopf combined to give the game to the Blues today. The heavy storm this morning put the grounds in bad shape, but the captains decided not to disappoint the thousands of people who went out to see a game. Long broke his record and made four bad errors to-day. The fielding of both nines was much better than was expected under the circumstances, but the mud prevented any phenomenal playing. Score:

Kansas City	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	1	0	—5
Minneapolis	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	—4

Earned runs—Kansas City 4, Minneapolis 2. Two-base hits—Long, Reynolds, Swartzel, Krug. Double plays—Ardner. First base on balls—By Swartzel 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Klopf 1. First base on errors—Kansas City 1, Minneapolis 2. Struck out—By Swartzel 6, Klopf 2. Time—2:25. Umpire—Cusick.

Des Moines 3, Chicago 2.

DAVENPORT, August 5.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Des Moines and the Chicago Maroons played a schedule game here to-day which had been moved from Chicago by consent of both clubs. The score:

Des Moines	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	*	—3
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2

Base hits—Des Moines 6, Maroons 7. Errors—Des Moines 1, Maroons 3. Pitchers—Smith and Dwyer. Umpire—Quest.

No Game at Sioux City.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., August 5.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—A heavy rain prevented the playing of the game to-day between the Sioux City and St. Paul clubs. As the result of an agitation against Sunday playing, injunction papers were placed in the hands of the sheriff yesterday, which would have been served if the game had been called.

OTHER GAMES.

Yesterday's Winners in the American Association Contests.

BROOKLYN, August 5.—Result of today's game:

St. Louis	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Brooklyn	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

CINCINNATI, August 5.—Result of to-day's game;

Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—6
Cleveland	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—5

PHILADELPHIA, August 5.—Result of today's game:

Athletics	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	1	—6
Kansas City	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Union Pacifics 5, Crane Bros. 4.

GRAND ISLAND, August 5.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—About two thousand people gathered at the fair grounds this afternoon to witness the game of base ball between the Crane Bros. of Omaha and the Union Pacifics of Grand Island. The Crane Bros. were rattled in the first inning, but gained their feet in the second and played ball to the finish. The Union Pacifics played ball throughout the whole game and their base running was splendid and they found Hart very successfully. The game was a contest of batteries, very little work being done in the out fields. The score:

Crane Bros	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	—4
Union Pacifics	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	1	0	—5

Batteries—Union Pacifics, Rouke and Lytell; Crane Bros., Hart and Swartz. Three-base hits—Lytell. Two-base hits—Lytell. Base hits—Union Pacifics 6, Crane Bros. 6. Struck out—By Rouke 14, by Hart 11. Errors—Crane Bros. 13, Union Pacifics 6. Time of game—1:50. Umpire—E. A. Bexten.

Jetter & Youngs 12, Plattsmouth 2.

PLATTSMOUTH, Neb., August 5.—[Special to THE BEE.]—The game in this city yesterday between the home team and the Jetter & Youngs, of South Omaha, was won by the latter. In the last half of the first inning T. Patterson, Plattsmouth's pitcher, sprained his ankle, and he was succeeded by S. Patterson, the first baseman, who fanned out thirteen men. Score.

Jetter & Youngs	0	3	0	0	5	3	0	1	0	—12
Plattsmouth	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Batteries—Hughes and Morrissey for Jetter & Young, and S. Patterson and J. Patterson for Plattsmouth.

The Shooting Contest at Bellevue.

The eighth annual competition of the Department of the Platte will be opened by the crack of the rifle at 8:30 this morning at Bellevue. There will be present twenty-five officers and 174 enlisted men. Eleven of the former and ninety-two of the latter will be competitors who will contest for places in the department team of twelve and for two medals. The most interesting firing will be the skirmishing of Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. On Monday morning, August 13, the medals will be presented, and an address will be made by Colonel Morrow. The band of the Twentieth infantry will go down to the range.

Colonel Henry has charge of the contest, assisted by Captain Coolidge and Lieutenants Van Leon, Brooke, Pickering and Hutchinson as a staff. The range officers will be Lieutenants Burns, Narring, Tyler, Dwyer, Jones and Gregg. To witness the firing is well worth a trip by our citizens, who can make a picnic of the visit, leaving Omaha by the B. & M. railroad at 9 a. m. and returning at 5:30 p. m.

Will Try to Beat Bogardus.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., August 5.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—The money was posted to-day between J. H. Bailey, of Crow Creek, Dak., and Captain Bogardus, the champion, for a shooting match here next Saturday, the 11th inst., for $500 a side. The match is 100 live pigeons at thirty yards rise.

Supposed to be the Porter.

THE SUNDAY BEE's special telegram from Cheyenne gave "Henry Mole" as the name of the Pullman porter who was shot and killed by an insane man on the train Saturday night. Another correspondent is of the opinion that he was Ellis Moll, who served from 1883 to 1888 in troop H of the Ninth cavalry. He was discharged from the service at Fort McKinney, Wyo., at the expiration of his service a few weeks ago. Ellis was a medium-sized mulatto.

Respect for the Dead.

An impressive funeral service was held at Bellevue at 10 o'clock Saturday morning over the remains of the late William Kayser. They included a short biography of the deceased delivered by Rev. W. W. Harsha of the Presbyterian church. Many friends from Omaha and Bellevue were present to pay their respects to the memory of the deceased. The casket was adorned by many beautiful floral tributes.

Arrested for Abduction.

LONDON, August 5.—A German waiter, named Oscar Moller, was arrested at Queenstown and brought to London, charged with abducting Elsa Elias, daughter of the late Henry Elias, a brewer of New York. Miss Elias resided with her mother and sisters at Cossel, Germany. Mollor was arrested for the same offense in Germany, but managed to escape with the girl to Queenstown.

The Weather Indications.

For Nebraska and Iowa—Local rains, nearly stationary temperature, variable winds.

For Dakota—Rain, nearly stationary temperature, variable winds.

The UNION PACIFIC carries the United States Overland Mail.

Three French Duels.

Pall Mall Gazette: In Louis XIV.'s time the actress Maupin insulted a lady at a ball and was ordered out of the room. She would go if the gentlemen who espoused the lady's cause would meet her outside. "After a hard combat," so the account runs, "she killed them all and quietly returned to the ball room." There is a record in 1813 of a duel between Fournier and Dupont that lasted nineteen years! They agreed by treaty to meet when within 100 miles of each other, and they had some desperate sword combats. One day Dupont said: "We must end this quarrel." He wanted to get married, and proposed pistols. Fournier, who was a crack shot, said he was mad. They arranged to meet in a wood, have two shots each, and fire from behind trees. Dupont drew his enemy's two shots by strategem, and then spared his life. In 1808 M. de Grandpree and M. de Pisque, who had quarreled about an opera dancer, agreed to fight a duel in balloons. In May they ascended in two balloons from a field near the Tuileries, armed with blunderbusses. The balloons kept about eighty yards apart, and when they were 800 feet high, on signals given, Pisque fired. He missed his aim, and then Grandpree fired into Pisque's balloon, and he and his seconds were dashed to pieces on a housetop.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

She Lifted the Mortgage.

Lewiston Journal: When one of the early settlers of Gouldsboro, Me., bought his farm he had to leave a $200 mortgage on it. He paid the interest promptly for many years and raised a large family. One year, when the collector of interest came around, he found the farmer's wife rocking the cradle in which slept her twenty-second child. The collector jokingly told the woman if she would make up the even two dozen, whenever that might occur, he would lift the mortgage and give them an unincumbered title to the place. The next year he was on hand promptly to collect the interest due, when lo! in the same cradle lay a fine pair of twins, which made up the two dozen; and of course there was nothing to do but free the proud parents from debt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion;* 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

A WONDERFUL CATTLE RANCH

Fearful Plunge of the Stampeding Cattle Over the Precipice.

ROMANCE OF AN EXILED INDIAN.

With His Newly Won Bride He Drifts to Death—Game Which May Be Seen but not Captured.

The Lone Herd.

MEEKER, Colo., August 4—[Special to THE BEE.]—Seventy-five miles northwest of this place is the most wonderful cattle ranch in the world. Within a space five miles in length and a half in width roam a herd, upon whose sides the branding iron has never been placed, and around whose horns the lariat has never tightened. But a score or even fewer of them have ever even seen a man or horse or other animal than of their kind, and in truth their kin, except at a distance of nearly sixteen hundred feet high above them. The Indians call them "p'chek-up," or red buffalo, and yet if an Indian who has seen them should be asked about it he would laugh and shake his head and all the information obtainable would be "P'chek-up 'em red; no ketch 'em."

There are more than four hundred of this herd, and yet no man owns them; nor is there a man, white or black, or copper colored, who has ever been able to possess a single hoof of these fat and tempting beeves.

The cattle are in a prison, out of it there is one method of escape, but to travel that road means death to the adventurous brute. There is no way to get in except it be by the use of a rope a thousand feet in length. As the Indians say, "Heap see 'em; no ketch 'em; no come away." On the two long sides of the oblong space in which these cattle roam rise precipitous, and even concaved rocks for five and six hundred feet, yawning black and unsurmountable. At either end seethes and rushes the Yampa or Bear river. For miles above and for miles below it plunges and stumbles on in its headlong haste to reach the arms of its parent, the scarcely less tumultuous, but deeper Green river.

The story of the way in which these cattle came there is as strange as their existence is curious.

Fifteen years ago when the government troops were pursuing the Mormon murderers of the innocent victims of the Mountain Meadow massacre, the Danites, or avenging angels of the Mormons, fled for their lives into what was then literally the wilderness. A few of those who had been the blindest followers of Lee, the Mormon fiend incarnate and whose hands were red with the blood of women and children, found in their wanderings a pretty valley on a stream which flows from the Wasatch range into the Green river.

They stuck their stakes, built their camp-fires, and during the night their sagacious leader had a vision which told him there to stay. They could hardly have chosen, in all Utah, a more fertile or more isolated spot. They called it Ashley, and about them have since gathered more of their sect, until where the refugees posted their picket of guards on the lonely nights of the first summer has grown a thriving village.

Like the wonderful flat top mountains of Colorado, this home of the imprisoned herd has no likeness in the world.

It recalls in its inaccessibility the marvellous stories of the valley of verdure into which Mayne Reid's adventures only found their way by the assistance of the balloon.

It is 140 miles from the Union Pacific railroad, south, and 145 miles north of the Rio Grande Western. Until within five years it has been isolated entirely; but now it is but thirty miles from the Unita reservation, and furnishing supplies for the agency forms quite a business for the community.

It is a tenet of the Danites that robbery or theft from a gentile is no crime. So it was thought to be only a cunning trick when John Wycliffe, one of the Mormon settlers of the new town, and his three sons made a night sortie on Henry's Fork, in Wyoming, and carried away three hundred head of cattle ranging there. This was in 1876. The owners of the cattle discovered the loss of their stock a few days after they were gone, and started in pursuit. The Wycliffe's had their friends along the trail and were warned by signals of the coming of the pursuing party. Accordingly they drove the cattle as fast as they could travel on eastward, across Green River and up along the Bear, with the intention of reaching the Elk mountain country in northwestern Colorado, where they would be practically safe from detection and their stock also could secure the most succulent of food.

The thieves and the stolen herd had reached a mesa of inviting grass at sundown one day and halted to camp for the night. A terrific storm arose. The lightning flashed incessantly and the thunder pealed and cracked with unintermitting fury. The four men desperately held the terror-stricken cattle by riding about them constantly. But the wild fearfulness of the furious storm excited the brutes beyond measure. They surged and ginned, every moment growing less subject to control. All at once, as if by one mad impulse, they stampeded.

A stampede of cattle by day is a sight calculated to strike terror to any heart lest there should be some human being in the pathway. A stampede by night and during a furious thunder storm, with the lightning revealing the huge mass of frenzied brutes hurling itself on like a living catapault, frantic with fear and as restless as the storm itself, is one of the grandest and most appalling of spectacles. All the mad might of frenzied animal force is aroused, and, self-destroying, as well as destroying all in their way, they rush on until they fall dead-like or plunge into some abyss.

John Wycliffe and his sons met their fate amid the lightning's glare and the thunder's roar. They endeavored to head off the stampeding herd. Instead they and their horses were swept on and driven, in their terror to escape the charge of maddened animals, over the brink of the awful precipice which frowns up from the waters of the Bear. After them plunged the whole fright-crazed herd and down to the bottom of the fearful fall went horses, riders, and horned creatures. Out of this plunge of life to what was seemingly certain death for all, a few of the herd were not killed. Those which had gone ahead formed a cushion of death. Maimed, stunned, but still invested with a spark of life, when the dread storm was over the living cattle crawled out from the mass beneath them and formed a nucleus for the herd which now roams at will within their rocky confines. On the banks of the river stretching back a few hundred yards grow succulent grasses, and upon this the cattle have propagated and thrived. To those who look at them from the edge of the precipice, they are small and as wild as deer. They have been shot at to see the effect, and have learned to regard the appearance of a man, whether Indian or white as a menace from which they flee, clambering over rocks and through under brush in the chase to a point of concealment. The place where the thieves and their horses and the herd fell is plainly marked by a pyramid of bones which rises to a height of twenty feet.

The ghastly reminders and relics of the human and animal victims of the terrible leap shine forth white and glistening when the sun is high and reaches that spot with its full glare. The progeny of the surviving animals from the fall are fat and sleek though, and have their sunny beds, deer like, where they lie for warmth in the winter and to them the monument of skeletons is no source of disquietude. There is no fierce mountain lion or more dangerous bear, nor in fact any other animate thing within this cow Garden of Eden. And yet too, no man has been able to reach or disturb them.

The Utes have a tradition that savors of a romance connected with this wonderful spot. It is, that a young buck, who was of Piah's renegade band become enamored of a young quarter breed Sioux squaw, and sought to take her to his tribe. The Utes have a virtue, if such it may be called, of total prohibition from mingling with the whites in marriage relation. Even where there have been instances of women of their tribe becoming too familiar with white men they have invariably been visited by the severest punishment, the progeny destroyed with the almost equal certainty of killing the indiscreet squaw. So for Se-ne-jaho and his Sioux bride they had no welcome. Added to her three-fourth white blood was the still worse odium that the only Indian blood in her veins was Sioux, a tribe which the Utes hate as they hate no white or other being. The bucks drove Se-ne-jaho and the woman away. After weeks of outlawry, often pursued and clinging to an existence of terror, the young buck and his squaw determined that they would see this cattle valley which the Indians call the "lower earth," and try to find access. Once there they could dwell in peace and would be rich in possession of hundreds of animals, the flesh of which they could eat, while from the skins they could make their clothes and a teepee. They tried a score of ways in which to gain access. Descent was death. The rapids of the river were the only course. The buck patiently made a dugout from a log and a paddle from a limb. Twelve miles above they launched the rude craft, themselves lashed to it, and went whirling and shooting on downward. When they merged from the dark walls into the opening which they had hoped would be their impregnable refuge, the dugout was bottom up and already splintered by the contact with a thousand jagged rocks, while it bore on the resistless current two lifeless and bruised bodies. This remarkable spot is where the Blue mountain and Cross mountain, both well-known landmarks, for the hunter, savage and white, rear their precipitous sides out from the Bear river. Among the now living witnesses of the accuracy of the statements made by the Indians of the existence of the cattle in this inaccessible valley is Alexander Powell, more familiarly known as "Coon," who makes his headquarters in Meeker. Powell is an intelligent man, of a good Virginia family, but, like many others who drifted west years ago, has lost both ambition and desire to return home. He has spent ten years in earning a precarious livelihood as a guide and trapper, and has frequently visited this particular spot.

The other most curious physical formation which has separated animal life from the possible approach of man is one of the Flat Top mountains in Garfield county, Colorado. This mountain stands up like a gigantic cube. On one side is perceptible the place where the connecting link with its broad, level summit was centuries ago. Marks of a "hogback," which once ran out and down to the other mountains, can be plainly seen. From vantage points some miles away field glasses will disclose on a clear day moving animals on the great mesa. Those who have seen them pronounce them as beyond doubt species of the moose, bearing the flat, broad horns and having all the shambling actions of these animals, now unknown to the game seekers of this section of the United States. Whether some day an adventurous balloonist will alight on this table land of the Flat Top mountain and bring down one of these curious survivors of an otherwise extinct species of game, or whether a daring party with great ropes will descend into the valley of the "lower earth" on the Bear river and enjoy a steak from the loin of one of the lone herd, can only be surmised. As yet the foot of man has pressed the grasses of neither.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There are reported to be 14,000 people in London who make a living by writing books and contributing to the magazines and the daily newspapers.

The author of "The Leavenworth Case," Katherine Green, lives in Buffalo, where she is writing a new story. Her well known book is said to have reached a circulation of 200,000.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, was born in Italy; on August 2, 1854. His father was Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, and his mother was the sister of the late Sam Ward and of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. When twelve years old young Crawford was sent to St. Paul's School, at Concord, N. H. During 1860–'70 he lived in Italy, and from 1870 to 1874 he was in England, at Trinity College, Cambridge. During the next two years he studied in Karlsruhe and in Heidelberg, and two years more were spent in Rome, where he studied Sanskrit. During 1879–'80 he was the editor of a daily newspaper in Allahabad, India. The following two years he passed in this country, and in May and June, 1882, he wrote "Mr. Isaacs," the book that made him famous. He is thoroughly familiar with German, French and Italian, and reads Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian. He has some knowledge besides, of Turkish and Russian.

The author of "William Shakespeare, Portrayed by Himself," (New York: Worthington & Co.) says in his first chapter: "I shall show that in the very plays in which that extraordinary gentleman, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, has discovered a cipher showing that they were written by Lord Bacon, the real author, Shakespeare, reveals himself, his life, his character, as plainly as any author ever revealed himself in one of his works." His work which identifies the poet with Prince Henry has as its aim the refutation of the Donnelly cipher, which is characterized as "vain and pernicious babble."

"In War Times at La Rose Blanche," by M. E. M. Davis, (Boston: D. Lothrop Company) is a picture of life on a large southern plantation during the war, when all the men, and even the boys, were away in the service, and only the mistress with the smaller children and the house servants were left behind. The narrative is not an imaginary one; the characters are real, and the main incidents are related as they really happened. The author's style is bright and half humorous. The story is full of pathetic touches, and the reader who does not feel his eyes moisten in some parts of it must have a particularly hard heart. The ten sketches which illustrate the text are from the pencil of E. W. Kemble.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have published "A Pure Souled Liar," by an anonymous writer. In a review from advance sheets The Open Court says: "'A Pure Souled Liar' is, for originality of plot, finished and entertaining style, and high purpose, one of the most notable books of fiction recently issued from the press. Directness of style and sincerity of purpose characterize every page. The personnel of the story are chosen from that enticing, perplexing class, marked by aspiring souls and Bohemian instincts, the students of a modern art institute; thus supplying an agreeable variety of the motive and characters of the average society novel, of which we are getting rather too many."

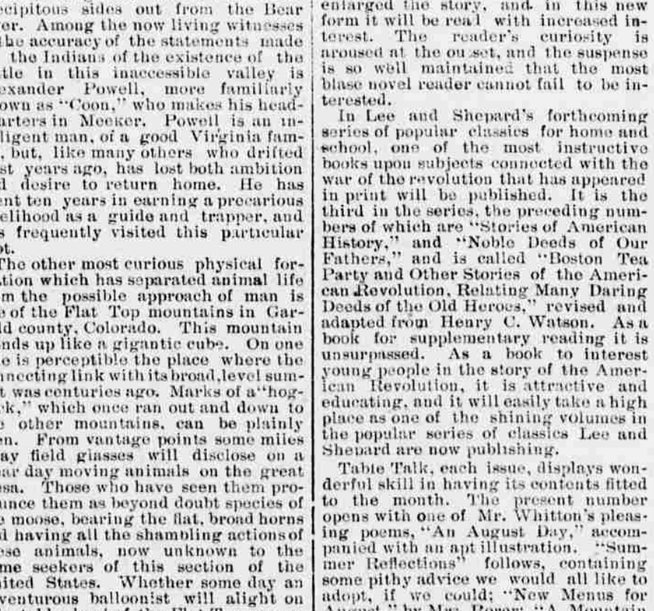
Among the young writers who are making their influence felt in American fiction is to be numbered the author of that brilliant novel, "Guerndale," whose new story, "The Residuary Legatee," is now published with the writer's name, F. J. Stimson (J. S., of Dale), upon the title-page, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This story first appeared a year ago in Scribner's Magazine, when it was widely read and commented upon as displaying originality in the conception and development of the plot and in the effective use of the element of mystery, combined with a crisp style which gave much brilliancy to the dialogue. Since it was published serially, Mr. Stimson has enlarged the story, and in this new form it will be read with increased interest. The reader's curiosity is aroused at the outset, and the suspense is so well maintained that the most blase novel reader cannot fail to be interested.

In Lee and Shepard's forthcoming series of popular classics for home and school, one of the most instructive books upon subjects connected with the war of the revolution that has appeared in print will be published. It is the third in the series, the preceding numbers of which are "Stories of American History," and "Noble Deeds of Our Fathers," and is called "Boston Tea Party and Other Stories of the American Revolution, Relating Many Daring Deeds of the Old Heroes," revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson. As a book for supplementary reading it is unsurpassed. As a book to interest young people in the story of the American Revolution, it is attractive and educating, and it will easily take a high place as one of the shining volumes in the popular series of classics Lee and Shepard are now publishing.

Table Talk, each issue, displays wonderful skill in having its contents fitted to the month. The present number opens with one of Mr. Whitton's pleasing poems, "An August Day," accompanied with an apt illustration. "Summer Reflections" follows, containing some pithy advice we would all like to adopt, if we could; "New Menus for August," by Mrs. Rorer; "A Mountain Lion;" "Told in Blackberry Time," "In Cupid's Court"—all well written and seasonable; Chapter VIII. of "Jonathan Easy's Difficulty," which shows that the hero is getting deeper in the mire; "A Double Play," for the juveniles; "Fashionable Dinner and Tea Toilets," by Tillie May Forney; "Home Decorations;" "Fashionable Crazes;" "Dining-Room Facts and Fancies;" a very entertaining and instructive paper on "The Olive, its Growth, Use, Sentiment, and Antiquity," by Joseph Whitton; Mrs. Rorer's "Household Inquiries" and "New Things for Table and Kitchen;" "After-Dinner Talk;" also the result of the Shakespeare-Donnelly-Bacon Problem Prize Competition, with the names of the winners. A new Base-Ball Problem is also given to further try the skill of Table Talk's readers.

Done Up With a Beer Glass.

A report was current on the streets last evening that a man had been stabbed in a Tenth street bagnio. On being investigated, however, it was found that instead he had been hit in the head with a beer glass. He is a bricklayer from South Omaha, and was engaged in the glorious picnic of painting the town. He tried to lay it on too thick at one of the houses he struck, and one of the irate females laid him out with a beer glass. It left some ugly cuts on his head and face.



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Are rolling in. You can't escape them; but you can escape the sleepless nights, loss of appetite, and languid feeling that result from draining the nervous force by muscular or mental exertion in summer's torrid days. The use of Paine's Celery Compound, that great nerve tonic, will at once strengthen the nervous system, and fortify it against the attacks of summer debility. This preparation is a medicine—not a drink. It is a scientific combination of the best tonics, giving lasting benefit to body and brain. It cures all nervous diseases, and has brought new life and health to thousands whose weakened nerves were the cause of their many ills. It is especially valuable at this season, when feeble persons are so liable to sunstroke, a disease which is nearly always fatal. Paine's Celery Compound, by restoring perfect health, almost entirely removes the liability to this dread disease. If you feel the effects of summer's heat, you can't afford to delay another day before gaining the vitality only obtained by the use of this great medicine. *Sold by Druggists. $1.00. Six for $5.00.*

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