The Talented Miss Hope.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by the Author.)

"I suppose, Mr. Bouverie," said Jackson after ordering a fresh box of cigars and a new round of liquors for his guests, "I suppose you, as a publisher, have had some more or less curious experiences in your day."

"Yes, several," replied the Briton; "some of them amusing, some of them tragic, and a few of them embarrassing in a sense. One poor devil of a poet brought his book into our shop one day and left it for inspection and possible publication. We became interested in it at once and brought out quite an edition, which sold rapidly and was followed by another and larger edition. This went off quite as quickly as the first. When the first royalty date came to hand we sent the author a check for £50, and five minutes after mailing it learned that the fellow had blown his brains out. As far as could be learned, he left no family and all his property went to the government, our check with the rest of it, and as a matter of fact we have been paying the government from £10 to £50 a year royalty on that book ever since."

"Rather singular that," said Parker. "The idea of a government getting royalties on a volume of poems strikes me as something new."

"The idea of anybody getting royalties on a volume of poems these days, strikes me as novel," said Jemmison. "I don't think anything like that happens in this country."

"Americans haven't time to read poetry, that's why," said Barlow. "Look at me, for instance. I can take a poem by almost any poet in the United States, or out of it, and read it through, but as for getting at the sense of the stuff, that's a thing I haven't time for. People here live in a hurry and haven't time for puzzles, and when they read, it isn't merely for the purpose of exercising their eyes. If you verse writers would write the kind of stuff that can be grasped in a minute, at one sitting, as it were, simple sentiment like that in the rhymed advertisements in the newspapers or on the advertising panels of the street cars, you'd be much more appreciated."

"HALF A DOZEN MEN I KNEW WELL."

"There's a good deal in what Caddy says," assented Dr. Robinson. "Most modern verse is of the hide and seek variety. The poet selects a thought, conceals it in a sonnet, and sends the result out into the world. In England, where there is a leisure class, there are people who have the time to sit down and work the thing out, but here we have no such class, and what an American cannot comprehend at a glance he doesn't care to have at all. The average reader of this kind always suffers after reading a poem from a sort of 'where-am-I-at-ativeness,' which he doesn't relish exactly. It makes him feel as if he were suffering from paresis when he reads a poem and cannot comprehend it, the consequence of which is that he looks upon all poetry very much as a spirited horse looks upon a steam stone crusher. He won't go any closer to it than he has to and passes it by on the dead run unless he is compelled to do otherwise."

"You ought to write a series of guide books to Modern Poets," suggested Jackson. "Call yourself the Baedecker of the Poets, and wade right in."

"I should certainly be pleased to undertake the publication of such a series for England, Dr. Robinson," observed Mr. Bouverie, with a smile. "They would form the nucleus of a library of humor that I have had in contemplation for a number of years."

"Did I understand you to say that you had had some embarrassing experiences, Mr. Bouverie?" asked Lieutenant Gerold.

"Yes," said Bouverie. "One or two. One of them was not only embarrassing, but costly. I had a book of poems once by Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley and a dozen other famous poets all ready for publication and had to withdraw it. I had a new reader, a very charming old gentleman with a bad memory. He got me into very serious trouble by writing so strong a recommendation for the book that I went ahead with it without reading it myself. It was put in type, printed, bound, announced. Orders had been received for it, but the day before publication something happened which necessitated its withdrawal. I showed a copy of it to a friend and he expressed himself so strongly and pertinently that I sent the whole edition into the bins in the storeroom, where it lies to this day."

"What was the trouble?" asked Barlow. "Weren't Coleridge and Wordsworth and Shelley good enough?"

"They were, indeed, but this book was printed with the name of a certain young poetess of great ambition and little moral sense on the title page—but the most singular incident I ever had in publishing was in connection with the works of the talented Miss Hope."

"Ah? Yes!" said Valentine. "I know her work, and a most extraordinary person she must have been."

"She was," assented Bouverie. "She took London by storm. Her first book was a novel of very great force. It came to us in the spring of '83. With it came a modestly expressed letter in a dainty feminine hand asking if we would give it a speedy reading and if possible publish it, since it was her first effort and she was anxious to get a start. She informed us that she was entirely dependent upon what she could earn by her pen for a living; had really no settled home and very few friends. The simplicity of the letter interested me. It was unlike other letters I had received from other beginners, but the difference was in form rather than in substance. What she had to say about herself was expressed with great cleverness, and as for the novel, while it was not great, it was far beyond what most writers who lack experience can produce. It was approved unanimously by our readers, and so glowing were their recommendations that I slipped it into my satchel and took it off to my home to read myself. It was absorbingly interesting, and despite the difficulties of reading a story of that length in manuscript I went through it from beginning to end in one sitting.

"Of course it was published, and the view the reading public took of its merits as evidenced by its sale was not in any way different from that which our readers and I had taken. The first, second and third editions went off like hot cakes, and we were besieged by the literary causerie fellows for information as to this new star in the firmament of letters. I wrote to the young woman and asked her for some account of her antecedents, and received within a few days a sketch of her life, which was almost as romantic as the story we had published; it was pathetic and humorous, and through it all ran the same delightful quality that had made her book so fetching. Then people began to try to lionize her. Invitations by the dozen were addressed to her in our care, requesting her to honor literary gatherings with her presence. Others wanted her to dine with them. She was elected to honorary membership in certain women's associations—but as far as I could gather never accepted any of them. As time went on I began to think that it would be a good thing if she should accept some of the attentions the world seemed so ready to lavish upon her, and I ventured to write to her to that effect, excusing myself for interfering on the ground that as her publisher I took a great deal of interest in her career and thought it due to herself that she should come out of her seclusion as far as she could.

"Her reply was full of gratitude for the interest I had taken in her welfare, but she was firm in her refusal to desert the privacy which she so much loved. She was of an extremely diffident disposition, she said. She was wrapped up in her work and had no taste for social diversions. She added that she was engaged upon another book which she expected to send me shortly, and closed by saying that she hoped I would like it as well as I did the first. Several weeks later the second book came to hand. It was no more like the first than a Chinaman is like a Frenchman. It was in an entirely different vein, but every bit as clever as the first. It was in many ways a complete surprise to me. In the first place, it was a man's book, while the first had been more of a woman's book than anything else. She dealt with the fortune of a young scion of nobility in the second, and in such a way as seemed to indicate that she knew all about the trials and temptations which beset the young men of today, a more or less astonishing acquirement in a girl of her tendency to make a recluse of herself. Of course I published the book, and if the first had raised a storm of applause the second aroused a hurricane of enthusiasm. The magazines began to take notice and Miss Hope's work was in great demand. She met the demand with a supply that was absolutely marvelous. It made no difference what she undertook, she did it well and showed a grasp on subjects of the most diverse kinds. Her poetry was specially taking and her essays were written with a touch which even Lang might envy. All her literary business was, at her request, carried on through our firm, and we had some difficulty in convincing outsiders that our knowledge of the young woman's personality was almost as slight as that of the world.

"When she had written a sufficient number of poems to warrant a booklet of them I proposed that it be issued, and she readily agreed. She compiled them herself; made certain alterations in them which showed that she possessed a nice literary instinct; added a few unpublished verses to the lot and sent them in. As the book was about ready for the press it occurred to me that a photograph of the author would make a good frontispiece of it. Miss Hope demurred for awhile to this. She had never had her photograph taken, she wrote, and was of the opinion that it would add little to the value of the book anyhow. She wished to be judged by her work alone. Her personal appearance had nothing whatever to do with that, and on the whole she preferred not to let the public into the secret of how she looked. This struck me as being sensible and I did not press the point, although I was much disappointed.

"It happened after awhile, however, that she was forced to permit an authentic portrait of herself to be published. Some unscrupulous American newspaper syndicate pirated the second book, and in connection with it flooded the United States with a wholly fabricated wood cut of Miss Hope, which would have driven any other creature to suicide. One of these was sent to me by an American friend, and I immediately forwarded it to the fair original with a jocose note, expressing my regret that she should thus have favored the American public, while denying to her countrymen the coveted privilege of gazing upon her counterfeit presentment. This had the desired effect, and within two weeks I was in possession of a photograph of Miss Hope, with permission to publish it as the frontispiece to a volume of essays which we were making ready. When I saw the photograph I became more interested in Miss Hope than ever, for it was the face of a charming girl of about 20 that gazed back at me from the print. She appeared to be of a blonde type; had deep, soulful eyes, a wealth of hair arranged tastefully over a high, intellectual forehead; a slightly irregular nose, and a mouth which indicated much firmness of character. To me the essays became the least part of the book when it was issued with that face opposite the title page, and my susceptibilities made me think of a possible Mrs. Bouverie, who should be a woman of exceptional mould.

"So a year went on. The popularity of the young authoress suffered no diminution; it increased rather, until one day I received a short note from her stating that she was in London and would be pleased to have me call, fixing the hour and date. No sooner was this received than a reply accepting her invitation was sent, though when I came to address the reply, which task I did not care to entrust to the hands of a clerk, I was somewhat disturbed to discover where the fair visitor was lodged. It was in one of the most populous and busy streets of London, the last place in the world where a jewel of humanity such as I had come to think of her as being, should find lodgment.

"'An eccentricity of genius,' I thought, and then busied myself with other things until the hour appointed. I dressed with unusual care, called a hansom and sought the house. I was received at the door by an aged woman who smiled rather broadly, I thought, when I asked if Miss Hope was in. She said she was, and requested me to go up to the third story front.

"I DRESSED WITH UNUSUAL CARE."

"'Wouldn't you better take my card to her first?' I asked.

"'Ho no, sir,' replied the aged woman. 'My horders was to show you hup as soon as you kyme.'

"So up I went through two dark halls, along three dark stairways, and tapped gently upon the door of the front room. Instead of the soft silvery voice I had expected—for I had been thinking so much about Miss Hope of late, that I had a well developed notion in my mind as to her voice, manner, walk, gestures and so forth—I heard a gruff, masculine voice cry out, 'come in, and having come close after you the door.'

"For a moment I was staggered. Perhaps I had tapped on the wrong door. The thing to do was to apologize and get out. So I opened the door and saw sitting around a table playing cards and smoking profusely a half dozen men I knew well, Gaston of the "Rambler," Cholmondeley Phipps of the "Telegram," and others—all enormously clever men of decidedly Bohemian instincts.

"'Halloo, Bouverie,' cried Gaston as I entered. 'Glad to see you. This is an unexpected pleasure.'

"'It certainly is for me,' I answered as well as I could, considering my surprise. 'I had no intention of disturbing you, I am sure. I came here to make a call on—on one of our authors. I believe he has rooms in this house.'

"Phipps laughed in a way I did not fancy very much, and then he said in a way I liked still less, 'He?'

"'I don't understand you,' I said.

"'You said you believed 'He' had rooms in this house. Sure its a he, Bouverie?'

"'Well,' I said slowly, for an idea was beginning to dawn on my mind. 'I wasn't sure of it when I spoke, but—

"'There are no rooms let in this house, Bouverie,' said Gaston. 'We have it all. This is our card room—and you are welcome. In fact, Bouverie, you've paid for most of it.'

"'I?' I queried, a little mystified.

"'Yes,' returned Gaston. 'You and the British public. Those blasted Americans didn't pay for the stuff, did they Phippsy?'

"'They did not,' said Phipps; 'but they printed our photograph for us.'

"'Well,' I put in. 'This is all very mysterious—unless I have been made the victim of a practical joke.'

"'You have,' said Gaston.

"'And you gentlemen then are—

"'The talented Miss Hope at your service, Bouverie,' said Phipps, and then the sextet rose up and salaamed. 'Do you think our photograph looks like us?' they cried.

"And so it was. Those six villains had concocted Miss Hope; had written her books; had started the furor for her work in their own papers, and I was their victim."

"Victim or beneficiary?" asked Jackson.

"A little of both," returned Bouverie. "So much of one that I forgave them for making me a little of the other; but from that time on the talented Miss Hope stopped writing."

IMPIETIES.

A quaint, humor-loving preacher among the early Methodists of southern Indiana was one of the name of Jones, and at one time a visiting minister filled the appointment with him, when during the sermon an amusing incident occurred, which was enjoyed to its fullest extent by Rev. Jones. The minister was lamenting the infidelity of the times, and lifting his hands in holy horror, exclaimed:

"Why, brethren, there are men in these degenerate days who do not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale! But I believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, and you believe that Jonah swallowed the whale!"

Noticing the half amused, half doubtful expression on the faces of his congregation, he warmed up, and, thinking to add a clincher to the assertion, turned to his friend in the pulpit with him:

"And you believe it also, Brother Jones!"

Without relaxing a muscle, Brother Jones answered solemnly:

"No, brother."

The jaw of the astonished preacher dropped; he fairly gasped for breath, and finally cried out:

"What! Do you not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale?" Still sticking to his transposition.

"No, brother," with the utmost solemnity answered Rev. Jones. "I believe that it was the whale that swallowed Jonah."

The blundering minister gazed at him stupidly for a moment, then suddenly grasping the whole situation, he joined the congregation in a quiet laugh.

***

"What's the matter with that mule?" asked a man who was standing on the bank of the canal. "He doesn't seem to be of any account whatever."

"He's all right," replied the boatman. "The fault's with me. Ye see, mister, he understands every word ye say to him."

"He doesn't pay much attention to what you say."

"That's what shows his intelligence. I've jist jined church, an' he thinks I'm a stranger."

***

"You ought to have been at the prayer meeting last night," said Deacon Sowbers. "Bill Abnerford got up and told how he had forgive you fer that hoss you sold him."

"Oh, yes," said Deacon Podberry, "he's fergive me all right enough, but all the same, he ain't paid fer the hoss."

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"Was Miss Flimsey pleased with the new minister?"

"Oh, dear, yes, I'm sure from what she said."

"What was it?"

"She thought his sermon was so cute."

***

"That was a finished sermon," remarked a lady as she came out of church yesterday. "Yes, but I was afraid it never would be," said her husband.

Helen Gould has a fed. It is for bowling. Last winter she formed a private class in bowling, which met on Monday nights at the Berkeley Ladies club for practice. There were only about a dozen in the class, and, unfortunately for Miss Gould, she was either ill or out of town nearly every night during the season. She hired two alleys for her friends, so that the pins could be set up in one while the sport was going on in the other. Miss Gould is strong enough to be an expert bowler. An alley recently built on her Tarrytown premises cost $10,000 and is as beautifully equipped as the bowling alley at Biltimore, George Vanderbilt's North Carolina home.

I know nothing sweeter than the leaking in of nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities.

Hospitality is a good deal a matter of latitude. A good deal which in colder regions is ascribed to mean dispositions belongs really to mean temperatures.

MADAM BLANC INTERVIEWED

Octave Thanet Reports a Charming Conversation with the French Novelist.

HER IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY

The Philanthropic Side of Chicago—Frenchmen Absorbed in Women, Americans in Getting Dollars for Women—Great Novelists of the Two Republics.

(Copyrighted 1894.)

Of course I had many conversations with Mme. Blanc, during the two weeks that we spent together on an Arkansas plantation; but of one only did I take any notes.

"Tell you what?" said she, "I have told you many times that I love America. I have only seen the best, it seems to me. In Boston I was at Mrs. Field's house. Mrs. Field's Saturdays are delightful. She gathers about her the most interesting men and women in Boston. That house seems to me nearer a French salon of the best time than any that I know out of France and there flows through it like historical shadows such bewitching remembrance of those who were great men for the whole world; Dickens and Thackeray to speak only of those two. You meet them through their photographs and autographs and through anecdotes, charmingly told by a woman who has the gift of enthusiasm—enthusiasm in poetry, in art, in charity, for she is in a quiet way an ever busy philanthropist.

"In New York also, at Mrs. Gilder's, I was charmed with the miscellaneous people whom I got acquainted with; all countries, all creeds and the most various talents meeting in the poet's home, during one short afternoon of talk, tea and music. We had even a genuine Indian among us, who was a perfect gentleman although an Apache, perhaps because so. Indians can be stately, every one knows it through Chateaubriand. The wonder is to see them keep their stateliness in a dress coat.

CHICAGO PHILANTHROPY.

"I talked with some elegant society women in Chicago, and with very clever ones, too. Don't you like Miss Monroe's poems? And she has the face of a poetess, which spoils nothing—there are so many ugly Corinnes and Saphos that it is a relief to meet with a young and fair one. By the way, I met also with an angel, which, you know, is a rare treat—a western angel—of course you have heard of Miss Addams and her settlement!

MME. BLANC.

"I would have wished to be worthy of helping in Hull house! Would you imagine that Chicago society men are willing to go and live there among the poor and the anarchists, for days and weeks at a time? Yet I know of young Chicago lawyers who do that and it is great social work. In the world they are perfectly simple and like other men of wealth and position; but without boasting of it, they are living this self-denying life. I found that very noble."

"What did you on the whole find most striking in American society? I am ashamed of that question; but I don't quite know how to put it better."

"That would be hard to answer," said Mme. Blanc, musingly, "your society is like your country, so big, so diversified in its aims and interests. The charm of New Orleans, where I lived like in fairyland at the fanciful time of carnival and the calm, sober charm of Boston, for instance, are quite different. But one thing struck me, everywhere, in all the different social circles; and it certainly impressed me deeply; that was the part played by women. They are the society leaders. And—this struck me too very vividly—the women in your country are so interested in each other; they were as witty, as brilliant at the ladies' luncheons where there were only women as if they had an audience of men. I fear we might get a little bored, in France, shining for three hours without a man to hear our best things. But your women seem to like it. I find the friendships among women beautiful here, above all when there is not that little touch of exaggeration, which rather spoils them sometimes. Friendship has nothing to do with passion and is not the less strong, for that, I think. The chief point is to be able to trust each other, and I know we do. There is a great deal of true, solid devotion between women friends in America. More than once I have seen two of them who spent part of all of their time together. This could hardly be in France. There one would not be likely to have a chance to form such a close intimacy with another woman. Our customs do not encourage it, and French husbands would not be pleased that their wives should have very close women friends. The wife might confide too much of his little errors as a husband, you know," she added smiling.

"But," I could not help interrupting, "I should fancy that a woman would be a less dangerous recipient of her confidences than a handsome young man, and her pity would be far less dangerous!"

"Perhaps," said my French friend, smiling; "but he is less afraid of the man than of the woman."

"Women, I dare say, have less liberty in France, anyhow?"

FRENCH WOMEN UNEMANCIPATED.

"They are less emancipated; but I hardly think that they have less power. Do you know one thing? Your men are admirable; I am fond of them; they are so kind to women, to women everywhere, irrespective of the woman's youth or looks or condition; yet I really don't think they are so interested in women as are French men. When two Americans meet, by chance, they talk of politics or the business situation or the like; they would never think of discussing women."

"Surely not!" I cried, opening my eyes, "do you mean that Frenchmen would?"

"The talk would veer round in that direction, finally, however it began," said she dryly.

The comment came involuntarily from the listener: "American men have something more important to talk about than American women. They have to talk about getting the money to support the American woman. But I can see that this trait must make a French lover or husband a very delightful person while his emotion lasted! Tell me another thing; do the novelists paint French women truly?"

She grew graver. "May I say that that depends on the life of the writer? I do not see how a man whose whole acquaintance has been with a bad type of women can understand the soul of an innocent girl or a pure wife. He is only familiar with the ill-regulated impulses and the hysterical affections of the women whom he has known best. He paints with colors dipped out of his own heart; the result is vivid, impressive, but not always true. And it is of necessity narrow."

"I suppose the woman described is usually the Parisienne; is there in France as marked a difference between the life of the provinces and the city life as there is here?"

"Oh, quite," she answered, "provincial life is free from the faults with which Paris is reproached, but I admit there is some dullness there. Society is more divided. There you will find always the same little knots, the circle of the old aristocracy, of the burgeoisie and finally of the trades people. And you cannot pass from one circle into another as you can in Paris. Yet it is country life that is most interesting after all."

"I suppose it is very different from our country life."

"Not so different as you may fancy. There are points of resemblances between the southern country life and life in our provinces.

"There is the same hospitality. I find many of the same frank virtues and the same spirit of kindliness between different ranks. Your negroes, you tell me, have the habit of calling their masters and mistresses familiarly by their Christian names; so, too, the French peasants would speak of the sons of the house, calling Monsieur Henri or Monsieur Louis, although they might have a title, just as your negroes would say Mr. Henry, Miss Mary."

AMERICAN LITERATURE PREFERRED.

I felt encouraged to ask whether the French critics were most attracted at present by English or American literature. And it was pleasant to hear from so good and safe a judge that it was the literature of America that attracted most attention.

"Oh, to be sure," she said, "a man like Kipling will have suddenly a name, but if you will allow me, a novel like Robert Elsmere will never greatly interest France."

"And how about David Grieve?"

"David Grieve has so many mistakes, about the Paris part. And that sort of wild devil, his sister—why, no woman is so naughty, all the time. It becomes insupportable!"

GENIUS OF MAUPASSANT.

I laughed; and in a minute she added; "What interests us in France, above all, in your American life, is that it is a new window opened upon the world. It is your novel view; and then it is your freshness and your honesty. We like these qualities of American writers very much. Yes, what I think so splendid is your taking, each of you, your own corner and carefully studying it. You are doing for literature what the scientists of this century do in science."

"Has not Maupassant done the same kind of thing with the Norman life?"

"Yes; but I don't think that he has made us feel a strong love for it, showing us the peasant under rather a comic aspect. Yet, in fact, Maupassant, of all the French writers, was a great provincial. He knew the earth. Zola has slandered her. But Zola, let us do him justice, never belittles anything even in calumny, while Maupassant sometimes belittles nature by his contrasts, as where he compares the harvest fields, untidily cut, to the cheek of a man who has badly shaved himself. He has been reproached with that image. It is true, however, now the magnifying eye of Zola would have neither seen the harvest field on the man's cheek, and it would have been true also. There are splendid parts of description in Maupassant's longer novels, but has touched many of the most painful questions of morals—without seeming to call attention to them. He has not preached nor given advice, but he has forced people to think! Take the tale of Le Fils, with the man in it who so cynically and carelessly wrongs the peasant girl in a village through which he is merely passing. He goes away and forgets; but, years after, when he returns by chance to the village, he finds that the girl is dead of what you would call a broken heart; and working in the fields he sees her son, a repulsive idiot, in whose hideous features he perceives, nevertheless, a resemblance to his own. In the remorse that sweeps upon him, he would help the wretch, he would give him money; but he cannot do even that; for the idiot is a drunkard, a debased offspring of violence and lust; money would only be a harm to him! It is a theme of sin, and its consequences that has been treated by innumerable hands; but in none with such tragic power. Maupassant is very human, there is his strength. I cannot deny his faults. There are many painful things in his tales, many coarse details, much that seems useless in his frankness, but underneath it all, there is something that wrings the heart!"

"Yes," I said, "I have felt it a hundred times. Do you not think, also, that more than most French writers he has a sense of humor?"

"Oh, surely. He is a little cruel in his humor, some times, and often he is sad, but it is humor, not wit."

"Mr. Bunner had seen that, I think. In his paraphrase of Maupassant, called Told in France, he has rendered the Norman humor most enchantingly into United States forms; it is awfully good. I find the first story about the French tenor—with a wife!—a little overdrawn. That funny English the Frenchman talks is very funny though. And very true to life, too. Yes, when I read that I can hear myself talking; I say that is the way I pronounce words." She was laughing good-naturedly.

"Well, it isn't, then," I answered with entire honesty, for it is only occasionally that a French intonation, as pretty as it is droll, attracts the listener's attention; while her mastery of English idioms was a continual wonder to me, "you speak lovely English; and you know all the shades in our speech, you always use the right adjective."

"Oh, but I have spoken English ever since a child, and always have loved the English literature since my English governess gave me the Waverly novels to read. My mother would not have permitted me to read French novels, but she has great confidence in the English writers. And wherever in any books she thought there was something that a child should not read, she pinned the pages together; to this day when I read those books, I remember the looks of those pins in the pages."

I led the conversation back to the French writers, to the symbolists and the decadents and the realists, but I cannot repeat what Mme. Blanc said; for just then the black man grinned at the door to announce that the cart was ready; and we went to drive.

OCTAVE THANET.

Some very dainty sash curtains are made of cream white net, which comes three yards wide. These are cut one yard in width, leaving one yard to be cut in ruffles, which, when whipped on to the edge, is all that is required. An addition to these curtains is to run a pretty design in colored silk on the border and on the edge of the ruffle. A running floral design is very pretty when made in the natural colors.

Black moire silks striped with gold, nasturtium red, old rose, magenta, etc., are made up with soft lustrous satins the color of the stripe, these accessories draped with heavy black silk lace or veiled with fine arabesque designs of cut jet.

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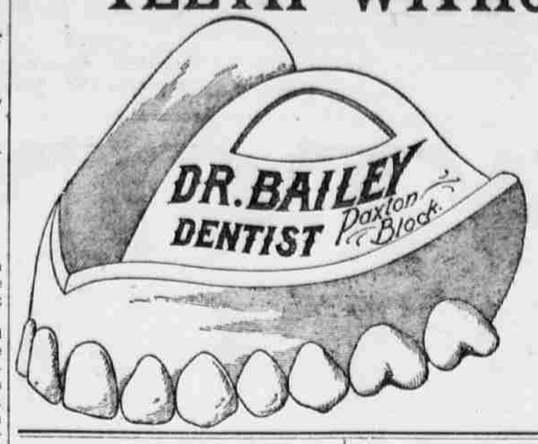

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ELECTION PROCLAMATION BY MAYOR

Proclamation and notice to the electors and legal voters of the city of Omaha of a general city election of the city of Omaha to be held on Tuesday, the sixth day of November, 1894, for the purpose of electing one city clerk to serve from the first Tuesday in January, 1895, to fill unexpired term, and one city councilman from each ward of the city; also proclamation and notice of submission to the electors and legal voters of the city of Omaha of the question of issuing the bonds of the city of Omaha in the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars ($75,000) to pay for the cost of paving, repaving or macadamizing the intersections of streets and spaces opposite alleys in said city and to pay the cost of paving in front of real estate not subject to assessment of special taxes for paving purposes.

To the Electors and Legal Voters of the City of Omaha:

I, George P. Bemis, mayor of the city of Omaha, do issue this, my proclamation, and by authority vested in me as such mayor, do hereby give public notice to the electors and legal voters of the city of Omaha that a general election will be held in said city on Tuesday, the sixth day of November, 1894, for the purpose of electing one city clerk to serve from the first Tuesday in January, 1895, to fill unexpired term, and one councilman from each ward of the city; also for the purpose of submitting to said electors and legal voters the question and proposition following, to-wit:

"Shall bonds of the city of Omaha in the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars ($75,000) be issued for the purpose of paving the cost of paving, repaving or macadamizing the intersections of streets and the spaces opposite alleys in said city, or paying the cost of paving in front of real estate not subject to assessment of special taxes for paving purposes, said bonds to run not more than twenty (20) years, and to bear interest payable semi-annually at a rate not exceeding five (5) per cent per annum, with coupons attached, to be called 'Paving Bonds,' and not to be sold for less than par, the proceeds of which shall be used for no other purpose than paying the cost of paving, repaving or macadamizing the intersections of streets and spaces opposite alleys in said city, or in front of real estate not subject to assessment of special taxes for paving purposes?"

The said question and proposition shall be submitted to said electors entire in the proper form provided by law for official ballots, with the words "Yes," "No," printed thereon. All of said ballots having an "X" mark following the word "Yes" shall be counted in favor of issuing said bonds, and all of said ballots having an "X" mark following the word "No" shall be counted and considered as against the issuing of said bonds.

The polls shall be open on the day of said election at eight o'clock in the morning and shall continue open until six o'clock in the evening of the same day, at the respective voting places following, to-wit:

FIRST WARD.

First District—Northeast corner 12th and Pacific.
Second District—Northwest corner 10th and Center.
Third District—Northeast corner 13th and Vinton.
Fourth District—Northeast corner 8th and Pacific.
Fifth District—Northeast corner 6th and Hickory.
Sixth District—Northwest corner 9th and Bancroft.
Seventh District—Northeast corner 6th and Pierce.
Eighth District—Northwest corner 5th and Center.

SECOND WARD.

First District—Southeast corner 16th and Leavenworth.
Second District—Northwest corner 19th and Mason.
Third District—Northwest corner 20th and Poppleton avenue.
Fourth District—Southeast corner 16th and Pierce.
Fifth District—Northeast corner 16th and Center.
Sixth District—Southeast corner 17th and William.
Seventh District—Northwest corner 16th and Martha.
Eighth District—Northeast corner 20th and Martha.
Ninth District—Northwest corner 13th and Valley.
Tenth District—Southeast corner 20th and Vinton.
Eleventh District—Northeast corner 24th and Vinton.

THIRD WARD

First District—Northeast corner 14th and Jackson.
Second District—Southwest corner 15th and Harney.
Third District—Northwest corner 14th and Capitol avenue.
Fourth District—Southeast corner 14th and Chicago.
Fifth District—Northwest corner 15th and Burt.
Sixth District—Northeast corner 12th and Jackson.
Seventh District—Southwest corner 11th and Douglas.
Eighth District—Northwest corner 16th and Capitol avenue.
Ninth District—Northwest corner 12th and Chicago.
Tenth District—Southeast corner 9th and Farnam.

FOURTH WARD.

First District—Northeast corner 18th and Davenport.
Second District—Northeast corner 22nd and Dodge.
Third District—Northeast corner 25th and Davenport.
Fourth District—Northeast corner 25th and Farnam.
Fifth District—Northwest corner 18th and Douglas.
Sixth District—Southeast corner 18th and St. Mary's avenue.
Seventh District—Northwest corner 18th and Leavenworth.
Eighth District—South side of Harney, between 20th and 24th.
Ninth District—26th street between St. Mary's avenue and Half-Howard.

FIFTH WARD.

First District—Southeast corner 16th and Manderson.
Second District—Southeast corner 16th and Binney.
Third District—Southeast corner 18th and Ohio.
Fourth District—Southeast corner 16th and Grace.
Fifth District—Southwest corner 19th and Burdette.
Sixth District—Northwest corner 19th and Charles.
Seventh District—Southeast corner 18th and Charles.

SIXTH WARD.

First District—Northwest corner 30th and Ames avenue.
Second District—Southwest corner 42nd and Ames avenue.
Third District—Northeast corner 45th and Grant.
Fourth District—Southeast corner 27th and Manderson.
Fifth District—Northeast corner 24th and Spencer.
Sixth District—Southwest corner 28th avenue and Corby.
Seventh District—Northeast corner 33d and Parker.
Eighth District—Northeast corner 27th and Burdette.
Ninth District—Northwest corner 27th and Franklin.
Tenth District—Northeast corner 22d and Lake.
Eleventh District—Southeast corner 24th and Grace.

SEVENTH WARD.

First District—Southwest corner 28th and Mason.
Second District—Northeast corner 30th avenue and Poppleton avenue.
Third District—North side of Center, opposite 34th street.
Fourth District—Northwest corner 29th and Arbor.
Fifth District—Northeast corner 29th and Hickory.
Sixth District—Northeast corner 29th street and Poppleton avenue.

EIGHTH WARD.

First District—Southwest corner 24th and Hamilton.
Second District—Northwest corner 27th and Caldwell.
Third District—Northeast corner 26th and California.
Fourth District—Northwest corner 25th avenue and Cuming.
Fifth District—Northeast corner 21st and Cuming.
Sixth District—Southwest corner 21st and California.
Seventh District—Northeast corner 18th and Cuming.
Eighth District—Southwest corner 17th and California.

NINTH WARD.

First District—Southwest corner 32d and Cuming.
Second District—Northwest corner 40th and Cuming.
Third District—Northwest corner 40th and Farnam.
Fourth District—Northwest corner 32d avenue and Davenport.
Fifth District—Northeast corner 31st avenue and Farnam.
Sixth District—Southwest corner 29th avenue and Jackson.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand as mayor of said city of Omaha this 17th day of October, 1894.

GEO. P. BEMIS, Mayor.

Attest:
JOHN T. EVANS, City Clerk.

Oct17t20&S

Stockholders' Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the stockholders of the South Platte Land company will be held at the office of said company, in Lincoln, Neb., on the 15th day of November, 1894, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the matter of extending or renewing the articles of incorporation of said company.

By order of the board of directors.

R. O. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 16, 1894. O16 O30t

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