

traveled all over the world, finally settling in Paris, where he has made a hit. Just now he is the representative of a syndicate of Parisian bankers en route for Alaska, where he will, if circumstances justify it, select sites for mining operations as well as other necessary adjuncts. General Viquain left on Friday for Baranquilla, where he will turn over his office to his successor whom the vicissitudes of political history have caused to appear on the stage.

Miss Laura Wild will preach tomorrow morning and evening at the First Congregational church, corner Thirteenth and L streets.

Miss Olive Latta gave a small company on Tuesday evening for her guest, Miss Livingstone.

Miss Helen Welch returned on Thursday with Mrs. Bryan and the children, from Yellowstone Park. They have had a very delightful time. The weather has been perfect, the company congenial, and the scenery grand. The party, because it was the Bryan party, received distinguished attention where ever it went. The members of it were treated to the best of everything with a heartiness and good will that made Miss Welch's position enviable. Mr. Bryan is expected home to day.

Frank Zehrung has gone to Denver.

Mrs. Mary Phillips and son are making a visit in their old home, Cadiz, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cook of Beatrice, have returned from their wedding tour. They passed through Lincoln on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Cook have taken a flat in Beatrice and will board for a while.

Miss Frances Livingstone who has been visiting Miss Olive Latta, has returned to her home in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Ed. G. Yates, formerly of Lincoln, but recently of Holton, Kas., was in the city Monday on his way to West Virginia, where he will engage in the shoe business.

Miss Boggs is in the east looking at styles and textures. Misses Boggs and Caffyn have added three more rooms to their establishment, making it more commodious and pleasant. They will be ready for their patrons the first of September.

Mrs. Ed. Baum, born Funke, and children have returned from six weeks spent at Spirit Lake, Ia., to their Omaha home.

Mr. Paul Horbach of Omaha, has gone to Europe.

Miss Ura Kelly has returned home after spending the summer in Massachusetts and Chicago.

The appearance of Major Fehet in his trap, drawn by the big gray team, is an announcement enough that the major has returned from his Wyoming trip, where he left his son James who will not return till the university opens. The major returned to take charge of the state military business during the absence of Adjutant General Barry.

Miss C. J. Guilmette, who left Saturday with the Buffalo excursionists, will go on to New York city and will meet Miss Mary L. Jones on her return from Europe.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

Manager Zehrung takes pleasure in announcing that the informal opening of the Funke opera house will occur Monday, August 30, by the Paiges, accompanied by the well known young leading man, Mr. Harry English. This is one of the best repertoire companies on the road. The company is composed of fourteen people, and the plays will be entirely new to Lincoln theatre-goers. They carry a special lot

Call at 140 south 11th, and get the best meal in the city. Al Walker, prop.

of scenery and costumes and have a line of specialty artists that are second to none in the business. This is the first appearance of the Paiges in this city and they come as well recommended as any company in the west.

The correspondent of the *Dramatic Mirror* of Sioux City says of this company: "The Paiges closed the first of a two week's engagement, presenting 'Harvest,' 'Forget-Me-Not,' 'Shadows of Life,' 'Caste,' 'Wages of Sin' and 'Rip Van Winkle,' to crowded houses. Between the acts clever specialties were introduced by John T. Powers, Hackney & Jennings, the Miller sisters, and Francis Florida. The company is the best popular price repertoire company seen here; the work of George and Lillian Paige is excellent."

Monday night two ladies or one lady and gentleman will be admitted on one 30 cent ticket if bought before 7 o'clock p. m. Seats now on sale at 10 o'clock a. m., at Sutton & Hollowbush's corner Twelfth and O street. Prices 10c, 20c and 30c. Box seats 50c.

Mr. J. F. Lansing announces that he will manage the Lansing theatre this winter himself. His bookings are heavy for this time of the year and a very profitable season is predicted.

Mr. Leon Herrmann, is playing with great success his uncle's most mystifying tricks. Throughout the evening he has the assistance and co-operation of Adelaide Herrmann, who is also seen in some very beautiful dances, and does the bullet-catching made familiar by her husband. The bullet-catching act came last on the bill. The majority of those in the audience had seen the late Professor Herrmann, but new interest was added to it by the fact that a woman was to be the target for the rifle balls.

The marksmen who were to do the shooting—six veterans of the Lafayette Guard—marched on the stage first, followed by Mme. Herrmann, who was dressed in white shirt and black knickerbockers. The bullets were marked, the plate—one of the everyday dinner variety—was handed around for inspection, the guns were loaded and the marksmen took their places.

"Are you ready? Fire!" And Mme. Herrmann walked forward with the six bullets on the plate.

Of course the audience cheered.

Herrmann III. is a clever sleight-of-hand performer, quite as clever as his uncle. His palming was wonderful. Where in the world he managed to conceal the billiard balls and various other articles, large and small, that appeared and disappeared in his hands no one could tell. His tongue isn't as smooth yet as his uncle's, but that will come in time.

## Town Topics' London Correspondence.

I am writing you from the picturesque little town of Hertford. "Lord Salisbury's pocket borough," as rivals call it, on account of the fact that its nearness to Hatfield and its earnest (if sleepy) conservatism render it a favorite place with the Cecil family. Lady Salisbury does much of her shopping in Hertford, driving in her bright blue chariot with her postillion and outriders, quite in the old style, and wearing usually a black mushroom hat like the one the Queen affects when at Osborne or in the Highlands. Hertford is one of our smallest country towns; indeed, some of its inhabitants irreverently call it "our village." Nevertheless, it gets much notoriety just now on account of the fact that the Lord Mayor of London (whom

Miss Edith Edwards, business test medium, meets the public daily with readings. Spiritual advice given. Also seance, Wednesday evenings. Room 43, Halter Bldg.

# LADIES

THAT OLD FUR GARMENT is worth almost as much today as the day you bought it; but you don't know it. As long as the hair is on the skin it is GOOD. Moth eaten or worn

pets can be taken out without even showing a seam.

The only question is what can be done with it? Its out of style and worn. Maybe it needs a new lining, or should be stylishly trimmed. That old coat would make a beautiful cape, and capes are just the thing this season. There's that old fur garment you haven't worn for years, because it is all "fagged out." Why, that will make a beautiful collar; just the thing for fall and spring wear. Then just look at that garment. It is entirely "gone up," the hair stands the wrong way on it, and it is worn and matted. "Its no earthly use." Well, it does look bad, but by the process of glazing the fur is brought out and cleaned and then, when remodeled, it is like new.

## During July and August

This year we will make a specialty of Alterations and Repairs. Our system of measurement is such we can fit you as well by mail as by personal measurement. We have a large stock of new furs, all our own make, at very low price. Write to us.

F. E. VOELKER,

Practical Furrier,

Cor. 12th & N Sts.,

Lincoln, Nebraska

one always forgets to style "Sir George" Faudel Phillips) has his country seat here.

Balls Park really belongs to the impoverished Marquess Townshend, not Marquis, please note; even impecunious peers stick to their family traditions. The mortgagees are glad enough to let it to the wealthy Phillips family, who do an immense deal of good in the neighborhood, and fill the house with smart parties which usually include minor royalties, now that the Lord Mayor has received a baronetcy and the Queen's praise of his horsemanship, besides much *kudos* for his upholding of the civic dignity throughout a trying season.

"Our village" has deemed him worthy of the highest honor it can bestow—the freedom of the borough of Hertford. With sublime unconsciousness of any absurdity, it made him an offer, which was graciously accepted; so the other day, before he left for the continent, Sir George went in procession through the principal street, wearing his robes of office, accompanied by his family, and escorted by the local Mayor and corporation. The cheering was vociferous. Lady Phillips was visibly touched. The fact is that she has endeared herself to high and low by her good-hearted philanthropy. During the distress in winter she not only provides food for the unemployed and the aged, but trots into town through the snow, with her petticoats tucked up to her knees, and sees that her doles are properly distributed; moreover, she and her daughters, hunt up the old people at their own homes. A lady once said to her, referring to one of her benefactions: "It is really very good of you to feed all these poor children, regardless of creed." "Oh, no," responded the good soul, in her out spoken way, "poor little things, I was thinking of their little 'tum tum's'." So now you see why Lord Mayor's people are so popular.

Well, he received the freedom of the wee borough, amid many primitive decorations and much emotion. He also planted an oak tree in commemoration of the Jubilee. This oak boasts a distinguished ancestry. It is grown from an acorn from the great oak at Panshanger, Countess Cowper's place (this is the largest oak in England, dating from the defeat of the Spanish Armada, in memory of which Elizabeth planted it. It is a magnificent tree.) After the speeches the Lord Mayor went to a garden party at the residence of the Mayor of Hertford—such an *omnium gathering*.—The Lord Mayores was much congratulated, and laughingly declared that she had now only one ambition left

in life—which was to sit down.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been spending a few days in the neighborhood, staying at Bayfordbury, with Georgina, Countess of Dudley.

The King of Siam does not find this tropical weather too hot for sight seeing. He did not seem to care for Harrow much, though he hugged his son effusively and showed a great comprehension of slang! But he was delighted with Kew Gardens, Westminster Abbey, too, pleased him vastly, and enabled him to exhibit his knowledge of our history. He asked to see Queen Mary's tomb. "She was beheaded," he remarked, gravely. "Where's the other one?" Inquiry elicited the fact that he meant the other decapitated sovereign, namely, Charles I!

You know, I suppose, that the King of Siam carries about with him a "Pig Album?" One of these is sometimes found in the drawing room of some society woman of Bohemian proclivities. It is simply a book with blank pages, to which every visitor is asked to contribute a drawing of a pig, which must be done while the artist is blindfolded. When the King was at Berne he victimized the stale fathers of the Federal Council, whose dignity was badly injured by the process; but they did not like to refuse. The pigs which resulted were splendid specimens! Their tails for the most part grew out of their snouts, and their eyes appeared in the middle of their bodies! I wonder if the King asked Lord Salisbury for a contribution to his collection!

So we are to have Forbes Robertson again at the Lyceum, and, rumor declares, Mrs. Patrick Campbell too, but that is not confirmed. Sir Henry Irving is very fond of Forbes Robertson, who returns the good will of "the chief." Forbes Robertson will play *Alexei*, the son whom *Peter the Great* tortured to death in prison; while the traitress *Euphrosyne*, who cost him his life, will fall to the lot of Ethel Barrymore, the pretty girl who made such a hit in "Secret Service." Great expectations are being formed of young Lawrence Irving's play. It would seem that the sons of actors are going to develop into playwrights all round; for I hear that George Bancroft has just sold a highly promising work to Arthur Bourchier. It is in three acts and is called "Angela Theresa."

Willis—Liarly is dead.

Wallace—Did Liarly say so?

Willis—Of course not. Why do you ask such a fool question?

Wallace—It sounds just like him.

Sutton & Hollowbush have invented a cough drop. They call it the S. & H. Sutton & Hollowbush, and it is a good one. Stop and get one on your way to the theatre. It will save you a spasm of coughing.