

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 30 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

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THREE MINUTE TALKS ABOUT NEW MEXICO. The profits of fruit raising are set forth in detail, also facts relative to sheep, cattle and general farming. No other country possesses such a desirable climate all the year around. Write to E. L. Palm, P. O. Santa Fe Route, Omaha, Neb., for free copy.

IN AMUSEMENT LINES

Manager Church's New York trip was particularly successful, as patrons of the Lansing will ascertain before the season is far advanced.

"I have very few open dates left," remarked Mr. Church to a Columbia representative yesterday. "In September, October, November, and December, especially, there is a first class attraction booked for nearly every night."

"Among the new things which I was able to secure is Thomas Q. Seabrooke in 'The Isle of Champagne,' for a two nights engagement. This is unquestionably one of the greatest successes of the past two years. It hasn't been west of Chicago yet."

"Then I have dates with Digby Bell, Pauline Hall, Clara Morris, William H. Crane, Roland Reed, Salvini, Thomas W. Keene, Richard Mansfield, and nearly all of the star actors and actresses of this class. Yes, the Frohman companies will come to the Lansing. I have secured 'The Masked Ball,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and all of the current successes."

"Wang's is coming, so is De Koven and Smith's opera 'Robin Hood,' and 'The Little Tycoon' will have a date."

"All of Litt & Davis' attractions will be seen at the Lansing; also all of Pearson's and the Hanlons'."

"In fact I was able to get nearly everything of importance that I wanted, and I can assure the public that it will get the best there is this season."

Mr. Church announces that the summer season at the Lansing will open July 31 with an elaborate production of 'Africa.'

The regular season will open August 24 with the spectacular play 'The Sudan.'

In the meantime the theatre will be thoroughly renovated and brightened up, and several important improvements will be made.

One of the spectacular features of 'Sinbad,' which, during the season will follow 'Ali Baba' at the Chicago opera house, will be a panoramic marine picture, which will occupy over 12,000 square feet of canvas.

Georgia Drew Barrymore, who died in Santa Barbara, Cal., two weeks ago, was a member of Charles Frohman's Comedians, and its leading lady. She was the daughter of Mrs. John Drew, the sister of Sydney Drew and John Drew, and the wife of Maurice Barrymore, with whom she starred for a number of seasons in 'Diplomacy.' She was in Texas during the murder of Porter of the Diplomacy case, and has experienced many startling things in her short life, for she died practically a young woman, although she leaves two children.

The Dramatic Times, New York, says: The state of affairs at the Casino is not healthy. The receivers are inclined to run things to suit themselves, thereby not suiting the Aronsons, who seldom run things correctly. The receivers are inclined to lease the Casino to some responsible manager and Edward E. Rice has come forward with a proposition to take the house for the production of Byrne and Kerker's new opera 'Venus.' Mr. Rice would make an excellent manager for the Casino and he would be the proper party to conduct it successfully. The theatre in his hands would in a year's time be a paying institution and the receivers should carefully consider any proposal coming from Mr. Rice, for he never does things without considerable thought. Mr. Rice is the proper man for the Casino.

De Wolf Hopper was married to Edna Wallace of Frohman's stock company last week in Newark. Miss Wallace was a novice two seasons ago in Roland Reed's company.

Camille D'Arville retired from the Bostonians last week. She will join the Casino forces.

Chas. H. Hoyt has been in Chicago the past week on important business. He will produce his new play 'Milk White Flag' in Boston in November.

It is reported that Sol Smith Russell will defer his appearance as Dr. Pangloss in 'The Hair at Law' until he shall present the play in New York. We rather wonder at this. Chicago has been Mr. Russell's fountain of good fortune, and it is here he has always found the greatest number of lasting friends and the largest degree of encouragement. One would suppose that his inclinations and his recognition of substantial benefits and propitious influences would lead him to select Chicago as the place in which to make so venturesome a departure. New York is about the last place toward which to turn with an honest and artistic ambition. Mr. Russell has had one experience that ought to last him some time; but it requires a good deal to cure actors of Gothammania, though it is a disease as injurious to them as alcoholism. They have a pestiferous craving to run down to New York to lose what they with genius and care accumulated in other parts of the

country, well knowing that freaks, follies, and vulgarity are pretty nearly the only things that really prosper in the theatres of New York. Actors and managers are slow to learn that the country at large is no longer deceived or cajoled by New York "runs," and the time put in in New York is, in most instances, time and money thrown away. But Mr. Russell would have shown himself wise to begin his high comedy career in Chicago. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has now set seriously to work upon the long expected new opera for the Savoy. He has discarded the distractions of the London season for a quiet place in the country, where it will be a matter of considerable difficulty to find his address. The music was already partly sketched at Monte Carlo, and he believes that in the course of two months it can be finished sufficiently to be placed in rehearsal. In all probability the work will not be heard until October. The usual rumors are current, some saying that the work is upon an Egyptian and others upon an Indian subject. It will more likely, however, be found that the opera is a skit upon some of the foibles of the day, possibly satirizing the humors of the London music hall.

At the Parks. Last season summer opera at Lincoln park was a most delightful diversion, and those who enjoyed these performances as well as the public generally, will be pleased to learn that a similar form of entertainment has been provided for this season. Manager Hickey has secured the Ideal opera company, a much stronger company than the one here last year, and the first performance will be given tonight, when the 'Mikado' will be the bill. There will be operatic performances at the park every evening next week and until further notice. The feature of the day at Lincoln park tomorrow, Sunday, will be the big balloon ascension, with Messrs. Shaffer, of the Journal, and Frank S. Burr in the basket. Baldwin is one of the most skillful aeronauts in the country, and the ascension tomorrow afternoon will be a notable event.

The many facilities for genuine enjoyment at Burlington Beach these warm evenings are seized with avidity. There are private parties at the beach nearly every night and the public is always generously represented. What makes the beach such an attractive place is the multiplicity of amusements at hand. One can dance or listen to the delightful music, or sail in one of the yachts, or row, or ride on the steamer, or bathe. All of these are delightful, and then it is always so cool at Burlington Beach. Oftentimes when there is not a breath of air in town there is a stiff breeze on the lake. It is always cool and pleasant. The beach is now readily accessible, either by electric railway from the U. P. depot or by carryalls from the postoffice.

What do You Take. Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what it's popo-riety says but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's. His Plan. Dr. A.—Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis? Dr. B.—Not that, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.—Neus Zeit.

A Realizing Sense. "I never realized until today how terrible poverty must be," said Mrs. Dollargitt to her husband. "And how did you realize it?" "I couldn't find enough change to bribe the hand organ man to go away."—Industries.

Platitive. Gentleman—Waiter, I can't eat this steak; it's as hard as iron. Ancient Waiter (impudently)—Oh, sir, do make an effort to eat it! I've to eat for my dinner what the customers leave, and my teeth are awful bad!—Pick Me Up.

Conclusive. Ella—How could you tell your husband lost money at the races today when he said nothing about it? Stella—I know he did, because when he came home he began talking about the advantages of saving money.—Tit-Bits.

A Soft Thing. Mrs. Unsophist—They must fit these men's clubs up very gorgeously inside. Mrs. Worldley—Why? Mrs. Unsophist—I heard your husband tell mine that he was playing the whole evening on velvet.—Life.

Necessity and Invention. "Well, hello, Claude! Where did you get that chrysanthemum? It's the biggest I ever seen." "Hush! hush! Dat's de bunch; er cold slaw, but don't tell de ladies, or I'll never forgive you."—Truth.

UNDER A BLAZING SUN. A Summer Cruise Among the Picturesque Bahama Islands. (Special Correspondence.) HAVANA, July 10.—We rounded up in a dead calm at Egg island, latitude 25.20 longitude 76.53. As we approached the harbor there a pilotboat put off to show us the way in if the breeze did not die too soon. Dancing over the waves came the craft, about the size of a dory. Her leg o' mutton sail swelled prettily.



THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER. The navigator who boarded the schooner was evidently a genuine native Bahaman. He was lank and cadaverous. Blue eyes and yellow mustache proclaimed English blood was in his veins, and a general bleached out appearance indicated fruit and an occasional fish was not a diet to be longed for. His speech was very broken, though what variety of brogue he employed is yet a mystery. After asking \$5 he was finally eager to pilot us for \$2. It is the fashion among these aborigines to demand double the price they expect. In so much are they civilized. Aided by a fading zephyr and the enormous palm-tree to worn by our guide, our vessel glided past reef and curling froth to a safe anchorage. The tropical twilight is short, but ere the stars had polished their faces jibtopsail, flying jib and jib had come down, topsails, foresail and mainsail were furled, and the anchor chain had rattled through the hawse hole.

A typical tropic isle showed itself immediately on the vessel's quarter. A narrow strip of land it was, with a foundation of coral; the bushes thickly clustered and the trees in clumps stood green against the blue sky. On each end the surf was heaped like snow, and a roar was borne to our ears. The green water rolled in surges upon a beach of the whitest, finest, softest sand. This stretch of beach terminated at each end of the bay in a sharp horn, where the waves leaped up and fell helplessly back. The glistening rim of sand was a lining to a dark green band of vegetation crowding closely upon it. In the background a row of cocoa palms marked sharp against the sky, and manilla plants pressed the feet of them.

Such was the first Bahama isle we gazed upon. Nor was the land alone wondrous to us. To use an ominous simile, the Emily seemed suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, in the air. Through the 20 feet of ocean under us we could make out every detail on the white sand of the bottom. We could view the starfish, corals and huge sponges and see the great sea fans casting shadows from the sun. The sea was pellucid and tremulous as jelly.

Where the schooner lay the water was the limpid tint of the interior of a lemon. Intersecting this was a strip of grass green, and closely following in a bewildering succession came emerald, robin's egg and olive—all these colors and every tint of green possible thrown lavishly and recklessly together in an always sharp contrast till the eye was drunk with the display. Above all these scenes of land and sea are the blazing tropic sun and the transparent atmosphere kissing the cheek as softly as a mother's caress.

Off to the westward from the Emily was a coral reef, and though abounding in curiosities it was the most abominable place conceivable. Dante's "Inferno" can furnish hardly a fitting parallel. The surface of the moon as pictured in astronomicals must resemble the place—a back of gray coral barely protruding above the waves. Every inch of surface is jagged and scarified as lava, and so hard and sharp are the countless projecting points that the stoutest boot is cut to shreds. Not a particle of softness is to be found, not a variation in the dingy, cold grayness, and overhead innumerable gulls and tern soar and scream.

The inhabitants of this desolate spot are hideous rock crabs. As the boat approached they scrambled in hundreds down the rough banks into the sea, and their clattering was almost an uproar. Repulsive creatures are they, large and sprawling, like spiders, mottled and with protruding eyes and menacing claws. They move with exceeding swiftness and gave us a shock as they tumbled out of every cranny our fingers or feet entered. If the animal world has its imps and goblins, these dreadful crustaceans occupy that sphere.

The name of this reef is Little Egg island. Its sister, Egg island, where is the beach before described, is about half a mile to the northward. High on an elevation, sheer above the vegetation, shine the white walls of a lighthouse and the keeper's dwelling. The keeper and his son are the only persons living on the isle. He is an Englishman, of course. He has been here two years—ever since the light was placed. It is a lonely life, and he says he is sick of it. One of the two people must be constantly at the lighthouse, and the other at intervals must go to a neighboring island for food and necessary articles.

Being of Johnny Bull instincts, Mr. Pinder has a very confused idea of the United States. He said he had a brother-in-law there. His name was Smith, and we probably knew him. We did. Mr. Pinder also had the notion we had come down to annex the Bahamas. "The hold woman 'anga onto these islands pretty well, don't she?" he remarked suspiciously. ED L. SAHN.

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To THE WORLD'S FAIR you should begin at once to inform yourself on the subject, so that you may use your time there to the best advantage. You will not be able to see everything—you may see what you are specially interested in if you go there informed at the beginning.

If You Are Not Going

To THE WORLD'S FAIR you should do the next best thing—know as much as possible about it. If you can't see it you can at least read about it.

In either event you imperatively need a daily paper from the World's-Fair city—you need a Chicago daily, and

The Chicago Record

Will meet your need.