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OUR STATESMEN AS FARMERS.

Senator Evarts and His Purchase of Potomac Lands.

THEALLIANCE FRIGHTENS OUR LAWMAKERS.

Senator Squier Makes Six Hundred Dollars a Month Out of Four Hundred Oregon Acres-President Morton's Guernsey Cattle-Senator Hearst's Farm.

(Copyright 1890 by Frank G. Carpenter.) WASHINGTON, Sept. 10 .- [Special Corres pondence of THE BEE. | Senator Evarts has just bought feur hundred acres of land near Fort Washington on the banks of the Potomac. He paid an average of \$11 an acre for it and he says he bought it because it was so cheap he couldn't help it. He has built a log cabin twenty-five feet wide and sixty-five feet long upon it and he is inviting the senators to come down and bunch with him. He has another farm in Vermont which he has held for years, but which I understand is stocked with Jersey cows. His butter there costs about two dollars a pound, and his vegetables nre, I venture, dearer than though he bought them in the market. The same will prabably be true of this Patomacland unless it is much better than the average soil about Washingington. It will add, . however, to Senator Evarts as a farmers' candidate and that is the position that all of the senators are trying to hold just now.

THEY ARE ALL PARMERS NOW. The farmers' alliance has scared most of the public men. They all want to be ac counted a friend of the farmer and such as hold farms are pointing to their horny hands and talking about crops on every available occasion. Many of them have been brought up on farms and some of the largest estates in the country are owned right here in the capitol building. Senator Lyman R. Casey, though he looks like a diplomat and talks haif a dozen different languages, has 5,000 seres of farm land under cultivation in Dakota and he is secretary of a land company that owns over one thousand acres of land in the James river valley and which works it Dakota has a number of farms around Sioux City and all of the new senators own more o less land. It takes something like seventy five miles of fence to go around the farm which Senator Sawyer owns in Texas, and Watson C. Squier has perhaps the best paying farm for its size of any of his fellows.

\$600 PER MONTH IN PROFITS. This farm contains four hundred acres and

it brings in Squier \$600 per month. I chatted with him last night about it. "I cut it out of the woods," said he, "and I like to show it as an evidence of what a farmer can do in Oregon. I have a hundred Holstein cows upon it and I get reports from my farmer every week as to their morning and evening milking. These cows produce 155 galions of milk every day. I sell this and I receive 15 cents and sometimes 20 cents a gallon, so that you see my profits from the cows alone are something like \$650 per month. Oregon is one of the great hep raising countries and I am making a mighty good thing out of hops. I have a hop farm of about ten acres and I put all the ma nure from these hundred cows on this ten I will get 3,000 pounds of hops to the acres. I will get 3,000 pounds of hops to the acre this year, and I expect to get 4,000 per acre next year. These hops will bring 20 cents a pound, and at the lowest possible estimate I must clear \$3,000 off of this ten acres this year. Three thousand dollars a year means \$350 a month, and this added to the milk gives me about \$900 a month from my 400-acre farm. Even if I pay \$300 a meath to

"It is not for sale," replied SenatorSquier, "but I suppose it would bring \$200 an acre at Seattle and is a fine piece of property.'

at a county fair thun to make a good real estate speculation, and he has a number which ave taken prize after prize. He gets weekly reports from his farm, and another of his fads is fine wool sheep. He spends much of his summer on the farm, and he has a mag-nificent residence upon it. Speaking of Sen-ator Palmer, his fads are Percheron horses and Jersey cows. He imported some of the best animals he has himself and he expects eventually to make his farm profitable.

and he has a number of fine registered animals on his farm in Mississippi. He is tired of farming, however, and in the troubles that seem to surround the south he wishes that the farm was sold and that his money was in-

eral thing comes out at the end of the

come prosperous." "Where has the most money been made in farming during the past year," I asked. "I can't answer that." was the reply," but a great deal of money has been made in Florida. You remember the Disston purchase, by which Hamilton Disston of Pennsylvania drained a great part of these and they are the most fertile it nds in the world. Well A. S. McClure of the Philadelphia Times had an interest in some of these lands, and two of his nephews, who had not succeeded very well in the west, asked him to give them something to de

they cleared this year

That is, I think, pretty good for tomatoes

"What is the land worth!" said I.

STUCK ON RIS COWS. Vice President Morton has a farm at Rhine cliff, on the Hudson, of 950 acres, and he watches its profits and losses quite as closely as does Senator Squier. He knows all about stock, and can tell you the names of the best milking cows of the country. He runs to Guerasev cattle, and he has, perhaps, as many registered cows as any fine breeder in the country. A great many of his cows were brought over from Europe, and like Senator Palmer, he prefers to send his own farmer over to pick them out. It makes him smile more to have one of his cows take a premium

PARMER VS AGRICULTURIST.

vested so as to bring a good round income. I met the Hon .. Jerry Rusk, our secretary

"But General Rusk, what is the difference etween a farmer and an agriculturist?" "A farmer," replied Uncle Jerry, with laughing eyes, "is a man who runs his farm for all the money there is in it, who does not waste on fool experiments, and who as a gentheoretical farmer; a man who puts more money into the land than he ever gets out of it, and one who is always trying some experiment to make a fortune and seldom makes a cent. Well, I have been both, and while I was a farmer I made money. I believe there was a farmer I made money. I believe there is money in farming today if the proper busi-ness brains are used in running a farm, and I doubt not that matters will finally regulate themselves, and the farmers will again be-

THIRTY TROUSAND DOLLARS ON THEIR TOMATO

It lies about twelve miles from

HIS WORK ALL DONE BY NEGROES. General Joe Wheeler is said to be worth

Justice Lamar is well up on Jersey cows

of agriculture, the other night and asked him point blank whether he made any money in farming. He replied: "I have one of the fine farms of Wisconsin. It consists of 400 acres and I have owned it for a long time. Part of the time I have been a farmer and part of the time I have been an agriculturist."

got possession of hundreds of thousands of acres of the swamp lands of Florida. He has something to do.
"He let them have some of these lands and

This land, however, is the richest in Florida. It consists of six or eight feet of muck, and it will grow vegetables to perfection. Other parts of Florida are not so rich as is generally supposed and you would be surprised to know that oranges need a great deal of fertilization. I visited once one of the best orange groves in Florida and the man told me he would sell it for \$25,000 and that it had cost him this much to make it. He had one tree that was wonderfully fine which produced the finest oranges in the state and was far superior to any other tree of his orchard. I saked him what was the cause of the differ-

ence. He replied: 'The difference is in the Well, you see about the time it was planted we had a dead hog and we dug a hole and put him in and planted the tree right on top of him. The tree grew so much faster than any of the others by the next year that I concluded to continue the experiment, and

I KILLED ANOTHER HOG and buried it in its roots. I have done that every year up to now, and I find that the tree has paid for its hogs many times over and its fruit will bring fancy prices in any market."

Senator Blair tells me that the cheapest farms in the United States are in New Eng-He says there are lots of good lands for sale there at 85 per acre and he wants the other farmers of the senate to buy country homes there. Holman of Indiana has a hunlred-acre farm at Aurora, Ind., not far from the Ohio river. He makes some money in farming and is, I am told, solid with the farmers' alliance. Nearly all of the southern statesmen own farms and Senator Pugh of Alabama once told me that he could make 13 per cent right along out of farming in the

about \$1,000,000. He came out of the war poor and he has made all of his money out of farming. He has a large estate in Alabama and he runs it on business principles. Sen-ator John Shermin has two farms at Mamsfield, O., but I don't think he makes much out of them. He keeps them well stocked and he has lately given a part of one of them to the city of Mansfield for a park, which is now known as the Sherman-Heineman park. The biggest farmer of the United States is Leland Stanford. He gave somewhere between fifty and eighty thousand acres to the university which he is now building, and not long ago when riding in the train with Senator Allison through the northern part of the state, the cars passed through a large tract of

wheat. This vast plain of wheat stretched as far as the eye could see on both sides of the road for miles, and Senator Allison asked Stanford what he thought of it. Stanford "It is yours," said the conductor, who was standing near Stanford. replied the millionaire, know it. I knew not know had some wheat in this part of the state, but I did not think we had come to it as vet

Senator Stanford engages in all kinds of

HE MAKES HIS PARMING PAY. His vineyards produce the choicest of Cali fornia wines and he has great warehouses stored with California brandy. He will not sell his brandy at the present low prices and he has sold none for six years. He can afford to keep it and he believes it will pay a good interest on the amount of money invested by about a million gallons of wine every year, and one of his vineyards contains 4,000 acres This is, I think, the largest vineyard in the The vineyard is so large that the United States has a custom house connected with it in order to collect the duties prop-

As a fruit grower Senator Stanford ha ome of the finest fruit farms in California. He had for a long time, a great deal of trouble in getting the fruit picked. He used China-men finally, as the white men would go off on sprees and the fruit had to be picked when i was ripe or it was not good. Great wast was ripe or it was not good. Great waste would come from delay. He then adopted a plan which he has now, which is most human-itarian and profitable. He gives all the boys of the public schools of San Francisco, who will take advantage of his offer, a chance to come out and pick fruit on his farm. He takes a thousand boys every year. takes them to his farm and keeps them there

a month, paying them a dollar a day for their labor. He has an immense barracks built in which they sleep and he sees that they are well fed and well cared for. His superin-tendents have them divided into gaugs and they are carefully watched over as to morals. No money is paid until the end of their job, when each boy carries home with him \$30. He also takes about a peck of English walnuts and the senator has bags made of a fixed size which he fills and gives one to each boy upon his departure. As to payment, when he first brought the boys out on the farm he began to pay them their wages as they carned them. He found, however, that a lot of pool sellers and gamblers surrounded the farm and got the boys' money away from

fortune, base ball and policy games. He stopped this by not paying until the end of the month, and he now pays at the close of the engagement. The senator employs Chinese cooks upon the farm, and these cooks do all the cooking for the boys. Sometimes Governor Stanford goes out to see the boys

and he always ents dinner with them.

At such times the Chinese cooks prepare
A SPECIAL FEAST FOR THE GOVERNOR. and it has been therr custom to make a little corner where he is to sit and at which there is to be some special delicacies put. In some way or other the Chinese cooks always got the wind of the fact that the governor was coming some days beforehand and they would have this nice little feast prepared for him. He always circumvented them however, by sitting down somewhere else along the table and cating with the boys. He would say "Johnnie pass me those pickles," or "Sam what do you think of that meat?" "Let me have a little piece of that bread" or some-thing os that kind and all the while the feast at the other end of the table would go un insted. After trying this method several times and not succeeding, the Chinese cooks gave better dinners to the whole party when ever the governor was there, and in this way gave him a very good dinner and the boys a

much better one than they cared to give. A PROFITABLE VINEYARD. Everyone has neard of Senator Stanford's great farm at Palo Alto, which contains his country residence, the great university and some of his best ranches. In this farm, which, by the way, he has given to the university, he has some land which is worth \$1,000 an acre, and he has a patch of forty acres in grapes which has produced as high as \$7,200 a year and which has never pro duced less than \$3,200 a year since they have been planted. On one of his tracts of fruit land there is a little piece of ten acres for which a man pays him \$2,500 a year for the

privilege of picking the fruit. THE BANNER MILKER. He makes equally as well out of his cattle. He has all kinds of fine breeds of cattle, Jerseys, Holsteins and others. He was very much delighted this past year to get the highest prize for butter making and milking, which consisted of a fifty dollar gold piece which he got at the California state fair. In this case the cow was brought to the fair and left there for a week, its milkings being registered every day and the milk being churned into butter. His cows took the premium both for the production of milk and as to the quality of their milk and the production of butter. I am told one of his cows gave the cream in one week which produced twenty four pounds of butter.

I see that Schator Hearst has a horse which

has at last been successful. He is as proud as a turkey gobbler in a new flock and struts around blowing about his fine horses. The

KNOWS VERY LITTLE ABOUT HORSES and he does not know even the names of his Of a great many of hishorses he merely owns the racing privilege; that is, he buys of Senator Stanford the right to run his horses for a certain season and they are entered under Hearst's name though the eally belong to Stanford. Senator Stanford nimself does not race his horses, or only a few of them to keep up the advertisement of the Palo Alto stock. Of course it is a good thing if his horses, turn course, it is a good thing if his horses turn out well as it makes them more valuable for breeding. Not long ago a race was run in the east at which it was reported that one of Senator Hearst's horses had won. Hearst knew little of the horse that won and he talked about the senate of his fine that horse knew him by name. It afterwards turned out that the horse belonged to someone else and Hearst did not know whether he was among his stock or not. Hearst has a jockey whom he pays \$15,000 a year, and when asked the other day what this boy's name was, he said he could not remember it, but he knew that he kept on paying him this big salary for his work and allowing him to run other horses when he was not working for him.

This sounds funny to a poor man. But Hearst is a millionaire He has mines all over the country. His farm in California contains thousands of acres, and be has so does not keep better track of it all. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Dr. Birney cures hay fever. Bee bldg

If an invalid—read the advertisement of Excelsior Springs his teday.

BAB'S BLOW AT BAR HARBOR.

Civilization Regarded as the Cause of Its Decadance.

NO PLACE FOR MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

Place Where Men Are Harder to Catch Than Eels and Women Carry Flasks for "Bracers."

BAR HARBOR, Me., Sept. 10 .- | Special Corespondence of THE BEE. |- Civilization has cen the damnation of this place. The days when the girls sat on the clerk's desk, iressed in flannels, and with their legs langling over the edge, showing shoes that vere meant to walk in, hailing each arrival n bifurcated garments as a wondrous somehing, were days of joy. The days when the puckboard jolted all indigestion out of the mealers," and the day when fruits and neats from the city were not to be gotten, and people eagerly ate bread and butter and nuckleberries, and grew fat and healthful on hem, have all gone by. More's the pity. Her ladyship Dame Fashion has entered and taken possession here, and we dress and frive and dawdle and gossip exactly as they lo at Newport, Saratoga or Long Branch. The original buckboard is no more, and its base imitation in fine wood and upholstery has all its discomforts without its picturesqueness. Everybody is just as eager as they were in their aboriginal state to make noney off of you, but they do it in a more citified fashion, and you feel like paying for a hand organ that can warble "The Heart Bowed Down with Weight of Woe."

A WOPUL LACK OF MEN. There are notvery many interesting women and men are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. She who expects a husband up on Saturday is envied by all the others who don't, and she who has a young man coming up to stay for a week is counted the most lucky of all women. I do not understand for my own part this lack of men—what's the matter with the women? But of course that's where the trouble lies. If Jeannette were sufficiently attractive. Jean would be rushing through his work at a rate calculated to through his work at a rate calculated to bring on nervous prescration that he might leave the city on Friday and stay with her until Monday, bask in her smiles, and he happy merely accause he was in the sunshine of her presence. But Jean doesn't seem to be built that way. He would a thousand times rather bask in the smiles of some mar-ried hellest Narragasactics. Narragast and he ried belle at Narragansettor Newport, and he will tell you confidentially that "you see, it's much saler, because, after all, the old woman isn't round trying to find out whether you have got any intentions."

MEN HARDER TO CATCH THAN EELS. The day of the girl is not now, and girls abound at Bar Harbor. It is true in many instances they are very knowing girls, but still they have the feminine desire to possess for their very own a man, and there is nothing Just when you think the big fish is landed it slides away, because the bait isn't tempting enough or the fisherwoman hasn' enough patience.

enough patience.

The fishers of men up here are in many instances the mammas. They are very brazen about it, and I do not wonder that all the eligibles fiee, while only those who are adorned with sash ribbons remain. THE YOUNG MAN IN A SASH.

A young man in a sash is to me the greatest

there is a use for him-he points a moral and occasionally he may adorn a tale, but I doubtit.

A DAR HARBOR DUDE. There is one up here who does fancy work! He makes all his sister's bonnets, and the re-

sult in that family is that the sister is a good swimmer, can drive tandem, plays tennis like an athlete and calls her brother "Tommy." A man who had reached the age of twenty would be "Tom" to his family, or dse he would apply to the legislature and have his name changed. This sweet specimen of humanity also writes poetry, and he sends no end of it to his lady friends at the different watering-places. He was presente to me, and I regret to say that though come of several generations of gentlewomen, could not be civil to him. Even my materna parent, who has a heart that goes out to sick children, and idiots, and cats that have been hurt in conflicts, and love stories, admired

his fancy work, but said confidentially she didn't think she would like a boy of hers to be like that, and the that was said with the emphasis that only a Quaker training can WOMEN WHO CARRY "REFRESHERS." Who else is here? Well, will you be horr-fied if I tell you that I have seen more women with flasks who didn't hesitate to drink whisky than I have ever seen in my life! Whisky is not a drink for women, esi pecially when it is taken straight and a mouthful of water after it. There is something about it that would seem to indicate that in her own heart, if in no other way, the woman who drank whisky had gotten pretty low down. To be sure, I don't like it myself—its smell being about the werst thing know of-but this flask business is getting

o be a little too much of a good thing, and what's more the women are showing it on their faces. Just remember, my little duck, that while it seems very smart to draw out a daintly engraved silver flash, pour out a drink of whisky and toss it off, there will certainly follow inflammed eyes and a nose—well, powder will not hide its color. EFFECT OF WHISKY ON WOMEN.

Whisky shows on womes quicker than any other drink. It makes lines about the face, and it draws the eyelids up until the eyes become mere specks. One young lady who thought she would pack her flasks in her trunk had her most beauteous tea gown ruined because one flask broke, and plush and whisky do not form a desirable combination. One would have thought that after this she would have foresworn the tempting drink, but bless your heart, that isn't the American girl. She simply declared she would never be such a fool as to carry a glass flask again, or if she did, it would be in her pocket, and not in her trunk. WHISPER OF A SUMMER EVENING.

The feather boas are very much worn here They certainly are becoming, but the other out what Tolstoi wrote "Kreatzer Sonata" or, whether it was to show he was a crazy to advertise how nasty a man's mind could be, I heard a sweet voice outside my window saying, in the precise toner that only a Philadelphia girl can reach, "Charles, if you will kiss me I must take off my boa, for it will certainly tickle you." I forget all about the "Kreutzer Sonata," begin to laugh, and was glad that there were people in the world who cissed and made love and who found life worth living. A WOMEN'S IDEA OF POISTOR

I have stumbled across that vicious, wicked book every place I have gone this summer, and I have felt as if I would like to condenn the man who wrote it to doing nothing clse but reading it all his life. Naughty? No. so of a married life unless he is writing out his own story; but while we have a president and a congress and all sorts of governors and lay down laws and expect the people to obey them, that they don't expurgate this book is something that I don't understand. That it should be sold on the news stands is a dis-grace not to these United States particularly A young man in a sash is to me the greatest abomination on the face of the earth. If he would come out and be real hencest and wear a red flannel band to keep his "tummy" in order I should have some respect for him and offer him a few drops of paregoric, but when he dawdles around in a pale blue sash or a rose and white striped one, I want him to be gently exterminated—not hurt, because inoffensive things like that oughtn't to be hart; not electrocuted, but just chloroformed out of existence I suppose

and mine buys to put in her satchel. Now do you think you want her to read such a book as that! Just bring this thing home, and then you get your real opinion about it. You like to discuss with some other fellow's sis-ter on the very verge of the rosecolored what Tolstol's object was, but when it comes to its being your own sister, what do you think

then! She has an idea that in reading this she is reading the work of a great master—and so he is—a master of indecency, hopelessness and godiness. There can be no good thing in the dark and miserable mire that this man would make the world, and the best thing for every body to do is to keep from touching the pitch, and then nobody will be defiled.

A BAD MARKET FOR MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS, But about Bar Harbor. Between you and me, it is just about as stupid as ever it can be. It's a bad market for people with mar-riageable daughters, and where there are not enough men to go around the women are going o hate each other with a sort of hatred that can only exist between two fox terriers. Like the fox terriers, they snap and snarl and do a great deal of prancing around, and retire behind each other's skirts--I mean the fox terriers retire behind the ladies' skirts, and the ladies retire behind other people's skirts, and then declare it a "draw," and pitch into when declare it a "draw," and pitch into the other woman who has just left the party. Woman, when accompanied by man, is a de-lightful thing. Woman alone is to be feared and avoided—that is, during the summer. During the winter months a certain sense of decency seems to come to her, and she doesn't consider every other woman her mortal enemy nor gossip the entire business of the

THE WATERING-PLACE WOMAN. The watering-place woman who is embroidering a mantel lambrequin for somebody's Christmas gift sews into that lambre-guin as much malice, envy, hatrod and un-charitableness as she does silk.

This is about the way her conversation roes. She looks up from the pure white lily goes. She looks up from the pure white flly she is embroidering and says: "Oh, there's that widow again; I should like to know wingshe's going to meet. Don't tell me anything at all about her. I know there is something queer. She don't seem to care about anybody, and when I asked her if she didn't want to be introduced to Miss Jenkins, she thanked me, and said her circle of acquaintaines was sufficiently large. My derrance was sufficiently large. tances was sufficiently large. My dear, there's something wrong about her. Well, thank Heaven, that man Miller is coming down. He and his wife have been quarreling the whole night through—I heard them because my room is right next and the well. room is right next and the wall is thin as paper, and when I told her how sorry I was, she said he had a wild attack of neuralgin, and that he was groaning and going on be-cause of that. I never shield a man, not L Joodness gracious! there comes that girl from Baltimore in another frock. Where does she get them? I am told her people are very poor, and yet she has got more frocks than any girl in this place. Well, well, I hope next season there will be some respectable people here."
Now, if the proprietor had his interest at
hearthe would see that among the people counted not respectable and to be kept out are

WITY SOME WOMEN ARE NOT NICE. Why can't women be nice?

Most of them are unnice because they have nothing to do.

Most of them are unnice because they haven't been trained to be considerate and Most of them are unnice because they are ther woman as their natural enemies Most of them are unnice because they are

urious, and conclude that every woman who locsn't wear her heart in her sleeve is in the Most of them are unnice because their good namers are packed up with their winter urs. Now, good manners are like a fine violia, which improves with using. You don't like, and by you I mean Jack and Tom and Jim and Phil and the dear boys all over

the world, you don't like unnice girls, so se-cet the ones that wear their manners the year round, and who even at a watering place can resist saying the unkind word, doing the houghtiess net, or acting in at, inconsiderate manner. Take my advice and choose the nice girl-she will make you the best wife, and if there is in this wide world a judge of nice girls, smart dogs, and pretty gowns, it

Dr. Birney cures hay fever. Bee bldg. Pleasure seekers should read the adver-tisement of Excelsior Springs, Mo., today.