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This week
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### Department. Youth's

A VERY TEMPTING TURKEY.

By Harriet Prescot Spofford.

Congright, 1891.1 It was very hard to go without a turkey on Thanksgiving day. But there seemed nothing else to do. They had always had a turkey and cranberry-sauce and a mince pie before; but now that the father was disabled and there was only May's little earnings to go and come upon they must be content with a dinner of corned beef. They did not have as good as that every day, by any means. But what was corned beef, Tom Powers asked, beside a turkey stuffed with buttered and peppered and mashed potatoes; a great crisp, brown turkey, such as belongs to Thanksgiving day of right.

"Ned Twombly's going to have turkey and ducks, too, and a chicken pic," Tom said to his mother. "He's going to have two turkeys. I saw them going in."

"Well, dear, we must make believe our dinner tastes like turkey," she replied. "And if father is able to come to the table I'm sure that will make it Thanksgiving enough, turkey or no turkey."

"Corned beef for a man who's been kept alive on gruei!" groaned Tom.
"Ob, we shall have some graham for him." "It's real good, granum is," said little Sue.

"It isn't turkey," said Tom. "No, it isn't turkey," said Zue wistfully, "Well, dear, I wouldn't talk about it any

more," said the mother, going on with her work. "It would make your father feel so if he knew you missed it this way. And he feels bad enough at the pest." "He wouldn't feel so bad if he saw a tur-

key on the table just as always," said Tom. There, that will do," said his mother. "It isn't the turkey, just for the sake of

eating it," said Tom, confidentially, as he and Sue went out picking up chips that afternoon. "It's because it's part of Thanksgiv ing; it's because it doesn't seem Thanksgiv-ing without it; it's because everybody else has one. Though the drumstick is awful

"I like the wishbone best," piped Sue.
"Turkeys don't have a wishbone like chick "But you can make hoppers out of them that hop all across the room," said Sue.

"And the gizzard chopped up in the gravy with hot potatoes—O, I say, it's a shame to have corned beef on Thanksgiving day." "Yes," said She. "But corned beef is good with cabbage, too." That was too much for Tom-Suc not awake to her wrongs. "The idea," said he, "of your having to eat corned beef and go

without turkey. You, almost a baby."
"I'm not almost a baby," cried Sue indig-aantly, "I'm a great belo to mether, she tays so. I'm only a little smaller than you.

And I guess I can eat what the rest can, any

way. So?"
"I mean," said Tom, "that mothers and girls should have nice things;" and his nind reverted to the turkey going into Ned Pwombly's, to the ducks there, to the two turkeys. What did they want of two turkeys; There were only four or five in the family. Were they roing to kill themselves cating! And if there was to be company, one turkey and the ducks and a chicken pie ought to be a plenty. It only showed how un-lair everything was-Ned Twombly and his great, healthy father and mother and lane with the two turkeys, and he with his sick father and his delicate sister. Sue, and his tired mether, and poor May, with no turkey at all, with nothing but that hard talt beer, which be hated, at least which ha hated for Thanksgiving Day! How much better was Ned Twombly than he was that Providence should be so good to him He wasn't any better! He whipped a boy half his size last week, and he told the

any smarter; he had never done a day's work in his life, while Tom's father had always worked. And then Tom left the task of trying to adjust the workings of the universe to his sense of justice-only it still seemed very hard, very cruel, very unjust, indeed, that Ned Twombly should have two turkeys and he should have none at all! How could there be joility about Thanksgiving Day with just a piece of salt beef on the table, with the sense of poverty brought home to you in such a way as that and what was there to be thankful for! He was sure he wasn't going to be thankful fo salt beef-although to say truth, he would have liked it very well for supper touight, having had only crackers and water for dinner. Oh, if he were only a man and could to down to the provision shop and order nome a whole bill of fare! He had tried hard to get some errands to do, or any little ob of work, but to no purpose; he hadn't been able to pick up a penny. And how de-lightful it would have been if he could have earned a couple of dollars, and could have come in this morning lugging a bird almost as big as himself and have lifted it to the kitchen table and said: "There's your tur-key, dearest mother. Please God, you'll never be without a turkey on Thanksgiving

day while I'm at the fore!" Tom was very low in his mind that after-noon, It was a greary afternoon, the trees all bare, the leaves blowing along the ground, the skies leaden with impending rain, and a wind beginning to pipe up out of the dark east that promised storm and made him think of shipwrecked, craft and drownng sailors. He was never quite so certain hat he was some day going to be a sea cap-ain, when the wind blow from the cast as ie was at other times. He sat at twilight istening to the wind, on his stool by the fire, which was a poor fire of cinders, the coal was so low, with his bead in his bands, celing very badly used and very melancholy. It was a gloomy world, and he was on the wrong side of it; he didn't see how it was ever going to get any better. Little Sue was prattling to her mother in an engaging way, and his mother smiled to hear her how could his mother smile. His father lay on his pillows in the mojoining bedroom, looking at them through the open door with an expression on his face almost as sad as Tom's not quite, for Tom saw no way out of the goll, but the good man among his pillows knew that, heaven willing, his family would be all right when he should be upen his feet again. But as Tom now and hen lifted his head and looked round, it did seem very depressing to think of that sick man, that tired May, that dear mother, that entle little Sue, without any Thanksgivin ; linner to speak of and that Ned Twombly He took up his hat and stole out of the house presently, not meaning to go anywhere in particular, but just to be moving. It was all unconsciously to himself that his feet fol-lowed the path down hill that led past the

'womblys' house. It was the foot-path of the pasture, and the bars being down for the last bringing in of the harvest across the fields, the path took ilm straight by the Twombly kitchen and he pantey whose window was wide open. The light from the window in the wing of the house shone full upon the pantry, and there on the window shelf was plainly visible a big turkey set to cool, just roasted, a shining golden brown, shedding its savory aroma upon the frosty air; and near it stood a glass bowl of quaking crauberry sauce, and as he paused a moment and looked in, there was surely a dish of cracked walnuts with some great bunches of raisins and a pan of julcy snow apples, and yes—a huge mince ple, one of the kind, Tom knew with-out tasting it, full of raisins and citron and cider and all good spice—it made his mouth

water to think of it. And this goodly array was just the be-rinning of the Twombly's Thanksgiving. This turkey they were to have cold evidently:
the other would be hot. Two turkeys for
Ned Twombiy and he and Sue with none!
And then and there a hungry imp of evi
whispered in Tom's ear, why not take that turkey and carry it home!

teacher a lie about it afterward. Well the Twomblys would never feel the loss then, Tom's thoughts ran on, perhaps, Ned's father was smarter. But he wasn't turkeys. It would not be furting any one. given to him, it would be easy enough to get up a story that would convince her. And that would be lying. One sin always tumbles on the heels of another.

But could be not sustain the burden of the two sins for the sake of giving his mother and the girls such a dinner as that turkey would make! There was no trouble a all about it; he could reach the shelf on tiptoe He had only to put up his hand and take it by the ends of the two drumsticks; he could lift it up so cently no one would hear; and he tirely unseen and unknown. But it never could be traced-for were not turkeys all much alike, and did not everyone have tur-

keys on the day before Thankselvine! And Sue could have her wishbone; and his father perhaps just one bit of the sideone; and his mother should have that his nous morsel of the brown outside wing; could see them all enjoying it; and he his self-he was hungry for that turkey down to his very toes. Oh, how tempting it was! How delicious it would be! He would carve himself-and to be able to give Sue that

Suddenly Tom turned and took to his beels, and ran as if that whispering imp of evil were after him. Up the rath through the gate he went, across the pas-ture, through the failen bars, over the field, into his own yard, through the shed till be could burst in at the kitchen door. Pho gloom seemed to be full of live things of darkness, seemed to be swarming with evil essences of which he had been about to become one; they were close upon him, all about him, he thought he felt them; e knew there was no such thing-and yet f he did not gain his father's doorstop, his mother's side they would have him, se would be one of them. He had almost a thief. He had almost been a liar Tom Powers! He would never be ble to look his father in the face, to hold up

ers again!

ers again!

He tumbled in at the door, but his mother only thought he had tripped his foot, and held up her hand warningly, for his father bad fathen askeep. And he sat down again on his stool by the fire and looked about him awhile, and wonfered presently if he had not been asleep itmself, and if that terrible moment had not been a dream. May had come home, and little Sue, sitting beside her, was repeating her Sunday school lesson: "The Lord is my Shepherd; i shall not want," and Tom's blue eyes were taking it it in and and Sue and May, and that his father was getting well, when there was a rap on the deor and Mrs. Twombly opened it. "Now, Mrs. Powers,my near," she said, while Tom's heart beat in his throat, as she felt sure she and come to denounce him as a thief, "now, ny dear, you're not to be offended. But I know what a house is where there's sickness. and there's no time nor strength to spare for stuffing and rossting fowl. And I've cooked this turkey and brought it up to you myself, that you needn't be bothering. I hope you'll like the dressing; I always put raisins and breadstuffing in the crop, and mashed potatoes with a dust of pepper and sage in the body. And here's the cranberry sauce, and here's the mince pie. I daresay it isn't as good as yours; but I want you to taste mine. Oh! and here are some nuts for the children. thought the noise of cracking them might be bad for their father. You came as near e bad for their father. You came as near for Jane was sure she heard a steatthy step outside the pantry window as she opened the oor. But if any one had really taken it l

should just have brought you mine!" And then she stopped for breath. Brought them hers! Tom felt as if he could grovel in the dust. He said to himself that the others might cut that turkey, but a morsel of it would choke him. He would do benance for his sins; he would not touch it. He went home with Mrs. Twombly; and at

tan," his mother was saying as he re-enteredinstrument, if you wish
instrument to but the big basket away, to be strings on the instrument.

music, and his guide informs him that there are of your house, as a teacher, if you wish
are section harps set in the great windows. were the other way, and she knows it. And it's a very tempting turkey." And a very tempting turkey Tom found it next day at dinner, and he found too ample reason for a silent thanksgiving in his own little heart that it had not been tempting enough to make a thief and a liar out of his father's and his mother's only son.

How Poys tan Make Ziohan Harps [Copyrighted by Edmund Collins.]

There is not a boy anywhere, if he has patience and a little skill, who cannot make his own geolian harps. Let him cut this article out, follow carefully the instructions given, and he will not fail.

Before proceeding to description I may say that this harp is a contrivance named after Ælolus, who was believed by the ancients to preside over the winds, and whose abode was supposed to oe in the islands lying between Italy and Sicily. In those olden days there was a general belief that the god of the winds and his ministrants were the authors of many musical sounds, so when Athanasius Kircher in the seventeenth century invented the musical box he named it, in deference to the ancient belief, the golian harp, or the harp of Æolus, because it was played by the

wind. All needed to make an wollan harp are a few dry boards of some light seasoned wood, such as white pine or white cedar, and it should not be more than an eighth of an inch thick. As the harp should be placed in the window so that the wind, or even the draughts, passing into the house or out of it may move the strings, the box should be made the width of the sill, and the window ought to rest upon it when down.

The board should be of even grain, perfeetly sound and seasoned and without knots. Care should be taken to plane it eyenly, making all the surfaces as smooth as possible, for the smoother the surface is made the better will be the sound, as is the case with violins. A square, and a fine tooth saw are also necessary.

When the boards are planed, cut the longer ones of a length equal to the width of the window, then proceed to make the box. It ought to be about five inches thick, and five or six inches deep; the sides and ends should fit as closely as possible together, for slovenly work in this speet will retard the sound. It best to use wooden pegs to put the box tegether, though I have seen many good instruments which have been fastened with

The hole should be carefully bored with a small brad-awl for if any of the boards are split the sounding capacity of the box will be injured. Most of the boxes, howeyer, are fastened together with glue these give a better sound than those having nails or pegs only; but putting them to-gether requires great care. All the parts should be fastened carefully and firm! gether till the glue is dry, and a good would be to first connect ends and the bottom, and when they are firm to put on the top or chief sounding board,
The Ælelian barp, is constructed on
the same principle as the violin, and
this is why the top of the box is called the sounding board.

The box completed, made solid and close in the joints, the next step is to put on bridges on which the strings must rest, These should consist of beech, oak, boxwood or some other description of hard wood about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick, the strips long enough to extend across the box, a short distance from the ends. These two strips serve the same purpose as the bridge of a vio lin, the strings being drawn over them from end to end of the box. In the center of the top or sounding board draw with a pair of compasses a circle, say an inch and a half in diameter; and perforate this circle with a number of small and carefully made holes a short distance apart. Holes may be made

In the other strip tore a corresponding number of holes, which should be large, and make hard word pegs to fit into these. The pegs should be arranged like those in a itar or violin and made to fit tight so that when the per is turned to tune the instru-ment it will remain firm. It must be borne in mind, however, that the strings should not be made too tight, for if

they are they will not sound. The best way to determine this is to first make the box, set it in a breezy window and note the amount of usion that gives the best sound. The finest catgut strings are generally used, and they can be obtained at the store

of nearly any music dealer. Four is the smallest number used, but six, eight or even more may be stretched along the box and should be so arranged as to form a harmony of sounds. The music dealer can explain this, but when the strings are put in you will have to trust your own ear to tune the harp. The strings should be pitched all in the same key, though high, low and middle

The box is now nearly finished, but one thing more remains to be done, and this is to put a thin cover made of sound, dry, resonant pard about three inches above the top of the box so that the wind may be able to course over the strings. Four stout woo len pegs should be gived on to the corners of the box, and to these the board must be fastened firmly. Some fasten on the upper or covering board with glue, but others attach it with begs, which are made tight on top by driving

small wedges. The gotian harp is now completed and sady to place in the window. When the rame closes down it should fit evenly the surface of the cover board so that the air assing in and out may blow through over he strings and put them in motion. The box should be placed nowhere except where there

If catgut strings cannot be obtained an Alolian harp may be made by following the instructions given and using suit threads Heavy threads are sometimes used for the bass strings or low keys, and fine thread for the high notes. I once, after great care, succeeded in finishing an instrument for which I could not obtain catgut, and it gave a continuous strain of sweet musical sounds.

Sometimes silk threads as well as catgut are stretched from sounding boards vanning perpendicularly up and down the sides of a window, but the notes sound all at once and the effect is not nearly so harmonious a when one string after another is set vibrat ing, running the gamut in regular order Large instruments resembling violins are cometimes placed in a case and put close by the window, but take too strong a current of wind to move the strings. The simple sounding box made as I have described it is The barps should not beleft on the window

during rain or snow storms for the strings shrink with the wet and the wood becomes sorgy. A good plan is to take it in every night, loosen the strings and tune it again by turning the pegs before putting it in the window. I have seen as many as a half dozen barps in one house, some being placed m bedroom windows, one in the diningroom and one in the drawingroom, the latter being varnished and more ornamental than the

Sometimes when the air is not moving out side the harp strings are set vibrating by the draught passing out or coming in the window moves the strings in regular order as it rushes out, and the cooler air from outside flowing in makes them vibrate in the opposite way. The result is a swelling and falling of low, soft musical sounds, which die: way as gently as a breath. Many persons leave their harps out all night for they like to hear through the darkness the sobbing and signing music of the instrument. Placed at some distance from the room where one sleeps, the music seems be in the air and everywhere through the

When the wind blows hard the strings are shaken with great force and swiftness, and the wailing of the barp sounds as loud as the crying of the storm. I know many persons who can not bear to histon to this crying music in the storm, but to the majority the sounds are southing and full of beauty. Twombiy and he and Sue with none! her door she stooped and kissed bim. "I'd within the circle, it then and there a bungry imp of evil pust die for her, I would!" cried Tom, as he spered in Tom's ear, why not take that they and carry it home?

It is necessary also to put on two other strips one across each end of the box, on the would be stealing, to be sure. But abroad in the night, "She's a good Samari, sounding board, and into one of these are

The instruments are large and are left exposed in bad weather, but the wood is protected from the wet by varnish, and does not

become soaked and lose its sounding quality. At Baden-Baden there is an old castle, in he windows of which are several reolian arps, and the whole air about the place is lled with musical sounds during a storm. With a little patience and care any boy can astruct an molian harp, and have music, as the wind wills it, the whole year round.

Two Gymnasts.

Big newspaper space is daily taken up with accounts of accurate throwing and catching and nitting of balls, the aim of the human eye, the speed of the human foot, the accuracy and dexterity of the human hand, and the young people who play baseball and tennis enjoy this reading

But a short time ago I saw two creatures only a year old outdo in aim and accuracy any human beings I ever knew.

They were a pair of barn swallows. A very taking her daily map in the hay loft directly under the nest among the rafters. All went well until the mother bird began to sit on her eggs. Then, presumably, the cat lifted her eyes to contemplate the pretty sight, for about 4 o'clock of the first day the bird stayed on the nest the cut came rushing out of the barn, the two swallows after her. Giving her in turn a vicious peck, they rose in the air, swooped down, nd pecked her again squarely on the back one after the other, though she was running

Twenty-three times I watched them rise in in the air so high as to be out of sight, then come sailing down, one behind the other, and cach time giving the poor cat a peck apiece on the back, although she was speeding hither and thither, bewildered, seeking to hide under carts, under trees, here and there; they never missed her ones, though they never slowed their swift flight to do it, ever paused for the peck, but swiftly gave it as they skimmed down over her, rising on the same point of curve, to descend again For about two weeks they were seen to fly

out and repeat this punishment whenever the cut appeared on the green near the barn.

SPEAK DISTINCTLY. How a Child Criticized Cr. Philips

Brooks You think you do? Try it and see. Read aloud a dozen lines without any unusual effort. Be bonest with yourself; get at the truth, Did you sound your "ag's!" Didn't you say "chu" for "you!" Didn't you join "you!" to the preceding word whenever you ould! Didn't you swallow some syriable of word when it was possible instead of utter-

Now, from what I have seen of schoolrooms, I do not think it probable that you will be trained sufficiently at school on distinct atterance, either in reading or speakg. But you can master a neat, clean enun-ation quite by yourself if you will read aloud daily, watching and correcting your-self and practicing. You will find this self-drill of advantage in after life, self-diffi of advantage in after life, that is, if you wish to be understood and obeyed as a business man, as the mistress a convincing lawver orciergyman, if you wish to occupy any governing position with ease and power. Speak clearly and you will be listened to clearly, and this drill will help

ou to think clearly, and this drift will help The only criticism that is made upon Philips Brooks, the most powerful man in the American pulpit, is that he speaks so rapidly

that it is difficult for many people to follow him and take all his meaning. A little baby girl in his audlence one Sunday expressed her opinion of his delivery. She was stand-ing on the seat by her mother's side, watening the great orator in his pulpit-robes, her blue eyes fastened on his countenance; sud-denly her face wreathed itself with smilesthat rapid flow of consonants was a feat for her entertainment, and she was not to be outdone by Philips Brooks. Clapping her little hands and striking out her little chin toward him, she shouted forth in her tiny voice, "Peter Pepper picked a peck of prickly pears," when her mother caught her down and hushed her, and the great rector of Teinity preached on, unconscious of the stricture passed upon his style by his small parish-

Lost-If you have lost your health and are suffering with catarrh, bronchitis, asthma or any kindred diseases, Specific Oxygon will restere yeu. It is nature's own remedy. Call or address the agent, 510 Sheeley build-ing. Manual sent free.

The Atarm Clock.

This is from Kate Field's Washington: An alarm clock is generally used for getting people up, not for sending them to bed, but I know of at least one authentic case in which the latter end was attained by it. A nervous, active woman, who refused to take an afterioon nap because she could think of it until it was too late,' astonished by the gift of an alarm clock with the dial set exactly at 3. It sounded a regular summons to a daily rest. Its imperative call could not be disregarded, and in a short time he found her health and spirits much improved by this funtastic use of a familiar convenience.

Better Late Than Never.

Over sixteen years ago Nicholas Tyson of Manistee, Mich., lost a packetbook containing \$7. A few days later tha empty pocketbook was tossed into his wagon with a note saying that the money would be returned as soon as the finder could afford it. The other day Mr. Tyson received an anonymous note, reading: "Here is your \$7. I spent the money and never was able to give it back until now. Much obliged for the

Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bldg.

Another Astor A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, November 14. He is of the fifth generation and is heir to \$150,000,-



## WAN HOUTEN'S GOGOA. PLEASE READ THIS.

SO Cents a pound for VAN HOUTEN'S GOCOA ("Best & Goes Farthest") seems to be high. Let us compare it with the price of Coffee: I lb. of good coffee costs at least 30c., makes 31 half-pint cups. 3 11 11 11 11 11 therefore 90c., 11 93 11 11 11

" V. H. Cocox " also 90c., " 150 " " Which is the Cheaper Drink?

90c. - 93 cups of Coffee, "V,H,Cocoa! Sold by every Gracer.