

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR BOYS

Hard to Please the Boy "Too Old for His Past and Too Young for His Future."

LIVE CHAMELEONS FASHION'S LATEST FAD

How an Anglo-Indian Bride Defeated the Iron Will of a Father by Giving an Emphatic "No!" at the Altar.

Perhaps the most difficult person on the holiday list is the boy of the family—the one who is just about quitting knickerbockers, but has not quite reached the stage of long trousers. His tastes are as uncertain as his clothes. He is in the transition state in more than his garments. There is plenty of the boy in him still, but there is as well more than a hint of the coming man which reduces him to a condition that may be summed up as too old for his past and too young for his future.

And now to make happy his doubtful present is the problem which is distracting his elders at the moment, says the New York Times. The boy's mother, the only member of his circle of acquaintances who understands what to give him. Depend upon her knowing his closest and most unsuspected ambition and gratifying it, too, if it be a possible thing.

His other parent, however, and his grandparents, with his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and all the rest keep a blank against his name on their holiday list, grinning every time they come to it, in an agonized helplessness. "What shall I give Tom?" or Dick, or Harry, as the case may be—"What in the world do boys want?"

The mistake lies at the very outset in thinking that the boy wants something they're different from the rest of the world. They don't want a set of china, certainly, nor a pair of bracelets, but many things that occur readily to an intending giver to be bestowed upon their sisters would equally delight them.

One boy rejoiced for months over a Christmas gift of flowering bulbs, which he tended with patient care, finding ample reward in watching their growth from the moment the tiny shoots appeared. Another boy was so delighted last autumn with a pair of fresh curtains in his father's shabby room and has shown such interest and admiration for a brass bedstead that has lately been put in his sister's room that Santa Claus has been instructed to bring him a duplicate. The sister, too, is making a pair of pillow shams for it, getting her suggestion from a remark of his, on seeing hers, that those "rimercaks" were fine. Boys like pretty things much more often than they get them. And they try in their blundering, cubbish way to live up to them.

"Say, mother," whispered a boy in her ear once, "I want a ring with a bloodstone in it. Will you get me one?"

"On that hand?" laughed the mother, significantly tapping the one which rested on the arm of her chair, as he leaned over her shoulder. Such a grimy hand!

The boy laughed, too, and drew it away a little shamefacedly.

"Oh, I'd keep it clean," he said, "if I had a ring."

The next holiday the coveted ring was for the boy's mother, who was delighted and the heaven of that ring was soon visible all over his toilet.

"What a lovely pin!"

"How well they give up those things now! The little rattle looks so perfectly natural one would almost swear—"

"Ah, it's alive. Horrid little beast!"

"Oh, don't come near me. How can you wear such a revolting thing?"

The Stanford university girl, to whom these remarks were addressed by a couple of less strong-minded companions, smiled calmly and even stroked the soft, sleek skin of the creature that was struggling wildly in the folds of her dress. It is the latest fad to wear a live chameleon in lieu of a pin, and she knew it and was happy, says the San Francisco Call.

"Now what is there to be afraid of?" she asked, as the two frightened girls pined in the doorway and looked with round eyes at the chameleon as though it was a rattlesnake at least. "All the university girls are getting them and they are just as harmless as flies. See here," and she spoke the girl from the classic shades of Stanford loosened a tiny gold pin, which was attached to a chain around the chameleon's neck, and drew the little reptile bodily onto the table and pricked the pin in the cloth.

"Why, it's green, and it was brown a moment ago," said one of the other two girls, drawing a step nearer.

"What a cute little thing," added the other, leaning over the table and gazing at it with interest.

"It can't bite," replied the young lady from Stanford. "There is not anything more harmless than chameleons. They just live on flies and soft earth—flies, when they are not on them. Why, I just keep this chained to my pin cushion when I am not wearing it, and the little thing sleeps most of the time. It changes color, too."

"For creature," said one of the other girls pityingly. "How difficult to pin cushion must be from his native grass. I am sorry for the little beast, particularly if it be so gentle."

"Ah, but it is the fashion to wear them," said the little lizard-shaped reptile said nothing, for the good reason that the powers of speech are denied it. The probability is, however, that it finds its gold chain just about as pleasant a method of carrying its wings and legs as to have found their golden crowns. The dignity is great, but the happiness! However, no one asks the chameleons what they think. It is the latest fad to wear them, and consequently they are worn.

If all young women were like Miss Amy Lambert it would be a training to parents in the way they should go. Mr. Lambert, the father of Miss Amy, was the manager in the country office at Allahabad, India. Probably he had been influenced by what he saw of life in India, says the New York Sun. At any rate, he regarded his daughter as a native prince, and the daughter in his office. "He then pressed a button and it recorded whatever he wanted it to. He expected Miss Amy to do the same. Finally Mr. Passana, a dandy gentleman in the employ of a native prince, met the daughter of the signaler and she pleased him. She was so eminently satisfactory to his fancy that he forthwith announced to her father that he wished to marry her.

courtier, and that to the best of her knowledge the wedding would not come off. Her father, pool-poached this outbreak, told her to draw on him for all she needed for a suitable trousseau, and took himself off to drink with his future son-in-law.

Then it was that Miss Amy Lambert made up her mind as to a course of action. During the succeeding weeks, although she repeatedly and decisively told her father that she could not and would not be happy with Mr. Passana, she nevertheless, finding that no heed was paid to her remonstrances, joined with interest in the preparations for the wedding. At last the day of the ceremony arrived. Miss Amy Lambert, dressed in a beautiful new gown, and with a pleasant consciousness that she had more new clothes at home than she had ever dreamed of possessing all at once, rode to the church in company with her father, who, beholding her placid and satisfied face, told himself what a wise father he had been.

"All one needs," said the telegraph operator to himself, "is a little firmness. Silly girls should never be allowed to have their own way in these matters."

At the time the bride-elect smiled softly to herself, as if her thoughts were peculiarly pleasant. The clergyman, Rev. Brook Deedes, thought he had never seen a happier looking couple, and began the ceremony with the warm expectation of a goodly fee. He bowed merrily along until he reached the question: "Will you have this man to be your wedded husband?" He expected a faint "I will," but was almost paralyzed to receive an emphatic negative from the young woman, who at the same time handed him a document setting forth some of her objections.

Of course, the wedding did not come off. The guests dispersed in various directions, some of them going to console with the determined young woman's father, who was expected to be much downcast. Strange to say, however, he was so delighted with his daughter's strategy that he was quite hilarious over the affair, and did not even begrudge her the fine new wardrobe she had acquired. What became of the bridegroom, history (in the shape of the Allahabad News) does not record, but this he will probably not attempt to marry an English girl against her will.

Mrs. Cleveland has been interviewed by a Boston Globe correspondent as to how girls should be educated. If the small Roth and Eather are brought up according to their mother's expressed opinion they will be taught, above all, everything that it is possible to know of home duties. "I do not mean," says Mrs. Cleveland, "that they should necessarily be made to scrub floors or go into the kitchen to scour pots and pans. I think if a girl enjoys thorough opportunities of observing her mother's methods of managing domestic affairs she will acquire all that is necessary for the mistress of a household to know of such matters. Of purely ornamental education, I think a knowledge of the modern languages highly advantageous, as European travel is now very general and the pleasure of a trip abroad is greatly heightened if one knows something of the languages of the different countries visited."

In spite of the fact that men poke fun at what they call "women's fixings," they know full well that it is these very "fixings" that make the home so pretty and delightful after the day's work in store and away. To the cheerful, cozy and coziness of the parlor or sitting room, in which a man can read, lounge, and—if his wife isn't too "fussy"—smoke, while his gentle partner explores the contents of her dainty work basket. Some of the new lamp shades are made of many ruffles of silk muslin, each edged with narrow black lace. They are laid over a fine China slip and a cheap slip, and other in a sort of billowy fashion. Red, yellow and pink are the prettiest colors for these shades. Ribbon rosettes are the newest decoration for cushions and work baskets. The pillows are made of India silk, trimmed with a wide border of a sheet piece of lawn embroidered with a border of small flowers, done in wash silks. This cover is attached to the silk cover at each corner by the little pom-poms, which can be made to resemble double hollyhocks.

The twelve dresses which the town of Lyons has presented to the empress of Russia are a dress of palest green velvet in Henry II. style, trimmed with black feathers; a dress of pale deud-blue satin embroidered with trails of heliotrope flowers and green leaves; a dress of heliotrope velvet; another of pale blue moire trimmed in such a way that the velvet roses that are scattered as if they were lightly strewn over it; a gown of cream-colored cut velvet; another of ivory silk, and a satin dress of "sunset" shades, that is enough to make any woman who looks at them with envy; also one of reddish pink, velvet silk stitched with golden stars, and, finally, a dress of silk that looks exactly like silver.

Large buttons in horn or nickel are in high favor.

Two-toned laces with insertings to match are fashionable.

Some newly imported costumes of fine black India cloth are trimmed on bodice and sleeves with ermine fur.

Bourdon, Venetian, a fine imitation of thread, Spanish guipure, point de Gene, and real duchess are the laces in greatest vogue.

Tiny collarettes for the theater, opera, and like dressy uses are made of watered silk, embroidered or braided cloth, fur and lace, and brocade.

Small ostrich tips, about a finger long, backed by feather agrettes mounted upon gold hair pins, will be worn this winter with full dress.

New opera wraps are of ermine in loose box shape with very large sleeves of black green or ruby, with collarette to match, edged with the fur.

Hats turned up in front and those with pins cut in the middle and rolled back, so as to give a beaming effect, are popular, pretty and very becoming to some faces.

Wide bias pieces of velvet drawn through "jeweled" or jet buckles and slightly puffed to give them a broad effect, in the fronts of small primrose bonnets and toques.

Added basques and paniers, also panels and apron overskirts, continue to appeal for patronage, but, notwithstanding this, a certain reserve is being speedily maintained.

Jet in every form will be more in vogue than ever—crowns, bands, agrettes, buckles and sprays being eagerly sought for hat and bonnet decoration by both young and old.

Cream-colored crepe de Chine combined with fuchsia red velvet forms a very pretty theater waist, and another dainty creation is pink crepe made up with black velvet and jetted bands.

Gloves this winter follow the shades of the toilet or street costume. White, primrose, flesh pink and Spanish yellow was arranged for, and to prepare for the wedding on such and such a day. When the astonished young woman recovered from her surprise she assured her father that she liked not the rajah's brunette

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essentially just way of settling the question.

A medical journal declares that no woman doctor ever earned a living before 1860. It says: "No respectable family in any commonly respectable neighborhood would let rooms to a woman physician. Even when it did give her shelter a business card or sign was not allowed. The lack of practical training was really the stumbling block and the cause of all this prejudice. Verily, times have changed."

A writer in the Fall Mall Gazette thinks that duchesses and dictionaries know too little of each other. "The greater the swell, the worse she will spell," declares he. "A large gilt coat on a letter has sheltered the most prodigious blunders. One of the most gracious salon holders in London commits literary solecisms that would wreck a train. 'Tis only pretty Fanny's way' and if Fanny happens to be a duchess her errors will not in the least affect her position."

The reminiscent woman is now the fad. You will hardly believe it but it is true, that the fashion is to talk of great things you have done or wonderful people you have met. Society women expand upon their trips abroad. "Business women chat of the money they have earned. Literary women indulge in harangues about geniuses they have met. Tide and time seem to wait for woman while she punctuates her conversation with "what I did some years ago."

The empress dowager of China is said to have great influence with her nephew, the present emperor of China. To her advice it is believed the neutrality of China in the Franco-Siam dispute is due. She is reported to have told the emperor when he sought her advice that his first duty was to look after the security, wealth and happiness of his own country, and that China was not strong enough for aggression, and should therefore leave Siam to its fate, which Siam had formerly done to China.

A few of the notable features of Midwinter Months.

December Century prints a hitherto unpublished essay by James Russell Lowell on "The Five Impasses of the Authors." There are certain books, he says, which are necessary to read, but they are very few. Looking at the matter from an aesthetic point of view merely I should say that thus far only one man had been able to use types so universal, and to draw figures so cosmopolitan that they are equally true in all languages and equally acceptable to the whole Indo-European race, at least of the human family. That man is Homer, and there needs, it seems to me, no further proof of his individual excellence than this very fact of the solitary unapproachability of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."

The more wonderful they are the more likely to be the work of one person. No work is the purely natural man presents to us so nobly and sincerely as in these poems.

Not far below these I should place the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, in which the history of the spiritual man is sketched with equal command of material and grandeur of outlook. Don Quixote stands on the same level, and receives the same universal appreciation. Here we have the spiritual and the material, the ideal and the actual, in contrast. In the knight and his squire Cervantes has typified the two opposing poles of our dual nature—the imagination and the understanding as they appear in contradiction. This is the only comprehensive satire ever written for it is utterly independent of time and place.

Fast gives us the natural history of the human intellect, Mephistopheles being merely the projected impression of that skepticism which is the inevitable result of a purely intellectual culture. These four books are the only ones in which universal facts of human nature and experience are ideally represented. They can therefore never be displaced.

I have not mentioned Shakespeare, because his works come under a different category. Though they mark the very highest level of human genius, they yet represent no special epoch in the history of the individual mind. The man of Shakespeare is always the man of actual life as he is acted upon by the worlds of sense and of spirit under certain definite conditions. We all of us may be in the position of Macbeth or Othello or Hamlet, and we appreciate their sayings and deeds potentially, so to speak, rather than actually,

through the sympathy of our common nature and not of our experience.

A Mexican Frontier Ball.

One night the patron gave a ball, writes Frederick Remington in Harper's. The vaudeville came with their girls, and a string band required music with a very dancy swing. I sat in a corner and observed the man who wears the big hat and who throws the rawhide as he cavorted about with his girl, and the way they dug up the dust out of the dirt floor put me to coughing. "Candles shed their soft luster—and tallow" down the backs of our necks, and the band scraped and thrummed away in a most serious manner. One man had a harp, two had primitive fiddles and one a guitar. One old fiddler was the leader and he bowed his head on his instrument I could not keep my eyes off him. He had come from Sonora, and was very old, he looked as though he had had his share of a very rough life; he was never handsome as a boy, I am sure, but the weather and starvation and time had blown him and crumpled him into a ruin which resembled the pre-existing ape from which the races sprang. If he had never committed murder he was for lack of opportunity, and Sonora is a long travel from Plymouth Rock.

Tom Bailey, the fireman, came round to me, his eyes dancing, and his shock of hair standing up like a fireman's beauty's, and pointing, he said, "That's a woman who's prettier than a speckled pan; put your twine on her!" Then, as master of ceremonies, he straightened up and sang out over the fiddles and noise: "Dance, then, you fellers, or you'll get the goat!"

In an adjoining room there was a very heavy jug of strong water, and thither the men repaired to pick up, so that as the night wore on their brains began to whir after their legs, and they whooped at times in a way to put one's nerves on edge. The band swamped the hands and the men waved fast the spurs clinked, and bang bang, bang went the Winchester rifles in the patio, while the chorus "Viva el patron" rang around the room—the Old Guard was in action.

The Jerusalem of Old Tury.

The present population of Jerusalem is not far from 40,000, and more than half are Jews, the chief of them, Dana and McClure, say, live in a separate quarter of their own, as do also the various divisions of Christians, as the Armenians, the Greeks and the Protestants. All these quarters are densely built, with narrow and irregular lanes for streets, but the prevailing prosperity does not seem to reach the abodes of the Hebrews. The indications are all of extreme poverty. A synagogue was pointed out bearing an inscription showing that it was the gift of a Paris Rothschild, but its mean appearance and unattractive surroundings bore no suggestion of critical refinement in the congregation. The articles of food set out for sale in the petty little shops were often stunted and repulsive. We came so often upon spoiled salt fish among the stores exposed by the vendors, and we concluded it must form a regular element of diet in the quarter. There was no visible sign of industry by which the people might earn their living; and one need be surprised to learn that in various parts of the world well-to-do and charitable Jews are regularly called upon to contribute to the support of their pauper brethren in Jerusalem.

As we leave his ill-famed ravine and then toward the east the lofty wall of Jerusalem and the massive towers of the citadel are immediately before us. We are on the outer slope of Mount Zion, the sanctuary and the "Rode of David! The ponderous blocks which form the lower strata of the wall might have been shaped and put in place by some prehistoric race of giants. More than almost anything else to be found around Jerusalem, or within, this wall bears the appearance of great antiquity. We can easily believe that its foundations were laid in the time of David, though its upper portions are unquestionably modern. The books vary. One says it was the work of Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century; another, that it was erected much earlier, and my guide, a most intelligent and well-informed Jew of Hungarian origin, told me it was built by the Crusaders after they had got possession, for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants against the rascally Arabs, who would rise up in small parties, rob some rich family, and set off their plunder before anything could be done to stop them. But, however this may be, the wall from sixteen to twenty feet in height fully encloses the town; and, although it could soon be knocked to pieces by a 10-pounder cannon, it stands in good order, solid enough for all peaceful purposes, and perfectly separates the city from the country about it.

New York's Death Traps.

New York is breeding a nob in her tenements; a mob that, so far, defile, will some day rise up and sweep away the wrongs of the right time for itself. Three-fourths of New York's population, says a writer in the North American Review, live in tenements, and one-half in tenements of such filthy character that their baleful influence cannot help but be marked upon their crowds, dom-

ices so overcrowded that on their doorways might be tacked this paraphrase: "All ye who enter here leave decency behind," where only the rent and the death rate are high, and the standards of vice, cleanliness and comfort are so low as to scarcely merit consideration; where self-respect—the salvation of the human creature—may be said to reach the vanishing point. There are in New York 34,957 front tenements and 2,391 rear tenements, with a population given by the Board of Health at 275,505 families, composed of 1,255,411 individuals. The total population of the city is 1,513,501. Six small down town wards may with confidence be spoken of as forming the most crowded spot on earth. No obtainable statistics of English or continental cities show a population approaching that of this district of New York. Nowhere else on the face of the globe are human beings packed together in such compact layers; nowhere are there so many of the layers. The district is in shape

an irregular square, bounded on the north by Fourteenth street, on the east and south by the East river and on the west by the Bowery and Fourth avenue, with an addition of a few swarming acres extending thence between Houston and Canal streets to Broadway. It embraces scarcely one-twenty-fifth of the whole city's area, but its furnishes "homes" for nearly one-quarter of the city's population, and incidentally provides 10,000 yearly of the city's 40,000 deaths. An official also credits it with supplying the raw material for 80 per cent of Gotham's criminals.

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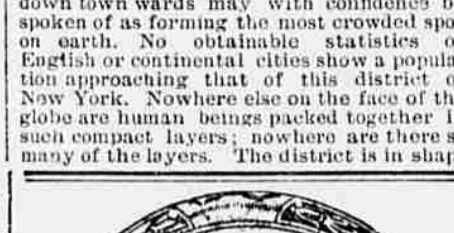
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