

Should Children Dance.

Whether her children should or should not be taught dancing is a question that confronts every mother sooner or later. Many people, actuated by the purest and most disinterested of motives, are ceaseless in their censure of this graceful exercise and recreation, because they lose sight of its advantages in their disgust for its occasional abuse by the unrefined. Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to sound and measures of musical instruments or of the human voice; is an art worthy of every consideration; it is not only a delightful and healthy amusement; but has for long proven a necessity. It improves the deportment, refines the manners, adds ease and grace to the carriage, so essential to refined society. While these accomplishments may be attained to a trifling extent by those mingling in society, it is justly claimed that the whole tone and conduct of the individual can nowhere be so thoroughly developed as in a properly conducted dancing school.

Children can not be impressed with the gracious politeness exhibited on every side, so that even boys who have previously been rough and careless in their manners, are quickly brought to appreciate the beauty of courtesy and acquire habits of gentle speech and action that exert a salutary influence as long as they live.

The Royal Academy of Dancing at Paris was founded in 1662 by Becuchamps, a famous master of dancing and deportment. He was instructor of Louis XIV, and gave that monarch a lesson every day for twenty-two years.

ALBERT TURPIN.

THANATOS.

Who art thou, knocking at my door?
Wilt thou not pass my portal by?
Poor as thyself, I thou be'at poor:
No alms for poverty have I.

Threshold hast passed? quick, shuddering
chill,
And trembling, pulsing of my heart,
And panting pain, and failing will,
Reveal the Presence—what thou art.

Thee well I know, thy name is Death—
No mandoor bars force thee pass by:
Unwrought is my task, but, ebbing breath,
Leaves nought of that task to do save die.
—DYLIA.

Hanna Coal for sale by Gregory, 11th
and O. Phone 343.

WHEN THE SUN LOOKS BACK.

When the sun looks back from the west,
And the shadows are long and pale,
And full in the face of the hurrying dark
The meadow lark trills from his rail.

When the owl uncovers his face,
And shrieks through the cottonwoods
drear.

Then each little wren in his leaf stems
grey.

He shivers and shakes to hear.

—Katharine Melick.

Wear no weeds when you mourn for me,
All the sorrow is yours and mine;
Flaunt no sign for the world to see,
Yours and mine must the heart break
be.

Weep no tears when you speak my
name,

All for the joy that was yours and
mine.

Long and bright was the way we came;
Weep no tears when you speak my
name.

—Katharine Melick.

The copy of the second poem was mislaid
before the name was set up, therefore it is
published without onc.—Ed.

Call and see the pretty oval
frames, fancy corners and tops
now coming in.

Crancer & Curtice Co.
207 S. 11th st.

STORIES BY AMY BRUNER.

BIG SLEEVES

I strained my eyes, and bobbed around a long time, making everybody cast eye-glances at me, before I succeeded in finding Martin. There he was not far from me, in one of the second tier of boxes. He saw me, but only for an instant, for just then, Miss McArthur raised her fan, and the great yellow balloon she had set in motion quite hid him from my sight. Poor Martin, and this was happiness for him, to sit, not at Miss McArthur's side, for there wasn't room enough there, but just back of her chair, behind her sleeves. He was perfectly content to speak a word now and then over her ample shoulders. The lady stopped fanning, and then I could see Martin's forehead and eyes behind the yellow screen. Soon I lost him completely; the curtain had risen and Miss McArthur was leaning back in her chair, enveloped in a booth of pale yellow.

AN UNPLEASANT BEDFELLOW.

The tangled grass and rough stones made rather a bad looking resting place, but as beds are commonly scarce on the plains, we lost little time in finding the softest spot to spread out our blankets. I fell asleep as if I were pillowed on swan's-down. I awoke. I could not move. Did you ever hear a rattlesnake's rattle? Not on your breast above your heart, never there. I know you have never felt a rattlesnake's cold scales drawn across your breast, yards and yards of dull, cold weight. At last it was gone. I could hear the rattles shaking in the darkness. I moved my hand an inch or so. I think a yucca pricked me. Really, I did not sleep all the rest of that night, and I lay as still as a piece of petrified wood.

THE CRUCIFIX.

The new moon hung pale above the cocoa trees; the spikes of the cactus plants threw slender shadows across the stony road.

Tinkle, tinkle, sounded the round brass bells on Shanko's neck as he trotted along. Luis was not afraid; yet the bells were pleasant company, for already the darkness had begun to fall, and the village was far down the mountain. The boy patted Shanko's neck and whispered something in his ear. Tired as he was, the poor little beast soon started the pebbles rolling down the road; he knew that a box of sweet hay was waiting for him in his thatched shed. Luis pressed his leather bag close against his velvet jacket, and watched the sage bushes. Suddenly Shanko stopped, the little bells jerked uneasily. Something white rose beside the road. Luis flung his scarf about his head to hide the awful—what?

"Blessed mother, save me!" he cried. The bells began to sound again. Luis threw back his scarf. He turned his head—"The cross!"

But the tall crucifix was now in the distance.

MARIE.

Marie has just passed by our house. She has a new jacket on. This makes two new jackets this winter, and I know she has three capes—five new winter wraps. She has an American Beauty pinned against her fur collar. She looks like a picture from the "Bon Ton." She was at a party last night, and at one the night before. This morning I saw two white kid slippers lying in the alley; they were stained dark and the heels pretty badly turned. I have seen white slippers on the ash-pile twice before. The children carry them away. I know they are Marie's, for they are very small and pointed, and no one else in the neighborhood wears such slippers. I have lived in this part of town three months. I see Marie very often, and every time I think that she looks prettier. Ah, Marie is coming back. She must have forgotten something. Yes, it is her card-case.

If you are thinking of getting a bicycle see our line. It is complete and can save you money. Crancer & Curtice Co.
207 S. 11th st.

Monday a lot of framed pictures at \$1, many of these pictures were \$1 unframed, Leming Store,
1106 O Street

Busy? Well! Well! Lincoln Coal Co.

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

Perfection Cooking Mixture \$4.70 per ton, sold exclusively by Gregory, 11th and O.

Members of the legislature say the Annex is the best place to feed. Try it and be convinced that the lawmakers know a good thing when they taste it.

Canon Pea Coal, \$5.00 per ton, for cook stove. For sale by Gregory 11th and O.

If you eat why not try the Annex restaurant, 133 So. 12th St.

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Through Cars.

To Omaha, Chicago, and points in Iowa and Illinois, the UNION PACIFIC in connection with the C. & N. W. Ry. offers the best service and the fastest time. Call or write to me for time cards, rates, etc.

E. B. SLOSSON,
Gen. Agent.

SHERIFF SALE.

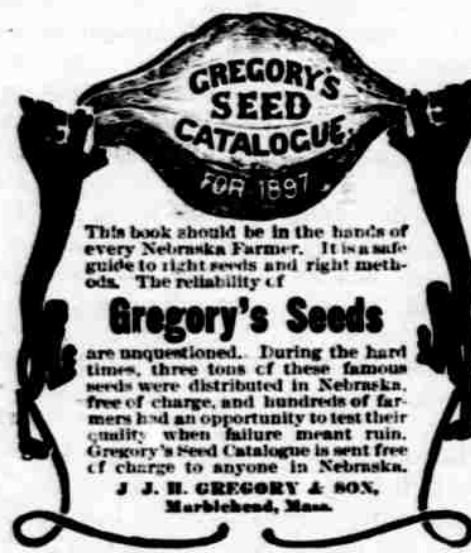
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein George E. Bradfield is plaintiff and Catherine S. Bowman et al. defendant, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 13th day of April, A. D. 1897, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described lands and tenements to-wit:

Lot seven (7), in block two (2), in Cook's addition to Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 11th day of March, A. D. 1897.

John J. Trompen,
Sheriff.

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PARADISE FOR CRIMINALS.

Live in the Open Air in Comparative Freedom.

A correspondent writing from Italy gives some interesting details of the treatment of prisoners on various Italian islands he visited while on a trip in the Mediterranean, says London Tid-Bits. Each of these islands contains several hundred prisoners, who are locked up every night at sunset, released at daybreak and locked up again from midday until 2 o'clock. During the night no prisoner is allowed to be absent under any circumstances, but at midday those who work on farms at a distance from the prison are allowed to remain out by special permission of the director. During these free hours the prisoners can go anywhere they like on the island and can engage in any work offered them

by the townspeople or farmers. Any infraction of the rules of ordinary life around them or of their prison is punished by seclusion in special cells. The government furnishes physicians and medicines, a summer and winter suit of clothes to each prisoner every year and allows him fivepence daily in money for his food and other necessities of life. Danger of escape is prevented by a squad of soldiers—one to every ten criminals—and a swift-sailing felucca, manned by marines. On account of the cheapness of labor the islands are so highly cultivated as to resemble gardens. The correspondent adds: "As for the prisoners, the open air makes them the healthiest of any criminals I have ever seen. There is no sign in their faces and bodies of that prison blight which strikes every visitor to ordinary jails."

Recent Sermons.

WAR.—The world is coming to understand more and more the absurdity of maintaining a warlike attitude and supporting in times of peace great armies. The sentiment against war is steadily gaining.—Rev. A. Z. Conrad, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

CHEERFULNESS.—There is no use to be down in the dark, damp cellar when there are light, and warmth, and comfort in the parlor. Consistency is a great essential of a Christian life. There is too little of it in the lives of Christian people.—Rev. J. I. Paxton, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

WOMAN.—I am ashamed to say that for 6,000 years man has been a petty tyrant and lordling as far as woman has been concerned. Every intelligent student of history knows this to be true.—Rev. E. F. Wright, Congregationalist, Gardner, Ill.

CITIZENSHIP.—Good citizenship demands first the recognition of God as supreme governor. As citizens men have no more right to ignore God than as individuals. If our bodies and souls belong to Him so does our state.—Rev. C. A. Van Anda, Chicago.

GOVERNMENT.—God deals with governments as with individuals. Where righteousness reigns there is blessing. Where it is ignored there cometh destruction.—Rev. J. L. Weaver, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

SOCIAL ETHICS.—As Columbus discovered a neglected hemisphere, so we are just discovering a neglected hemisphere of church work—the hemisphere of social ethics.—Rev. W. F. Craft, Presbyterian, Washington.

PATRIOTISM.—True American patriotism lies in fulfillment of American ideas rather than in calculating upon American interests. It is the sound, patriotic American spirit to hold duty higher than interest, to hold the citizen's obligations at least as sacred as his rights.—Rev. J. F. Brodie, Congregationalist, Salem, Mass.

THE STATE.—The state is a moral organism. One man is not altogether man. Human nature cannot manifest itself wholly in the individual. It does not develop in isolation. Hence emerge of very necessity out of the soul of humanity itself family life, social life, religious life, political life.—Rev. N. Luccock, Methodist, Pittsburg.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.—Just so long as good men walk one way in their religion and another in their politics and join in the foolish cry that politics has nothing to do with religion, so long will bad men with selfish schemes and unscrupulous methods control affairs. Religion must be mixed with politics, business, industrial, and social life.—Rev. F. B. Cherington, Congregationalist, Spokane, Wash.