

No, sir, you can not!" answered the girl in freezing tone.

"Oh," went on the young man not at all abashed, "you misunderstood me. I simply asked how the old folks were at home."

"Well," answered the girl laughingly, "in that case you had better come along and find out for yourself."

All was quiet on that side of the church during the early part of the service. A little man with tufty hair and fierce eye-brows sat over by the window with his gawky four year old child. In the seat behind was a boy of perhaps twelve years old. His hair was plastered down tight over his head. He had on a new plaid suit, a standing collar with a red checked tie, and withal looked very uncomfortable.

Along in the middle of the sermon the child in the front pew turned about and faced the audience. Then for amusement he began to see how far he could run his tongue out and down the back of the seat.

The boy in the seat behind apparently was looking straight ahead at the minister, all unaware of the child gazing at him. There was merely a slight noise as if his feet were scraping the floor. I glanced across the aisle and saw the larger boy cross his legs slowly so as to rest his right foot upon his left knee. But that was all.

A bee buzzed about the window and the little fellow's eyes went up involuntarily, though his tongue was still glued to the back of the seat. Quick as a flash the boy in the new suit had raised his right foot from his left knee and clapped his heavy shoe on that tongue and held it as in a vice.

The youngster gave a jerk and a howl that awoke the whole church. His father seized him suddenly, tucked him screaming and struggling under his arm and could be heard whacking that child for a block down the street. The boy in the new suit and plastered hair was demurely and attentively watching a fly play tag with the minister's ear.

The street is sleeping. The sun tops the higher buildings, the telephone crossbars and the viaduct. The pavement is still in shadow. A block away some one opens a door. In the distance a wagon rumbles over the uneven pavement. The street cars are not yet out. A whistle down in the yards sounds shrill and sharp. The morning breezes murmur softly through the wires overhead. Two chimney sparrows are twittering over a straw in mid air. A swarm of insects hover about a spot on the walk. A dog creeps around the corner. Far up the street a man with a glistening pail is going to his work.

That is all. The night is gone but the day is not yet come. It is the hazy, half-asleep, go-between-time of returning consciousness.

HARRY GRAVES SHEDD.

Does your father object to my coming here?

No, only to your staying.

Can the count tell fortunes?
Not so well as he can spend them.

Editor—Man wants to see me? Well show him up.

Office boy—Not on your life. He says that's what you did and he's after gore.

Hinks—Of two evils, choose—

Jinks—The one least likely to be found out.

I understand Bilda went to Washington and got a first class office inside of an hour.—

That's right, cheap rent too.

Did you put up at the Pull-em-in hotel when you were at Niagara Falls. Yes, every blamed cent I had.

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Musical Mention

John Randolph.

If I may revert to a topic worked over last week, at the risk of becoming pedagogic and discussing matters too closely connected with the trade of music teaching. I wish to say that I am often approached by anxious parents of eager young singers who ask how long it will be ere their nurselings can appear in public and eclipse the performance of other budding amateurs. To all such, to the music committees of choirs, to the young singers and pianists and violinists and all the troop of would be professionals there is one answer possible—an answer I am sure would be given by every conscientious teacher and well informed friend in this city or elsewhere. Do not sing in public at all until you can first of all be reasonably sure of your tone production. Second, do not sing in public until you can sing and think your songs at sight. Third, do not sing in public until you are rhythmically exact—in no other case can you command artistic changes of tempo, or be reliable in ensemble music, fourth, remember, for heaven's sake remember, too eager parents and talented progeny, that much easy singing by immature or unfinished singers is very hard listening to. Do not allow the advice of injudicious friends or of the possibly ignorant "music committee" of some church to force you into public appearance before you are ready. If you are violinists or pianists do not be content to play a few pieces; this is the least part of the musical life. Know, understand, grasp the melodic and rhythmic and harmonic and emotional and intellectual possibilities of a composition before you essay the public performance! I need only point to Nordica, who studied for four years without singing in public—and that, wonder of wonders, in America; to Josef Hofmann, who has recently appeared with brilliant success as a mature pianist after years of patient silent study with Rubenstein—to the hosts of young singers and players who rush into public life with insufficient preparation only to make a still more impetuous exit therefrom. O gentle pupils and parents listen unto me for these be words of truth and soberness! If you would have failure or mediocre success rush in where angels fear to tread—rush in with immature powers and insufficient preparation. If you would succeed up to the full measure of your ability, do not seize the successes and opportunities which lie nearest at hand, but work on patiently, intelligently, scientifically, until you have command of your fully developed powers. For here is the rule; if you insist upon public performance before you are ready for it you will not only give no pleasure, but rather weariness to the knowing ones but also will you make it impossible for you to attain the full possession of your powers. Especially is this true of singers who often wear the bloom off their voices before they have gained even a small measure of art. Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren! Unless you work and renounce, the future can not bring you success.

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka does not seem to have pleased the New York critics with his opera "Mataswintha." It has been variously described as a *success d'estime*, as a complete failure and as "Wagner and water." Perhaps a favorable review of it as any is found in the Musical Courier, which delivers

itself as follows: As a whole, and after listening to such a lame interpretation the work seems to justify the good things said of it. It is ambitious, and, while showing the influences of Wagner it is thoroughly individual, and its composer has not slavishly followed any particular precedent. He gets his effects without undue straining, and the vigor, brilliancy and variety of his orchestration are really captivating. Scharwenka revealed himself as a magnetic conductor—one who knew exactly what he desired." Whatever may have been the success or failure of his recent opera, Mr. Scharwenka is known all over the world as pianist and composer, and his recital at the Lansing theatre on April 27th is awaited with much interest.

The death of Brahms removes the last of the great composers of this half century. Wagner, Rubinstein, Tschaiikowski, Bruckner and now Brahms. Truly the decrepit century is tottering into its grave. What a number of great men have died since even I can remember. If one were to edit a necrology he would be astonished. Browning, Tennyson, Matthew, Arnold, Renan, Huxley, Meissonier, Holmes—these are only a few. In the nature of things Gladstone and Bismark and the good old lady who comfortably fills the English throne can for a short time only remain with us—the minority. One is tempted to ask who will take their place—but someone always does take everyone's place, and in the mean time we have Fitzsimmons.

On April 9, a concert was given at the First Congregational church under the direction of Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond by the soloists of the choir assisted by the Hagenow String Quartet, the "Bucyrus Mandolin Club," with also a quintette of young ladies. The program which was published last week was presented with the exception of the number by Miss Beaver who was unable to be present. Mrs. McMichael took the part and sung with power and sweetness. This was one of the best concerts of the present season. But from the first it was evident that "some one had blundered." There had been too little preliminary advertising, in fact the daily papers had not been informed at all of the occurrence of the concert, and only a corporal's guard was on hand at fifteen minutes after eight o'clock. The performers, however, apparently actuated like the gallant six hundred by the belief that it was "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do—and"—perform—sang and played with artistic success. Mrs. Raymond was, as usual, thoroughly capable at the organ, the Hagenow Quartette repeated their previous successes and the Bucyrus Mandolin Club was again plainly visible. In the familiar "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Miss Stella Rice gave the pianoforte part with the necessary firmness. One of the most attractive features of the concert was the finished singing of Mrs. Holyoke, the soprano of this choir. Mrs. Holyoke is one of the very best of our resident singers. Barring a slight tightness in the upper middle of the voice which might have been due to a cold—Mrs. Holyoke's tone production was admirable. Her intonation was exact, her coloratura true and brilliant. It is a pleasure to hear such straightforward honest singing—so unaffected and artistic. Miss Becker, the contralto of the choir, and Mr. Albers,