

Behind the Gurtain, a Glimpse.

It is not much; what happened. Indeed, it is more common perhaps than we know. Though one would not expect such a thing in this summering place where every thing is made so beautiful; but, my faith, who can tell what happens?

Such things, too, should not be told overmuch, but to you I will tell it, for do I not tell every thing to you?

Last night was the dance, and we were there. Listen well and remember what you saw. It was in the evening before we went, and while you were taking a little nap. I called Jules and had him draw the little boat up under the trees to the stone steps. The time was just enough for a little row and the sun was down.

How cool it was when I slipped down upon the wicker seat and took the oars. One push sent me out into the water and I pulled no more but let the boat float. The frogs were croaking off somewhere and the locusts singing in the trees. The cool air played through my hair and around my neck and I thought it pleasanter far than dancing.

I floated down and down, past the rows of willows, never watching where I drifted, thinking thoughts and dreaming dreams that only come upon the water. Nothing better is there in all the world than this.

Soon I heard a sound which I knew was not of my dreams. I did not know what it was. Off in the gardens I could hear a band playing and the music was carried softly to me on the light stirring air. I looked about and saw that I had floated into the little bay out at the rear of Marshall Wescott's cottage. My boat lay close beside the bank and I reached out and caught the long grass in my hand.

Just at the water's edge ran a little hedge—perhaps you have seen, and all the top was covered with little blossoms. White—blue—red blossoms, great bunches, clusters, whole armfuls. They are the flowers that we see in the little chapel. Marshall Wescott sends them, sometimes he takes them himself. Remember that, now. Yes, remember that.

I heard the same soft sound and listened. It was not the band nor the frogs across the water, nor the locusts in the trees. It was the sound of a woman crying. I looked through the hedge stocks and I could see the veranda—the rear one—of his cottage.

There sitting on the railing with her head on her hands and her hands resting against a pillar, was his wife. She was crying and crying as only a woman cries a few times in her life. One who has been married but three months should not weep.

You remember how fine we thought them when they were married. He was so handsome, so wealthy, so irreproachable; nothing could be more suitable. Every one said so. Did we not say so too? Her husband was standing beside her and speaking in a low tone.

All at once she rose as if to leave him. Even when I sat behind the hedge, I could see the begging look in her eyes. He spoke to her softly, but she only cried, and then—listen, let me whisper it—he struck her on the neck and sent a little shower of blossoms, hedge blossoms—fluttering down upon the floor and out upon the grass. Only the bare raw stems were there by the red spot on her neck. Ah! Do you think now of the cluster in the little chapel—a! white and blue and red?

How well they looked last night as they went around together in the first waltz. "How handsome, how suitable!" Every one said so. I heard it whispered on all sides. He—tall and straight, she with a little smile upon her lips.

On her shoulder were hedge flowers with the blossoms all about her neck, so fresh and dewy. We all saw them. As for any thing else!

GEORGE SHEDD.

What Made It Yawn?

Travel, which adds charm to the conversation of an agreeable person, sometimes renders a bore more tiresome than ever.

"And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's low-speaking but long-winded nephew, who had been droning on, about his summer in Switzerland, for some hours since the old lady's eyes had begun to droop in the lamplight,—"and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me."

"William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who has long kept silence, "was that abyss yawning before you got there, or did it begin afterward?"

Where They Met.

Angry Wife (after a quarrel.)—"Seems to me we've been married about a hundred years. I can't even remember when or where we first met."

Husband (emphatically.)—"I can. It was at a dinner-party, and there were thirteen at table."—*London Tit-Bits.*

About Finger Nails.

The Japanese have some curious ideas about their finger-nails. One of them is to the effect that they must not be cut before starting on a journey, lest disgrace befall the person before he reaches his destination. Neither should they be cut at night, lest cats' claws should grow out. To throw nail-pairings into the fire is to invite some great calamity. If while trimming the nails a piece should fall in the fire, the person will soon die.

Proud of His Bald Head.

"Pardon me, sir, but could I occupy just about a minute of your time? I would like to show you something that I know you will be glad to see."

Without waiting for permission, the young man with a sallow complexion and a hand-satchel thrust a bottle under the nose of the bald-headed man.

"Now, sir," he continued, "you are a public official, and the public sees a good deal of you, and the public realizes that you are quite bald, sir. I have something here that I will guarantee to restore your hair if you will permit me to treat you. It shan't cost you a cent for medicine or treatment, and all I ask is that you will commend my medicine to your friends if I succeed. When they see a luxuriant growth of hair on your head and ask what you used, you can tell them McCracken's Peerless Borax Hair Restorer and Scalp Renovator."

"Then you want to use my bald head for advertising purposes. Is that it?" queried the official.

"Well, yes; that's right."

"Does it appear to offer advantages as an advertising medium?"

"Well, yes."

"Then what will you pay a square inch to paint your advertisement on my head in letters of any size, design or color? Or if you prefer, you can use it for posters or stickers. What do you pay for good advertising space?"

"I hardly think—"

"And say, I have half a dozen bald-headed friends. I think I could buy up their space for you if you will give me a commission."

"But I want to make the hair—"

"I am sure you will get better returns than fence advertising, hand bills, or newspapers. I'll guarantee you a circulation among two thousand five hundred friends, three thousand five hundred more acquaintances, five thousand people who know me by sight, and twenty thousand strangers, every day."

"Well, I see I can't do—"

"I wish you'd think that over and make me an offer. I'm proud of this head." But the young man had gone.—*San Francisco Post.*

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