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for the Spanish fleet Uncle Sam is so he can meet them as Commodore Dewey did—Veni, Vidi, Vici. Our patrons can say "Veni, Vidi" ("we came, we saw") also, when they come to us for relief for defective or ailing eyesight, for we can adjust glasses to the eye, after testing it, with an accuracy that will give you second sight.

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London Letter.

I hear from a private source that the pope has been secretly trying to persuade Spain to give up Cuba. He is taking the matter so much to heart that his friends fear for his health. He said the other day that he would gladly give his life to prevent war.

Someone who knows him well was telling me yesterday what a wonderful man Leo XIII is in private life. His personality is most magnetic. The great peculiarity of it is the effect of his eyes, which seem to search his interlocutor through and through. He has a capacity for detail which is marvelous, as the staff of the vatican soon found out when he ascended the papal throne. Under Pio Nono any amount of laxity had gone on; whole families had been comfortably quartered on his unconscious bounty; but all that was changed at one fell swoop when Pecci's reign began. "Misericordia!" said one of the attendants; "all will be changed now. This man is terrible; he is everywhere and he sees everything!"

One proof of originality and determination was given at the very outset. It is the custom, you know, for a prelate of rank to bring to the new pope the announcement of his election. The pope-elect is, of course, already a cardinal and is wearing the red skull cap, emblematic of that dignity. It has been the practice from time immemorial for him to at once remove the red cap and put upon his head a white one, such as is worn by the popes; then he places the red one upon the head of the messenger, which ceremony signifies that he makes him a cardinal. For this reason the honor of announcing the new pope's accession is one sought for by ambitious churchmen. On the occasion of Leo's election, however, a great disappointment occurred. The new pope duly removed his red cap—but he quietly put it in his pocket! He would make a cardinal of no man whom he had not personally studied and found worthy. Great was the discussion of it in the sacred college when the daring deed became known; and Manning, in his dry way, said, with a grim smile: "That's the right man!" And so he has proved.

A friend of mine, just back from Cimiez, says that the queen looks bloomingly well. "But oh!" she added, "what dreadful hats the dear old lady wears when she drives out! They are of the mushroom order, and even come down over the ears. The object is to keep off the sun. The queen never wraps up to avoid cold winds; but heat is the one thing she can't stand."

The prince of Wales has come home tanned to a lovely brown. He seems all the better for his holiday, but he has to get back into harness now, and he is rather sad about it. He went several times to hear the Lenten lectures given by Father Vaughan, brother of Cardinal Vaughan. I hope they did him good! But the news will make the ultra-Protestant party both alarmed and angry.

Patti is another person who has come back from the south rejuvenated. She is staying very quietly at Craig-y-nos now, but she is very well. A lot of talk is being made about the possibility of her singing again this season in opera, this was never seriously considered for a moment. She does not care for the exertion; nor would it be worth her while. The last time she gave a few representations at Covent garden, and sang "Violetta" at \$500 pounds a night, she lost money by the affair; for she provided all new dresses; and she had a number of her best ornaments pulled to pieces and the diamonds reset in the marvelous stomacher which adorned her bodice in the ball scene of "Traviata," which alone cost \$1,000 to the jewelers! This seems foolish; but it is true. She lets herself be "fleeced" in many ways be-

cause she cannot be troubled to look after expenses; and this is why she is not nearly so rich a woman as most people imagine.

The first number of Harry Furness' new monthly, Fair Game, is very amusing; but it seems doubtful if he will be able to keep it up to the right level. His caricature of the members of parliament as penguins is funny. He says he means to devote much attention to American affairs. I should like to speak more freely about what I hear said in knowing circles as to his chances of success with his venture; but I'm not quite sure how much danger I should incur. Robert Barr's successful libel suit has made English correspondents to American papers nervous!

We have some curious customs over here. Did any of you ever visit the little town of Hungerford? It has just celebrated "Hocktide," or "Kissing Day." On one day in the year two leading gentlemen are elected—this year the managers of the two principal banks were chosen—and they proceed to go to each house in the town, which they enter, and kiss all the ladies under the "Hock pole" which is carried by an attendant. I cannot tell how this custom originated, but it very ancient. I am glad I do not live in Hungerford!

Our town men are taking to arranging their mustaches in the oddest way! They fluff out the ends like little brushes. The effect is not universally becoming; it is apt to make dark men look ferocious. But it is better than the craze for waxed ends which prevailed not long ago.

That very nice fellow and general favorite, Arthur Ponsonby, had a charming wedding with Miss Parry, daughter of Mr. and Lady Maud Parry. The bride is Lady de Grey's niece, and is very like her, having the same stately style, dark hair and wonderful violet eyes. She looked a dream in her wedding gown, under the becoming chiffon veil which our prettiest brides are beginning to prefer even to Brussels lace. Certainly nothing shows up fine eyes so well; and Mrs. Ponsonby's eyes are worthy attention. Even I, you perceive, have got them on the brain. Lady Helen Vincent was the beauty among the guests.

It is rumored that Lord Beaconsfield's long-deferred biography, for which he left material, will be undertaken by "John Oliver Hobbes." (You remember that she brings him into her latest book, "The School for Saints.") But the wish may be only the father to the thought. She may not undertake the work. Of course, Lord Beaconsfield desired Lord Rowton to do it, and left his papers to that gentleman for the purpose; but Lord Rowton cannot make up his mind to undertake the task.

The bust of poor Lord Randolph, in the house of commons, is not a very good likeness, although it will look better when it is placed lower down. But I suppose a bust could never convey the effect of a face that was so mobile, so perpetually changing. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made a touching speech when he unveiled the bust.

A correspondent from Nice writes as follows: New Yorkers in Nice have been greeting an old friend under, not a new face, but a new name. When I'adame de Barrios, the widow of the famous South American dictator, left New York it was as the bride of Senor de Roda, a Spanish nobleman attached to the court at Madrid. The six or seven years which have elapsed since then have not only seen the debut of two or three of the half-dozen of daughters, but brought their laughably youthful mother the title of Marquise Vistabella. Those who remember the chapel which the lovely widow had built in her Fifth avenue home for the special preservation of the heart of her departed spouse wonder if this romantic species of hero worship has