

again, which will be several years, as he is now arranging to play an extended tour along the coast, commencing about June 1st. He has never toured along the coast, although he has been offered



the best inducements. His engagement opens at the Funke Monday night, on which occasion the usual ladies' free ticket will be given with each paid 30 cent ticket. Seats now on sale. Prices 10c, 20c and 30c.

LITERARY NOTES. (Continued from page 5.)

she writes: "I had a manuscript sonnet sent to me last autumn by person or persons unknown—'To E. B. B., on her departure from England to Pisa.' Can you fancy that melodious piece of gossiping? Then a lady of this city, famous, I believe, for haberdashery, used to address all her poems to me—which really was original, for she would write five or six 'poems' in an evening and sweep them up and send them to me once in a fortnight, upon faith, hope, and charity, seaweed and moonshine, corn laws, and the immortality of the soul, and take me for her standing muse—properly thou'd and thee'd all through. What a good vengeance it would be upon upon your unjust charges if I set you to read a volume or two of those 'poems'—which all went into the fire, so you need not be frightened.

"And today I had a rose tree sent to me by somebody who has laid close siege to me this long while, and whom I have escaped hitherto, but who has encamped, she says, till 'July' in 16 Wimpole street. She writes, too, on her card, 'When are you going to Italy?'

"You, I suppose, being a man, are different, and perhaps you make people afraid and keep them off. They do not thrust their hands through the bars where the lion is, as they do with the giraffe. Once I had this proposition, 'If we mayn't come in, will you stand up at the window that we may see?'

CONSOLATION.

One day a friendship died:
No wrong was done;
It simply ceased to be
Beneath the sun.

Two bent above the grave,
With idle tears,
And slowly went apart
In doubt and fears.

One day a friendship new
To one was born;
That ancient grief became
A thing outworn.

Say what we will, the child
Upon the breast
Consoles us for the one
In dreamless rest.

—*Ida Ahlborn Weeks in April Century.*

With the single exception of Bismarck's Autobiography, the greatest success ever achieved by any publication in Germany, was a pamphlet by Professor Quidde, entitled "Caligula."

This pamphlet had, however, from a publisher's point of view, everything in its favor. Its very title savored of the sensation and the German reading public knew beforehand that "Caligula" was in reality a comparison of the insane Roman empire with the present Kaiser.

Put on sale at the extremely low price of ten cents it took the pamphlet eighteen months to sell 500,000 copies.

To know how far, comparatively speaking, the sale of Bismarck exceeds that of "Caligula," it is only necessary to know that 318,000 copies of the former had been ordered before the book was published. The fact, too, that the price of the Iron Chancellor's autobiography was twenty marks, or nearly fifty times the cost of "Caligula," makes the comparison all the more striking. When a German parts with twenty marks he wants a run for his money, and also must know all there is to know about a book before he buys it. It is self-evident then that the German people have accepted Bismarck's story as the only true and adequate expression of the Iron Chancellor and his influence on European history. It is interesting also to note its reception in other countries. The rights in the United States were secured by Harper and Brothers, and the book throughout America is considered the most valuable contribution to European history that has been made for many a day. In England it has also had a sale commensurate with its importance. Another fact of special interest about this book is that although it was published on November 29, it has already appeared in five different languages. France did not express much approbation over the autobiography of Prince Bismarck. It contained too many references to Sedan, to Gravelotte, and to the siege of Paris for her tender sensibilities. Russian sensibilities have proved still more tender, and the imperial press censor has refused Russian booksellers permission to place the work on sale. There are many subjects which Bismarck treats with a plain-spokenness that is most painful to the delicately organized ear of the Russian; for instance, Bismarck speaks of the murder of Czar Paul; the Russians speak of it always as the "sudden demise." On the 24th of last month the work appeared in an Italian translation, and, it is said, is having a very fair sale in Rome, Florence and Naples.

It is indeed unfortunate that the Iron Chancellor did not live to enjoy the success of his book. It is a sure sign that throughout his misfortunes, throughout the bitter years of his old age, his people still believed in him. It is to Bismarck's credit that his autobiography is neither pettish nor pessimistic, and it is safe to say that the best monument to his memory will be half a million of his books in as many German homes, and as many more copies scattered throughout the world. A man who has such a monument need care but little what marble mausoleums are raised above his ashes, or in what sarcophagus he sleeps. Our illustration shows the sarcophagus of Prince Bismarck, which lately arrived at Friedrichsruh, and which has been placed in the newly built mausoleum. It is made of pink marble from the designs of Herr Schurbach, of Hanover, and is in the strictly Roman style. Its dimensions are 10 feet long, 5 feet broad, and 51 1/2 inches high.

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"Satan spends most of his time on earth doesn't he, papa?"
"Yes, my son, that is his punishment."

AN EASTER SKETCH.

[WILLIAM REED DUNROY]

It was Easter morn. The sun flooded the sky with gold. There was glory in the air and the church bells rang out in jubilant tones. It seemed that the world was going to church that morning. The great brass doors of the cathedral swung to and fro and haughty and humble passed into and knelt on the marble floors in attitude of worship. The high altar was ablaze with white lilies. They were shining in every corner. Their gleaming cups caught the ruby wine of the sunshine as it filtered through the colored windows and there was a glory in the room like that of old when angels had been in the temple. The rare perfume of the flowers, the heavy scent of the incense, the whispered prayers and above all the glory of the organ and the sound of sweet voices in triumph over a risen Christ, the shout of victory over the grave.

The tall tower of the church outside cast a long, dark shadow like a finger pointing to a hut. Grim and forbidding was the place. The mark of poverty was on the door, and above it was the inscription, "Abandon all hope ye who enter here." Within the door was darkness and despair. On a bed of rage a woman lay in her last agony. There was not a ray of the glorious sunlight. There was not one white lily to shed a little fragrance in the heavy, chill air. There was no sound of song or word of prayer. She only heard the rumble of the wagons over the pavement and the intermingled jangle of the church bells. And thus, staring straight up at the discolored walls, the woman died.

And it was Easter morn.



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"Yes I do too."
"Then why don't you do it?"
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Kind friend—What are you crying about, my little man?
Bobbie—Mother whipped me.
"What for?"
"I don't know. I'm afraid to ask her until she cools down."

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OFFICE 1427 O ST., LINCOLN, NEBR.

First publication April 1. 4
In the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.
Susan A. Ray, Plaintiff.
vs.
John S. Main, Clara S. Main and Edward Russell, Defendants.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.
John S. Main, Clara S. Main and Edward Russell, defendants, will take notice that on the 18th day of March, 1899, Susan A. Ray, plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the district court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, John S. Main and Clara S. Main, to the Castle Land Company, upon all of block sixteen (16) in 4. W. Wright's Addition to Bethany Heights, Lancaster County, and State of Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note dated January 22nd, 1894, for the sum of \$400.00, due and payable three years from date thereof, to-wit: January 22nd, 1897, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent. That there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$400.00, for which sum with interest from January 22nd, 1894, plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same or the said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found to be due; and that defendant Edward Russell purchased said property subject to said mortgage and that the right, title, interest and estate of said Edward Russell in and to said premises be declared inferior and subject to the lien of said mortgage. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 1st day of May, 1899.
Dated March 30, 1899.

SUSAN A. RAY, Plaintiff.
By Charles O. Whedon and Charles E. Magoon, her attorneys.

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Guest—That's so; my wife gave me a letter to mail. Thanks.

Wife—Gracious! We can't recognize her! She has no family. Nothing but money.

Husband—Yes, and if I am not mistaken we owe her husband for groceries.

Miss Paesny (fatally ill)—Doctor is it true that marriages are made in heaven?
Doctor—Yes, I believe so.

"Then I don't care how soon I die."

"What do you think of the submarine boat?"
"I think it's out of sight."

A Bargain in Sightseeing.
"What did you give that stranger money for?" said Aunt Eliza as she and Uncle Hiram waited in the station after getting off the train from Hayville.

"That's all right, Liza," said Uncle Hiram triumphantly. "That's a nice feller. I give him \$2, and he's goin' to fix it so we can go out and see the skyscrapers without extra charge."—Chicago Record.