

the parties this winter tender a complimentary party to their escorts on next Wednesday evening at the same place. During the summer parties of various kinds will be given by the Lincoln club about once a month.

Miss Anna Bishop, the dramatic contralto will sing at the festival Tuesday night, May 2nd.

On Thursday afternoon from four to six o'clock a reception was given by the Lincoln kindergarten union, to the second grade teachers and principals of the grade schools, in honor of Mrs. Lucretia Willard Treat, principal of the training schools at Grand Rapids, Michigan. The reception was given at the home of Mrs. Phillips, 1711 D street. The house was decorated with palms, ferns and carnations. Chains made by the children in the kindergartens were festooned upon the walls and a specially arranged corner was dedicated to Mr. Frederick Froebel the pioneer in kindergarten work. The callers were received by Mrs. Treat, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Johnson and Miss Cole. Ices were served by Misses Kimball, Morrissey and Kenagy.

Matinee Musicale festival on Monday, May 1st, at Oliver theatre; on Tuesday, May 2nd, at St. Paul church. Season tickets \$1.50, \$1.00 and 75 cents. Now on sale at Oliver box office. Gallery admission 50 cents.

No music lover can afford to miss the two grand concerts to be given on next Monday and Tuesday evenings by the Matinee Musicale. To hear Mr. Bruno Steindel alone is well worth the price of a season ticket.

SOME WORLDLY WISE SUGGESTIONS.

FOR WOMEN

Always hold your skirts in the left hand. It leaves your right hand free to hold your purse.

In walking along a crowded street keep to the left. The men always keep to the right. You may thus run up against many new faces.

Talk to your women friends just as long as you want to on the platform of the street car before getting off. All the world loves to hear woman talk, and it doesn't mind being kept waiting in the least.

FOR MEN.

Should a nice girl at a smart dance say to you: "Come! Let's sit on the stairs," don't let the glamour of the drawing room distract you. Do as the nice girl bids. The stairs lead from one story to another—or else I am no Kipling.

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.

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 S. 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.

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

THE KIND OF OFFICERS MEN WILL FOLLOW.

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars, too, in time of trial, the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division, the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both shelter and food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that the officers had nothing but hard-tack, there was not a man in the regiment who would not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out in the open, in the rear of the trenches, and when the men always saw the field officers up at night, during the digging of the trenches, and going the rounds of the outposts, they would not tolerate, in any of their number, either complaint or shirking work. When things got easier I put up my tent and lived a little apart, for it is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men, no matter how good they are; and it is of course the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or by mollicodding the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline, who does not know his duty and who is not willing both himself to encounter and to make them encounter every species of danger and hardship when necessary. The soldiers who do not feel this way are not worthy of the name and should be handled with iron severity until they become fighting men and not shams.—From "The Rough Riders," by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in the May Scribner's.

SWIFTEST RACING EAST AND WEST

If you would travel rapidly, and with comfort and ease, please note that the North Western line and its connections provide the fastest service to eastern cities, and many hours the fastest to western points named below: To Buffalo 33 hours, New York 45, Boston 48, Ogden 31, Salt Lake 33, San Francisco 62, Portland 60. Why not save yourself weary hours of traveling by getting tickets via the North Western?

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First publication April 8. 4
NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.
In the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.
Margaret Fuqua, plaintiff, vs. George B. Fuqua, defendant.
To George B. Fuqua:
You are hereby notified that on the 7th day of April, 1899, Margaret Fuqua filed a petition against you in the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce from you and be restored her name of Margaret McCafferty, on the ground of cruelty, non-support and your habitual use of morphine.
You are required to answer said petition on or before the 20th day of May, 1899.
MARGARET FUQUA,
By her attorney, D. J. FLAHERTY, 331-333 McCaffery Block.

\$32.20 \$32.50
The above greatly reduced rate has been made by the Union Pacific to California points, Through Tourist Sleepers, quicker than any other line.

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EVERY American teacher possessing a library, and many that do not possess one, will be interested in the announcement of the history of the late war with Spain, now published by the REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY. Much of the narrative was written by Dr. Albert Shaw during the actual fighting of the summer. This has been revised and amplified by him in the light of the official reports and documents, which have only become available after hostilities ceased. A free quotation from the critical Congressional debates and other public utterances at crucial periods aids in making this work what it is, the standard reference history of this decisive and successful struggle. But it is much more than a lively and comprehensive narrative. It goes back to the years of struggle in Cuba which prepared the way for the war; it discusses energetically all problems which confronted the United States after the war as to the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico; and as a whole it forms a broadly conceived picture of the year which has seen America brought face to face with new world duties.

The important special and technical matters of the war period, generally dismissed by the historian with only slight and often insufficient discussion, are fully and authentically dealt with in contributed chapters, written by men who had unusual opportunities for studying their subjects. Thus, the lessons which the war has for us as to the relative efficiency of rifles and machine guns are in a carefully written chapter by Lieut. John H. Parker, of the United States army; the military movements of the Santiago and Porto Rican campaigns are analyzed by the editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*; the battle with Cervera is described by the novelist, Winston Churchill, who is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy; the actual condition of Cuba before the war and the facts which caused the war are described by eye-witnesses, Murat Halstead and Stephen Bonsal.

The illustration of the book is especially valuable in the hundreds of portraits, pictures of the navies, photographed scenes of the war, and the entertaining cartoons reproduced from the Spanish, French, German, and English papers, as well as from the American.

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A ROMANCE FROM AFRICA.

The story of a Treasure—Ingenious and May Be True.

Englishmen are predatory creatures, and the London papers do not hesitate to express annoyance because the expeditionary force recently sent against King Prempeh found at Coomassie only a meager number of gold ornaments, and hollow ones at that, says the New York Times. The value of the loot taken from the royal "palace" was only about £2,000 and made a poor showing when exhibited in London, as compared with the results of ore 'ous raids. Now a correspondent writing from Accra tells a story which if true—a very large "it"—will make the British officers wish they had not left the Ashanti capital quite so soon. He says: "Some years ago a slave girl of surpassing beauty—of the Ashanti type *belin entendu*—had the misfortune to attract the fickle fancy of a chief, whose head wife tolerated no rivalry. To reproach a husband is generally useless; in Coomassie it is dangerous. The lady, wise in her generation, forebore to risk her head, but sent for the executioner and caused the ears and lips of the too fascinating maiden to be removed, rendering her such an object as can only be seen in savage kingdoms. History does not say if the expedition answered the purpose of restoring the chief's wandering affections to their rightful owner, but the slave girl developed, not unnaturally, into a woman with an undying thirst for revenge. Lately she sought an audience with the governor, and she informed him that the real treasure of the Ashantis lies buried some fifty feet below the soil, in a disused shaft of a mine near Coomassie, and readily undertook to point out the spot. Digging is being vigorously carried on, already more than a fourth of the depth has been cleared, and should the treasure amount to anything like the rumored value, the cost of the expedition will be fully defrayed, making the Ashanti war a record one, as not only bloodless, but free of cost."

Won His Bet.

A bewildered-looking farmer stood in the center of Haymarket square Thursday looking at the trolley wire.

The electric car came along and slowed up. They rang the bell and shouted at him and ordered him to move. He still kept looking at the wire and making inarticulate sounds with his lips.

"Get off the earth, you Jersey calf!" shouted the motorman.

The old man was fairly bumped by the slow-moving car before he moved. Then he jumped and said: "I did it, by thunder! Where's my money?"

He looked around cautiously and then he said: "You seen a red-faced feller with a white mustache waxed? I want him. He bet me \$5 I couldn't look at that ere wire three minutes and count 200. I've done it."

"Did you put up the money?"

"Sure," was the reply.
"Ding-dong," went the bell.—*Lewis-ton Journal*.

Louis Napoleon at Play.

At the Tuilleries madam received me in a salon hung with tapestry. Through a half open door I heard a child's voice; it was that of the prince imperial, who was playing in the next room. Soon we heard the noise of a saw and a hammer, and as I listened Mme. Bizot led me quietly to the door of that room. "Look," she said, speaking low and opening the door a little wider. Then I saw the emperor seated on the carpet and making toys for his son.—*Mme. Octave Feuillet*.

A Bold, Bad Language.

"It's a pity when a charming woman uses words she does not understand."
"Going away?" asked a theater goer of the aesthetic and willow-like siren who performs burlesque at a well-known theater—going to be married?
"If I am it will only be pro tem," she answered with a modest blush. Since then she has given up Latin, saying that it must be a bold language in which you cannot make use of a simple expression without compromise to your character.—*Texas Siftings*.

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