

A CHARMING HOSTESS.

Our Grandmamma gave luncheons
In dear old days of yore,
She served them in her kitchen,
Where shone a yell-w floor.
A useful, quaint collection
Of bric-a-brac was there;
An antique churn stood open
With most inviting air.

The hostess, dear, kind Lady,
Received with gracious ease
And smiled when children's children
Came near and murmured, "Please."

The guests all wore checked aprons
And shoes adorned with dust,
And earnest tongues were pleading,
And eyes were full of trust.

For Grandmamma, wise woman,
Knew such a charming way
Of helping little mortals
Who toiled long hours at play.
She filled her shining glasses
For eager hands to hold
With buttermilk made tempting
With specks of creamy gold.

From an alluring pantry
That hid nice things away,
Such queerly twisted crullers
Were brought out on a tray;
And caraway seed cookies
With scallops on the rim
With plates that had for borders
Blue roses round the brim.

For floral decorations,
An open window's screen
Was woven by the roses,
With twining leaves of green.
Long wreaths of honey-suckle
Held blossoms by the score,
That swung and shed their fragrance
Around the shaded door.

And strains of joyous music
Among the trees were heard,
While tones of gleeful laughter
Chimed in with song of bird.
The little winds came wafting
Soft puffs of garden air -
O, ne'er was breeze more balmy!
And ne'er was scene more fair!

Far down the years' long vista
Where childhood lies in view
The simple, sweet old fashions
Seemed touched with grace anew.
Still o'er those summer mornings
Blend all the charms they wore
When Grandmamma gave luncheons
In dear old days of yore.

- Mary French Morton, in *The Conservative*.

SPRING AND SUMMER HATS.

The hats that have been worn during the spring, says the Bazar, and will be worn during the early summer for all occasions, are the tulle hats. They are most becoming, and not so perishable as might at first be supposed. They will not stand sea shore wear—that is, on damp days; but for general every-day use they are quite possible. All the materials, like net and mousseline de soie, are also classed under the tulle hats, the shape of them all being very much on the same lines—the round turban shape, the crown of straw and the brim of shirred tulle, the only trimming pompons of tulle at the left side. These pompons are perishable, but are quite inexpensive, and can be bought ready made at all the shops, so that it is very easy to make the hat look fresh again when it begins to look shabby. Oddly enough the light tulle hats that made their appearance last winter have not been seen at all during the spring, not even for dress occasions. They will be seen later on at the watering places with the muslin gowns but not until July.

To wear with summer gowns of light color there are most attractive hats of yellow straw trimmed with bright flowers. Some of these are in toque shape; others are broader, while others again are a little on the poke bonnet order, and are fastened under the chin with strings either of tulle or ribbon. This

matter of bonnet strings is a serious one to recommend rashly to the world at large. To some faces there is nothing so becoming as the strings, while on the other hand, nothing can be more unbecoming; it is curious what a difference it makes. The strings on these large poke bonnets are put quite far back, and as a rule are of soft tulle or chiffon, tying under the chin in a soft bow with no long ends. Older ones who always wear the bonnet strings have the narrow ones of black velvet or black satin.

MR. BRYAN AND ST. LOUIS.

Editors and politicians, says the St. Louis Mirror, who assert that Mr. Bryan will not be renominated by the Democrats, in 1900, and that silver at sixteen to one will not appear in the platform, are either ignorant or frightened. There is no man near to the democratic masses as Bryan is near them. Silly as democrats may be they are not going to abandon free silver. They said it was an eternal principle in 1900. They are not going to admit that it played out in an eternity of four years. They simply can't stultify themselves in any such manner as dropping the silver question, even though their leaders are sorry they went astray after cheap money as a good cry for a campaign in hard times. Bryan is Democracy, just now. Bryan is free silver. Bryan is anti imperialism. There is no man in the Democratic party, to-day, who could poll one-fiftieth as many votes as he. Mr. Bryan will be renominated "hands down." He will again excite the emotional enthusiasm of the crowd—and he will be again defeated by the majority of citizens of the United States. The Philippine issue will be dead by this time next year and, if not, the pendency of the question will attach the people to the party in power. They will not swap horses while crossing a stream. As for the trust issue, that will be much simplified by a republican reiteration of its opposition to trusts in former platforms and even if the democrats should have a monopoly of anti-trust declaration, there is no democrat who would be more acceptable to the democratic party on that plank than Mr. Bryan. It is an indisputable fact that every democrat who suggests Mr. Bryan's relegation to obscurity was disloyal to him in 1896. The nomination of the democratic party in 1900 will not be dictated by men who openly bolted, or secretly scratched, the nominee in 1896. Mr. Bryan is Democracy's best man, and he is so strong with his people that the plotters who raised him up three years ago cannot throw him down. Mr. Bryan will be Mr. McKinley's opponent for the presidency once more. There may, possibly, be a third party of anti-imperialists and anti-silverites, but it will not amount to much. Democratic leaders may know that silver is dead, but they dare not say so. They dare not go back on the platform of 1892. If they recede from the Chicago platform they will lose the populists. They will not bring back any bolting gold bugs, for the bolters refused to swallow other things in the Chicago platform besides silver. If silver be abandoned, the masses of the democracy will feel that they were fooled in 1896. In short, if Mr. Bryan and silver were abandoned the Democratic ticket would not receive enough votes to entitle it to legal existence as a party in most states of the Union. Mr. Bryan and silver must be defeated again. The people of the country believe Mr. Bryan and silver are wrong and silly, but they feel that the alleged Democrats, who are trying to whelme both, are dishonest now as they were dishonest when they took up both as a mere expedient three years ago. Between Mr. Bryan and men like Croker, and the scheming members of the Democratic National Committee, the people of the United States will choose the republican candidate.

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A Disgusted Host.
William Knight, a friend of Tennyson, says that he once stopped with the poet at an inn near Stirling. On leaving he asked the host if he knew who his guest was. "Naa," was the reply; "but he is a very pleasant shentleman." "Why," said Knight, "that's Fennyson, the poet." "And who may he be?" "Why, he writes verses, such as you see in the papers." "To think o' that," cried the boniface. "Jeest a pooble writer, an' I gie 'im ma best bedroom!"

An Impending Danger.
"Papa," asked a 4-year-old youngster, "are all little boys made of dust?" "Yes, my son," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the little fellow, "I wish you would make nurse stop using a whisk broom on me. I'm afraid she'll brush me all away."