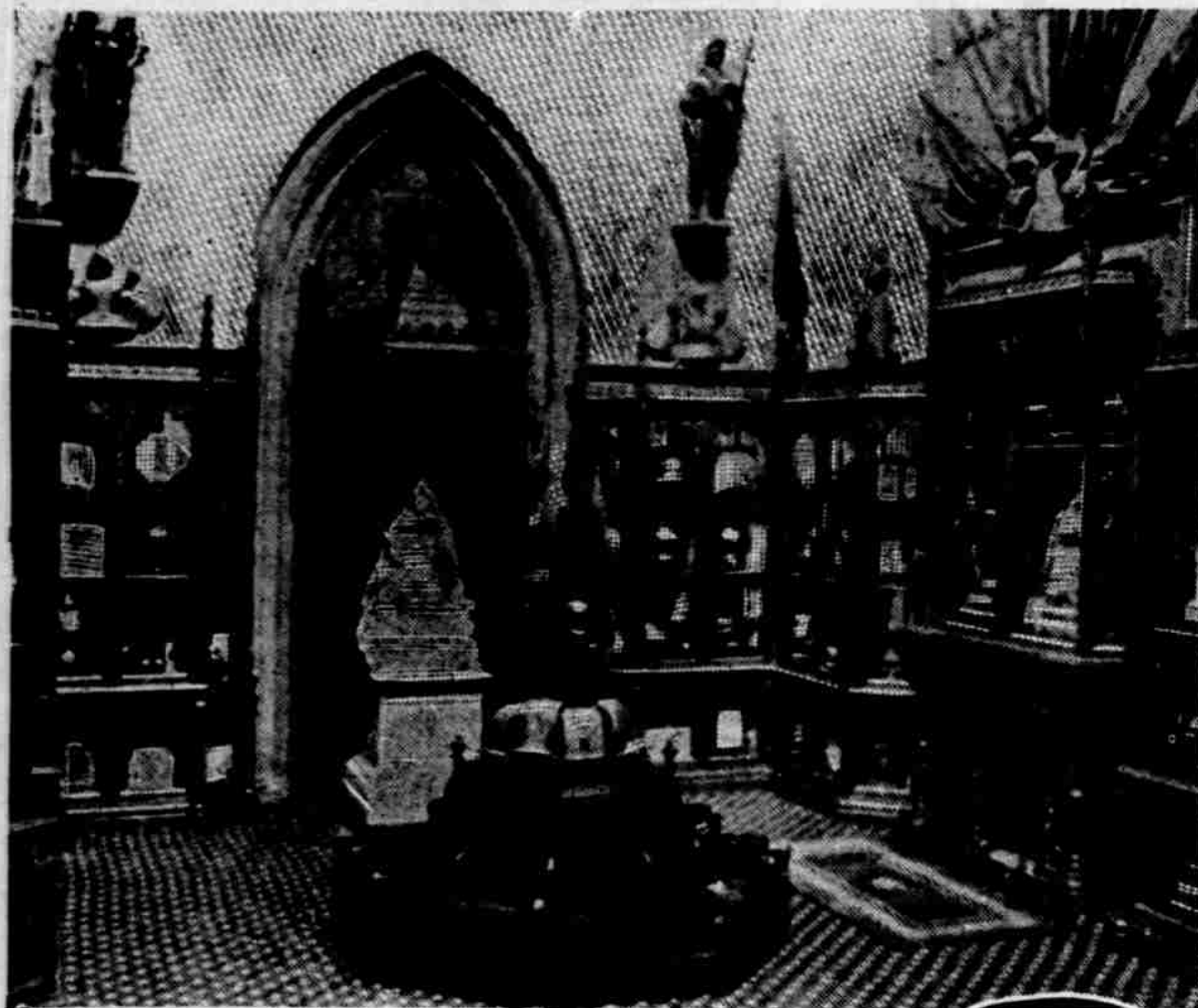


KING EDWARD TO LEND US COSTLY GEM



THE ROYAL GEMS.

On the recent visit of President Francis, of the St. Louis exposition, to London, King Edward promised to send the Victoria collection of precious gems across the Atlantic as a British exhibit at the exposition. The reason for this special royal favor is that the king desires to mark his great appreciation of the love and respect always entertained by the people of this country for the late Queen Victoria. The jewels will form one of the most interesting exhibits of the great exposition.



PRESIDENT FRANCIS, of the St. Louis Exposition.

much enhanced by a map of the harbor and surrounding country and the views of the principal buildings, beautiful parks, and so forth.

* * *

The meeting of the Matinee Musicale Monday was another of the brilliant successes which have characterized this year's work. The program was called "A Study of Lohengrin," and consisted of parts of acts one, two and three of this famous opera, in some cases entire scenes being given. The cast was as follows:

Elsa.....Miss Ada M. Castor
Ortrud.....Mrs. E. Lewis Baker
Lohengrin.....Mr. Everett B. Carder
Frederick.....Mr. C. W. Kettering

Miss Anna Caldwell added to the pleasure of the audience by telling the story of the opera in a manner that helped those who were unfamiliar with it to better understand the situations. Mrs. Carrie B. Raymond at the piano supported the singers with her scholarly accompaniments. Mrs. Raymond, as chairman of the program committee, and the soloists who sang the parts, have worked long and faithfully over this difficult opera, and they were rewarded by a large and very musical and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Kettering, who was a favorite when he resided in Lincoln, came from Denver to assist in this program. He made a very satisfactory Frederick, and particularly in the dramatic scene between Frederick and Ortrud, he rose to a height of dramatic power which surprised even his warmest admirers. Mr. Kettering has broadened both in his voice and style since he was last heard here.

Mrs. Baker's remarkable dramatic ability is too well known, almost, for added comment, but she fairly outdid herself on Monday. She was in fine voice, and had, in the part of Ortrud, an opportunity to display her range, taking a sharp repeatedly with perfect ease, in the invocation to the Gods.

Apropos, all of the parts in Lohengrin run pretty high, making a severe test for voices unaccustomed to such severe work. Miss Castor's pure, clear soprano was greatly admired. She took the part of Elsa charmingly, singing with great passion and abandon, and one who has seen the opera repeatedly said that she not only sang the part well, but looked the Elsa, to perfection.

Mr. Carder did the part of Lohengrin beautifully, tenderly where tenderness was demanded, and with strong feeling. His is another voice the development of which it will be worth while to watch. The following excerpts from the opera were given:

ACT I.

From Scene 1—Frederick's denunciation of Elsa.

From Scene 2—Elsa's Dream
From Scene 3—The "Swan" Song. Lohengrin offers himself as Elsa's defender, forbidding her to question what his race and name. The betrothal of Elsa and Lohengrin.

ACT II.

Scene 1—Frederick and Ortrud, outside the palace, plot the ruin of Elsa and Lohengrin.
Scene 2—Ortrud instills doubt into Elsa's mind.

ACT III.

Scene 2—After the wedding. Elsa and Lohengrin alone. Elsa asks the forbidden question.
From Scene 3—Lohengrin reveals himself and bids Elsa farewell.

It was a delighted audience which left Fraternity hall after the program and those persons who had seen most opera were loudest in their praise of the work accomplished by Mrs. Raymond and the singers.

* * *

This prayer which was written by Mary Stuart of Langmont, Colorado, and appeared in the March number of the Club Woman, will touch a responsive chord in many hearts:

Oh, Father, teach us to live simpler lives!
We women are so tired; this load of care
Grows heavy and almost too hard to
bear;
The heart is well-nigh breaking as it
strives.

Our lives are over-crowded, and we find
No time to rest—we scarce take time to
pray—
In feverish haste we toil and strive all
day,
And steal from night sweet sleep—oh, we
are blind!

Freed from the narrow ways our mothers
went,
With eager joy upon the world's highway
'Mid all its storm and stress our souls
find play;
Yet sometimes strength, 'twould seem, is
almost spent.

The times press hard, we may not lag be-
hind;
A thousand duties hold us with a hand
As firm and heavy as the old command;
And truly their reward is e'en less kind.

Oh, teach us how to use our freedom found,
To throw aside the burdens that oppress
And keep the soul from higher useful-
ness,
In paths where quietness and peace abound.

Let us take time to look up at the stars,
To see the flowers and sunshine in our
need,
To follow where soft baby fingers lead
Our hearts in wiser wisdom than in ours.

We are so tired, we daughters, mothers,
wives,
With this dumb, blind, relentless rush
to-day;
Oh, let us pause to hear and see and pray,
And teach us, Father, to live simpler lives!

* * *

Mrs. Witherby (at breakfast)—Are you
well?
Witherby—Yes. Why?
Mrs. Witherby—You look changed. I
suppose I notice it more than those who
are with you constantly.

The Pendule

By Jean Rameau.

"I love you, Arlette!" he murmured, his brown eyes flashing forth a world of wild passion.

Arlette only sighed in response, and her heavy eye-lashes lowered themselves until they almost touched her soft daisy cheek.

And then her sweet lips whispered, as softly as the summer zephyrs among the flowers, in hesitating syllables: "And I, Loys, I love you."

A solemn silence followed these words, a silence that suggested the eternity of human love. Loys tenderly pressed his lips upon Arlette's eyes, and then he stepped to the mantle, opened the exquisitely made pendule, and broke its delicate spring, so that it might not mark any other hour thenceforth but the present, the hour divine and unforgettable in which her little mouth had confessed the secret of her heart to him she loved.

(To Be Continued.)

The above conclusion of the daily installment of fiction in the literary supplement scored a pronounced hit. The gifted author of the story received a vast mass of correspondence the following morning all of which contained expressions of unrestrained enthusiasm over his intellectual brilliancy, his fine fancy and his profound psychological insight into the innermost recesses of the feminine heart.

One fair enthusiast wrote: "Oh, master! You alone understand the complex nature of woman." And then followed a rhapsody of overflowing praise that fairly made his head swim.

"How happy, dear master," gushed another, "how happy must be the Arlettes who meet men like Loys!"

But the letter which interested him most, and which expanded an odor no less intoxicating than that of a hedge of red roses, was the following:

"One of your most humble admirers, one whom you have often consoled in hours of despair and doubt, solicits the honor and pleasure of an interview. . . . You will make her infinitely happy by receiving her, tomorrow, between four and five in the afternoon. Are you willing? Oh, yes, of course you are! Deeply moved in heart, she will ring the bell and cross the threshold of your little room. A Timid Admirer."

The author experienced a feeling of intense pride and satisfaction and ex-

pectation. He gently stroked his silky, flowing beard, and finally said aloud: "Of course, I shall receive her, the dear, little woman." Great writers have, at times, laudable accesses of disinterested generosity.

The following day, when the time for the interview approached, he called his valet, and said:

"Edmond! I wish to impress it upon your mind that I am not at home for anybody after four o'clock, except for a lady who will undoubtedly call to see

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