

IVORY AND ITS USES.

WHY CARVED ORNAMENTS IN IVORY ARE VERY EXPENSIVE.

There Are Few Expert Workmen In Ivory In This Country—The Price of Elephant Tusks Has Not Greatly Changed In Recent Years—A Coatsy Industry.

When Whitelaw Reid was in search of a workman to decorate apartments at Ophir Farm with rich and beautiful antiques brought over from Europe he found that there was but one man in America who could do such work, and he lay sick. Had Mr. Reid been in search of skilled ivory carvers he would have found them almost as scarce. There are not above three or four ivory carvers of approved skill in New York, and hardly so many in all the rest of the country.

The men who do such work are paid high wages the year round, whether busy or idle. They are Frenchmen, Germans and Italians. Of the three the Italians are perhaps the most skillful, since ivory carving has been an art in a high degree of perfection among the Italians for centuries. The most famous ivory carver living, however, is a Frenchman, Moreau Vauthier. Few of his masterpieces have been seen in America, though two were sold at the famous Morgan art sale of a few years ago, and two more, held at a great price, are now in the possession of a noted American jeweler.

The ivory carvers of this country do little or nothing in the East Indian or Japanese manner, nor do they occupy themselves with figure work. Their chief employment is in producing decorative toilet and stationary articles. The rage for stained and carved ivory is of recent growth in the United States, and the demand for such articles is not large, as they are more costly than the same articles in silver would be. They were produced to tickle the jaded aesthetic palates of the rich and luxurious, and only those who may trifle away what they will indulge themselves to any considerable degree in carved ivory.

In all such articles the cost of the raw material is small in comparison with that of the labor. Billiard balls are costly because they contain large quantities of the finest ivory cut from the best part of the tusk. The labor cost of billiard balls is trifling, as they are turned by machinery and rapidly. Thus it often happens that a single small article, richly stained and carved, will cost five times as much as a billiard ball containing ten times the weight of ivory. The carvers of ivory use much the same tools as the wood carvers, but of lighter and more delicate make. The work is extremely tedious and laborious.

The carving is usually done in low relief, and the subjects are such as are suitable to this treatment—Persian designs in delicate curves, the cactus, with some varieties of palm, and hints caught from those marvelously simple but artistic carvings of the Alaskan Indians. The ivory is stained slightly, so as to bring out the design, and is permitted to absorb moisture, which it readily does, in order to give it that fresh look common in newly manufactured articles of ivory. The art of staining ivory is a secret guarded well by the carvers.

Some notion of the cost of ivory carving may be had from the fact that, while a hand mirror framed in plain ivory may be had for ten or twelve dollars, a mirror in carved ivory may cost \$100 or more. The small articles in carved ivory cost from five to twenty-five dollars, and a toilet set in that material may fetch as high as \$500. The American climate, with its extremes of heat and cold, is very trying upon ivory, and ivory backed mirrors of European manufacture almost invariably crack across the back after a few months of use upon this side of the Atlantic. The American manufacturers have hit upon the expedient of leaving a space between glass and frame in order to allow for contraction and expansion.

Nearly all the ivory brought to the United States is bought in the great London market, where the price is knocked about by bulls and bears, who corner ivory as they corner wheat or corn. The African rather than the Asiatic ivory is brought to this country, though one of the largest tusks ever seen in this market—that of a sacred East Indian elephant—has just been mounted in oriental style as a trophy of the chase. The tusk measures more than six feet in length and retains the marks it bore when worn by the sacred beast to which it belonged. Thanks to the predatory and murderous industry of Tippu Tib and his black Zanzibarite the supply of ivory has kept pace with the increased demand resulting from its extended use in this country, and the price for the raw material has not permanently advanced.

Few tusks of more than five feet in length come to this country, and many are less than four feet long. Many of the tusks reach here after having been buried in Africa for years to save them from thievish enemies of the savage owners. Every tusk must go through a process of seasoning, long or short, according as the process is natural or artificial, before it is made up into articles of ornament or use. It is difficult to obtain a perfect slab of ivory more than six inches in diameter, as the upper end of the tusk, which is the thickest, is hollow and the material is coarser than that in the solid part of the tusk.

From the latter are made billiard balls and the most beautifully carved articles for the toilet and the writing desk. From the coarser parts are made poker chips, buttons and a hundred small articles. Every part of the tusk is put to use. Even the chips and sawdust are converted into ivory black by burning. —New York Sun.

When a Girl Has More Fun.

When a girl visits in a town she nearly always has a good time, but a young man seldom does. The men pay him but little attention and the young ladies hold him at a distance because it is not proper to become acquainted too rapidly. —Atchison Globe.

Meeting His Ideal. "It is always said," remarked Scott Herd in the corridor soon, "that a man's ideal does not exist on this terrestrial ball; that always it is ethereal, evanescent, and can never be described or painted. I am a painter—not by trade, but by choice—and I really think that I have not only painted my ideal woman, but later still found her. For a long time I studied over what beauty is in woman and endeavored to visualize my ideal. I partly succeeded in this, and later I painted what I considered the most beautiful woman, measured, of course, by the standard of my own inclinations and choice. Then I fell in love with my work and dreamed of some day meeting my ideal. About five years ago I traveled in Switzerland, sketching the glorious Alpine scenery, the natives and the pretty women.

"One afternoon I journeyed, or rather pilgrimaged, to a rich old burgher's country seat, about seventeen leagues from Lucerne, to sketch and to visit the graves of some of Switzerland's fallen heroes. While there I met the owner, a stern old Roman Catholic, who could fluently speak French. He introduced me to his daughter, the fair Emily, in whom I found a majority of the characteristics of my ideal. I had almost painted her correctly. While there I studied her face closely, so as to be able to catch the fleeting expressions and the sentiment that I knew my picture lacked. Then I returned home and touched again the face with my brush. After making a very little change I found that the picture was a splendid likeness, and accordingly presented it to the family."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Beauty and the Beasts.

Three Broadway cars, four trucks, a mail wagon and a light cart became entangled in a blockade near Prince street. It was bitter cold, and the drivers felt grieved that they had to stand still.

Then a handsome carriage with a spanking team and old driver in livery tried to worm its way through the blockade. There was a rattle and a bang, and the carriage wheels were caught by the wheels of a truck.

"Hah, yo swash faced, lunk headed baboon," a car driver yelled to the liveried driver, "whar' y' gaw'n?"

"Gabbback out o' that!" cried another driver.

The air was blue with profanity, each driver vying to outswear the other. The driver of the carriage said never a word, but his face was a study. Rage, hostility and cuss words were struggling there with restraint and duty.

Just then the carriage door was opened from within, and a rosy face appeared, budding from a hazy mass of light furs.

It was a sweet, blue eyed, young and very pretty face, only the mouth was contracted as if in pain.

"What's the matter, John?" she asked plaintively. "Can't you drive on? I'm just freezing in here."

The swearing ceased at once, and no one looked John in the face, but the driver of the car backed his horses, the truck pulled up a little, the cart swung slightly around, and the carriage passed through and rolled on its way.—New York Sun.

In the Days of Forty-nine.

After the city and county of Sacramento were organized in 1859 the law full authorities attempted to remove the squatters. Over 200 had organized, and when the sheriff attempted to remove a squatter he was met by an armed mob.

Mayor Biglow then called upon the citizens to aid the sheriff, and with a small body of citizens he halted the mob and ordered them to disperse. His commands were met by defiance, and the leader ordered his men to fire. The mayor and his horse were wounded, and his little band fled.

I was behind a tree. I heard a voice rising above the yell of the mob ordering them to surrender. Thinking that reinforcements had arrived and looking from my shelter, I was surprised and fascinated to see only a solitary horseman facing the maddened mob and ordering them to surrender. His orders were met, as were the mayor's, by a volley of musketry. Instead of falling or retreating, the rider held his rearing horse in check, and as the horse came down on his feet Mr. McDonald coolly fired both his pistols, each wounding a man. This unequal contest continued until McDonald had emptied his weapons. His last shot brought down the leader. As the leader fell McDonald was aided by the sheriff and posse, when the rattle died.—A Forty-niner in New York Press.

Altogether Too Much Pepper.

A man was appointed superintendent of a Sunday school much against his own desire. He had been a very profane, worldly man in his early life, but had experienced religion and had attempted to reform in every way. When the appointment of superintendent of the Sunday school was suggested he demurred. "He was afraid he might lapse into profanity or into some of his old ways. But he was finally urged and persuaded to take the position. He held it very well until one night he was asked to pray for the poor of the parish. He said: "O Lord, help the poor. They need it. Help Jones. Jones and his family are hungry and they need help. Send them a barrel of flour. Send them a barrel of pepper. Blazes! that's too much pepper!"—New York World.

Sharks Deteriorating.

The modern shark is deteriorating. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking, seventy feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are five inches long, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are 1 1/2 inches long.—Exchange.

Had All She Needed.

He (after a long explanation as to why he loves her)—In view of all this, Miss Marlow—Estelle—I offer you my hand. She—Thank you, Mr. Borely, but really the two I have are all I need.—Harper's Bazar.

AN IDEAL IDLENESS.

A SUMMER DAY IN MOSS GROWN WOODS BY A BABBLING BROOK.

Thoughts Suggested by An Afternoon in Midsummer spent in the shade of Growing Trees in a Crotch of Nature's Domain. Trees are Nature's Nests.

It is a warm day in midsummer, and a fisherman is following along a trout brook. The stream runs through the forest—through hardwood groves, which, owing to their scant underbrush, look almost like English parks; through mossy evergreen glades, where every sound and color is subdued; through rocky ravines, down which the water hurries with fretful plaints against the boulders in its path, till at last it finds an outlet in a mountain lake.

Today it is evident that all the wood life is prepared to be lazy—even the trout that are wont to rush so eagerly at worm or fly. Now the fisherman begins to feel the influence of this all pervading inertia, and finally he lays down his pole and stretches himself out on the brook's bank. Close to his side is a sound of rippling water, cool and soothing, while the spreading top of a maple keeps off the sun.

The bank here is covered with thick moss—a pleasant couch waiting for some one to come and use it. In the economy of the woods nothing is permitted to exist for itself only; the saplings have their own life, but must also furnish leaves and twigs to the deer, and bark to the nibbling hare. No plant or animal is entirely selfish, and so this humble moss, since it can do little else, is ready to serve as a resting place for the weary.

There is an old saying that goes, "Best ease is free ease"—or the ease bought with too much labor of preparation is hardly worth having. And this thought, though it may not be very profound, suggests one great delight of the woods, everything is free—is natural. No one but tireless nature has labored. No eyes have ached, no back has become bent, in the making of this couch of moss; no hands have toiled to rear so grateful shade of the maple. The refreshing splash and ripple of the brook is freely, unconsciously given.

The voluptuaries of the east were close students of the art of idleness. Lounging on their cushions, they listened to soft music and watched the movements of dancing slaves. Other slaves waved cooling fans, and, if their masters were exposed to the sun, held silken canopies above them. The eastern prince thought that the pleasures of idleness could be no further perfected.

But the dancers must often have grown weary; the slaves holding the canopies fainted in the sun; the fan bearers and the musicians doubtless wondered at the unjust fate which condemned them to labor in order that others might enjoy. No Indian rajah or Persian lord ever reclined upon a cushion such than this one on which the fisherman stretches himself. The brook makes the most delightful of music. Sunbeams dancing on leaf and moss and ripples are as pleasant to watch as the movement of weary slaves.

Nor do the sights and sounds of the woods lack variety. The music of the water is mingled with the twitter of forest birds—thrushes and wood sparrows; the songful enthusiasm of their annual youth is past, but the midsummer notes are full of happiness, and tell of nests well stocked with little ones. Squirrels chirp and chatter. The dead leaves strewn the ground are of every shade of brown and red and yellow, and the slender shafts of sunlight, which dart down through the breeze stirred foliage overhead, never fall twice upon colors that are exactly similar.

The trout fisherman, half dreamy, half observant, and wholly happy, has lain there till the long, warm summer afternoon is drawing to a close. The shy little wood creatures that love the dusk come out of their hiding places and run near him, quite fearless of his motionless figure. Delicate, mouse-like creatures are here, the flying squirrels, in soft gray draperies. A mink trots over the wet boulders in the brook's bed, and, conscious of its own importance, eyes the man suspiciously.

Darkness is coming on, and it is time for the trout fisherman to go home. He leaves the mossy bank regretfully, half persuaded that idleness, and not work, is man's chief blessing.—Francis S. Palmer in Christian Union.

A Bride of Two Years.

England can furnish instances of child marriages, not perhaps to any great extent, but as young as any to be found in eastern countries, where such marriages are almost of daily occurrence. The youngest English bride on record is, beyond all doubt, a daughter of Sir William Brereton, who in the sixteenth century was united in bonds of holy matrimony, when only two years of age, to a bridegroom who was only her senior by one year. In this case the children were carried into the church, and their elders spoke for them. Subsequently, when the pair reached years of maturity, they ratified the strange tie. In this instance the object was to carry out a desire to unite property.—All the Year Round.

For Towing a Few Hundred Miles.

In April, 1888, the engines of the steamship California, from Hamburg for New York, broke down when the vessel was about fifty-six miles southeast of Nantucket shoals and 300 miles east of this city. She was towed to this port by the freighter Chateau Margaux, bound from New York to Bordeaux. The latter was awarded \$15,000 salvage.—New York Evening Sun.

Indians and Japanese.

The Indians of the interior have nothing in common with those of the western coast. They lack the small feet, almond eyes, coarse, heavy black hair, short stature and timidity that mark the coast Indian as coming from Japan.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Interpreting the Scriptures.

"There is a queer old preacher down in my country," said a native born Marylander to a party of friends in the Manhattan club one evening last week. The man had just returned from a visit to his old home after a long absence and was amusing the company with anecdotes.

"He is about seventy years old," continued the speaker, "and he has had little or no education and is utterly incapable of preaching a sermon. He believes every word, letter and punctuation mark in the Bible is inspired, and his method of teaching his flock is to read from the Scripture and expound and explain his reading to the best of his ability.

"Of course the good old man quite frequently runs up against some passages most difficult to interpret. His method of extricating himself, as I have reason to know, is unique. I was listening to his exposition of Solomon and all his glory the other Sunday and wondered how he was going to do justice to the great king in the matter of his thousand odd wives. All of a sudden he came up on the passage, which he read through slowly. Then he paused, mopped his brow and said:

"Brethren, we have come across a difficult passage. Let us, however, not shirk our duty. We must look the difficulty firmly in the face and pass on to the next verse." And he promptly proceeded to do so, to the evident satisfaction of his flock."—New York Herald.

A Typical Mississippi Steamboat.

The City of Providence was one of a long line of Mississippi boats edging the broad, clean, sloping levee that fronts busy St. Louis. She was by far the largest and handsomest of the packets, but all are of one type, and that is worth describing. They are, so far as I remember, all painted white, and are very broad and low. Each carries two tall black funnels, capped with a bulging ornamental top, and carrying on rods swung between the funnels the trade mark of the company cut out of sheet iron, an anchor or an initial letter, a fox or a swan, or whatever.

There are three or four stories to these boats—first the open main deck for freight and for the boilers and engines, then the walled in saloon deck, with a row of windows and doors cut alternately close beside one another and with profuse ornamentation by means of jig saw work wherever it can be put, and last of all the "Texas," or officers' quarters, and the "bureau," or negro passenger cabin, forming the third story.

Most of the large boats have the big square pilot house on top of the "Texas," but others carry it as part of the third story in front of the "Texas." The pilot house is always made to look graceful by means of an upper fringe of jig saw ornament, and usually carries a deer's head or pair of antlers in front of it.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

A Mania for Decorations.

There are Frenchmen, according to M. Simon, who collect decorations just as others collect postage stamps. In certain official positions it appears the one thing is hardly more difficult than the other. "I knew," he says, "two public officials who had this inoffensive mania. One was fat. The chain on which he hung his medals spread across his ample chest and struck downward and was lost to view in his waistcoat pocket, in the interior of which the imagination pictured further honorary insignia. The other was thin, to his great disgust, and he could only exhibit some thirty decorations in a row. Some one advised him to wear a double line, just as unruly convicts wear a double chain. He did so, and he was quite right. His breast was a collection of all the animals of creation in gold, silver and enamel. It amused people to look at all this while he was speaking, and they were very glad of this little distraction, for he was an ass."—London News.

The Shape of the Shoe.

Our Puritan fathers wore shoes moderately peaked. About 1690 square toes made their appearance. In the reign of Mary, who died in 1658, there was a proclamation issued that no person should wear shoes over two inches wide at the toes. Square toes began to lose favor in 1757. In our newspapers from 1716 to 1735 round toes became more common, and peaked ones less, according to descriptions given of shoes on runaway slaves and servants. From 1737 shoe toes continued in a small proportion and became mostly pointed. This shape lasted nearly a hundred years. Square toes began again in 1825, and in 1836 were succeeded by round toes.—Boston Herald.

A Description of the Heart.

Here is a question and answer of a high school pupil: Briefly describe the heart and its functions or work. The heart is a conical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy partition. These parts are called right artillery, left artillery, and so forth. The function of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.—Miss A. C. Graham in University Correspondent.

A Shocking Organization.

The Liars' club is all that its name implies. It is composed largely of wicked fishermen whose improbable stories have given a bad name to honest, truth telling worshippers at the shrine of old Isaac Walton who would not tell a lie about the number of fish they caught for the world. The biggest liar is chosen president, and several gentlemen of prominence in our community have held the office.—New York Times.

Common Hypocrisy.

Miss Willard says that few forms of hypocrisy are more common on the lips of women than this, "I would on no account have my name in the newspaper." If a woman has accomplished something helpful to humanity it is just as desirable to have it known as if a man had accomplished the same.



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