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ARTISTIC PORTRAITS.

NEW STUDIOS.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

"You don't mean to say that you understand French, Tommy?" "Oh, yes, I do. When ma and pa speak French at tea, I know I'm to have a powder!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Johnnie—Mamma, why do they call ministers doctors? Mother—I can't tell, Johnnie. Johnnie—Perhaps it's because they're the pillars of the church, mamma.—Yonkers Statesman.

A little child in one of Albany's public schools was rebuked the other day for using a slang expression and exposed herself by replying: "Well, my brother brought that into the house." The teacher said: "Your brother ought to be more careful of his language." "Oh," said the little one apologetically, "you know you can't stop boys from bringing slang into the house. Can you?"—Albany Journal.

A little pugilistic cousin, who persisted in running in and out, despite the fact of his having a heavy cold, was reproved by me. I said: "The first thing you know you'll be taken out to the cemetery." "I don't care," he replied, with the utmost nonchalance; "I would like a ride, and, anyway," he added, "I could live up in heaven." A little playmate said, eagerly: "Oh, my two brothers is up there?" "They are, are they?" my cousin said, fiercely; "well, you just wait till I get there, and I'll smash their nose!"—Philadelphia Record.

Phillip, 7 years old, is proud of his standing in school. "Well," said his uncle, who had heard the boy speak rather delightfully about his school triumphs, "what is your relative rank in your class?" "I—I don't know what you mean, uncle." "Why, I mean where do you stand in your classes?" "Oh! In the reading class I stand on the crack just in front of the big desk, and in the arithmetic class I don't stand at all, 'cos we just sit on the recitation bench!"—Youth's Companion.

Appropriate.

A New York merchant, who does an extensive business in Cuba, had been entertaining a wealthy citizen of Havana for several days. On a recent Sunday the Cuban and his wife were to sail for home. At the last moment, the merchant thought it would be the proper thing to send some flowers to his departing friends on board the ship. So he hastily dispatched an office boy to a florist's to purchase some flowers. "Get about \$25 worth, and I will leave the selection to you," were his instructions to the boy, after telling why he wanted the flowers. He then accompanied his friend to the steamer, and just as "all ashore" was cried, the office boy rushed up the gangplank carrying two broken columns—one bore the inscription: "We mourn your loss," and the other, "Gone to another shore."—The Argonaut.

Probably.



"Papa, what is patrimony?" "It is what is inherited from a father, my dear."

"Oh—and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"—Life.

Fair Play.

A colorful woman entered a prominent dry goods store a few days since, and wanted to look at some work baskets. The clerk, a young man, showed her several, and she selected a small one, which she thought was worth about a quarter. "Wrap this up for me," said she. "Oh, that's all right," said the clerk, "you just imagine that it is wrapped up." "All right," she answered, as she picked up the basket and started from the store. "But you forgot to pay me," said the clerk. "Oh, that's all right," she answered, "just imagine I've paid you."

The laughter of the proprietor and several clerks who had overheard the conversation so embarrassed the young man that he permitted the woman to walk off without paying for the basket.—Washington Star.

Caged With a Lyanatic.

First Baker—Just opening I see. I suppose you will join the bakers' trust.

Second Baker—I have no use for a trust, sir.

"Ah, but I thought so. You intend to cut us in prices. We'll just show you, sir, that!"

"I have no intention of cutting under in prices. I shall charge the full market rates, whatever they are."

"Eh?"

"I expect, sir, to gain custom by the superior excellence of my bread."

First Baker springing for the door and dashing into the street.—Heaven preserve us! What an escape! He's mad, mad as a March hare!—Omaha World.

Japanese Art.

A magazine writer says that Japanese art is declining. Any one who has seen the average Japanese oil painting will not be surprised. A long haired and wild looking female, fearfully and wonderfully made, jumping a half mile into space and grabbing a mud hen by the off hind leg, appears to be the favorite motif in Japanese art.—Norristown Herald.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

"You ought not to have punished the boy so severely," he said reprovingly to the woman. "The dog belongs to a neighbor, and, besides, tying a kettle to a dog's tail is not such a wicked thing for a boy to do."

"The kettle belongs to me," said the woman, still mad.—New York Sun.

This Is Too Much.

"We have heard a great deal about the reckless extravagance of the far west," says The Chicago Times, "but we cannot go quite so far as to believe the yarn that there is a hotel in Deadwood where they change the napkins every time they change proprietors."

Frightened Off.

Wife—I am sure, John, that burglars attempted to enter the house last night.

Husband—You don't say so? What do you suppose frightened them off?

Wife—I think it must have been your snoring.—Epsch.

He Walked Back.

"Murphy, might of ax yez whudder it's natural or artificial fur yez to be dat bow-legged?"

"Artificial, Morky; of rode up in a bloun wan toms up' walked back."—Harper's Bazar.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

NEW FASHIONS IN DRESS DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

Pleasing Bonnets of Fancy Straw, and Mantles and Mantellets, That Represent Leading Styles in Both Paris and New York.

Recent openings in New York city have proven that in the matter of spring wraps, as well as gowns and bonnets, ladies may exercise their own individual taste largely in making selections. The variety of shapes and styles is wide, and includes the smallest of mantellets and shoulder cases, full masses, long wraps, and jackets and coats of many descriptions.



SPRING MANTLES AND BONNETS.

Mantles in which lace plays a conspicuous part are very effective and dressy. In the cut are represented two Paris models. One, strictly speaking, is a mantelet. It is of striped moire with lace; jet and ribbon trimmings. Attention is also called to the graceful little bonnet that is worn with this mantelet. It is of fancy brown straw, and is trimmed with brown and green ribbons and has a green velvet front.

The remaining figure in the cut is a velvet mantle, with bretelles of Chantilly lace, graduated jet fringes and ribbons. The long necktie ends are of fine lace. The bonnet associated with this mantle is a fancy straw, with roses in front, abanthe ribbon and tulle stripes.

New York Fashions for Men.

The following are, according to Harper's Bazar, correct styles for men: Shirt bosoms for day wear are made perfectly plain, as they are well covered. Dress shirts have fine lines or repeated piped bosoms, embroidered all over with tiny dots, or forget me nots, or very small figures, or else one or two lines or slender vines of the needle work are down the middle. Some plaited bosoms are again seen, and a line of embroidery extends down each plait. Percale shirts have wide cross stripes of color—blue, pink or lilac—but are mostly worn with white collars, as stripes do not look well in collars and are not becoming when placed so near the face. The popular collars are high bands turned over square in front, or else they are straight bands that open in V shape at the throat. Cuffs are square cornered to nearly meet, with linked sleeve buttons for joining them.

Plaids and stripes are stylish for the large light scarfs that are now worn by young men all day; the grounds are cream white, with bars an inch apart of pale blue with brown, or of yellow with black; or else there are bold cross stripes, or the merest penciled lines of Gobelins blue, wistaria, dull red, or brown on the pure white surface. Pale blue neckties are for semi-dress, with tiny dots, horizontal or lines of old rose, yellow, olive or brown. The flatly folded broad scarfs are shown again with curved tops, but the preference is for scarfs tied by the wearer, or for those knotted to look as if tied at the last moment. Large white designs of blocks, diamonds, dots, and zigzag streaks are on the dark blue and brown scarfs which many men find most becoming, especially for morning wear. For day weddings are China crape scarfs of pure white, with small or large figures, and there are also thicker cream silk scarfs in square, in diagonal, or basket weaving. The full dress necktie of white lawn is folded a trifle wider than formerly, measuring an inch and a quarter in breadth. Dull black gros grain scarfs are worn in mourning.

Tea Gowns.

With the present rage for tea gowns any new model is welcome that affords novel suggestions in either the shape of the gown, its material or the arrangement of its trimmings.



AN ARTISTIC TEA GOWN.

In the cut is presented an artistic gown than can hardly fail to please the most fastidious. It will prove most effective when made up in art shades of chuddah, cashmere and Indian silk. As will be seen on examination of the cut, it is smocked at waist, neck and sleeves.

Cotton Dress Fabrics.

The new cotton materials are legion in color and make, but pale pink and gray appear to be in the ascendant. Stripes of all widths predominate. One pretty variety has alternate stripes of checked cambric, about two inches or so in width, in shades of gray, blue, red or brown, with stripes of open work white cambric. For cool morning or easy tennis wear, these would look well.

Blacklead a Good Lubricant.

In the absence of plumage, those who are annoyed by a creaking hinge on a door may be glad to know that by rubbing the end of a common lead pencil upon the offending part it will immediately be reduced to absolute silence. Blacklead is one of the best lubricators known.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

The Story Told by an Engineer in Nevada.

Yesterday The Appeal reporter found Harry Rice, the engineer, in front of the post-office.

"Back again, eh?"

"Yes, you bet; only one out of a crew of eight that can crawl."

"In any smash ups?"

"Leven."

"Get hurt?"

"Nary time."

"Many smash ups down there?"

"Nothin' else. First day I hit the road pulled out or Summit with twelve cattle and nine merchandise. Saw 40 comin' up."

"Forty six trains?"

"No, you idiot. No. 46 locomotive, east bound. I began to squeal right away."

"Squeal before you were hit?"

"I was squealin' for brakes, you fool, pipin' up the brakeman. Ye see, my air gave out."

"I don't exactly?"

"Air brakes wouldn't work, so I whistled for the train men to set 'em. I had a Missouri granger for a fireman. Only been on the road two days and he let go on the right."

"I don't exactly under?"

"Banged off the machine through the right of the cuthouse and went down the bank. I screwed my nut too quick."

"That is, you er?"

"I jumped the game from the other side, you crazy."

"Oh, yes."

"Then the machines met and there was a fine old collision. The merchandise cars piled right up on the engines, and I had to dodge through the air. A McCormick reaper and combined harvester passed right over the fireman's head and went down the bank. He rolled over 600 feet before he tried to stop."

"Quite exciting."

"No, not very, till the cattle cars began to spill. The cattle were all busted out of the top of the cars and came down like a cloud-burst. There were Durhams, Hollands and little Jerseys, all on the wing, tartin' somersaults in the air. I had to get behind a bowlder till the beef shower was over."

"Hurt much?"

"Naw, was on deck next day. Hadn't time to attend the funeral of the brakeman. Next accident was near Colfax. Struck another train comin' up. I saw the business comin', corked her right there."

"I don't exactly un?"

"Plugged 'er, that is, I jammed the throttle over the other side and screwed my nut again. I lit on a pine tree all in good shape when the engine came together, and they rolled sixty feet down the bank, where they lie yet. Just think of the work I've had, nine collisions in fourteen days and I in every one of 'em. I'm the only of 'leven that can snake."

"That can what?"

"That can crawl, that ain't dead. You know I don't feel shaky any more. Got sort'er used to it. But you'd laugh to see the way one engine is mixed up with some agricultural machinery. An inspector went out to hunt the engine, and when he found it couldn't tell whether it was a locomotive or mowin' machine."—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

Extravagant.

The story of the Cape Cod youth who spent a week in flapping ten cents on the street in Boston has brought the Listener another story of a Cape Cod boy who must have been a relative of that one. He happened to be visiting in Boston, a good while ago, on the Fourth of July, and went out on the Common to see the sights. He returned in an hour or two looking rather rueful.

"What's the matter, Silas?" he was asked.

"Gosh, all humbuck!" he exclaimed; "this is the most extravagant place I ever see."

"What has happened?"

"Wal, you know that quarter of a dollar you give me this morning?"

"Yes, Well?"

"Spent it, by hokey, all but twenty-three cents, slap dash for molasses cakes."—Boston Transcript.

Ornithology.

A Georgia paper amuses its readers by a story about the domestic habits of the owl family. It says that in the early spring, the old hen owl lays an egg and immediately sets on it till it is hatched, and then covers the little fellow till it becomes full fledged. When this is done she lays another egg, and the young owl assumes the maternal responsibility to hatch out that egg and rear the younger owl. By that time the owl number one is able to fly away, and number two takes his place and hatches out the next egg. This operation continues as long as the season lasts.—Chicago Herald.

Enough, Enough.

Recently at a woman's rights meeting in London there was a particularly vigorous speaker, who waved her long arms like the sails of a windmill, and said: "If the women of the country were to rise up in their thousands and march to the polls, I should like to know what there is on earth that could stop them!" And in the momentary silence which followed this peroration a small voice remarked: "A mouse!"—New York Sun.

Funny If True.

At a Ball Game.—He (excitedly)—By Jove, did you see that left fielder catch that fly?

She (petulantly)—Of course I didn't. I don't see how you can see a fly so far away, when it is all I can do to see the ball. What do they do with the poor little flies anyway, John, when they catch them?—Washington Critic.

In the Park.

Mr. Darringer (who has a weakness for pretty nurse girls)—What a pretty baby (snapping his fingers at the baby and boldly springing the girl, and such an elegant carriage! Whose baby is it?)

Pretty Nurse—It is yours, sir. Mrs. Darringer engaged me this morning.—Detroit Free Press.

Animosity After Death.

Reporter (to assistant editor)—Can you skip in something toward burying the proof reader? He died without a cent.

Assistant Editor—How much do you want me to give?

"One dollar."

"Well, there are \$2; bury him one dollar's worth deeper."—Life.

Why He Obeys.

Teacher—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what "obey" means?

Apt Pupil—Yes, ma'am; I obey my father.

Teacher—Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father.

Apt Pupil—"Cause he's bigger'n me!"—Tid Bits.

Honors Always Easy.

First Crook (on the road)—Hello, Jake, how do do? Where yer goin'?

Second Crook—I've been ordered out of Omaha and am goin' to Kansas City. Where you been?

"I've been ordered out of Kansas City and am goin' to Omaha."—Omaha World.

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