

*Hayden*  
FINE : ART : STUDIO  
1214 O street.

Examine samples of our work before ordering elsewhere.  
Cabinet Photographs reduced from \$4 to \$3 per dozen

## WANTED!

Everybody to examine the plans and standing of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, before insuring. It has the lowest continuous death rate of any company. Realizes the highest rate of interest on invested assets which enables it to pay large dividends.

Policies *incontestable* and *non-forfeitable* after third year.

The Union Central issues endowment policies at ordinary life rates; these policies are now maturing and being paid in from one to two years earlier than time estimated by the company. They protect the family and estate during the younger years of life, and the insured in old age at regular life rates. Other desirable policies issued. Call on us or write for plans.

J. M. EDMISTON, State Agent.  
C. L. MESSIER, Asst. State Agent.  
G. T. PUMPELLY, City Solicitor.  
Room 22 Burr Block.  
LINCOLN, NEB.

### LADIES

Should call and see our Goods and  
Spring Novelties and Ornaments for the head.

All the latest shapes in Bangs Switches, etc.

1114 O St.



I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer as being a first-class remedy for Coughs and Colds, having used it in my own family with very great satisfaction.

L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.  
Druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

### HOTEL ORLEANS

SITUATED ON  
SOUTH SHORE  
of  
Spirit Lake  
on

Will be under the personal supervision of H. L. LELAND, and will be open for the reception of guests, June first in each year. Visitors will find

\*THE ORLEANS\*  
is first class in all of its appointments, being well supplied with gas, hot and cold water, baths, electric bells and all modern improvements, steam laundry, billiard hall, bowling alley, etc., and positively free from annoyance by mosquitoes.

Round Trip Excursion Tickets will be placed on sale at the commencement of the tourist season by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway and all connecting lines, at low rates, to the following points in Iowa and Minnesota: Spirit Lake, Iowa; Albert Lea, Waterville, Minn.; St. Paul, Lake Minnetonka, White Bear Lake and Duluth, Minnesota; Clear Lake, Iowa; Lake Superior, Wisconsin; Yellow Stone Park and Denver in Colorado.

We have for "A Midsummer's Paradise" to the General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and for Hotel Rates to H. L. LELAND, Spirit Lake, Iowa.

C. J. IVEY, J. E. HANNEGAN,  
From Our Own Boys. Govt's Ticket and Pass. Agents.

### DELICIOUS LITTLE PURPLE WORMS.

#### An Article of Food Which the Piutes Gather in Large Quantities.

When, in 1849, the California gold fever was making itself felt throughout the country, J. M. Koehler was a young man living in the east. He was not proof against the impulse to seek his fortune in the mines, and came to New York with the hope of finding partners. In this he was not disappointed and with a number of others he chartered a New Orleans packet, stocked it with provisions to last a year and a half, sailed around Cape Horn and reached the Golden Gate in safety. Since then Mr. Koehler has lived most continuously in California, but is now visiting this city, and has brought with him many fine mineralogical specimens.

After showing these to a reporter the other day, he handed to the latter a small bottle, saying: "Do you know what those things are?" In the bottle were a dozen or more dark colored objects, shriveled but juicy looking. The average length was about one inch, and they had the appearance of luscious raisins. The reporter said he supposed that was what they were. The Californian smiled, too, as he said: "No, they are not, they're worms." Then he went on to say that they were considered a great luxury by the Piute Indians.

"I call them the nut pine worm, because they feed on the nut pine tree; what the scientific name is I do not know. On the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains in Southern California, between Bodie and Bishop's creeks is a great stretch of these nut pine trees. They bear a small nut extremely rich oil. So rich are they that you don't want to eat many of them. In August the ground under the trees begins to be covered with green worms, as thick as a man's finger and from one and a half to two and a half inches in length. The worms soon grow wings and fly into the trees. The worm, which should now be dignified by the name of butterfly, does not leave the tree, but soars around among the branches extracting the oil from the nuts. It is about a month the body is full of oil; so full, in fact, that the worms have been forced out. Then the wings fall off."

"It is about this time that the Piutes make their appearance and camp among the trees. They come in large numbers and provided with sacks. The worm having lost its wings again, it crawls along the limbs of the tree to the trunk and falls to the ground. Incidentally it falls into a trap prepared by the Indians. To prevent the worms from escaping they dig trenches around the roots of the tree, the trenches having concave sides. I have known of a bushel of worms being taken from one of these trenches. When the crop of worms has been harvested the Indians build fires on flat stones or the hard earth. When the bed has become hot, not hot enough to roast, the worms are spread upon it and dried. They are then placed in the sacks and carried to the Piute camps. A friend of mine once told me that he had one season estimated that fifty tons of these worms were gathered and dried."

"How do the Indians use the worms?"  
"In soups. The Piutes seem never to tire of soup. They have it almost every day. A buck is allowed two worms and a squaw one for each dish of soup. Sometimes a gallant Indian gives a pretty or popular squaw one of his portion. The worms are not eaten until the soup has been consumed, they being reserved as a final tid-bit. I have tasted the worms and found them very palatable. They are rich and oily like the nut upon which they feed."—New York Tribune.

#### Chinese and Indian Teas.

One of the great advantages which Chinese tea-drinkers said to possess over those of India is their greater wholesomeness. On this subject the British consul at Hankow, in his last report, gives a table of analyses of the two kinds of tea made by Professor Dittmar, F. R. S., from which it appears that the quantity of tannin in Indian tea is 9.68 per cent. and in Chinese 6.01. After twenty minutes' infusion of 100 grains of each there is present in the respective liquors 2.96 grains tannin and 6.63 grains tannin in the Indian and 3.38 grains tannin and 3.86 grains tannin in the Chinese tea. "The tea in question," concludes Mr. Allen, "were both high class teas, and the analyses given above certainly tend to show that there is an excess of tannin, with all its astringent and deleterious qualities, in the Indian tea."—New York Evening Sun.

#### How They Catch Fish in Georgia.

The other day it was our pleasure to go fishing with a party on Alapaha, near Grover, and see how fish are caught the "new way." From four to six men go into the water with a log in front of them, and a sheet with one edge on the log and the other edge held up by the men so that the fish can't jump over, but fall on the sheet. The log is pushed along to the land, and when near it the fish begin to try to make their escape back to the deep water by jumping. If they fail to make a good leap they lodge on the cloth, thereby becoming victims of their own destruction. It is amusing to see how they jump. It is supposed that about 300 pounds were caught.—Abbeville Times.

#### It Won't be Long.

Nothing lasts, and yet nothing is lost. Have you ever studied the faces in a gallery of family portraits? If you have, you have probably noted the persistence of a type through successive generations. Sometimes it is very faintly apparent; but in the next generation it is as distinct as ever. The type endures; the individual perishes. How grimly Death, that supreme master of irony, peers through the windows at the happy fire-side group. He knows that he has only to wait.

Just as surely as the first shall burn

low and smolder there on that hearthstone

shall the family circle be broken and scattered link by link. That boy with the curly

head will be buried in a sailor's grave, that

innocent, prattling babe will die with the

shout of battle on his lips. The girl will

wear another name in another house, and

the old folks will sink at last beneath the

burden of their years. While the firelight leaps

the shadows will dance on the wall; it won't be long.—New Orleans Picayune.

### The Fanfare in Shintung.

The Rev. Alfred G. Jones gives the following details of the famine as observed by him in Shintung. The letter is under date of April 4: "There is no village which has not deaths from starvation, probably about one person starved to death in every five families, to say nothing of those who are suffering daily on the verge of such a horrible fate. Regarding the sale of women and children, it is a matter of as much notoriety as the selling of mules and donkeys, except that they are not brought to market. Since the very cold weather passed over death from starvation has decreased, but not so the sale of women and children. Women between 20 and 30 years of age are sold for \$5 or \$10, the latter being a high price. Children under 10 years, say \$1 to \$1.50."

Mrs. Neal wrote on April 11: "I hear on all sides the saddest tales told in the quietest way, as if it were only natural, how this man's wife or daughter, this woman's only son or her two or three little children have been starved to death; how So-and-So sold his little girl or boy to get food for his other children for a month to come, or how a certain man's wife hung herself to get away from the sight of her famishing babies. I heard our gatekeeper say to a man whose wife was ill: 'Your wife hasn't the courage mine had! She took her life most bravely (as tragic) to save herself from seeing our children die slowly before her eyes.' The other man, determined that the sterling character of his family should be appreciated, replied: 'But my boy ran away from home to join a theatrical troupe, and my only daughter drowned herself last winter, so that her mother and I might have more to eat if she were gone.'—North China Times.

### The Ways of Chinamen.

When a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. If great friends had not seen each other for a long time they would rub shoulders until they got tired. Instead of asking rice to eat he would be pleased if he were asked to tell his famous story. Accordingly one morning after breakfast in the long gallery, when seated not far from the duke, the gentleman ventured to tell his grace how much he should like to hear some of his experiences of Indian sport. At first the duke was inclined to be seriously offended, but looking round, and discovering from the faces of the company that the inquirer had been prompted, and that the request was made in perfect good faith, he quietly got up, and, drawing his arm through the gentleman's, said: "I shall be delighted to tell you all you want to know, but let us come to the end of the gallery, where we can talk quietly." A pleasant half hour's conversation ensued, and it was not till some hours later that the intended victim learned what a triumph he had achieved over the practical jokers, and what a quiet rebuke had been administered to them.—The Athenaeum.

### No Use for Receptions.

The social phase of public life which so many find the chief delight of high station is not a source of pleasure to Senator Coke. He does not feel at home at balls and receptions. Just prior to the president's New Year's reception, when it was the social event agitating Washington people, a brother senator remarked to the Texan:

"Coke, I suppose you are going to the reception."

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "I haven't made up my mind."

"Oh, you ought to go," urged the senator to Coke.

"Yes," said the latter, "I suppose I ought, but I hate those receptions, those crowds. I don't find room enough to get about, and am always in somebody's way, or somebody's in my way. Now, the last time I was at one of the big receptions I got off in a corner where I thought I was out of the way. Pretty soon along came a lady dressed in style. She commenced to bow and smile at me, and though I did not know her I bowed and smiled back. There she stood bowing and smiling, and then I noticed that she was pulling at her dress that trailed over the floor. I noticed a young fellow standing behind her, and so I reached over and, shaking him by the shoulder, said:

"Why don't you get off the lady's dress?" Well, she looked straight at my feet, and, by George, I was standing on her dress myself."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### As Cute as Yankees.

About a year ago the most disagreeable task in the life of a Sandy Hook pilot was to board an incoming Norwegian, Italian or Portuguese ship. Then life became a misery, for not only was the unlucky pilot compelled to dine on the vilest hard tack and macaroni three times daily, but he was also grieved by all his shipmates. Since then times have changed; foreign vessels are now the most delightful craft when compared with the fifty-two English and German steamships which carry petroleum in bulk to European ports. They probably are accorded more forcible condemnation than all the others combined. Previous to sailing from abroad these vessels, by means of steam, are pumped full of salt water, which makes a free and serviceable ballast. When within 300 or 300 miles of New York, if the weather is propitious, the skippers, who rival the keenest Yankees in shrewdness, set their pumps working and in short order rid their ships of their worthless and easily obtainable ballast.

When the chipper pilot comes aboard with expectations of catching a twenty-two footer he is chagrined to find that the pumping out process has lessened the draught of the vessel and his fees 50 per cent. or more.—New York Evening Sun.

### It Won't be Long.

Nothing lasts, and yet nothing is lost. Have you ever studied the faces in a gallery of family portraits? If you have, you have probably noted the persistence of a type through successive generations. Sometimes it is very faintly apparent; but in the next generation it is as distinct as ever. The type endures; the individual perishes. How grimly Death, that supreme master of irony, peers through the windows at the happy fire-side group. He knows that he has only to wait.

Just as surely as the first shall burn

low and smolder there on that hearthstone

shall the family circle be broken and scattered link by link. That boy with the curly

head will be buried in a sailor's grave, that

innocent, prattling babe will die with the

shout of battle on his lips. The girl will

wear another name in another house, and

the old folks will sink at last beneath the

burden of their years. While the firelight leaps

the shadows will dance on the wall; it won't be long.—New Orleans Picayune.

### Bad Story of a Cat.

A favorite cat in Lewiston recently entered a room where she had three little kittens, and taking one in her mouth advanced and cried pitifully to the mistress who fed her. The latter took the kitten in her lap. Then the cat went languidly to her nest, secured another kitten and took it to her mistress. She repeated the act with the remaining kitten, and then rolled over and died. It was then discovered that the animal had been fearfully injured. It transpired afterwards that she had run foul of a mower in a field, who had nearly cut her in two with his scythe. The cat had commanded her orphaned little ones to the care of her mistress.—Lewiston Journal.

### The Wheatstone Telegraph.

The Wheatstone telegraph is a system which has long been used with a high degree of success in Great Britain, and has in late years proved a valuable adjunct to the Morse in the Western Union service, particularly where large volumes of business must pass over few wires. In this system messages are automatically transmitted by a strip of perforated paper, while their reception is effected by an ink marker which, under the action of a receiving electro-magnet, makes Morse dots and dashes upon a moving band of paper.—Charles L. Buckham in Scribner.

### A Virtue of Necessity.

In the trial of a criminal case at Lexington, Ky., Judge Morton ruled that the fact of his having formed an opinion should not disqualify a man as a juror. He said that one of the highest qualifications for a juror was the fact that he had formed an opinion from what he had read in the papers, and that a man who was not capable of forming an opinion was not qualified to sit in the jury box.—Atlanta Constitution.

### STORIES ABOUT MEN.

#### How the Duke of Wellington Got Even with Some Practical Jokers.

It may interest some of your readers to hear a characteristic story of the great duke, which was told me by a gentleman principally concerned in the affair.

The Duke of Wellington at one period of his life was rather fond of telling a certain pigsticking story, and persons who knew of this weakness used to lead the conversation so that the great man might have an opportunity of relating his favorite anecdote. But at length he became suspicious, and any allusion to the subject made him extremely angry. About this time—nearly sixty years ago—the duke was staying at Belvoir. One of the visitors at the castle had never heard anything about the pigsticking adventure, and was easily persuaded that the duke would be pleased if he were asked to tell his famous story. Accordingly one morning after breakfast in the long gallery, when seated not far from the duke, the gentleman ventured to tell his grace how much he should like to hear some of his experiences of Indian sport. At first the duke was inclined to be seriously offended, but looking round, and discovering from the faces of the company that the inquirer had been prompted, and that the request was made in perfect good faith, he quietly got up, and, drawing his arm through the gentleman's, said: "I shall be delighted to tell you all you want to know, but let us come to the end of the gallery, where we can talk quietly." A pleasant half hour's conversation ensued, and it was not till some hours later that the intended victim learned what a triumph he had achieved over the practical jokers, and what a quiet rebuke had been administered to them.—The Athenaeum.

### For Late Styles and Immense Satisfaction,

GO TO THE

### LINCOLN SHOE STORE

They make a Specialty of

### LUDLOW'S CELEBRATED FINE SHOES

For Ladies. They combine Service, Solid

Comfort and Economy.

1222 O STREET.

LINCOLN, NEB.



## New Spring and Summer Goods

ARE NOW IN AT—

### JOHN McWHINNIE'S The Old Reliable Tailor.

First Class Workmanship, Fine Trimming, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

605 S. ELEVENTH STREET.

Established Dec. 10, 1866.

### The German National Bank,