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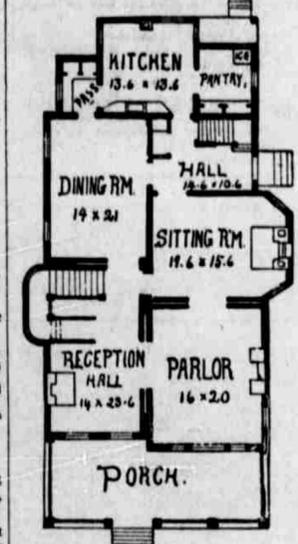
THE ORLEANS is first class in all of its appointments, being well supplied with gas, hot and cold water, electric bells and all modern improvements, steam laundry, billiard hall, bowling alley, etc., and positively free from annoyance by mosquitoes.

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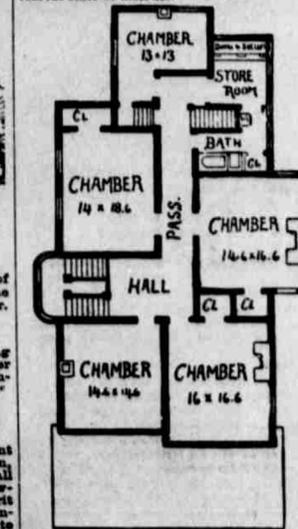
A \$4,100 DWELLING. Designed by Mr. S. H. Gibson, the Well Known Architect. The floor plan given here has a side hall. When the little boys and girls come home from school they may come in this way, that is the idea of the owner. They can hang their wraps in the closet or take them up stairs. The front hall is floored with hard wood. Part of it is covered with rug. Several little feet crossing over this floor would make it necessary for some one to wash it after every such performance, hence the side entrance. The front hall is rather large; it is a splendid room in its way.



VIEW The stairway is rich, there is a beautiful mantel in it. The stairway at one end shows up nicely from the front and projects into a bay at the side. This plan is capable of being contracted into a much smaller house. The rooms are large, and altogether it is on quite an extensive scale. It has been built several times several sizes smaller and at a much less cost. From the large hall one can go into the parlor, sitting room and dining room. The pantry, china closet and kitchen are as conveniently fitted as the experience of those interested would suggest. The kitchen and pantries of the plans which have appeared from time to time have been fully described. The idea in all is the same. The requirements are no different in an expensive house than in one less expensive. Labor saving devices are even more necessary in a cheaper house than in one which is more expensive, though it usually happens that the owners of more expensive buildings are better prepared to equip themselves with a complete arrangement than those who have to do with the more modest structures. The idea in all these kitchen plans is that it and its annexes of china closet and kitchen pantry form the workrooms of the house, and as such should be treated from a labor saving standpoint. The saving of one step in the performance of a single operation will save a hundred when the performance of that operation is multiplied by this number. In every



kitchen there should be the sink with the table on one side of it and a drain board and table on the other. These should be adjacent to the kitchen range. In the pantry shelves and drawers, a dough board and a place for a refrigerator with drain connection to the outside and good ventilation are desirable. A very nice arrangement to add to an ordinary pantry is a cooler set into the wall which projects to the outside. It is a latched box covered with slats and wire on the inside. In it may be placed cooked food to cool or food which it is desirable to keep cool during cold weather. The slats protect the articles from view from the outside, and the wire screen protects it from flies during the summer. On the inside is a door which separates the cooler from the inside of the room. The second floor arrangement of this building suits the requirements of the people who occupy the house. An additional room could be provided in place of a store room, and the attic be used for that purpose. The closets in all rooms are of large size and the entire arrangement liberal. The back bedrooms are separated from those in front. Quite a chapter might be written about attics. In the minds of many housekeepers an attic is "a place to put things." Oftentimes in houses which are measurably well cared for in the lower floors the attic is in a fearful state of disorder.



This house was contracted for in the vicinity of Indianapolis, Ind., at a cost of \$4,100, exclusive of water, plumbing, mantels and grates, gas fixtures and furnaces. By a general reduction in size and a simplification of details and the use of soft rather than hard wood its cost would be greatly reduced. As it is an exceedingly well built and well finished house. L. H. GIBSON.

With Hays' Songs. Col. Will E. Hays was chaffing with a group of friends in front of the Courier-Journal building yesterday afternoon, when the conversation turned upon his latest success, "Signal Hells at Sea." Two editions of the melody have already been exhausted and two more are now in press. Some one asked the colonel how he came to write the song. Said he: "Last summer a year ago I went from Norfolk to New York on the steamer Roanoke, of the Old Dominion line. I noticed along the sea coast floating buoys, and occupying a position on the bow of the steamer until after midnight, I could hear far out at sea the tolling bells from the tops of those buoys, slunk by the winds and the waves as the steamer sped along. The bells had a peculiar, weird, solemn tone, and I never forgot their voices. "In traveling about through the state during the past six or seven months I would find myself singing impromptu verses about these bells. In the course of time I found myself singing the song just as you see it written and published. Those who heard me sing it were pleased with it and begged me to publish it. Then I concluded to write it out, send it to my publisher and let it go to the world. Now, I hardly know how I got the melody for the song. It seemed that with the words came the notes, and with the two came the song. It is marvelous though that the very notes that represent the bells are the identical tones of the bells I heard during my trip, and if you ask me to sing it for you in a month from now I'll not be able to do so without putting the words and music before me. "How is that?" "I can't explain. I do not know the words and very little of the music of any song I ever composed. It is a singular fact that I can remember the words and music of a song I have written, but as soon as I write and publish it I forget it only to make room for another, to be forgotten by me as soon as it is put upon paper."—Louisville Courier-Journal

The Woman Martyr of Molokai. Miss Nellie Flavin, a Liverpool girl, is the only woman who has yet volunteered to labor in the dreaded spot at Kalawao, consecrated by the work of "the apostle of the lepers." She passed through New York several weeks ago, and her presence became known through the action of the custom house authorities, who seized the vestments she had brought for the use of Father Damien. She refused to speak about herself, and many were of the opinion that her story was a subterfuge to obtain free admission to the vestments. They were shipped to San Francisco to be given to her at her departure from that port, and her English friends had a brief sketch of her life published as an answer to the charge of the custom house authorities. The Liverpool Catholic Times, just to hand, tells who she is: "Nellie Flavin is highly accomplished, well educated and very well known in well informed Catholic circles in Liverpool. Thoroughly taught at the boarding school of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, Deo house, Chester, she became a daily governess, some time after leaving school, to Mr. Pierce, Beaver house, Linnet lane, Serf-ton park, Liverpool, and remained in that family until 1890, when she left for London to undergo there a course of hospital training. Miss Nellie Flavin is a brilliant pianist, and is of an amiable, energetic and resolute disposition. She has broken many strong ties to devote her life to the service of God's most afflicted creatures, and has left behind her a mother, sister and brother, as well as many friends, holding her in their heart of hearts."—Donahoe's Magazine.

The Lemon Lunch. Lawn parties are the thing in the suburbs, and the lemon lunch is the favorite of all, and it must be confessed it is not a bad idea for a hot day. The invitations to the lemon lunch bear a lemon for a crest, and everybody who attends wears a knot of lemon colored ribbon. Each one brings a lemon, too. Some young ladies of the hostess' family or acquaintance cut the lemons in two as they come, and put the seeds into a lemon colored bowl. The ingenuity of the lady of the estate is displayed in the decoration of her table. Everything is yellow, so far as possible—flowers, china, the border of the napkins and cloth. Each dish has the flavor or seasoning or garnishing of lemon. At the end of the lunch the lemon seed bowl is brought on, and each lady has a guess how many seeds it contains, the one guessing nearest receiving a prize of a piece of yellow china, the one making the worst estimate a lemon squeezer.—Boston Advertiser.

That Awful Cigarette. If good advice would stop the use of the perfidious cigarette, it would be seen no more. Professor Laffin says there is but one poison in a good cigar, but there are five in a cigarette—the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpeter to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild and the oil in the flavoring. A mouthful of the smoke blown through a handkerchief will leave a brown stain; but blown through the nostrils no stain appears—it is left in the head and throat. Last year there were 1,300,000 cigarettes made in the United States; and the consumption warrants the enormous manufacture. It is a wholesale system of poisoning. Dr. Holmes says the habit of smoking cigarettes especially enfeebls the will power.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Robin Vanquishes a Cat. This morning a young robin, in trying to fly from its nest in one of the tall trees in front of the court house, fell on the grass plat. A large cat sprang into the yard, and taking the bird into its mouth started with it toward the barn. The bird gave a cry, when the parent robin flew from the tree and attacked the cat with such firmness that puss dropped the bird. The cat then backed up against the fence and showed fight. The old bird, not one bit dismayed, with bill wide open, feathers ruffled and screaming with rage, struck the feline twice. The fur flew. The cat was so frightened that it ran away as fast as it could and crawled under the corner of a building.—Kingston Freeman.

Lungs Literally of Iron. A fortnight ago Aaron Smith left this city for Swanton, O., to superintend his father's estate. Shortly after arriving, he became ill and died a few days later. A post-mortem examination was held. The result of the investigation was singular. A large artery had grown between the heart and lungs, and the lungs were as hard as stone, caused, it was supposed by the physicians, from inhaling iron dust at the safe works where he was employed. In the heart was an opening of about half an inch, caused by his severe efforts made to breathe.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Educated Boy's Error. The trouble is that a boy who graduates from our public or high schools or college would feel it a disgrace to become a tip top carpenter or cabinetmaker, and so chooses to become a counter jumper, sell pins by the penny's worth and tape by the yard, bow and scrape to his lady customers, and delude himself with the idea that he is in one of the gentlemanly callings.—New York Herald.

THE JEWELS OF JUGGERNAUT.

Saving the Necklace of the Idol from the Clutch of a Desperate Gambler. Many years ago I was quartered at Puzarabad, an important military station about a hundred and fifty miles from the Madras coast. Unfortunately, at the time I was there, gambling and betting were much in vogue, and many men plunged and came to grief over their debts of honor. Of all that gay company, nobody was more popular and better liked by both men and women than young Fitzroy; but, unfortunately, he lost money at the tables, tried to recover himself at the wheel, but failed, got into the hands of the Marwarrees, and got deeper and deeper into the mire of debt. At length he told the narrator he intended to go to England to raise money. "Will you come away with me?" he asked. "Give out that we have taken ten days' leave for some shooting, and see me down to the coast. If I go off alone, I shall be stopped by those cursed Marwarrees." After some hesitation I agreed. He sent in his application for leave to Europe on private affairs, and I gave out that I was going on a ten days' shooting expedition. A week later, with a couple of tongas, we had started on our long and wearying journey to the coast, where my poor young friend hoped to pick up a steamer to take him to Europe. On the second day we met crowds of people tramping along. In reply to our inquiries we were told they were all returning from the great festival of Juggernaut, held at Puri, now only some three days' journey from where we were. The tongawallah kept us interested with a graphic description of the festival and of the great god, which was especially remarkable for the wonderful jewels it possessed—two emerald eyes of inestimable value, its lips formed of the finest rubies in the world, and a necklace of priceless pearls.

The sun was sinking as at last we neared the town of Puri, and we could see the pinnacles of the temple rise above the trees which surrounded the place. Half a mile the other side of the town stood the Travelers' Bungalow, where we intended putting up for the night. A more uncomfortable meal I never ate than the dinner which was served up to us that evening, and I was quite thankful when the poor lad said he was dead beat and would go off to bed. My own room was on the other side of the bungalow, and I took my pipe and sat smoking in the veranda. The moon was just rising when I thought I saw the figure of a European stealing along the wall of the compound. Strange, I thought, and wondered what other European there could be here at the same time. An idea struck me, and I went across to my companion's room. There was nobody in it, the bed was undisturbed. I threw down my pipe, and rushed out into the moonlight. A few seconds later I was out in the road, and turned instinctively in the direction of the temple. I could not see the young officer, but ran on until I reached the wall of the temple compound—an enormous courtyard of paved stones, on which were lying a number of priests, their white garments wrapped round their heads and bodies. In the background was placed temp's after temple, but in the very center stood an solitary shrine raised on three separate flights of steps, and inside I could see the great black god raised on three other smaller flights of colored marble steps.

The moonbeams shone directly on the god and lit up the emerald eye and ruby lips, while the pearl necklace glowed on his huge black bosom. To my unutterable horror I saw my companion walking right across the courtyard. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I dared not shout even if I could have raised my voice. A ghastly horror took hold of me as the idea struck me that in his madness my poor friend intended to save his honor by the greater dishonor of robbing the idol. Speechless I saw him mount step after step, and the next moment I saw him enter the sacred shrine across the threshold of which no other foot but that of the Brahmin has ever passed. Nine steps led up to the god! He paused. I tried to shout, but no sound would come. He raised his hand as if to tear off the pearl necklace. It was still above his reach. His foot then touched the seventh. Oh, God! can I ever forget the sight! In the moonlight flashed out two arms covered with a hundred—nay, two hundred—daggers, and clasped the daring youth to the black god's breast. At the same moment the sound of a gong broke the stillness of the night, and in one moment the priests had cast off their coverings and were rushing to the shrine: Two minutes later I saw the amazed and horrified priests carrying out the lifeless body of the dishonored Englishman, and I turned and fled.—Times of India.

The Japanese Doll Festival. The little Japanese girls assert their rights on one day in the year, the 3d of the third month. This is the doll festival and the girl's birthday. According to the old computation of time, the New Year is everybody's birthday. A child is one year old when it is born, and, should it die on the next day, it is the last month of the old year; the child would be two years old on the 1st day of January. The failure to recognize a person's individuality by ignoring his birthday must have seemed a calamity even to the Japanese, whose whole training in life is conducted with reference to the suppression of all personality in order to be fitted for "Miravana," the final state of self obliteration. The doll festival seems to be an approach toward recognizing personality, and is said to have originated long ago, when an old daimio, at the birth of a daughter, made a feast for his friends, who presented the child with dolls and doll furniture in lacquer and bronze. The custom thus inaugurated has been kept up, the pretty girls that have been handed down for generations are on this day brought out and the girls in holiday attire entertain the dolls with rice and sweetmeats. The shops are gay with gorgeously dressed dolls during that season.—New York Telegram.

The Remedy Very Simple. The remedy of the evil of permitting women to wear their hats at the play lies entirely with the managers of the theatres. If Mr. Palmer cares to compel his patrons to do what they would not do to do at the Vienna Grand opera and at many other houses in Europe or England, he has the absolute prerogative at hand. Mr. Daly is likewise supplied, and so is every other manager in the world. They are afraid to institute the rule. It might keep some women out of the theatre who are too lazy to arrange their hair neatly or who think they look their best in a mountainous hat. But, as has been said, the way out of the unpleasantness is as straight as an arrow. A manager would not allow a man to keep his hat on in a theatre for five minutes. If the women are commanded in the same manner to remove theirs, and hold them on their laps or tuck them under the seats, everything is then clear and lovely. But the managers might lose as much as \$10 during the first week of a reform like this. And never, never expect a manager to lose \$10!—Le Chat Noir.

This juxtaposition, brought about by a headline writer in a morning paper, is a striking case of the usefulness of things: "Revolutionary Felice"—Mrs. Cleveland and Central Figure at the Opening of the Exhibition.

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