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CURRENT FASHIONS.

COTTON GOWNS THAT MAKE GLAD THE HEART OF WOMAN.

The Gowns of the Year Are Admirably Adapted to Pretty and Tasting Styles. Picture Gowns for Receptions—Gossip That Will Interest the Ladies.

(Special Correspondence.) NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—Pretty new cotton goods are always dear to the hearts of all dainty women, for there is something so clean and refreshing in a gown just from the laundry that it is an un-mixed pleasure to put one on, crisp and smelling of the fresh air, and so, as these new goods in the piece suggest ways of making them, I have obtained some of the newest ideas for the making up of cotton gowns. These are from one of the great houses here which makes a specialty of summer ready made dresses.



PRETTY COTTON GOWNS

The highest one is of percale, in blue and white. The yoke is cut to a point in the front and the front breadth is gathered on to that and then brought forward so that all the fullness comes within four inches, leaving the sides smooth. The back is arranged in precisely the same way, and the gathers fall from the yoke belt in the same manner, or can be left to fall in Watteau style if desired; but for young persons it is best to have the gathers confined. The yoke belt is trimmed with two bands of tape sewed on flat, and the same ornaments the yoke and sleeves.

The middle dress is of percale in brown, white and green, though any of the summer goods will be suitable. The dress is cut plain princess, with or without Watteau back, and the front is gathered up to where the pointed ruffle meets it. Plain turndown collar. The ruffled collar is round in the back. Narrow ruffles ornament the little postiche pockets and sleeves. This pretty morning dress can be easily laundered, and would be equally pretty in chambray or white muslin.

The third dress is of zephyr gingham, and has princess back, also with or without the Watteau plait, according to the pleasure of the wearer, and a half a breadth is gathered in at the neck under the collar. The dress laps three inches on the left and is finished by a narrow ruffle of neat embroidery. The sleeves and pocket are also finished the same way.

With slight modifications, such as would suggest themselves to any woman, these three morning dresses would furnish models for the making up of all the washable gowns she intends having. Where the material is thin, lace and ribbons can be added, and both lace and ribbons will be very fashionable for such dresses.

The newest and prettiest ribbons are of gauze, with dainty floral pattern or stripes. The groundwork is usually in some neutral tint, with bright colored flowers, in brocade or swivel pattern, scattered over the surface, and the edge is nearly always finished with little loops called picot. These ribbons will prove particularly suitable for the soft printed muslins and fine muslins and chiffons which will be popular for afternoon and evening dresses during the hottest days.

It seems odd to be talking about dresses for hot summer days while the skies are gloomy and the "red ball is up," which means that there is skating in Central park, but while the girls are out in handsome fur trimmed cloths and Venetian gowns gliding over the ice, their mothers are giving orders about chiffon. Chiffon in French really means rags—old, soft, castaway rags—but it means also the dainty, filmy muslin and silk that is so much admired for frills, etc. When any one asks a parliament of French women what they are talking about they answer: "Oh, we are talking rags," meaning fashions. But chiffon itself is the most delicate material there is made except crepe lisse and tulle. Soft mull and India muslin will be seen embroidered with pretty, natural colored flowers done in floss.

One pattern has blue flag lilies with two of the spearlike leaves crossed behind each flower. It is beautiful. Others have smaller flowers.

Handy young fingers could embroider these, for there need be few flowers on a breadth. Mull costs twenty cents a yard plain, but the embroidered flowers scattered over it brings the price up instantly. I should mention the lawns. There will be many, both linen and cotton, lawns worn colored with stamped figures on them. Pineapple cloth with patterns of rather large flowers printed upon them will be seen, trimmed lavishly with lace and narrow ribbons.

Picture gowns for receptions are as popular as ever with those who can obtain them, but the trouble is that not every one ought to attempt a picture

costume, and few persons are capable of judging for themselves, but when a lady is sure she can wear one without making a caricature of herself she can try the one I give her here. The original is for a medium blond with good, clear complexion. The petticoat is of emerald green velvet with a gold filigree border. The gown is princess shape, and is of goblin blue faille with borders around the bottom of wood brown satin braided in black, and bordered with narrower gold braid matching that on the petticoat. It is cut with a train and is looped up on the left side by an ornamental chataine pocket. The skirt is lined with shell pink glace silk. It is high in the neck, with cross trimming, and over the princess is a jacket of green velvet faced with the braided brown satin. The upper part of the sleeve is of the satin and the lower puff and forearm piece, which extends nearly to the fingers are of the faille. The hat is Tam O'Shanter, of green velvet bonnet with shell pink, and brown satin inside the puffs. It fastens on the head with a small Marie Stuart cap bordered with pearl beads, and has on the top two large, fluffy pink ostrich tips. The whole costume is beautiful, but is very dressy and only suitable for an afternoon reception or a grand dinner. In that case naturally the hat is removed. The coif could be kept on if desired.

OLIVE HARPER.

IN UNBEATEN PATHS.

How Some Persons Gain a Livelihood in New York.

(Special Correspondence.) NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—That one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives is a truism aptly illustrated in this great metropolis. Go anywhere you may and you are sure to run against a class of busy workers, who in one capacity or another are solving the problem of how to keep body and soul together and yet are apart from the competition encountered in the leading industries of life.

Strangely enough, in this field of labor women play no unimportant part. They may be ladies who have met with misfortune, but too proud to become menials and too honorable to yield to the gross temptations of life, these employ their education, taste and experience for the benefit of others who have been less favored. Visit the stores during the holidays and you will find their handiwork in the manufacture of dainty bric-a-brac, in the painting of Christmas, New Year's and menu cards, in the adornment of wedding cake and bouton boxes and the transfer of exquisite designs to screens, ribbons and the panels of dresses. Their pay is small in contrast with the price the merchants charge at retail, but it serves to keep the wolf from the door.

Possibly in these same establishments you will run against some richly dressed woman accompanied by a "dandy" companion who has been employed to do her shopping, and who selects the goods and attends to all the details of trade. The compensation is in the form of a commission paid by the firm or a fee paid by the employer. Another and not less honorable vocation is that of women who regularly visit the homes of the wealthy and arrange the decorations in the parlors, handling with tender care the valuable porcelains and other works of art that cannot be safely entrusted to servants. Perhaps you will meet on the premises a woman manicure or chiropodist, who sat in hand pays her periodic visit to the "patted darlings" to clean their nails and pick their corns. Still more useful are the women who go about darning stockings, sewing on buttons and doing the mending of a household. These are a godsend to the bachelors, and they secure a good living.

Many of the male sex are not less ingenious in their endeavor to make poverty respectable by honest work. Franklin once said: "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." But there are scores of industrious fellows wandering through our streets who support themselves by expedients that in more than one instance have brought ample gain. During Christmas week an Italian peddler what he called "an aerial top," a small circular plate with flanges like the wheel of a propeller, that leaving his hand with a quick pull of a string shot a hundred feet in air. He and his confederates sold thousands of them.

Stand in the vicinity of some of the public schools about the hour of recess and you will find a punctual candy man. Go down in the neighborhood of Wall street and in the vicinity of every exchange there will be a neat low vehicle from which you can purchase a glass of milk and a sandwich. Not far away perhaps you will see an old time colored man or a stout, rosy looking German, each immaculately arrayed in a white jacket and apron and bearing a tray piled up with golden hued waffles, soft and luscious, and generously sprinkled with sugar from the sifter that stands at hand. The crab and lobster man is there, too—for twenty years one of the characters of "the street." Basket in hand, he enters the offices of the brokers—always welcome, because he is such a cheery, respectful fellow—and from its contents you may choose these toothsome denizens of the sea in every shape, hard, soft, deviled or pickled, with all the accompanying condiments.

Scattered elsewhere in the city are other working bees in this busy hive. The man who sharpens your scissors and razors and attracts your custom with a prestidigitatorial trick; the man who mends your umbrella while you wait; the needle man who stands on the corner and shows how easily a needle may be threaded, while some confederate in the crowd he has gathered slips behind you and relieves you of your pocketbook; the traveling tinker, with his little lamp and stick of solder; the sponge man who has for sale sponges and chamber skins that have done duty in the hospitals, but being renovated look as good as new; and last, though not least by any means, the frugal individual who goes around collecting all the old boots and shoes, carries them to his lair and by a system of patchwork or manufacture peculiar to himself evolves merchandise that finds ready sale among the poor.

A Japanese Advertisement. The advertisement of a Japanese tea merchant is an interesting specimen of Japanese English: "At present," it says, "we manufacture very industriously the several kinds of teas, so that our buyers must be well adapted to use them. There are the Pan-fired, Basket-fired and Sun-dried that are made of the different classes from Choicest to Common. Therefore you shall know that they will give a very pretty taste. Please, we hope you will order to us, no matter whether many or few parts."—New York Tribune.

A Roaring Fire. "Sarie, wot you keep such a roarin' fire for? Body kin't git close 'nuff to de stove ter git wa'm!"—Harper's Bazar.

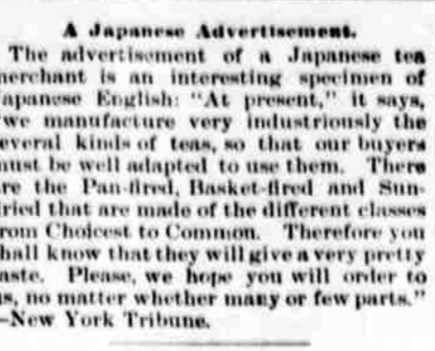
The Man Who Had an Object in Life. He was born of poor, but otherwise unobjectionable parents, who impressed upon his mind while it was yet in a plastic and doughy state the importance of having an object in life.

He was a studious boy. He began wearing spectacles at an early age, and never wasted any of the precious hours in playing bill pen, numble peg, shindy or any of the rude games that thoughtless boys delight in, and his teacher at school was accustomed to point him out to the other children as a model.

In consequence of which the other children all hated him and said he was a molly-coddle and a sweet little gosling with a glass eye. But he was a truly good boy. He did not mind what they said. He smiled at them with a gentle, winning smile, and went on being good. He did not chew gum and refused to associate with boys who chewed tobacco on the sly or played hooky.

As he grew to manhood he cast about him for an object in life. He found one. Henceforth he devoted his energies to that one object. He kept it steadily before him.

It was not riches he sought. The pursuit of wealth for its own sake was degrading in his eyes, and whatever of worldly prosperity came to him was made subservient to his one great object in life. He pursued not the elusive phantom of fame. The filthy cesspool of politics had no charms for him, and the empty honors that await the man who enters the army or navy did not tempt him.



A Roaring Fire.



The Man Who Had an Object in Life.

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A TRUE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

IT was towards the close of a bright summer's day that the prodigal son arrived at the paternal mansion. He had come by the quickest route, "The Burlington." The sun was declining in the west—the only thing that does decline west of Chicago except base ball—and its slanting rays threw a golden tint upon the gray hairs of the aged father who sat on the front porch reading the last "Burlington Route" advertisement.

The gate opened, and the old man peering over his spectacles discerned a ragged tramp coming up the walk. He was about to set the dog on him, in accordance with the usual custom of that hospitable region, when the tramp came up, removed a dilapidated hat rim which encircled his brow, and cried, "father, don't you know me?" "Know you?" returned the old man, after scrutinizing him a moment over his spectacles, "I would know you if I saw your hide hanging in a tan yard, it's my own lost boy!" Then the fond parent fell upon his son's neck and wept—wept because it was so dirty, it hadn't been washed since Christmas, but he took him in all the same, gave him a bath and a new suit of clothes and then walked him down to the B. & M. depot to see to what perfection the "Burlington" had brought their passenger train service. 'Twas marvelous, and the prodigal son straightway registered a solemn vow that his children and his children's children for all time to come should recognize the "Burlington" as the one great railway whose equipment was always UP TO DATE.

We don't know how this legend of the prodigal son came down through the ages so accurate and free from side issues, but it's here, intact and unimpaired, ready to adorn a back cover or point a moral. The moral of this story is: if you would prosper in this world, travel only by the "Burlington Route."

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent, OMAHA. Burlington Route. A. C. ZIEMER, City Passenger Agent, LINCOLN.

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