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ITS REIGN AT HAND.

OLIVE HARPER REFERS TO THE COMING VOGUE OF SILK.

A Fashion Letter That is Filled with Interesting Gossip as to the Styles and Fabrics That Will Shortly Be Popular. Handsomely Illustrated.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—It is doubtful if there was ever a time when there was such a great variety of silks on the market, but I think the palm for beauty must be awarded to the superb pean de soie, which is the richest plain silk made. Next to that come the failles and after them the grosgrain and bengaline, though bengaline has never been very popular as a dress silk that was intended for long wear, as it was confounded with a sort of French poplin which soon cracked and pulled and grew shiny. But real bengaline silk is good value for wear and for appearance, being specially valuable for mourning, as it is not lustrous like the other silks.

Among the new weaves in domestic silks which are now, and justly, considered better for wear than any foreign silk, I see the tricotine, which has a surface which looks like the inside of knitted goods, and it is very handsome and flexible, and will retail at about \$1.25 per yard; it is twenty-four inches wide; some is even wider. Some of the tricotine has a satin finish, and is a very rich fabric, requiring little trimming. It comes in black and all the fashionable colors.

Armure and double faced armure are shown in several grades. The right side of this is armure (or armor) pattern and the other side satin finish, each VELVET AND CHANGEABLE TEA GOWN.

From the other that it is called by some reversible, and will be made up so as to show the two sides by means of a jabot drapery down the sides, on the sleeves and corsage. The selvage, which is white, is left on and covered with a very narrow jet garniture or a narrow gilt braid, or feathered fringe if preferred, or it can be cut away under a heavy buttonhole scallop. The clever dressmaker can always devise something. But the white edge showing through the meshes of jet trimming is considered the handsomest. Some of the double faced armure has a Bedford cord on the other side. The light weight swivels in detached or allover patterns will be very popular made with accordion plating, which promises now to have a vogue greater than it ever did before. It is seen with every new style of silk or grenadine.

One pattern of changeable silk was a remarkable combination of color, and yet it made one of the most beautiful pieces of silk I ever saw. It was bright myrtle green with carmine lake (which is deep rose leaf pink), and as the light would strike the folds the two colors would show in beautiful effect. A lovely lilac had a countershade of royal purple. I saw a tea gown made of this latter, the front and sleeves being of the changeable silk and the rest of deep hellotrope velvet. Cream Spanish lace was laid on the sides. I give a glimpse of this gown here.

A handsome visiting dress was made of fawn colored cream pean de soie over green and black striped silk and bordered with sable, with the heads showing at each lapped place. This dress I also present as showing the novel arrangement of the corsage.

The stronghold, however, of all the best new summer goods is not touched until we speak of the beautiful new black silk grenadines. There are graduated satin stripes in twelve designs, some wide and some narrow single stripes, and some sheer and plain, some thin and fine, and others so close woven



TWO HANDSOME COSTUMES. [Gray bengaline and green velvet, and fawn and green pean de soie.]

as to be nearly opaque, and all of the best and firmest quality. Some are made in seidelike patterns of hard twisted silk, and some have satin dots and coffee beans, but the best and richest of all to my fancy is the stout iron frame grenadine. All these grenadines, except the longitudinal stripes, will be accordion plaited. These are all silk. There are wool or wool and silk grenadines also; but the silk grenadine is the only one really worth making up.

The evening and children's shades of silk are marvelous of beauty, and will retail at from eighty-five cents to \$1.25 per yard, and the changeable taffetas will run about the same. When we remember how long a silk dress lasts clean, and how the silks of today can be nearly all washed, it is a wonder that we wear anything else. I would not if I could help it. I think the reign of silk is near at hand. OLIVE HARPER.

A CRUEL FATE.

He Loved in Vain, but He Got There Just the Same.

Eduardo Cordova was a Spaniard, vindictive, cruel, jealous and a tobaccoist. He sold cigars by the box and loved Bridgetta McGinty, a beautiful maiden from the far, fair, Sorrentian shore, where the blue Mediterranean paints the Italian cliffs. But Bridgetta loved another, handsome Richelieu de Rivoli, the Apollo Belvidere of County Cork. And Richelieu was a corker. How could she help but love him? How could she help but marry him when he asked her? So she did. And Eduardo was furious. By thunder! but he was hot. So hot, in fact, that his customers lit their cigars on his emotions for three weeks after Bridgetta answered to the name of Mrs. De Rivoli.

The first thought of a Spaniard who gets it in the neck is revenge, and Eduardo kept a large supply of first thought right where he could put his hand on it at a minute's notice.

Yet withal he dissembled. My, my, what a dissembler that Spaniard was, and Bridgetta never trembled. She smiled her same pretty smiles on Eduardo, and invited him to come up any time and call on her and her family, and a lot more of that sort of thing. Well, Eduardo almost bankrupted himself, smoking his own cigars at cost, in order to quiet his nerves.

One beautiful morn, Mrs. De Rivoli entered Cordova's Smokers' Emporium, and with a delightful little twitter of innocence, she informed him that she was about three-fourths daff trying to think of something for her dear Richelieu's birthday present, but for the life of her she couldn't tell what to get him.

Eduardo's eyes glittered with a strange new hope. His cruel lips curved all about it. But he spoke not.

She stood there in deep thought for several moments. "What a nunny I am," she broke forth at last. "Why, Mr. Cordova"—he ground his teeth at the "Mr."—"you have the very thing. I'll buy him a box of cigars. Won't that be just too lovely for anything?"

Eduardo's breath came thick and fast. His breast heaved and the glitter in his eye grew glittering.

"Alhambra be praised," he muttered, too low for her to hear, as he flung out a dozen boxes for her inspection. She chose one with the prettiest pictures on it; with a happy, girlish laugh gurgling over her sweet, red lips, she nodded adieu and went away to meet her husband.

Eduardo embraced himself to his throbbing bosom in an ecstasy of delight. "Avenged!" he hissed cruelly and put the boxes back on the shelf.—Detroit Free Press.

After the First Daughter's Wedding. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore tells this story: The daughter of a certain gentleman, who was quite well off, was to be married. She had purchased her trousseau, which was a gorgeous one, from the apartments of the world's most fashionable modiste. The bill reached way up into the hundreds, and was but a short step from a thousand. The ceremony and reception in their turn followed with all the brilliancy characteristic of a nuptial of the society world. The fond parent looked anxiously on as he thought of the immense number of bills that would soon pour in for his sympathy, and silently came to the conclusion that it should be the last.

After the event had passed and the happy Mr. and Mrs. were speeding away in a Pullman enjoying all of the pleasures of a honeymoon, he called his other daughter to him and surprised her somewhat by inquiring if she had any serious thoughts on matrimony. "Why, papa," she exclaimed, "you know I haven't a school yet." "I know that," replied the father as he thought of his diminished bank account, "but will you ever have?" "Why, of course," was the blushing maiden's reply: "you know all girls expect."

"Then," he answered, "when the final point comes just let me know in time and I will give you \$1,000 and you and whoever it is may run off. Anything to get away from those trousseaus and receptions."—Washington Post.

Thomas Carlyle, though a great talker on occasion, did not talk with people who, in his opinion, were not worth his talk. A young American once called on the sage of Chelsea with a letter of introduction from a friend. Mr. Carlyle talked with him long enough to get the impression that the young man had no ideas to exchange for his own, and then, released into sullen silence, gazing the while steadily into the fire.

The visitor, who was much awed by the presence of the great man, sat in similar silence for several minutes. Then it occurred to him that his host was waiting for him to say something. "Ah—Mr. Carlyle," he began falteringly, "what a fine old neighborhood—ah—Chelsea is!" "Don't interrupt me!" thundered Carlyle, looking up angrily.

"Ah, but Mr. Carlyle!" said the young man, in astonishment: "but you weren't saying anything?" "Saying anything? No, you blockhead; you interrupted my silence!"—Youth's Companion.

Judge Biddle's Wit. Judge Biddle, the wit of Court House row, had before the bar of justice the other day a woman who wept most bitterly over her misfortunes. Her sobbing shook the courtroom and her tears of no mean size coursed in a great stream down her cheeks and to the floor. While she wept thus profusely a prominent lawyer chanced in, who, seeing the prisoner and hearing her cries, asked of the bench, "What's the matter with her?" "I'm sure I don't know," was the judge's reply. "Apparently she's waiting to be bailed out."—Philadelphia Record.

Quite Another Thing.



"Hole on, dar," said a colored man, halting an acquaintance. "Does yer cross der street every time yer sees me ter keep from payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't." "What den?" "Ter keep from bein' axed fur it."—Texas Siftings.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Thought He Had a Suit, but It Didn't Work.

The old cake and candy woman who frequents Park place and Vesey street found a customer the other day in an old man with a basket on his arm who was going to market. He bought a square of candy for a cent and went off biting it. He hadn't gone far before he turned about and retraced his steps, holding his jaw with one hand and waving the square in the other. "What's the matter with you?" asked the woman as he stood before her.

"The matter is I've broken a tooth and want damages," he howled.

"How'd you break your tooth?" "Biting on this infernal hunk o' candy! You ought to be prosecuted for selling such stuff! Look a-there!"

He sat down his basket and pulled his mouth open to exhibit the broken tooth. She got up for a better look, and after a careful scrutiny sat down, with the remark: "It's my opinion that tooth was cracked before."

"No, it wasn't!" he hotly exclaimed. "That tooth was as sound as hickory. And it was this stuff which broke it!"

"I didn't ask you to buy. You came along and handed out a cent and took a cake."

"Makes no difference, ma'am, I hold you responsible! I put my damages at ten dollars."

"I'll never pay!" "Then I'll sue you for \$100."

At this juncture a policeman came up and asked the cause of dispute, and the man with the basket made his statement and exhibited the broken tooth.

"How can you hold her responsible?" asked the officer.

"Why, she is selling stuff dangerous to bite on."

"How did I know whether he or his wife or children was going to do the biting?" she protested. "I've sold those squares for over fifteen years and this is the first time I've heard of anything wrong. I didn't know but what he had false teeth. I didn't know which side he was going to bite on. I refuse to pay."

"Then I'll make you!" shouted the old man. "Officer, haven't I got a case?" "No, sir."

"Can't I collect?" "Not a red cent."

"I told you so!" added the woman. "I see how it is—conspiracy to knock me out, but you can't do it! Here's the candy—here the tooth—up there a lawyer. I'll sue and sue and sue till I haven't a cent left, and then I'll sell my boots and sue again!"

He went away on a run, and perhaps by this time Aunt Jane has a \$50,000 lawsuit to dream over.—New York Evening World.



Simply Ignorance. "That fellow Hall ought to be banished from polite society. He's a perfect booby."

"How so, Mr. Tutchey?" "You remember that bonnet I made at dinner?"

"Yes." "Well, he was ill mannered enough to ask if it was original with me. That shows how unsophisticated he is."

"Yes, nobody but an ignoramus could have thought you were Sidney Smith."—Life.

Where She Wrote It. Mrs. Billus (at her husband's office down town)—John, I don't want you to forget to order that set of dining room chairs I spoke to you about. The Glizzards are coming next Thursday.

Mr. Billus—Pll get the chairs, Maria, if you'll let me alone. Can't you put a memorandum of some kind where I'll be sure to see it, and then quit bothering me about them?

Mrs. Billus—That's what I am doing, John. I'm writing it in the dust on the top of your desk.—Chicago Tribune.

Handed Down. Guardian—How does my niece get on with her music—is she making any progress?

Muscius—I regret to say that she is not. Her time and fingering are very defective, and all I can do to correct them makes no impression on her. She will run the scales to suit herself.

Guardian—She inherited that from her father. He was twenty years in the coal business.—Boston Courier.

Two of a Kind. A lady who was shopping stepped up to a merchant and inquired: "What does that sign in your window mean? Goods sold at a sweeping reduction?" "It means, madam, that customers are expected to raise the dust," was the suave reply.—Detroit Free Press.

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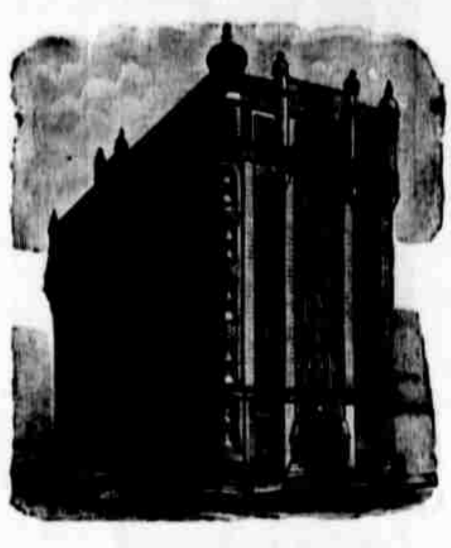
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A TRUE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

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" advertisement.

The gate opened, and the old man peering over his spectacles discried 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 b-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 unnumbered, 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."

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