It Was a Pretty Pair Story, All but the Swimming Bath.

"Hefore you turn me away from your door, sir," began the battered specimen of manhood on the back porch, "I ask as a favor that you hear my story."
"Is it a long story!" asked the man of

"To parrate it in detail would require comething like an hour and a half, but I can give the principal points of it in a few

You may give it to me in its abbreviated form

"I was born in Ohio" ---"How old are you now!"

Forty three. Please skip about forty-two years and eleven months. Across the face of the rickety looking tourist flashed a spasm of pain, but he reso

orn times.
"Inserting a row of stars," he said, "to represent that portion of my history which may be described as my childhood, growth.

lutely brought his narrative down to mod-

"And decay," suggested the listener. "And decay." assented the eleemosynary wanderer, "I will come to the events that have shaped my career for the last few

"If you find that the recital of the facts gitate you too much," said the master of the house feelingly, "you can lean up against the side of the porch."

Thanks," replied the man, drawing himself up with dignity. "I am accus omed to all kinds of treatment. Your sarcasm is not lost upon me, sir, but I am inured to hardships of this description. Shafts of satire do not penetrate, if I may so express myself, the armor—the—

"The incrustation," said the other, com-

The moral coat of mail that protects my inner self from hurt and injury," proceeded the traveler, ignoring the suggestion.
"They do not pierce it. It may interest you and it may not to learn that I am "From Russia?"

'No. sir. From Mississippi. I am a flood

"So soon?"
The refugee coughed a depreciating

"I could easily explain the celerity of my movements," he replied, "but at your request I have drawn a veil over my his tory almost up to the present moment. Suffice it to say I was a flood sufferer a few days ago. Today I am here. A few days ago I was a happy, contented dweller is Mississippi. Today I am a homeless wanderer. Unprepared for disaster, not dreaming of the horrors to come, I walked about my little plantation in the valley of the Oklahoochee

'It was the Tombigbee, wasn't it?" You are right. It was the Tombigber Life was a dreamy idyl. Care free I roamed the woodland, the meadow, the cultivated field, possessed of sufficient means to enjoy life without the depressing Deceasity of engaging in manual labor. It was too bright to last! The enchanting dream was followed by a swift awakening. The rains descended, the floods came and the lovely Tallahatch-Tombigbee-be came a roaring flood. It swept away the accumulation of years. It reduced me to penury in a moment. Yet I did not aban don my home until driven to the last exmy home until driven to the last extremity. As the roaring waters mounted I climbed to the roof of my dwelling. I remained there until the topmost brick in the highest chimney was submerged, and then I fearlessly committed myself to the

"Hold on! You fearlessly committed yourself to the water, did you?" "I did, sir. I swam until" —

That will do, my friend. I have listened patiently to your story. I have accepted without argument your statements con cerning your former prosperity and present adversity. I have been much interested in the abbreviated history of your life and sufferings. I have thrilled with sympathy for you, my friend. My generous impulses have been stirred to their inmost depths, and I have felt the tears of compassion welling up from their hidden source, but If you don't climb down off this porch and take yourself out of these premises in less than no time, you lazy, dirty, lying, worth less, rum nosed vagabond I'll kick you clear up through your greasy old hat! Get

"The next time I work off that story, muttered the grimy tourist to himself after he had got safely outside the gate and etarfed on down the street, "I'll omit that swimming bath. It didn't seem to wash."

—Chicago Tribune.



He-I see that old Mr. Bentley was Wife (shocked)-Why, is old Mr. Bentley

dead?
He (who had just been "sat upon")—The paper doesn't say whether he is dead or not, simply that he was buried yesterday. -Brooklyn Life.

The Adjustable Baseball Report. As the true baseball reporter is sure either to boil over with enthusiasm or completely evaporate in despair, this form is offered for his convenience, to be filled in ecording to the score:

according to the score:

Our — aggregation of — filled the hearts of all true admirers of the national game with intense — by their — work yesterday afterneon, if such a term be not too mild to be applied to the — playing witnessed yesterday by — concourse of spectators to their keen — and —. We hardly expect to see again during the entire season another such exhibition of —, even though the — who are severing the name of Plunkville with — should do their very —.

—Indianapolis Journal.

The Retort Discourteous. Flop-How did your courtship with Miss Orceans turn out?
Filp—Not quite as I expected. I applied to her father for her hand and he answered me with his foot.—Ulk.

Clara-That's an awfully becoming vell on have on. Maude—What makes you think so? Chra-Because it's so thick. -Cloak ReGEMS IN VERSE.

Good Night. Good night! I have to say good night To such a host of peerless things! Good night unto that fragile hand All queenly with its weight of rings; Good night to fond, uplifted eyes; Good night to chestnut braids of hair; Good night unto the perfect mouth And all the sweetness nestled there.
The snowy hand detains me; then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love, When, if I read our stars aright, I shall not linger by this porch With my adieus. Till then good night! You wish the time were now? And I. You do not blush to wish it so? on would have blushed yourself to death To own as much a year ago.

What! both these snowy hands? Ah,

I'll have to say good night again!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Reconsidered Love. "Five years to wait!" Don't do it, My innocent blue eyed maid, For the years may last a lifetime, While your youthful roses fade, While your eyes are red with weeping And watching the treacherous sea; Till you sing the song of the lone one, "He never came back to me."

Five years to wait, while others Are dancing the dance of youth, And the one perhaps you are trusting Is breaking his vows forsooth.
"I shall wait for my love, my darling, Who has sailed far over the sea, Five years or ten or twenty," Said the blue eyed maid to me.

So she wrote her sweet love letters, Or tended her garden flowers, Or watched the restless billows On the bestling cliff for hours; While she turned her suitors pining Away from the cottage door, And waited, patiently waited, One long, long year or more.

"Tis very weary waiting,"
Said the blue eyed maid to me,
And she glanced at her last new suitor And then at the restless sea; As she glanced at the roses fading In her garden fair and bright: Twice come, twice gone since he left her Two years before that night.

And she married her last new suitor Before the winter sped; And she wrote to her absent lover On the day that she was wed: "She hoped he would not suffer,
That the shock would soon be o'er," And the answer soon informed her He had married a year before!

Telepathy.

Last night we met, where others meet, To part as others part; And greeted but as others greet, Who greet not heart to heart.

We talked of other things, and then To other folk passed by; You turned and sat with other men,

And yet a world of things unsaid Meanwhile between us passed; Your cheek my phantom kiss flushed ted And you looked up at last.

And then your glance met mine midway Across the chattering crowd; And all that heart to heart can say Was in that glance avowed.

-Owen Meredith.

Leedle Yawcob Strauss.

I haf von funny leedle poy Vot gomes schust to mine knee, Der queerest schap, der createst rogue He runs und schumps und schmashes dings In all barts off der house— But vot off dot? He vas mine son,

He gets der measles und der mumbs Und eferyding dot's oudt: He shills mine glass off lager beer. Poots schnuff indo mine kraut; He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese Dot vos der roughest chouse— I'd dake dot vrom no oder boy

But leedle Yawcob Strauss He dakes der milkban for a dhrum, Und cuts mine cane in dwo To make der sticks to beat it mit-Mine cracious, dot vas drue! I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart, He kicks oup sooch a touse— But nefer mind, der poys vas few Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dose: Who baints mine nose so red? Who yos it cuts dot schmoodth blace ouds Vrom der hair upon my hed? Und where der plaze goes vrom der lamp Vene'er der glim I douse? How gan I all dose dings eggsblain To dot schmail Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vas ashleep in ped. So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strause."

-Charles Follen Adams.

A Maudening Mistake. I lounge and listen in the gloom; A dainty footfall as light as down, A subtle perfume in the room, The whisper of a sliken gown.

I dimly feel a presence near.

My heart beats high in sudden hope,
And then, although no word I hear,
I know 'tis she, my Penelope!

She steals in silence to my side, I feel her breath upon my face: What though a hell were yawning widel Life, Heaven, all, for one embrace

I clasp her swiftly in my arms.

I hold her closely to my breast,
And she is mine and all her charms, Exultingly I think of him-

Of Hollingwood, who loves in vain: If he but knew, from gay to grim Would pass his most in jealous pain. Oh, moments of a mad delight!
None so sweet as she, I know:
The room grows darker with the night,
"My Hollingwood!" she murmurs low.

That voice! a light! in quick amaze I turn to look, and by my life, The face that meets my startled gaze Is that of—dash it all!—my wife!

I came, I saw, I pressed her hand; I begged her for a kiss. She blushed, looked down—I stole the prize, It was a dream of bliss.

I've wakened from my dream since then-That kiss has cost me dear. I'm paying alimony now For it twelve times a year.

At Nighttime. We soothe the child for some withholden Till sweet eyes smile that were so fain to

Tomorrow only wait until tomorrow-After you sleep." So we are southest with solemn dreams of heaven. When earthly days no further solace keep; Hope tells us there shall be a happy morrow—

and flutter everywhere. -Anne Reevo Aldrich.

ROOM DECORATION.

Graceful Hangings and Comfortable Ap-

pointments tilve an Air of Luxury. In the decoration of a room a general air of luxury is imparted by graceful hangings and comfortable appointments. Such an effect can be accomplished by a woman of taste without much extrava-

gance. In the use of curtains every va-It Was No Use for Them to Try to Pass riety of decoration becomes possible, as Old Stagers. and so much taste and skill can be shown in the selection of materials, the adaptation of patterns and the choice of coloring that it is not surprising dra- room. peries of every kind receive increasing

The shadow silk, with its changeable background and design of roses, hops and clematis blending in such harmony of natural color, is most desirable, not only for curtains and portieres, but for wall hangings as well. This makes pictures in a room unnecessary as wall adornments. The plantation cloth in olive, browns and grays also makes very desirable draperies. The green cloth, with cat tails, pond lilies, etc., worked in white upon it, make very pretty designs for curtains, portieres and tablecloths

A room done in Madagascar grass cloth is odd and cool. The cloth comes in strips, every one different, yet all harmonizing: the curtains and portieres hung lengthwise, cushions, and tidies on the bias. The latest is an English novelty cloth, the prettiest being sea green in hue, with a waving line in cream color running through it, resembling the waves of the sea. It comes in squares with designs of shell and fish in each corner. For curtains, portieres and bedspreads these are united with a fancy stitch. Mantels are to be guiltless of draperies. Many of polished wood have a row of gilt hooks, upon which are hung souvenirs. Duck or linen, with pretty designs of flowers, is now being used as a frieze. Curtains should hang straight at the right side, and with the draped effect at the left.

For a door panel, or in fact any kind of a panel, cloth of copper or silver is very beautiful. One scene having a design across the top worked in gold was a draped fishnet: at the bottom rushes and shells. It was attached to a door: above and at the sides in artistic folds fell a green plantation cloth curtain; the effect given was that of looking into a great distance.

That audacious beauty, Lady Teazle. has been handed down to fame associated with a screen, but it is with the use, not abuse, of this ornamental article that we wish to deal. From being merely unwieldy contrivances to shelter from the draft the screens have become among the greatest ornaments of the home, and no room seems to be furnished without one or more. The threefold parlor screen is the most fashionable; for summer the bamboo or white enamel frame is very desirable. The panels may be of figured silk or to match the draperies of the room.

One can be used to shut in a cozy nook in the sitting room. In a corner it is fashionable to swing a hammock, well filled with cushions, where the fair members of the family may enjoy the latest novel or slumber undisturbed by chance intruder. Abundance of cushions should next be supplied for couch. window seat and easy chairs; also headrests, to take the place of tidies. Those of linen, plantation cloth and denim. with designs of flowers, fish and love- of the bed. knots up them, are cool and inviting as well as artistic.

In the window should be a Japanese hanging vase filled with flowers or leaves, as the fresh green and natural plants are a relief to the eye. A hollow seated Indian stool with a cushion upon it; a few easy chairs; a table with an afternoon tea set, one for papers and books; a few old fashioned ornaments on the mantel: a little open cabinet in white enamel and gold, with bric-a-brac upon it: a catchall in linen of banner form: a pretty wall ornament in the shape of a large palm leaf fan covered with silk; a spider web with a spider worked upon it, with a bunch of reeds and grasses caught in the center. will make a very pretty, artistic, inviting summer room. I. HOLLAND.

Paris Fashions.

Varnishing day at the salon is an oceasion for the display of our prettiest costumes, and we must plead guilty of trying to outdo our neighbors in the matter of handsome costumes, and in my opinion the living figures that pass serenely along looking at the paintings are more interesting than the pictures. The dresses are so pretty, the parasols so light and airy, made as they are of filmy chiffon lightly festooned over a frame of pale silk, and the hats are so becoming. and the wraps so rich with gold embroidery, and the lace and ribbon-so much of it is used now, more, I think. than ever before.

The spring wraps simply revel in rich embroidery in metal threads, and almost every costume which will stand it has more or less gold

or silver embroidery. Figaro jackets of rich white or black velvet are stiffly embroidered in gold thread, and many costumes have vest front. cuffs and collars in the same valuable embroidery. Some of them are made postiche so as to change from one costume to another. Handsome dresses for visit, home or reception are

often made like the illustration. with a deep velvet foot piece, richly embroidered with gold or silver, or sometimes a mixture of both. The girdle is sometimes embroid-

ered to match the skirt and sometimes left plain.
Ribbons are holding high carnival

HOW TIME WILL FLY.

The hand of fate, operating through

the head waiter, seated them at the most conspicuous table in the dining

"Don't stare at me so lovingly," he fiercely hissed, "or you'll give it all away. The fair young girl at his side blushed

and looked very much confused. "Hum," coughed he, ostensibly eying But he was overdoing it. Nobody was

deceived. "Bring us some mock turtle," he commanded, attempting a growl, but realiz-

ing only a tremolo gasp. "Don't call me any pet names here," he whispered from the side of his mouth. She tried to look unconcerned, but became redder in the face every moment. He essayed to look savage, but made a distinct failure of it.

"Er-lovely morning," he suddenly observed aloud, with a sickly attempt at nonchalance.

"Yes-yes, my-I"-

"Sh! Don't call me any pet names. Why, you'd give us away in a minute." He assumed a feeble imitation of lofty indifference. She seemed about ready to sink through the floor. "George," very softly.

He tried to frown prodigiously, with only indifferent success. "I think," extremely pianissimo,

'everybody is looking at us.' He was uneasy, and his hands were much in his way. But inspiration came

"It doesn't seem," he suddenly exclaimed very audiby, the look of incredulity on his face was a fair simulation of the real thing, "as if we had been married four years, does it?" "N-no, George.

The baldheaded individual near the door got choked with his soup, but with that exception there was not a soul in the room that did not smile.

Presently the bridal couple retired; their appetites appeared to be not of the most robust.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

All Things Come Around. it, that things come around to those who

Wooden-I don't know, I'm sure. What makes you think of that now? Bulfinch-Well, there is Hardup; he used to say that he would never be content with his condition in life until he could keep a carriage.

Wooden-Well, he'll never have one. He never was known to have a dollar to his name, and on top of that he went and got married. Bulfinch-Yes, but he's got his car-

riage. I saw him out the other day. Wooden-You don't tell me! Bulfinch-It's a beauty too; one he

pushes himself.—Boston Courier. A Dread Alternative. M. De L-, though still young, was

"I feel that all is over," he said, "and I bitterly regret my little quarrels with you, the scenes of jealousy, the suspicions, which sometimes blighted our affection. You may now tell me without reserve if you did not think I was mad. and utterly wrong. My dear!" said he, with quivering accents, "I want to know

She (in a gentle voice)-But suppose you got well again?-Main Jaune.

German Discipline. There was to be a grand review and inspection of the troops of a German garrison. A corporal gave the following

orders to the soldiers: "Now, men, if the major asks you how you like your grub, you say 'Good.' If a colonel asks you, you must reply, 'Very good.' If the general asks you, you must speak up and say, 'It couldn't be better.' "—Texas Siftings.

Hurt His Self Love. Murilla-Who is that gentleman you introduced me to a little while ago: I didn't catch his name. Millicent-That is the distinguished

poet, Mr. Scrawler. Murilla-Indeed! Now I understand why he seemed to get angry when he asked me who is my favorite poet, and I replied, "Shakespeare."—New York

Exhausted by His Profession. Seeker-Who is the fellow that comes out of your boarding house every morning and takes the car to ride three blocks to his place of business?

Sageman-Is it possible you don't know him? Why, that's Samson, the champion runner of the Olympian Athletic club.—Boston Courier.



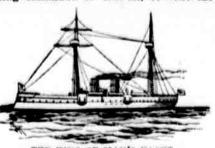
"Mrs. Devere-Hawkins is a widow, is he not?" "Temporarily."—Harper's Bazar.

Clearly Untrue. "What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the lifted girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down? "There may have been such an artist, but never such a hired girl."-Indianap-

olis Journal.

A KING COMING TO THE FAIR.

The Rules of Slam Having a Yacht Built for the Long Journey. Somdetch Phra Paraminde Maha Khoulalonkorn, king of Siam, is having built in Scotland a splendid private yacht in which he proposes to make a tour of the world. He will come to America during the World's fair, and doubtless visit many other places besides Chicago. He will be the first eastern potentate, if we except King Kalaksua of Hawaii, to visit the



THE KING OF SIAM'S YACHT. United States, and probably he takes this time for his visit on account of the fate of the larger part of the Siamese exhibit at the Centennial exhibition in 1876. It arrived on the grounds one day after the ex-hibition had closed. What the king had to say to his commissioners about this is not known, but as he is an absolute monarch it is likely that he made it warm for them in true oriental style. The king is now in his thirty-ninth year and has reigned ever since he was fifteen, so it is likely that by this time he is well used to

his job.

The British have recently annexed Burmah, which the Siamese feel is getting pretty close to them, where for a long time the English have tried to exert a preponderating influence. The king evidently wishes to get some personal knowledge of European and especially of English methods. In 1887 he sent two of his brothers to the queen's jubilee in London. They were educated men of most charming manners and their polished courtesy reminded those who met them of the cultivated Japanese who have traveled through Europe and America.

The yacht that the king has ordered is to be of 2,600 tons burden, almost twice the size of the largest private yacht yet built in Europe. It is also to be something of a war vessel, as it will carry broadside guns and guns of large caliber in broadside turrets, while on the decks machine guns will be mounted. The king's instructions to the builders were that they should make him the fastest and most luxurious ship afloat. With the best intentions the builders may not be able to do this, for speed in ships like speed in horses is a mighty uncertain thing. In ships it cannot be attained by mathematical calculations in designing either hull, boilers or engines, Of two ships laid upon the same lines and Bulfinch-That's a true saying, isn't with exactly the same power, one may be 20 per cent. faster than the other,

It would be interesting to know what the king of Siam will think of crowded Europe and bustling America after leaving his own country of only about 6,000,000 inhabitants. But his capital city of Bangkok with its 600,000 people is a large place. for they are not lodged, as are the people in modern cities, in towering buildings that like beehives swarm with life, floor over floor. But royal mer, like savages, rarely express surprise and it is likely that King Khoulalon'sorn will see all the wonders of western civilization and make no sign.

Smoking Scientifically Considered. Dr. Jules Rochard, of the French Academy of Medicine, has published in The Revue des Deux Mondes a popular pres-entation of the good and evil effects of to-bacco smoking. The good effects, the author thinks, are so negative as to be of dying of consumption. He lay grasping little account, as there is nothing healthy the hand of his wife, who sat by the side in the habit, while the evil effects are so many that the most hardened smoker after reading the article will feel like throwing away his cigarettes, cigars and pipes, and stimulating his nerves with tea. In the first place, nicotine, as every one knows, is an active poison which sometimes has fatal effects. The writer finds that most smokers are dyspeptic; that excessive smokers are disposed toward heart disease, and especially angina pectoris, and that pipe smokers are likely to have cancer of the lips and tongue. But, after all, Dr. Rochard does not think that, considering the pleasure to be derived from smoking the moderate use of the weed is hurtful enough to urge its total abandonment

> Burials in Westminster Abbey. Two hundred years or so ago there was still plenty of room for burials in West-minster abbey, and at that time there were fixed burial fees. For instance, a gentleman paid £10, a knight £13, a baror £26, an earl £30, a marquis £35, a duke £40, a bishop £30, an archbishop £40, and a lady by courtesy the same as a baron. Now there are no fees, as only those can be buried there who are so distinguished that such a burial is looked upon as due to the deceased. In the poets' corner there is only room for four or five more bodies.

The Work of a Philadelphia Artist. F. E. Elwell is a young Philadelphia sculptor, and he has recently finished a group in bronze that is receiving high praise. It is called "Charles Dickens and Little Nell," and the figures are those of the famous novelist and of one of his most



THE COMPLETED DESIGN. noted characters. Both are considerably

larger than life size and the total height of the work when it is mounted on the pedestal will be 14 feet. J. Cleveland has designed the base, which will be 4 feet 6 inches high, and composed of red Knoxville granite, standing on a platform and step 18 inches high, of darker shade of granite. The cost of the group is said to be \$15,000.



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