

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

JIMMIE COBB.

An Amusing Creature of Wonderful Yet Simple Construction.

Select five cornucobs—one large white cob, two of medium size and two small popcorn cobs. You will also want five common wire hairpins and some bits of gay cloth. Be sure that all the cobs are perfect in shape.

Now push one of the hairpins into the pith at the large end of each of the four small cobs. To do this, press the points together and push down firmly



until but one-fourth of an inch is left, thus forming a strong wire loop. Now take the two larger cobs and hang both, by these loops, to the fifth hairpin, which must be pushed firmly into the large end of the largest cob. These form Mr. Jimmie's legs, which are thus enabled to move about quite naturally.

Make a hole clear through the larger cob, from side to side, about three inches from the top. Pass a strong cord through the wire loop of one of the popcorn cobs, run it through the hole of the body cob into the loop of the other body cob and back again through the hole, then tie the two ends firmly together. This finishes the body of Jimmie, whose arms and legs swing naturally.

To make Jimmie's face, draw a piece of white muslin smoothly over the upper part of the cob, sewing it firmly just above the arms. Paint his features or draw them with ink and be sure to give him a smiling countenance. Now make a pair of trousers of some bright color, slip them over his legs and fasten them firmly about his body. A strip of another color drawn smoothly around him and fastened at the back forms his shirt. Make a loose coat, with sleeves, and slip it on, fastening it only at the neck. Add a bow of bright tape for a necktie, and Jimmie Cobb is ready for presentation. A child will get more solid satisfaction out of this doll than from a dozen "breaky" dolls, as our little girl calls them.—Housekeeper.

Playing "Word Rhapsody."

With the coming of the long evenings and the entertainments and parties which they bring come the old question, "Isn't there something new that we can play?"

It is always difficult to find anything altogether fresh and original, and some of the older games, a trifle worked over and freshened up, will be found quite as interesting as anything else. For instance, there are many word games, but not one of them is quite like the little funmaker known as the "word rhapsody." In playing this game each of the guests is called upon to choose one word. This word is written upon a little card furnished by the hostess. It may be an adjective, a verb, a common or proper noun or any other word that may suggest itself. The cards are then gathered up and the hostess writes all the words on a large piece of white paper with a red pencil, so that, when hung up, it can be seen all over the room. Then each guest is invited to write a short story in which every one of the words appears, all of them being used grammatically and in a manner to make sense. The time of work should be limited to ten minutes. When the stories are complete, the authors are invited to read them aloud, or the hostess collects them and reads them herself. The results are often very amusing. The rhapsody also makes a good school exercise.—Chicago Record.

"E Pluribus Unum."

We are indebted to John Adams for our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum." While he was minister to England Sir John Protestwick suggested it to Mr. Adams as a good motto to indicate the union of the colonies. It was submitted to congress and adopted by act of congress, June, 1782. The eagle in its beak bears a ribbon on which is the motto. In the early days of its use the eagle bore also in its talons a bundle of 13 arrows, but when, in 1841, a new seal was made to take the place of the old one, which had become worn, only six arrows were placed in the talons. Whether this change was ordered by law or not is not known. The old Latin motto was in use in England as far back as 1730 on The Gentleman's Magazine.—St. Nicholas.

Her Awful Dream.

A little maid of tender years had such an awful dream! She came to see almost in tears "I just was going to dream

"When both my eyes came open wide, And, oh, I was so glad To find it was a dream, she cried, 'Is now it was so bad!"

"What could it be, poor child?" I said, "Were you distressed by love?" Perhaps four dirty socks he loved? He did you fall down stairs?"

"Oh, dear! It's a great deal to tell! You know in school our class At such examinations, well, I do—'I didn't pass!'—Elizabeth C. Harris in Primary Education.

OLD PAPERS AND LETTERS.

A Collection of Great Interest in the Possession of Mrs. M. J. Gage.

Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage is the possessor of an interesting collection of old papers and letters which she is now engaged in arranging for reference and safe keeping. Of especial value are her files of old newspapers, going back to the days when her public services began. Among these may be found the New York Semiweekly Tribune for the full time of the civil war and through reconstruction days and files of Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly. Particular interest attaches to a bundle of The New Century, published during the exposition of 1876 in Philadelphia by the woman's centennial committee, because of the association with it of Mrs. Gillespie, a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

There are several complete copies of The National Citizen and Ballot Box, a publication started in 1876 at Toledo under the auspices of that city's Woman Suffrage association. Then there



MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

are packages of Italian, French and English papers and pamphlets, all bearing on the question of woman suffrage and helping to make an aggregation of reference documents wonderful to contemplate and cumbersome to handle.

Another suffrage treasure is a centennial autograph book, containing the names of those allied with the movement at its beginning.

Among the relics of her mother's family (the Leslies of Scotland) Mrs. Gage cherishes an old piano, made before pianos were manufactured in America. One of the Astors settled in London and manufactured these instruments, and on the plate on the front is inscribed "G. Astor, No. 79 Cornhill, London, New Patent."

Mrs. Gage 45 years ago made her first public speech for woman's rights in a convention held in Syracuse, in the old city hall. She was one of the pioneers in this movement and worked long and persistently against obstacles, disappointments and odium to, as she declared, "break the way for the women of today." Her books on woman's rights are "Woman, Church and State," "Woman as Inventor," "Who Planned the Tennessee Campaign?" and "Woman's Rights Catechism."—New York Tribune.

Protection Against Colds.

While every one admits the necessity that exists for guarding against exposure, especially when there are sudden changes from heat to cold, there are very few persons who take these imperative precautions in the proper way. They are chilly when the weather changes and immediately seek out an overcoat, a jacket, a scarf or a muffler. The shoulder cape comes into use and the feather boa or wrap that is pulled up close about the neck and covers the chest. This is precisely the region that needs the least protection in these changes. If, instead of this, thicker shoes and warmer hose were put on and a warmer covering for the limbs were afforded, the trunk of the body could take much better care of itself. Cold and exposed extremities and too much wrapping around the body create congestion and pave the way for disease. The hygienic and sensible method is to give the throat, chest and arms a dash of cold salt and water every morning upon rising. An entire sponge bath of this sort is of great advantage, but this treatment of the throat and chest is almost absolutely necessary if one would avoid a multitude of ills that affect this portion of the system.—New York Ledger.

Winter Styles.

The styles for the coming winter are charming, says a New York fashion writer. Not in years have they been more attractive, smart, elegant or satisfying. The lines of the gown are normal, but little or no exaggeration; the street skirts clear the ground all around; the newest house dresses have a becoming and graceful demitrain, and the materials and garnitures are rich, wonderfully varied, moderate in price and nearly all beautiful to the eye and the touch. The modified sleeves and the reduced outline of the wide spreading skirts are at once becoming to the tall or short, the stout or slender. There was neither grace nor beauty nor fine art in these styles when grossly exaggerated in their contour, and it is surprising how quickly we can become accustomed to new phases of a mode, transferring our preferences to a radical change in design as they are variously created and brought up for favor.

One of Alabama's Women.

Mrs. Lella Seton Wilder is one of the leading women in the state of Alabama. She is the owner and manager of Wilder Place, on the Tennessee river, near Decatur. Wilder Place is one of the finest plantations in the south, containing as it does, 1,600 acres of rich land, a part of which is under cultivation. The remainder is heavily timbered. Mrs. Wilder is a widow and a heavy taxpayer. She manages the entire plantation and employs over 100 negro laborers, who raise abundant cotton crops.

ONE SPECIES OF BLACK MAIL.

Threatening to Build a Stable in a Good Residence Neighborhood.

There is no other city in the United States where the negative use of private property has become such an abuse as in New York. In many instances this dog-in-the-manger policy—won't build himself and won't let anybody else build—is but a species of conservatism that belongs to the middle ages. But in very many it is simply and purely a species of blackmail. The property owners next door or in the near neighborhood would willingly buy out the objectionable place only the price is fixed far above the market rates.

"We can't pay such a price as that. Why, it's twice as much as the property is worth!"

"Very well—it's my price—you can take it or leave it. I'm going to build a stable on it if you don't purchase!"

And there you are. All through the heart of business New York this real estate blackmail is held over the heads of those who would build befitting the grandeur of a great city. It is not by small holders, but by very rich men, or by estates managed by agents. Whenever an enterprising man or big corporation desires to build a new business block anywhere, he or it is almost sure to find some owner of this kind to embarrass or stop the projected improvement. It may be the estate is founded on ground rents, or it may be the property of some resident abroad who is satisfied with the present investment and won't sell at all. The probability is, however, that the owner will sell, but demands such an exorbitant price that it comes very properly under the head of blackmail. It is to pay me so much—you can't get along without my plot—it is my price, or stop!

WOMAN'S LATEST.

She Has the Creases Pressed Out of Her Dresses.

When a man wants creases put in his trousers he sends them to the tailor and pays for the work. When the New York tailor-made woman wants the creases taken out of her skirt and coat-tails she walks into the up-town shop where she bought her gown, pulls off her Prince Albert, drops her dress on the floor, tells the clerk to "hurry them up," and waits.

It takes about half an hour for two pressers to do the work, and neither gets a penny. That's where the commanding spirit of the tailor-made woman shows itself.

Friday is the great busheling day, and often there are thirty damsels waiting about in silk petticoats, sleeveless waistcoats, bonnets and gloves, with pocketbooks and shopping books in their hands.

There are some droll spectacles among them. While waiting for her clothes to come up one girl will do Delsarte exercise; another will put in the time showing her stout mother how to stand.

Books on everything, from Sandow to the "Heavenly Twins," are seen; occasionally a woman shines her finger nails while her neighbor has a hand glass looking for holes in her back teeth.

The suits come up, one by one, in beautiful shape; an obliging little girl assists in putting them on, and the exquisites go off to come again in a week or two and go through the same performance.

After a rainy day the crowd indresses-to-be-pressed would delay the regular business if the staff of pressmen were smaller.

Fifty Thousand For a Picture.

Eleven thousand guineas (something over \$50,000) is now the record price paid in an auction-room in London for a picture. This amount was realized at Christie's for Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Lady Betty Delme, sister of the earl of Carlisle, with her children, a picture which is well known through engravings. It was put up at 5,000 guineas and was secured by Charles Wertheimer, a dealer, for 11,000 guineas. The famous "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, which so mysteriously disappeared, was knocked down for 10,100 guineas and the Raphael in the Dudley collection two years ago went for about 2,000 guineas.

How "Tommy Atkins" Got His Name.

London Truth is much obliged to the many correspondents who from time to time enlighten it as to the origin of the name "Tommy Atkins." To save further trouble, however, the paper mentions one for all that it is in possession of what it believes to be all the information accessible on this important matter of history. It has always understood that "Thomas Atkins, private," was the fancy signature appended to a specimen form of a soldier's account issue by the war office many years ago and more than this it is doubtful whether anybody can tell.

San Juan Valley.

The report of archaeological discoveries in the San Juan valley is something that has been expected for a long time past. It was known to a few persons there were interesting and unexplored cliff dwellings there, and countless many have had the matter in mind. The San Juan is separated from civilization by a rough country, and the approach, whether by way of Colorado from the East, or through Utah from the North and West, is difficult. The region lies in the South-western corner of Utah.

The Maiden's Wish.

"I'd like to be a fine, large, bank book," remarked the girl who was very pretty, but poor.

"Why?" inquired her companion.

"Because its face makes it valuable."

Just try a 10c box of Cascara, the best liver and bowel regulator ever made.

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