

FRACTIONAL FEMINILITIES.

Fractured Gossip of the Weaker Sex During the Lenten Season.

FAIR FACTS FROM FAIR FABERS

From all Around Come the "Selected" Flowers That Bloom in the Spring-Courtship in the City.

A City Courtship.

Frederick Langridge in the petal. The proper place for courting, by the story of the episode, is some lane or meadow-pathway, out of sight of town.

With the sweetest blowing over, from the fields of beans and clover, and the skylark dropping nestlars as the sun goes down.

But I've met the little Sally At the mouth of Dawson's alley, And we've walked along together 'till the dome of Paul's.

'Mid the jostling crowd that passes 'Neath the flaring lamps and gases, And the shouting of the drivers and the newsboy's calls.

And the lily of the valley That I gave my little Sally Was the faded penny bouquet that a flower girl sells.

She has never seen one growing, As it's easy to be showing, For its birthplace is the Dreamland that's beyond the flow.

Oh! it pains me in our walking— All the odors and shameful talking, And the folks that brush me passing, and the

But though evil things may touch her, They can never hurt or smother her, For she turns a dirt to sweetness as a flower.

Nay, it's not in country places, 'Mid the fields and simple faces, Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure heart grows.

It is here in London city, In the sin and shame and pity; For the pure heart grows its purity from the wrong it knows.

When my Sally's sweetness found me, I was coarse and low and selfish as the beast that dies;

But her grace began to win me, And my heart was changed within me, And I learned to pray from gazing in my darling's eyes.

Corsets and Garters All Right.

New York Star: The next thing that troubles the crank is either the garter or the corset.

One he insists upsets the lungs and the backbone, and the digestion, and the other he is the corset—and the other he will assure you stop the circulation of the blood.

Yet there are women who, with their spinal columns out of order, their lungs congested, their digestion stopped, manage to live on to a good old age untroubled by a day's sickness.

My experience has been that the women who do this are usually three-quarters sick in body and the other quarter sick in mind.

Now, a well-fitting corset doesn't hurt anybody's spine. They are slightly open at the back, and the elastic comes coming against it; they hold the bust in place, support the skirts, and are not long enough to interfere with digestion.

If a corset is unhealthy, why in the name of common sense do women who are so difficult to wear them invariably take some stiffened bodice in their place? If the corset is unhealthy, so is the bodice, for if it is tight enough to hold you in, then it is performing the duty of a corset in a more awkward manner possible.

As to garters, the average woman doesn't wear them, not because they are unhealthy, but because supporters hold her stockings up better. Then the old-fashioned talking about women's clothes usually ends up by a long dissertation on the advantages of ties being swung from the shoulders, and usually convinces his audience, unless they are members of his mutual aid society, that he knows about comfortable clothes as far as women are concerned.

Why Girls are Coquetteish.

Chamber's Journal: The "fair girl graduates" have their own triumphs—triumphs neither few nor insignificant; but over the lives of men their triumphs have not extended in the drawing room, the despised coquette is queen regnant, and there the pale student, the classroom's glory, is simply nowhere.

The coquette knows her power and revels in it. In self-dramatization she exercises a power has been thrust upon her. She is not—or was not—always—heartless. She knows—who better?—that this light trifling is ignoble. It is not the life she would have chosen, and the choice she gives her, but there is magic in it. The sense of sway is delightful to her; the sweets of adulation, like a subtle poison, intoxicate their victim with a transient rapture, and she knows that when a young girl has health and gaiety she can hold her own. And afterwards? Who'd dream of the stormy morrow? To-day is fair. Why trouble as to what the morrow may be? The man who will laugh and flirt and be fitful and charming, vivacious, delectable, cruel, kind; she will retract and repel, draw hearts to her, whose homage her own levity will quickly alienate, she will be wonored at, censured, admired, and perchance loved; but until the sun shall dawn on that unknown country where men are constant, lead and true, the land where tributive kindness is nearer to them than feigned flattery and bowing arts—she will be a coquette!

A New York Woman's Work.

New York Mail and Express: A lady well known in New York society as the wife of a prominent banker and distinguished likewise for her artistic talents, has invented a new kind of work that is likely to become popular with those whose tastes lie in the same direction, and who are, perhaps, tired of the conventional methods of painting. She has imported from abroad a quantity of the material employed in the manufacture of tapestry. Upon this canvas she paints a design in exact imitation of the style and coloring of old Gobelin. The effect is remarkably striking to the observer, inasmuch as, in regarding it, he gazes upon an ancient and musty treasure from a foreign palace. The work is done in ordinary water colors, the tints being of course, especially selected for the purpose, while the drawing can be copied from any appropriate picture and enlarged to suit the fancy. The sketch should first be made upon paper, then placed over the canvas and the outlines picked through by means of a very sharp lead-pencil. This is necessary to insure absolute accuracy in the drawing, as it is impossible to erase a line once made.

A room panelled with tapestry of this sort makes a charming appearance, though it necessitates considerable labor and expense.

A new way of ornamenting a dinner-table is to lay upon it a mirror so large that only a wide enough margin is left for the plates and glasses of the guests. The mirror is round, square, oblong, or oval, according to the shape of the table. On the edge is a border of flowers, which must be of one kind only. At a recent dinner given in this city the immense mirror was placed on a cover of yellow silk and surrounded by wreaths of silver candelabra with yellow candles and shades.

A Card.

Girls are never taught to curtsy now, as they used to be. A real, old-fashioned "courtesy," as it used to be spelled, is quite an elaborate performance. My mother had lessons in it when she was a girl. First, you draw back the right

PLEASURES OF THE PENMEN

Elder Down of Humor Ought from the Flying Flocks of Spring.

POETICAL AND ALSO PROSALIC.

Folks that Grow Bitter—Benefit of Doubt—Spoony Texans—Fun Behind the Curtain—"Ha-Ha" Gossip.

Even Temper.

It ain't no use ter grumble, Nor it ain't no use ter fret; A man won't live no longer By a-sittin' all upset.

It's the man of even temper That is allers sure to win, An' the man that's allers kickin' That is gettin' taken in.

The hog that's allers squealin' Gets the smallest share of slop, An' the man that's allers cussin' Never raises half a crop.

An' of en when a feller Gets a skin in the game, The man that talked the loudest Just before the fight begun.

It's a fact—the man that carries The fattest pocketbook Is the quiet, steady-going Feller every time; look Wherever you'll find 'em, It ain't of en that you'll find A man that's worth his feedin'— Er he's a any other kind.

The Monologue Drew. Chicago Herald: Frank Lincoln gave his monologue entertainment in a town in southern Illinois the other night. The hall was well filled, but the people did not seem very much amused at the humorist's funny work.

After the show a man with Ezra Kendall whiskers stole into Lincoln's dressing-room and poured a handful of coin into the humorist's hands.

"Well, how did the show come off?" asked Lincoln, trying to shake off his chill.

"Fair," blurted the committeeman, drenching the floor with tobacco juice. "Purty fair show."

"How did you like it?" "I like it," said the man, "but I don't like to see you with that hair."

"Then you have seen better?" "Sort o' disapp'nted you didn't bring it along. We was a-lookin' fur it. Did you forget it?"

"Forget what?" "Why, that er thing you call the monologue. The feller who came here night out fifteen year ago 'ad 'em in a cage, an' it's your turn now."

"Have you got yourn at the hotel?" "When Lincoln went to the depot the next day he saw the dead walls bore these posters: "Frank Lincoln will present his monologue at—hall to-night. Come and see it." This explained the coolness of the audience the night before. They were waiting for the monologue.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

"I want to be an angel." The congressman did cry, And through the air came floating An answer from the sky:

"You cannot be an angel, For don't you know, you dunce, No angel can be coming Two offices at once."

"I'll keep my present place, In ranna; for the other, I mightn't win the race."

Wanted Her Bustle Admitted.

Wasp: "I am sorry to say there are no seats, madam," said a passenger who was hanging on to a street car in a street car, as a lady tried to crowd past him.

"I know it," said the lady sweetly. "But I should like to get as far as the middle of the car, as my bustle is outside in the rain."

A Pull-Back.

A little pull-back sought one day The early gates of Heaven to see, St. Peter wiped his spectacles, And rubbed his ancient eyes.

And throngs of female angels came, With curious gazes the while, Intent, as ladies always are, To see the latest fashions.

The saint put on his glasses then, And said: "What's that?" "The laws of 'musin' look."

"Tied up in front! Piled up behind! 'Twill never do, I fear! The thing is too long; You cannot enter here."

What did she do? My curious friend, She got behind a tree; And in a jiffy she was dressed As angels ought to be.

St. Peter kissed her then, and said: "Pass in, my little dear; But mind your bustle introduce Such naughty fashions here."

He Did Not Want to be Peculiar.

Philadelphia Times: W. H. Crawford, a railroad conductor who has seen service on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Union Pacific and Hannibal & St. Joe systems, and who began as a penit boy, was at Broad Street station yesterday. A friend of Crawford's, who runs a train on the Pennsylvania, said: "One day while Crawford was employed on the Wabash, a sweeping invitation to conductors was given in their resignation was forwarded by the general superintendent. Crawford was one of the unfortunates. His resignation was forwarded and accepted, and in return he received the pay due him and a letter strongly endorsing his ability as a railroad man. A few days later he applied to the superintendent of the Hannibal & St. Joe for a train, presenting the Wabash indorsement."

"I see," said the St. Joe chief, "this letter says you understand the business, but makes no reference to your integrity. Now, Mr. Crawford, if I should give you a train, what percentage of the cash receipts would you be willing to turn in to the company?"

"Whatever has been customary with the old conductors," was Crawford's answer.

"But they have been keeping it all," remarked the superintendent.

"Well," said Crawford, with a smile, "that will be satisfactory to me."

To his surprise the superintendent told him to come around on Monday and he could have a train, adding, "I rather like your frankness."

The Modern Witch's Caldron.

Stir the caldron round and round, In it let strange things be found, One by one, give them place; Black ribbon, white lace; Here a dapple, there a point, Then an eyelash peeping out; Here a comb, perfume, and pills, Cheering gum and milliner's bills; Jeweled garter, corset string; How and bang and diamond ring; Bustle huge of twisted tress; Hat that rises high and higher, French heels, powder, dainty nose, Hair and hair and hair and hair; Velvet skin and smiling eyes, Eyebrows curving as they rise, The strange unsavory mess Weave a lone and golden tress; Add a costume billiard-wad; With a lot of padding made; Stir them, stir them, every one, 'Till the fatal mass is done; Boil it to the proper pitch, Then, behold the modern witch!

Texans Who Think Spooner Sassy.

Chicago News: Senator Spooner, who is conducting the examination for the republicans, is a slight man, and Mr. Everts, who assists him, is about the same stature, although he makes up a lack of size elsewhere by the ponderousness of his nose. The witnesses are big enough to take both the lawyers at a single bite, and it is very funny to see Spooner sidle

DAINTY DUDEDOM'S DOINGS.

Pen Picture of Pantaloons and Coats Supposed to be Inhabited.

DON'CHER KNOW, DON'CHER SEE

Tickets Technology—Fat and Well-Fed Box Seekers—Boston Culchaw—Beans Artistically Baked—The Helmet.

Boston, March 16.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—There is, perhaps, no city in this country which has such a complete system of public lectures as Boston. We not only have the lecturers, but what is more, our people appreciate them. I heard the other day that James Russell Lowell was to give a series of free lectures in the Lowell Institute course, on the "Pre-Shakespearean Dramatists." Tickets were to be given out on Friday morning at 8 o'clock. I arose earlier than usual, resolved to take a morning constitutional up Boylston street, and avail myself of the opportunity to get a ticket. I reached the vicinity of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology about 8 o'clock, and a longer line of men and women I never saw, especially at such an hour. In the line were men and women apparently from all grades of society. There were

young men, and dignified and matronly women. There were young men by the score, some well-dressed, some poorly dressed, some fine-looking, some plain but all intelligent. There were young ladies of the same sort, but more of them would come under the head of good-looking. There were some who looked as if they had turned out earlier than their want. Others were on their way to work, with their little omnibuses "lunch at the office" bag in their hands. The morning was damp and chilly and the crowd was naturally not very jolly. I walked toward the tail end of the line, the subject of many well-chosen remarks, which did not tend to increase my good humor. The fellow ahead of me, who was also hunting for a ticket, amused himself and the crowd by pretending to count the people. If he saw anyone looking particularly "tired," he would raise his finger and say, "3,001, 3, 3," etc., which he seemed to place in very funny way. He came to a place in the line where a cart had just wheeled through and left a small open space. Several ladies had just stepped into this space, thereby taking unfair advantage of those behind them. A young fellow, who knew my friend, said: "Hallo, Bill, step in here with these ladies."

"No! I haven't quite gall enough to do that," said Bill, and he rubbed the remark in with semi-flirtish smile, which every one enjoyed but the ladies.

Well, we walked and walked and still the line did not end. It must have been half an hour long. My friend turned and proposed that we go to the head of the line and get our tickets on check. Ten minutes brought us to the ticket office. A burly policeman stood by the window to preserve order. There was one peculiar point about this policeman. He spat incessantly. There was, so to speak, one continuous stream from his mouth to the floor. My friend got as near the window as he could, and the "cop" rudely pushed him away, emphasizing the act by expectorating a quarter section of lung. Very soon my friend stepped too close again, and the "cop" advanced with another disgusting "hoek-patchoo," whereupon my friend asked him if he could swim. The crowd roared and the "cop" immediately fired his window as if he could, and a scrimmage followed at the window in which I succeeded in getting two tickets. It is needless to say who got the "second" ticket.

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CHINESE-AMERICAN STUDENTS.

Some Account of the Boys that Came to America for an Education.

New Haven Register: J. Crossett, of this city, writes to the Springfield Republican some of the boys that have come to America for an education.

Some of the students sent from China to Hartford in 1880. Mr. Crossett, being interpreter of the Chinese educational commission located in Hartford at that time, had some of the boys at his house at Hong Kong last summer as he was starting for a post on the great river. He gave me his address—United States consulate, Chin-kiang, China. His brother, Wang Tung-ching, who is now at this consulate, Lin Poy Chuen said I think, make an excellent assistant teacher or superintendent in an institution for deaf mutes in Shanghai or Hong Kong, if some philanthropist should establish one in China. He became much interested in the one at Hartford, and expressed to me an earnest desire to help his afflicted countrymen in a work of that kind. Who will own a correspondence with him upon that subject? Mr. Wang Shing was for a short time commissioner at Hartford, but now is in business at 15 Peel street, Hong Kong. In going up the river to Canton one passes a military school at Canton, where the Chinese young men are teaching—Chin Tien Yew and Soo Yu Chin. As both were away, I did not meet them. Liang Tun Yen is in the governor-general's office at Canton, and the fun at their expense in position of controlling all the telegraph dispatches, and could not be seen by an outsider.

"At the same office, but in another department, was a Chinese, who spent some years at Hartford in preparing an English dictionary and phrase books for the instruction of his countrymen. He has never added the Chinese language in the imperial Chinese telegraph office, Canton; Chin Poo Woo is in the United States consulate at Canton. I had been told that Lin Kai Chow was at Canton, but I failed to see him. Tsai Shou Kie is at Shanghai in the Great Northern telegraph office under the control of Dames in the Chinese employ. Tong Yuen Cham and Chu Pau Fay are in the imperial Chinese telegraph office at Canton. The address of Tong Yew is 189 Nanking road, Shanghai. Shin Kia Shun, Chung Wen Kwei, Kong Kang Ling, and Ki Tsu Yo are at the Kiangnan arsenal, Shanghai, studying and teaching Chinese in the navy and army. China a year or two before the educational commission was broken up, is in the Shanghai Evening Courier office, where he can be addressed. Tsoo Ki Kiang is at Shanghai in a large office in the polytechnic institute, Shanghai. Ching Ta Ye is said to be in the telegraph office at Nanking. Wang Liang Tung is in the government employ at Peking. Wang Tung Yoo on the gunboat Yung Tuen, and Shin Siu Chung on the Tai Yuen. At Tientsin are Luik Sik Quai, Wong Fung Ksi, Wong Chung Kwang, Woo Hing Yung, Kin Ta Ping and Lin Luen Fai. At Peking there is a but one, who came about three years ago, when the first telegraph office was opened. He is F. T. Pond. At the Kai Ping coal mines have been some of the young men, but they are not in the telegraph stations which I did not visit."

A Bright Woman's Work.

A monument of woman's industry is the Bayeux tapestry described in so interesting a way in the current number of Scribner's Magazine. It is over two feet long and contains almost twenty inches wide and covered with embroidery representing historical scenes. Only think of the long days, merging into weeks and months, which it must have taken! The scenes are so spirited, too, even though there are impossible horses with blue legs and green feet. The work is said to have been done by a veritable queen, the wife of William the Conqueror. It is a work of passing away hours which, in those days of no books or paper, no shopping and no social privileges, hung heavily upon the hands of a bright woman.

TYPE WRITERS.

new or old, bought, sold or exchanged on most liberal terms. Used machines for sale at half price. National Typewriter Co., 100 Broadway, N. Y.

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have taken it up on account of its cheapness, comfort and durability.

Gloves and cane I have not mentioned, but you must know that they are both worn. The gloves are of no particular sort, but the cane has ceased to be a cane. It is now a club. The old buckhorn handles and silver-heads are improper in the extreme, while the trunk and roots of an English tree have taken their place. This club is no longer used as a walking-stick. It is grasped near the middle and carried thus, with the head hanging down behind or sticking up in front, a sort of regal wand, significant of the power of her royal highness.

Such is the external make-up of the anglo-manic. There is nothing particularly harmful about him, neither is he of any particular benefit, but he is here and we must put up with him.

FRANZ SEVEL.

THE BEST REMEDY.

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

THE BEST FOR HORSE COLIC.

New York Club Stable, 15-17 E. 26th St., New York, Oct. 20th, 1886.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the great curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, having used several cases of the Oil in my stable, and to say it is the best I have ever used.

THE BEST EVER USED IN STABLES.

Gentlemen: It is a satisfaction to recommend the use of St. Jacobs Oil in my stable. As to its use in my stable, I will say as much as any man for I will know the Oil in my stable, and to say it is the best I have ever used.

It never failed in a single instance.

San Diego, Cal., Oct. 23d, 1886.

Gentlemen: It is a satisfaction to recommend the use of St. Jacobs Oil in my stable. As to its use in my stable, I will say as much as any man for I will know the Oil in my stable, and to say it is the best I have ever used.

Opinion of a Dealer in Horses.

I recommend St. Jacobs Oil as the best thing in the world for sprain on horses. It is a certain cure.

WILTON A. SCHMIDT.

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This is as safe, and the best investment ever offered, as the invested money must be paid back when the maturity of the bond is reached, or if you die or sell your order with money registered letter, or postal notes, and in return we will forward the documents.

BERLIN BANKING CO., 305 Broadway, New York City.

N. B.—These bonds are not lottery tickets, and the sale is legally permitted in the U. S. by law of 1875.

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Will bring you within 4 blocks of the Union Pacific Shops or Smelting Works.

\$250 TO \$550

Will buy a home in this addition on small payments and if you study your own interest you will not pass this opportunity.

REMINGTON & McCORMICK,

Carriages to accommodate all 220 South 15th St

\$250 TO \$350

Will buy first class lots in Saunders & Himebaugh's Highland Park. Only one-tenth cash balance five or ten dollars monthly payments. For beauty of location this property can't be beat, and we ask investors to examine it before purchasing. 15 per cent discount to those buying by the acre. We also have the following list to which the attention of the public is invited:

- Beautiful improved lot on Dodge street near High School. \$13,000. Cash \$5,000, balance easy. For few days only.
- 140 feet on Leavenworth street with a 60 foot lot on either side, and alley in rear, only \$70 per foot. One-fourth cash, balance to suit purchaser. This is a bargain.
- Good lot in Highland Place, \$3,300. \$1,200 cash, balance 1 and 2 years.
- Corner 18th and Chicago streets, \$23,000. One-half cash.
- Corner 13th and Leavenworth streets, 4 x 100 feet, \$25,000.
- Corner 17th and Davenport streets, 88x132 feet, \$30,000.
- Corner 11th and Douglas streets, 68x132 feet, \$35,000.
- Lots in Washington Square, from \$2,300 to \$4,000.
- Lots in Saunders & Himebaugh's Addition to Walnut Hill, from \$150 to \$1,000. The Belt Line depot is within two blocks of this addition.
- Lots in Mt. Pleasant Addition, from \$350 to \$500. Ten per cent cash, balance in monthly payments, \$5 or \$10.
- Lots in Saunders & Himebaugh's Highland Park Addition, from \$250 to \$550. One-tenth cash, balance in monthly payments of \$5 or \$10.
- Lots in Kirby Place, \$900 to \$3,900.
- Lots on Saunders street, \$100 front feet.
- Lots on North 20th street, from \$2,000 to \$4,000.
- 44 feet on Farnam, well improved, for \$15,000.
- Good lot on South 10th street. Call for terms.

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