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GOOD-BYE TO THE BUSTLE.

Where Once Was a Mountain Now Stretches a Plain.

FASHIONS IN THE GARDEN CITY.

The Quaint Empire and Directoire Costumes—Decollete Dresses Growing More Conservative—Big Hats and Flower Gardens.

The Thing in Chicago. CHICAGO, May 17.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The last week of genuine summer weather, which Chicago has harbored and which has toyed with the thermometers until the mercury found itself at 88° and 90°, has not been without its advantages. It has at least served to give the good people of this city a little foretaste of what was in store for them in the way of summer styles. Dame Fashion has set the seal of her approval on the quaint Directoire and Empire costumes, and that is sufficient to make them exceedingly popular and much worn. But there has been a most complete revolution in dress this spring, and nothing that was worn last year can possibly do service this. There is a revolution in everything, even to underclothes, which, instead of the soft white muslins, are being made of black silk, a fine soft grade being used. If a skirt is worn at all this is also of the black silk, but the proper thing now is to wear no skirt whatever, allowing the long empire dress to cling closely about the figure—a funny notion, is it not? The plan will be a great boon to the servants, however, by lightening the wash. Even bedspreads and pillow shams are of black silk or some light weight material. The rule does not hold good in the hose, however, as these are being worn now to match the costume, striped are very popular, but plain are also shown. Mamselle's shoes are no longer plain black, the newest designs being of russet leather and light tan, prettily ornamented with patent leather. The vamp of this last named with cloth upon the shade of the gown makes a very smart foot-wear. The extreme is shown in every thing, it being almost impossible for one to get anything that looks loud or gaudy. Green in all its shades is decidedly favored, especially the one that reminds one of County Limerick or the blarney stone. Tan is combined with this shade very much and another pretty combination is mahogany and pearl gray.

Many dainty white flannel costumes will dot the scenery this season not only in the way of boating and tennis costumes, but for the street as well. The picturesque empire dresses have de-

worn, and, in fact, the big hats are so in favor that bonnets are rarely seen. Flowers are the inevitable trimming, many of the hats looking like regular Dutch gardeners. The shades of different flowers are sometimes so antagonistic that one wonders that they don't get into an out and out scarp. With the adoption of the big hats they have tried to introduce the habit of removing it at the theaters, but the dear creatures who wear them don't propose to take them off and put them where nobody will see them; they much prefer to keep them on and both their heads about to display its beauty from every angle, while the long-stemmed flowers on top dance a regular merry-go-round, as if they knew folks were all looking at them and wishing they were up there.

The combs that are being worn are growing so large and pretentious that if they keep on they will obstruct the vision.

AS BAD AS THE BIG HAT.

When the style originated they were merely little pins of one prong worn perpendicular in the hair to keep the bonnet from sliding back. But from across grass tall oaks and so it is with the comb. Instead of one prong, four and even five are seen surmounted by a large semi-circular crown often of gold studded with precious stones. These however, are the coveted possessions of only the few, while the rest content themselves with ones of tortoise shell ornamented with silver or gold filigree. Strips of gold beads are very pretty and much affected by those who are able to have them. Bracelets are mostly in the style of the narrow, wire hoops large enough to slip over the hand. There are as many as twenty of these all on one hand, none worn on the other, and all loose and slipping and sliding from wrist to elbow. Fans have grown so elaborate this year that \$45 or \$50 does not go very far. Three long ostrich plumes fastened together with a small tuft of feathers bespangled with silver, and with gold, silvery, ivory, or mother-of-pearl handles are very elaborate.

Evening dresses are NO LONGER CUT AS LOW as formerly, and elbow sleeves are more frequently seen. Brides of 1889 wear their gown high neck and long sleeve, especially if a church wedding, and it is now looked upon as an evidence of bad taste for her to wear decollete. The mode of wearing the hair has seen many changes of late, but the present finds it either high on the head or coiled low on the neck—none of the betwixt and between being allowable. The young ladies braid the hair in two or three strands which are coiled so as to cover the entire back of the head. Bangs are light and fluffy, but still cut in the V shape. It is a pity that the style of dressing the hair changes so frequently, for no sooner does a woman grow attached to a certain way, and deft in arranging it, than she finds it "out," and for the next month her life is made wretched trying to coax the stray, stubborn locks into the new way. But so it goes, and each year it is "out," and verily, we say, "Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!"

Somebody's Darling. *Tok (Pa.) Daily.*
Somebody craves into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Saugles up and whispers loud,
"Somebody's come to stay."
Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once shuts a door,
Scatters her playthings all around,
Over the nursery floor.
Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes—
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mud pies—
Who can somebody be?
Somebody looks with requish eyes
Up through her tangled hair,
"Somebody's me," she says, "but then
Somebody doesn't care."

THIS STRANGER NOT AN ANGEL

A Romance of a Frontier Town in Nebraska.

A BANDIT BOLD WAS M'WATERS.

He Married the Pretty Daughter of "Parson" Davis, Who Clung to Him Until the Very Last.

Wyoming's Romance. In the year 1856, Wyoming was a typical border town. Four or more hundred "wayfarers" called the place home. Some were lawless, while others were peaceable and law-abiding. This, however, was characteristic of the place throughout its history. For nearly a decade the town vied with Nebraska City to become the principal place in the southeastern part of the state—then the territory. But the first station north of Oteo's county town, on the Missouri Pacific, is not the Wyoming of even a quarter of a century ago. Still two miles farther north an old tumble-down stone house marks the site. This is all there is left of what was once an enterprising and thrifty little city. It was here that 4,000 Mormons passed the winter of '64 and '67 on route to the "Celestial City." It was here they took up their overland route the spring following. The stone house referred to was built to store their catables in during the winter, and since then it has been used as a sort of free-for-all tenement house. When the Mormons deserted the place the town possibly numbered 200 people. There were two general stores and thirty or forty wood-colored dwelling houses. A small, one-story inn, presided over by "Parson" Davis afforded comfortable quarters for the weary traveler and board by the day or week for the homeless. But the hostelry has long since gone to decay. Not even a hitching-post marks the location of its once familiar face. The old town site, a beautiful one, too, for it covers a section or two of level land, overlooking the Missouri river, is overgrown with hazel brush and the stinky prairie sun flower. Few points in the state have A MORE WONDERFUL HISTORY. The Telescope, one of the first newspapers published in the state, was issued there in 1856. And, reaching almost up to the old town site, are the broad acres of General Van Wyck's beautiful home.

But my story has to do with the old town in 1868. At the close of a dreary day in March of that year, a tall, spare-faced man with restless, pale-blue eyes ridden very hard. The good parson, however, was there before him and watched him curiously as he lifted the horse's test one by one, and then proceeded to curry and rub him down.

"Looks as though you had rode your horse pretty hard," observed the landlord interrogatively.

"Yes, rather," was the reply. "I

rode him well-nigh a hundred miles yesterday. He seems a little the worse for the wear, and I guess I'll have to lay up for awhile. Can you keep me a few days and furnish stable room for my horse?"

"Certainly," the parson pleasantly replied, "but what's your name and where did you come from?"

"My name is McWaters and I came from eastern Iowa. I'm looking the country over and expect to make my home somewhere in Nebraska. Maybe I'll stay here."

"Good country; you can't better yourself, and I'll treat you well as long as you stay with me," said the parson. "Come, let's go to breakfast, I hear the bell ringing."

Days multiplied into weeks and still McWaters, whom the boys soon learned to call Billy, tarried at Wyoming, the guest of "Parson" Davis. He seemed to have plenty of money, was generous and soon became a prime favorite. No one, however, was able to learn anything of his antecedents. When questioned regarding them he gave evasive answers and would not admit of conversation. It soon became known that he was AN EXPERT WITH A REVOLVER, and his target practice provoked great admiration among the boys, and some of the older citizens as well. He often mounted his horse, which proved to be a long distance runner, and putting himself into a keen run would "ride" midway between two telegraph poles and put three bullets into each of them before getting beyond shooting distance. It was not uncommon to see him knock down a quail or quailie chicken on the wing with an ordinary Colt's revolver. Such shooting was considered marvelous then.

In those days the social circle was somewhat narrow compared with that of to-day. The outlying country was much more sparsely settled. Old and young, therefore, made McWaters welcome wherever he went. But his attentions were mostly directed to Lizzie Davis, the parson's second daughter, a very pretty girl about twenty years of age, and in less than a year it was quietly given out that Mac and Lizzie would wed. Everybody seemed to take it as a matter of fact, and nothing strange was thought about it. Indeed, almost everybody thought it a splendid match. Early in 1869 they stood side by side and pledged themselves, one unto the other, to love, cherish and obey "until death do us part."

Shortly after their marriage, however, a sudden change became apparent. Mac did a great many strange and unaccountable things. He would leave his bride a few weeks and be gone for days. At one time the weeks extended into months. True, he would return, but under strange and peculiar circumstances. If his wife knew where he was during his absences she kept her own counsel. Finally people commenced to talk, and some said unkind things.

"Where does he get his money to live in this way?"

"How can he afford to dress his wife as nicely as he does?"

These and dozens of other similar questions were asked, but no satisfactory answer would be given. Talk became loud. He was accused of being a member of a gang of outlaws. Some openly alleged that he was a member of the James and Younger band. This subsequently proved to be too true. The old adage, "murder will out," was verified soon after.

During the winter of 1869, a gentleman by the name of Hart, of Cass county, Missouri, chanced to visit Wyoming, and while there saw and recognized McWaters, who, he stated, had served with Quantrell during his desperate guerilla warfare through the war of the rebellion, and was then foremost with the James and Younger brothers.

After this he threw off the mask and

became the implacable enemy of every person who said hard things of him. To his friends he remained the same, an urbane and affable gentleman, never letting an opportunity pass to do them a kind turn. In '71, however, he got into an altercation with a young doctor at the postoffice in Wyoming and shot him down. The doctor's wounds proved fatal, but he lived several days after he received them. Mac was arrested and tried on the charge of manslaughter, but was acquitted on the ground of self-defense. But, three years later, he indulged in another shooting scrape at Nebraska City, following two young Germans to their death, but he managed to escape pending the trial and made his way to San Francisco, where he was recaptured in 1875. During his journey thence, however, he committed the

MOST COLD-BLOODED MURDER of his career. I have this from the lips of one of his relatives by marriage, and it has never been given to the public. While he escaped from the jail at Nebraska City, he was provided with a horse by some one, and he started on his race for life and liberty westward over the prairie. On his second day his horse gave out and he was forced to dismount, and make his way on foot. While in Washington county, Kansas, he spied a herder rounding up a herd of cattle on a good pony. Approaching him he addressed him in his suave way, and asked to examine a Winchester rifle he had in his hands. This the stranger declined to do, evidently suspecting that all was not right. But Mac persevered, and finally secured the gun, ostensibly to try it on a herd of antelope that were grazing nearby a half mile away. No sooner, however, did he get the gun into his hands than he turned and shot the herder dead, mounted his pony and galloped on in his journey. The body of the herder was found the day after, but his murderer was never arrested and tried for his crime.

The history of McWaters' capture in San Francisco has not been forgotten. He was returned to Oteo county and tried for killing the German, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term of years. While there his insubordinate spirit asserted itself, and in 1876, in an attempt to lead an insurrection among the convicts, with the hope of securing his liberty and the liberty of others, he was shot and almost instantly killed. Thus ended the career of one of the most desperate criminals in Nebraska's history.

Lizzie McWaters STOOD BY HER HUSBAND through evil and good report. During his long trials in the district court of Oteo county she was constantly by his side. She visited him in his lonely cell and sought to cheer him by sympathy and tender, loving counsel, and when the sentence of the court was rendered she heard it with her babe in her arms, and a wall of anguish went forth that many who were present still have reason to remember. As she clung to her husband with bitterest sobs and tears for the last good-bye, outside of prison walls, the court and great throng of spectators wiped from their eyes the tears they could not keep back. When she heard of the last act in the drama of his life, she again sought him and for a time it seemed that she could not be comforted. But this can be said of Mrs. McWaters: She never forgot honor or the Christian principles taught her in childhood. To the last she retained the confidence and esteem of her relatives and friends, and of this day she is the Lizzie of youthful days, pure, true and innocent. But in her case, as in hundreds of others, time removed the sting of grief, and five years afterward she married a second time, more worthily and to-day lives in Washington Territory comparatively happy and contented.

DONATIONS OF WEAK WOMEN

The Secret of the Brave General's Expensive Expenditures.

HAS ONLY A MODERATE INCOME.

But His Fair French Wives Make Sad Inroads Upon Their Own Fortunes in Order to Recupérate His.

What Boulanger Costs. PARIS, May 13.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—It has always been a matter of wonder to political economists how a man can live on the interests of his debts. There are scores of gentlemen in London who are crippled with debts, who have no visible incomes, and yet who live like millionaires. But all of these salient exceptions pale before the career of the brave general. Boulanger's income all told—his salary as a retired general, plus his pension as an officer of the Legion of Honor—does not exceed \$5,000 per year at the outside, and yet it is an open secret that HIS EXPENSES EXCEED \$30,000. Laguerre, a second-rate lawyer from the provinces, one of Boulanger's most trusted henchmen, with one-half the amount of genuine income, can afford to pay \$25,000 cash for a morning newspaper, and to live in a manner that would do credit to a successful banker. This also may be said of Naquet, of Laissant, and Lam. None of them have incomes in excess of \$6,000, and yet each one of them spends four times that amount. These are simply the individual items of yearly expenditure of the leaders of Boulangerism. The cause itself necessitates an annual outlay of \$250,000.

"Where does the money come from?" Every one knows that Boulanger is simply a tool in the hands of royalists and imperialists, who hope, by pushing him to the fore, to create anarchy and dissatisfaction, out of which the Count of Paris, or Prince Napoleon may reap success. Republicanism so far has been a failure in France, and the cry of the people has been for a man. Those who expect to reap a harvest from the approaching revolution taking advantage of the Frenchman's love of hero worship, adopted the war cry of the disaffected, and they will minister to the wants of Boulangerism just so long as this passing effervescence suits their purpose. Apart from the personal intercession of the Count of Paris and of Count Dillon with Mr. Campbell and other leading English bankers by which over £300,000 sterling was borrowed upon the contingent of Boulanger's election to the presidency, the general's most magnificent supporters have been a lot of WEAK AND SENTIMENTAL WOMEN.

One gave him 50,000 francs not long ago upon his mere promise to aid the Catholic cause when he came into power. Another made him a present of £20,000 francs, and fitted up an exquisite little apartment where she could receive her hero without being disturbed. This gem of a retreat was furnished upon time—various notes being given to furniture dealers. As the time of payment drew near, the woman who had given her last penny to the general, was unable to provide for their payment, and to save a ludicrous exposure, her friends came to the rescue. An Italian, known to dealers in the world over, keeps a brace of brass shop in Paris, which is celebrated for its rare and costly treasure. A

friend of mine, also an Italian, dropped in not many days since en passant. Meanwhile a carriage, perfect in all its appointments, drew up before the door, and a woman, elegantly attired, alighted. She told the proprietor that she wanted a handsome bronze to fit into a corner niche. One was shown her for 1,500 francs.

"Have you nothing more elegant?" A pair for 12,000 francs were brought out. She still asked for something more expensive. Finally the proprietor exhibited the most beautiful collection in his shop—a pair of figures for 50,000 francs. She paid for them at once, an assurance which must be embarrassing to her grace, has been so lavish in her outlays that her own income is seriously reduced. It is asserted that Boulanger has received in money or present

FROM THE WOMEN OF FRANCE over 550,000 francs, and that Laguerre drags out a miserable existence upon charity to the amount of 100,000 francs or over per year. Boulanger's cigars bill averages over \$100 per month, while the celebrated restaurateur Durano claimed in dinners given by the friends to the various members, over \$40,000. An approximate idea of cost may be gleaned from the following estimate:

Francs.	
Boulanger, over and above legitimate income.....	150,000
Laguerre.....	100,000
Laur.....	50,000
Maquet.....	50,000
Laissant.....	50,000
L'Herminier.....	50,000
Boulangerism.....	1,000,000
Other expenses.....	500,000
Total.....	1,950,000

This is a very moderate estimate. Count Dillon, who received on a commission from Boulanger 4,000,000 francs, when the general was secretary of war, is now almost a pauper. The treasury of the national party has run out, and there is a great outcry for more money. It is a matter of grave doubt whether England's bankers will care to make any further advances on such questionable security. Every day that adds itself to the life of the republic weakens Boulangerism, and if the exposure proves a success it will be a strong element for the government. Boulanger made a fatal mistake in running away from the first murmur of danger, and already there are scores of deserters from his ranks. Former admirers begin to wonder if their hero, who fears a battle, who prefers to live on public charity, and whose conquests are among women, is, after all, a man count upon in the hour of danger.

A Ring Thirty-five Hundred Years Old The Smithsonian Institution has received a gift of great antiquity from the Chinese minister. It is a "jade" ring, about ten inches in diameter and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, with a hollow center about four inches in diameter. It is of a pale hue. The ring is known as the "Han Pei" jewel of the dynasty of Han, an old-time monarch of 3,500 years ago. Court officials of that day when an audience was accorded them by the emperor, held the ring with both hands and thrust their fingers into the opening to guard against moving their hands while addressing the throne, the emphasizing of their remarks by flourishes of the hands presumably being contrary to official etiquette. The ring was used as an emblem of submission or respect for the sovereign. It was recently unearthed from a sepulcher, having been buried with the owner.

News-papers in Iceland. There are six newspapers published in Iceland.