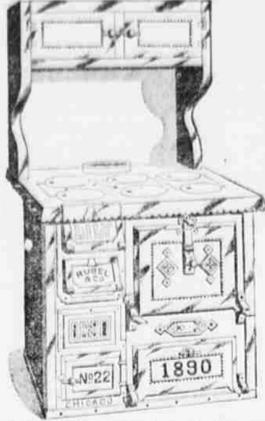


Chairs 65c, worth \$1.50. Easy weekly or monthly payments.



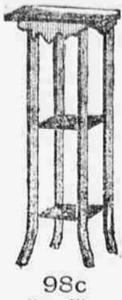
Lilly Wrought Steel Range For the market. Sole agents for Omaha, Peoria less than cash buyers ask for sum at goods.



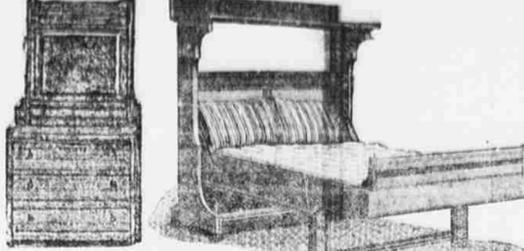
Copper-Bottom Tea Kettle, 85c.



Child's Folding Crib, \$3.50, worth \$6. Remember \$10 worth of goods, \$1 cash, and \$1 weekly.



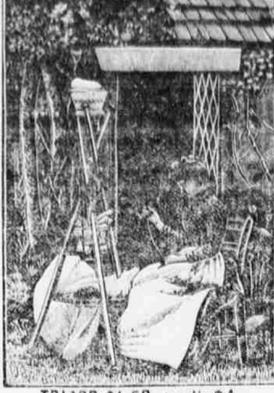
98c For a Nice CENTER TABLE



Folding Bed \$22.50, worth \$35. ON EASY PAYMENTS.



CHAIRS 28c. Can't be bought elsewhere for less than 95c.



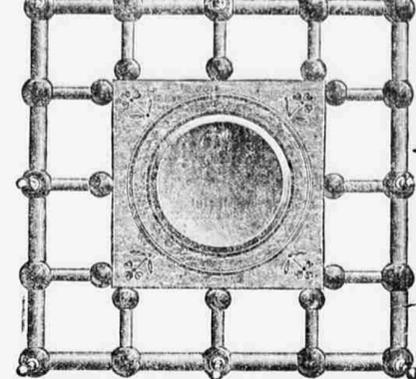
TRIPOD \$1.50, worth \$4. Easy weekly and monthly payments.



Center Table \$2.85, worth \$6. Easy weekly and monthly payments.



Universal Cook Stove \$18, worth \$30. On easy payments.



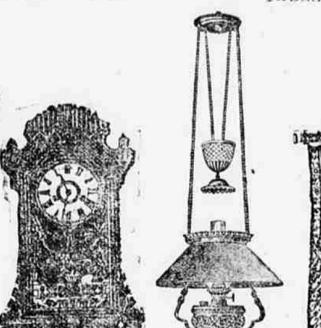
Hat Rack \$4.75, worth \$10. Has French Plate Mirror. On easy payments.



Single Lounge \$5.90, worth \$9. On Easy Payments.



UNIVERSAL VAPOR STOVE. Every stove guaranteed. On easy payments for less than other houses ask for cash.



CLOCK, \$4.50. Worth \$8. Easy Terms.



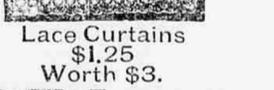
HANGING HAMP \$1.80. WORTH \$3.50. Easy Terms.



PORTIERS \$6. WORTH \$10.



Chamber Suit \$24.75. Polished oak or mahogany. Worth \$40. Easy weekly or monthly payments.



Lace Curtains \$1.25. Worth \$3.



Baby Carriages from \$2.00 to \$40. Easy payments.



Brussels 85c up. Moquettes \$1.40 up. Matting 15c up.



PEOPLES MAMMOTH INSTALLMENT HOUSE. THE MOST LIBERAL CREDIT HOUSE IN OMAHA. 613-615-617 N. 16th St. D.C. DUNBAR & CO. OMAHA.

DO YOU WANT TO LOOK SWEET?

"Bab" Tells Just How This Purpose May Be Accomplished.

WOMEN IN KNEE BREECHES.

They Know How the Divided Skirt Looks and Feels—One Girl's Bizzarre Fad—What is a Nice Woman?

Gossip From Gotham.

NEW YORK, March 18.—[Special to THE BEE.]—This is the time of the year when the clubman looks out the window, watches the girls coming from afternoon church, and says that they "go on their shape." He criticizes them exactly as he would a thoroughbred horse, and he approves or disapproves, as far as gowns are concerned, but continually returns to the question of "the shape."

The young woman who is going out "in her figure," as the Frenchwomen say, usually does it at the risk of having pneumonia, or what is much less poetic, a cold in her head. But nevertheless, she feels as if she has not put her money in the full coffers of her tailor for nothing. She is gowned in mauve, dove, pistache, or black, her skirt is softly draped, and there is no suspicion of steels, or anything so vulgar as a bustle about her. Over her round bodice, which is of soft silk and only intended for this special time, is the jacket on which the clever tailor has lavished the art of his scissors and his artistic sense of the fitness of things.

HINTS FOR A SMART COSTUME.

The smartest one is of black cloth fitting like the proverbial glove, and rather longer than we have been in the habit of seeing so-called short jackets. Like the coat in which old Crimes was clothed, it is buttoned down before, and these buttons are of black and silver enamel; the collars, the cuffs, all the outlines and small revers that are just near the collar, show the adornment, which consists of alternate rows of gold and silver braid. Your frock may be made at home by a dressmaker at \$2 a day, or be the result of your own industry; your bonnet have been no nearer a millinery shop than a hand-box, but if you wear a coat, it must have the stamp of the masculine cut, of the masculine fit, and of the masculine approbation. That is, if you want to go out "in your figure."

HOW MABEL GOT INTO THE SWIM.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Wright to the divorced brother-in-law of Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt has made interesting again the history of this much-orchestrated young woman's entrance into the world of fashion. Her one beauty is her hair, which is that pure blonde seldom seen except on heads of Swedish girls—in fact, her so-called beauty is that innate looking blondness which can be seen at Castle garden any day, when a lot of emigrants arrive from Sweden. The gossips tell that several seasons ago a well-known New Yorker was in the water at Narragansett, when suddenly, as if she came from the sea, there appeared beside him with the waves as a background, a fair young woman whose light locks hung around her as do those of the mermaid [I mean the mermaids that we see pictures of and not the ones we see in

time museums.) The admiring youth, with a stutter that was inimitable, ingenuously asked, "Are you Venus?" Nobody knows what the young woman said, but soon after her discoverer sought an introduction, presented her to some fashionable woman, and she is quoted as one of the few who got into the swim by plunging into the water. WOMEN AND THE DIVIDED SKIRT. The divided skirt is a subject of never-ending interest and curiosity. It will always be so. It can't be called trousers, and it is not sufficiently feminine to be called a petticoat. Something funny the other day was seen at the dressmakers. Rosina Volkes, who wears picturesque divided skirts, sent to her modiste a doll wonderfully arrayed in a white silk divided skirt, elaborately trimmed with lace, so that she might see exactly how hers was made.

Did you ever see a woman put on knee-breeches to wear for some expedition in the woods? A boy in them for the first time is quite at home, but the most daring of hunters and fishers among women seems to become limp and helpless when her costume consists of knee-breeches, leggings and a blouse. She stands first one foot and then the other out, then she stands still and walks as if she were only permitted to use one leg at a time, taking a step with one foot and then bringing the other one forward to join it before she takes another. She is wriggly, and uneasy, and she thinks—

EVERYTHING IS COMING UNBENTONED, and she wishes she had stayed at home. Two weeks of the unique costume may make her more at ease, but when she first assumes the normal petticoat and skirt she gives a great sigh of relief, and says: "How comfortable I am, and what a pleasure it is to walk or sit down!" Which goes to prove that the natural woman inclines toward the petticoat—not divided, but made as pretty as possible with no end of lace frills and bows, and may be decorated with that Eve's petticoat was made of the leaves of the magnolia tree trimmed with a fringe of lilies of the valley, and had having for a waist band and ties ribbon grass.

SOMETHING NEW FOR TOURISTS.

Just now the seekers after novelty are rushing to the other side of the water to get rest, or new clothes or to plunge in wilder dissipations. Of course the one desire of those who remain at home is to give something unique to the one who goes away; it is known that flowers are thrown away immediately after Sandy Hook is passed, still, they continue to be sent in great quantities, though wine and fruit vie with them. However, the greatest novelty was something done for a very pretty woman who sailed a week ago to see if there was anything new in Paris, she was to be sent in having the captain's room, and when she reached the steamer, and entered it, she found that an admirer had had a corner, which seemed of no use whatever, filled with a profusion of flowers, in which were growing and blooming a great mass of forget-me-nots. These would last over the journey, be lovely to look upon, and no matter how ill one might be, as they have no perfume they never could be oppressive.

A NEW YORK GIRL'S BIZARRE STYLES.

The white lock has made its appearance on Broadway, and it certainly cannot be commended. It had its birth in Paris, where the ladies of the domineering who have bleached, reddened, whitened and blackened their hair, in seeking for something new, concluded to have one thick curling lock of snow-white hair just above their foreheads. The result is startling—indeed, it is almost

most diabolical. The young woman who first appeared with this satanic curl in New York is a girl who never lets what she considers a novelty pass her by, and the consequence is even the men who like her do not care to be seen with her as her appearance is so bizarre that they will select the more quietly dressed girl with whom to take a walk, or to ask to go to the theatre or opera. About six months ago when making up was a greater novelty than it is now, this young woman had a properly filled make-up box with the contents of which she made her cheeks pink, using a hare's foot mounted on silver, her eyebrows blacked with some creamy stuff applied with a tiny comb, while her eyes are made blue, and her hair is styled with cravens of the correct hue. She was asked one night to a supper party at Del's, and the man who gave it went to the city, and said: "I am sure you quite understand the spirit in which I speak, for I really like Miss Folly, but as she is so remarkably pretty (that's the nice way to put it) and people will stare at her, would you mind wearing a dark, or at least a quiet dress this evening?" The chapone promised, and gave to the host the glad news that Miss Folly would wear all black, but when he saw her he wished that he had asked her to wear red, or flaming yellow in preference. The black lace frock and black lace hat brought out and intensified the very red hair, the pink cheeks, the very blue veins, and the very black brows and lashes so much that everybody in the theatre and at Del's turned and stared at the young woman who was dressed "so quietly" in black.

A LITTLE WOMAN'S IDEA OF COMFORT.

A small woman who had been educated in an atmosphere of art went, very long ago, to a ten given in a very gorgeous house, and had a number of dollars had been spent upon the furnishings. When she came home, she was asked, "Well, didn't you think it was a beautiful house?" Primly the little maid answered, "It may have been very beautiful, but it wasn't cozy for I never saw a single cushion, except one with so much gold on it that it would have scratched your face." The wee woman's idea of comfort was appreciated by her own family, and the listener could not but think that the making of many pillows there was no end. And, best of all, that they were really expected to be of use to fill in corners of a chair that it might be more comfortable; to put back of your head or for your shoulders to rest upon, or, indeed, wherever you wanted one.

PILLOWS FOR WOMAN'S HEAD.

Old-fashioned brocade is greatly liked for these comforts, and it is quite the thing for the hostess to hold up some special pillow and announce that it was made out of a piece of her great grandmother's petticoat. Sometimes this is true—much oftener it is an article of Oriental silks in faint, dull shades make nice pillows, and so do the printed English ones. A yellow pillow brightens up an entire establishment, and one filled with pine-needles should be small enough to rest right under the face, so that the slumber-invoking perfume may be inhaled. But no pillow must be too elaborate for use, and none must be stuffed so hard that it is suggestive of discomfort. White satin pillows with tiny sprigs embroidered upon them in conventional fashion are liked, but the satin must look too new, nor as if its owner had any desire whatever to let it exist with any other purpose in view than supporting a weary back, or letting a tired head rest upon it. The pillow pad is by no means a bad one, as it has made possible the sitting

GAVE UP THE DUCK.

Huntsmen Yielded the Ground Temporarily to a Venerable Alligator.

An alligator, said by experts to be seventy-five years old, is on exhibition at Thunderbolt, says the Savannah News, and evinces universal interest on account of the prominence of its capitors, who went duck-hunting, and came very near being carried off by the venerable saurian last Thursday. The alligator was captured near Alligator pond, near Warsaw, under the following circumstances: Dr. J. Eddy of Fall River, Mass., Frank Eddy of Boston, and Usher Parsons of New York, and son of George Parsons, who are with the Parsons party as Mr. Parsons' guests at Warsaw, were duck hunting, and one of the party shot a duck and was approaching the dead fowl when the alligator suddenly crawled out and disputed the right of possession. Dr. Eddy, after a hasty glance at the huge fellow, concluded the alligator, by the right of eminent domain, ought to have the duck, and it is said, began to increase the distance between himself and the wicked-looking saurian.

The Bostonian and young Parsons at first thought were of the same opinion, and for a while it looked as if the alligator would have it all his own way, but before it reached the water with the duck courage returned to the party and one of them put a rifle ball in the saurian's mouth which stunned it, and before it recovered consciousness it was made a helpless prisoner, taken on board the yacht, and brought in triumph to Thunderbolt, where it appears to be none the worse for the shot, except that it is in captivity. The trio of sportsmen are very proud of their morning's hunt, and on their return north will take their prize with them.

THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Waifs From the World of Wit and Humor.

LITTLE TOMMY TOLD HER HOW.

Result of Mixed Family Relations in Texas—Not to be Read About—She Had Been There Before.

A Mistake.

New York Weekly: Benevolent Lady— "I have been trying to find the Old Ladies' Home. This is it, isn't it?" Door Tender—"No, madam. This is the stage door of the Spectacular theater."

The Suburbanite and His Wife.

Chicago Tribune. Short and sharp is his good by kiss, As he leaves his Mary Jane, He plants it in a bit or miss, And runs for the earliest train.

Eyeglasses and Fire.

New York Weekly: Irish Immigrant (a few years hence—"Bad luck to old England. O'ir in free America at last. Can't see tell me where O'ir can find work, and the like.")

On His Clothes.

Binghamton Republican: Wife suspiciously—Cyrus, my nose never detects me. You have been drinking again. Husband (rather quickly)—It's on my clothes, Emily. The car was crowded and I had to occupy a seat with an internal revenue collector.

The Most Helpful Book.

Washington Post: A little knot of gentlemen seated in front of the Arlington last evening were discussing literary matters. "By the way, senator," said one, "what book do you think has helped you most?" "Um—so—well, I guess maybe the pocketbook."

Her Realizing Sense.

New York Mercury: Matilda Greenfield—I can't do yo' washin' no mo' after today, ma'am, kase I've gwine ter be malded. Mrs. Mildly—Indeed, Matilda, I am really very glad of it on your account. But I hope you have given the matter careful consideration, Matilda, and that you fully realize the importance of the step you are about to take. Matilda—"Deed I does, ma'am, 'deed I does; kase I ben malded fo' times already, an' I realizes jess how car'ful a person has ter be 'bout dis mairryin' bizness."

Don't Read this Out Loud.

New York Tribune: There is a rather lively set of matrons and young girls in the staid and settled City of Monuments who, since their eccentricities have become historic, are known as the "Brass Band." The matrons are not all young. Some, indeed, are in the sera and yellow leaf, and are rivals of their own daughters. One of these ancient belles delights in very décolleté gowns, and in displaying her withered charms to the horror-stricken spectator. A society man lately took this lady's daughter to account for some imprudence. "But," she replied, "you know I must keep up with mamma." "Very true," said the society man, "very true. You may keep up with her, but you can't outstrip her."

The Howler Enters the Ring.

Detroit Free Press: "The Arizona Howler" has succumbed to the guessing

We've had nothing but spring trade all winter."

Gave the Desired Information.

London Tid Bits: Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" asked his auntie on his return. "Didn't learn anything," said Tommy. "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."

A Mixed Family.

Texas Sittings: A widower with a number of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In due time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day, the father went out to see what was the matter. "Well, what was it?" asked his wife as he returned all out of breath. "Your children and my children were pounding our children," was the reply.

He Needed Rest.

Texas Sittings: Anxious wife—Doctor, how is my husband? Doctor—He will come around all right. What he needs now is quiet. I have here a couple of opiates. "When shall I give them to him?" "Give them to him! They are for you, madam. Your husband needs rest."

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idioty which is now afflicting so many newspaper editors. It recently made the following announcement: "Our readers now have a chance to reap a golden harvest. We have a well-developed hog in our office, and all are invited to guess its weight, the prize to the successful guesser being a \$9 gold piece and an order on Al. Buzzard's saloon for ten straight drinks. Fill out the guessing coupon which we print in another column, and send it to 'The Hog Editor.' All guesses must be sent on a coupon. Guess early and often." Commenting on this "The Arizona Kid" remarked: "We can tell the public how to win that prize. The hog in 'The Howler' office is the coyote who claims to be its editor, and his weight is accurately recorded in the county jail, where it can be ascertained by any citizen. By all means guess early and often, and bankrupt the galoot."

It Was a Chestnut.

Washington Post: "Come and sit beneath the oak tree, and I of love will speak to thee." "I don't speak of love, will sit," she said, "beneath this chestnut tree instead."

No Fault of His.

New York Herald: Among the cases which I found on my calendar recently was one that I shall style Bodkins versus Bodkins. When I called it the attorney for the plaintiff promptly answered, "ready."

"I am not prepared to go on this morning," said the opposing counsel, "and I ask for an adjournment." "On what ground?" I asked. "I have not been able to prepare for the case, owing to—ah, well—family complications," he replied. "I have had as well—an increase in my family this morning—my wife has presented me with a son. I really have not had time to devote to this case."

"I don't consider that a valid legal excuse for an adjournment," exclaimed the plaintiff's attorney. "I congratulate the gentleman upon the auspicious event, but I think he should be made to go on. I have brought all my witnesses into court at considerable expense, and I am entitled to a trial."

Fodkins' representative arose, bubbling over with wrath. "Your Honor," he cried, "show my client to be injured by an accident that has happened through no fault of mine? Ah! I have not been able to attend to his business."

The adjournment was granted. Judge Holmes.

A Little Child's Message.

Shelby Times. She wasn't on the playground, she wasn't on the lawn. The little one was missing and bed time coming on. We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see if sleeping under rose tree or lilac she might be. But nothing came in answer to all our anxious call. Until at length we hastened within the darkening hall. And there upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone— The darling little was standing before the door, and softly, as we listened, came stealing down the stairs: "Hello central! Give me heaven! I want to say my prayers."

A Paris Skating Rink.

In Paris there is a skating rink formed of real ice on a circular basin of water artificially cooled by pipes containing ammonia gas.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve.