

On Monday April 21 (To-morrow) we make the most generous offer to the people of Omaha and vicinity ever made by any business house in this city. We propose to give away to our customers



As a substantial recognition of the hearty and liberal patronage we have always received at their hands.

FIRST GRAND PRIZE--One beautiful Plush Parlor \$100

THIRD GRAND PRIZE -- One handsome Oak Side-\$50

FIFTH GRAND PRIZE--One fine Oak Book Case.

SIXTH GRAND PRIZE--One solid Oak eight-foot Ex-tension Table......Value \$20

SEVENTH GRAND PRIZE--One Gorgeous Plush Oak Rocker......Value \$15 EIGHTH GRAND PRIZE--One fine Decorated Stand \$15

All of the above Prizes are now displayed in our Show Windows

The conditions under which these gifts will be distributed will be as follows: To every customer purchasing goods at our store between

We will give away ONE TICKET WITH EACH PURCHASE OF \$10 WORTH OF GOODS, each and every ticket entitling the owner to a chance in Our Grand Prize Drawing for the above Valuable Presents. The drawing to take place at our store on Saturday, July 5th, 1890, between the hours of 7 and 9 p. m., and to be conducted fairly and openly by responsible and disinterested parties. All holders of tickets respectfully invited to attend.

P. S. No tickets will be issued to any one except those purchasing goods between

the above dates.









To everybody in need of a dollar's worth of Furniture, Carpets Stoves, &c., we wish to say a word: Call and inspect our MAGNIFI-CENT STOCK AND LOW PRICES, and you will not buy elsewhere. Pay no attention to grumbling and discontented imitators of us.

We Always Lead, Never Follow.

5000 yards Brussels Carpets	This week	
615 pairs Lace Curtains	This week	\$1.50; sold elsewhere for \$3.00
470 best quality Smyrna Rugs	This week	\$1.75; sold elsewhere for \$3.25
114 Baby Carriages		
52 Folding Beds (52 different styles)		
229 Bed Room Suites	This week	\$12.00; sold elsewhere for \$18.50
37 Hardwood Wardrobes	This week	\$7.50, sold elsewhere for \$12.50
85 assorted Center Tables	This week	95c; sold elsewhere for \$2.00
45 Plush Parlor Suites	This week	\$22.00; sold elsewhere for \$40.00
90 Bed Lounges 125 Reed Rockers	This week	\$9.25; sold elsewhere for \$16.00 \$1.50; sold elsewhere for \$3.00
25 Cook Stoves	This week	\$9.25; sold elsewhere for \$14.00
500 Cane Chairs	This week	65c; sold elsewhere for \$1.25
145 Kitchen Safes	This week	\$3,35; sold elsewhere for \$6,00 \$5,75; sold elsewhere for \$8,00
56 Toilet Sets	This week	\$1.85; sold elsewhere for \$3.00
ALL OTHER GOODS A	T EQUALLY	



Springs and Mattresses given with every Chamber Suit \$35 and over.

An extra rocker free with every Parlor

Curt in Poles given

To Suit All

\$10 worth of goods \$1 a week or \$4 a month. \$30 worth of goods

\$1.50 a week cr \$6 a month. \$60 worth of goods \$2 a week or \$8 a month.

\$90 worth of goods \$2 50 a week or \$10 a month.

\$125 worth of goods \$3 a w.ek o: \$12 a month. \$250 worth of goods

\$5 a week or \$20 a

PAINTED LIFE AS HE SAW IT.

The Stern Determination of Millet, the Painter of "The Angelus."

THE ARTIST ON THE STREETS OF PARIS

His Struggle with Poverty-His Persecution by the Juries Who Sought "Pictures of the Times" to Please the People.

[The following is the second installment in a series of articles, by young ladles of the Sacred Heart academy, Park Place, in this city, on "Millet and The Angelus." The third and last contribution of the subject will be published in The Bee on Sunday next.]

The great capital inspired the young Nor man with terror only. Its crowded streets bewildered him; its rushing life left him behind aghast; its presence was, at times, borne in upon him like a terrible night-mare, from which he must start up in sheer desperation and awake to hear the familiar voice of the sea repeating that nature is vast and God is

At "L' ecole des Beaux Arts" he felt himself out of harmony with everything, but at the Louvre, with Mantegua and Michael Angelo, he knew he was among friends and there his soul found rest. His master Paul Delaroche, was the great man of the Parisian art world. The son of a rich man, always successful as an artist, lauded as the prince of historical painters, holding a kind of die tatorship in the schools, there was between him and his new pupil hardly a foot of ground in common. He professed that he could not understand this "wild man of the woods," is his fellow students dubbed the young rus

"Go your own way, Millet," said the great master. You are such an oddity to me that I can have nothing to say to you, and could have nothing to teach you? In fact, he was right; if a student were bound to paint potatoes, what could be learn bound to paint potatoes, what could be learn from an instructor born to paint princes? Delaroche grasped the tragedies of "Lady Jane Gray's Execution," "Marie Antoinette's Death Sentence," "Napoleon's Abdication," but not the dramas of hoe and spade, washtub and milk-pail. Yet, he saw and valued the talent be could not direct, and when the poor young peasant, hardly able to keep soil and body together, was about to withdraw from inability to pay the customary fees, Delaroche refused to hear of money, and was more ready to supply it than to demand it. One hope there was for the needy Norman. His future would be secure if he could win the "Prix de Rome," a prize which bestows on the successful competitor the means of pursuing a complete course in the Eternal city, and with every advantage. Millet city, and with every advantage. Milic worked for it desperately, patiently, marve ously, but always in his own line.

One day Delaroche said to him:
"You want the Prix de Rome!" "That is why I am competing for it," re "That is why I am competing for it," replied Millet with stern brevity.
"It is useless, my friend," responded the master. "I will not send in your name at all. Roux is my choice. But, stay on and work. Next year your chance may come."
Could Delaroche comprehend what this meant to the heart-sick toiler! Simply despair, or whatever was nearest to despair. It has meant leaving Delaroche forever. One

also meant leaving Delarocte forever. One must live, though it be in a threadbare coat, and on scant bread and bad wine.

A modest little studio was opened in the Rue de l'Est, bearing the names of Millet and s His comrade was one of the few friends made among the "gilded that surrounded Delaroche's casel. Miller had talent and Marolles money, though the talent, in this partnership, was an everplus as compared to the money. The alliance was wise, for each supplemented the other, and their affection was sincere and lasting. and their affection was sincere and issuing.

Marolles looked up, with admiration and pity blended, to the silent, grave, austere provincial, so poor, so unbending, so gifted; and Millet was cheered and softened by the brilliant young Parisian, so witty, merry, warms bearted and free-handed. Had things fallen sut otherwise Millet could not have lived,

body who would give him ten francs for a likeness. These were to pay the baker and the likeness. These were to pay the baker and the landlord. Meanwhile he was conscientiously aboring over two works which he hoped might be worthy of the salon (annual exhibi-He offered them in 1840. One was reected; the other was accepted—ill-hung, un-noticed, unsold. The Iron entered his soul. He and Paris were not made for each other. He was stifling for fresh air, for family sympathy, for noble truth. He found them all, once more, in Normandy. Settling at Gre-ville, and, later, at Cherbourg, he did some of his best work in his native air. Nothing can be finer than the portraits of the household saint, the old grandmother, and on none other did he ever spend more pains, for, he said, he wanted "to show his grandmother's soul!" Another achievement of this period was his "Sallors Mending a Sall," a memory of Cher-bourg. How faithfully Millet clung to his mission is emphasized by the fact that though he made his first studies in Cherbourg, and accomplished much of his later work there, he was never tempted to put on canyas the splendor of travel or military pageantry, Stars, swords, uniforms had no charm for but man drew his eye and moved his nand, man, in common types and common garbs, working out the divine sentence: Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of hy brow." Man, so laboring, seemed to him nvested with a purpose and a dignity, which t was the office of art to reveal to the rich and the idle.

"In Silence and in Sorrow."

It was in 1841 that the young artist, having othing for an income, naturally thought of sharing that revenue with a wife. He found ner in Cherbourg, and loved her because she was modest, fair and virtuous. But the union rought little happiness. A poor man's wife ceds health, thrift, courage, and joyons pirit. Young Madame Millet was always feebie, usually ill, and, consequently neither cheerful nor helpful. It was her poor husband's deep regret that his poverty denied him the consolation of giving her such comforts and delicacies as her health required and his own heart prompted. He could never scall this period without polynant anguish. When death took her from him after three years, the excess of his sorrow bore witness to the depth of his tenderness. It was at this very time that he at-tained his first public success by the "Milkwoman" and "Riding Lesson." A little clique of generous artists began to form a party in his favor, and sought him out at Cherbourg or Greville. It was at Cher-bourg once more, that he found a wife. His second choice was wiser than his first. Catherine Lemaire was worthy of her husband and in her courage and fidelity he met the and in her courage and fidelity he met the true sympathy and strong support which his life had hitherto lacked. He had gathered up 300 francs at Cherbourg, and with a sum which seemed to him a little fortune, he treated Catherine and himself to a small pleasure trip, by visiting Havre on his way to Paris. Some of his pictures were exhibited there by friendly artists, and a little gleam of sunshine fell on his rough path. sunshine fell on his rough path.

sunshine fell on his rough path.

The very thought of Paris saddened him.

He had but one wish in connection with it,
and that was to get away from it. He returned to it rejuctantly, and entered on a road
of sorrows. His "St. Jerome" was rejected
by the exhibition. He had expended
vast pains and much time on it, and
he showed the despairing acceptance
the judgment against it, and at the same vast pains and much time on it, and he showed the despairing acceptance the judgment against it, and at the same time manifested his poverty by painting a new picture over its for lack of more canvas! The study that occupied the place of the effaced, "St. Jerome," was "Œdipus Unbound." It only drew down on him a storm of hostile to only drew down on him a storm of hostile criticism. There was a home-life to organize in a Paris attic, and as time went on there was a growing family to paovide for, and on all sides poverty. Inliure, debt, condemnation! But his wife, vigorous, cheerful, loving, held him up, by her very trust, as if by a strong arm, and the little ones, if they were a burden and an anxiety were also a confect a burden and an anxiety, were also a comfort and a joy. Moreover, the devoted circle of artist friends not only loved him, but be-lieved in him. "It was their faith in me," he

tails being supplied by his "Vie et oeuvres de Millet." During the poor artist's lifetime. Sensier was his visible providence, and, after death, his sympathetic and accurate biogra-

The revolution of February, 1848, which sent Louis Phillippe as an exile into England and established a new republic, brought about intense suffering among the unemployed working clasess of Paris. Ledra Rol lins, whom Victor Hugo had ralled the une of the February revolution," made him-self the protector and advocate of the labor movement. In the new cabinet he held the portfolio of minister of the interior and pre-sented measures designed to compel the na-tion to give employment to the starving populace. It was to this statesman, in the brief day of his power, that Millet's friends ap-pealed in behalf of a struggling man of genius whose pictures had been all devoted to t representation of labor. Ledru Rollins once bought "The Winnowers" whi had found a place, but not a purchaser at the exhibition. Moreover, the minister advanced other sums on commissions for pic anvanced other sums on commissions for pic-tures. Five hundred frames for "The Winnow-ers," and the commission funds on trust, in all less than \$500, seemed a small fortune to the the painter whose "Augelus" is today valued at \$116,000!

Feeling himself to be a rich man, and thanking God and blessing the "friend of labor," Millet quitted Paris as a permanent home forever. He was happy to follow the example of Rousseau and a few other sympathetic forms. thetic friends, finding with them a country home, very small, very poor, but very cheer-ful, almost under the shadow of Fontainebleau's magnificent oaks. Peace, a great sky vast forest and artistic companionship opened a new era.

The Epic of Labor. Gathering from the pavement's crovice, as a flower of the soil. The nobility of labor, and the long pedigree of toil!²⁵

Just before this period, Millet had been doing veritable drudgery, simply to keep the wolf from the door, after selling drawings for a franc apiece! A severe criticism on his work, which he overheard at a shop window where one of his pictures was displayed for sale, roused him by its truth, while it stung aim by its injustice. From that moment he resolved to be true to his own inner convic-tions, come what might. He wrote to Sentions, come what might. He wrote to Sensier that he gave up, once and for all, the mythological, the undraped, and whatever might be taken to represent the "spirit of the times." He submitted the resolve to his wife, and it received her sanction, though she knew it might mean dire struggle and abject want. Henceforth his brush was consecrated to the hely task of showing forth this great truth: That labor and laborer, unidealized strading out in the and laborer, unidealized, strnding out in the grandeur of their actual conditions, have a

beauty, a majesty and a religion of their own, before which mere sentimentalism fades as "doth the greater glory dim the less!" Millet's new home, a three-roomed cottage, was at Barbizou, on the outskirts of Fontainebleau, about forty miles from Paris. There he found the open air life he loved and without which he suffocated. There were the giant trees that for very reverence he al-most feared to paint. "I don't know," he wrote to Sensier, "what those great fellows, the trees, are saying to one another, but I know they say something, and we cannot un-derstand it simply because we don't know their language

But, alas, neither the pure atmosphere, nor the divine calm, neither friendly neighbor-hood nor cheery cottage could bring success. And, with no success, no money! And with no money, no security for one day's happiness. Debts grew, and though Rousseam and Sensier offered ready purses, troubles augmented and hope diminished. For the artist would not paint the popular kind of picture, and the world would gibe and rull, and not buy! He still stood on the same ground he had occupied in Delarochi's studio, when his comrades, exostulating with him, had received, for all

even from hand to mouth, for the hand would have found nothing to put into the mouth. Pictures he did indeed paint, imitations of Watteau, whom he loathed; copies of Boucher, whom he despised—portraits of any-owes all it knows of Millet's life, ample delighbour of the influence of Turner than that of any other French artist. Another faithful friend was Alfred Sensier, to whom the world now owes all it knows of Millet's life, ample delighbour of the influence of Turner than that of any other French artist. Another faithful friend will break my spirit! No, no! Never! I was born a peasant, and a peasant I will die! I will paint things as they show themselves to me; I will hold my ground and not retreat one sabot length!"

If he must starve, or do "pretty work, why then, in God's name, he would starve. But there were others to starve with him. Ah, there was his martyrdom, and there was his wife's crown. She comprehended it all, and she held his hand faithfully, and battled with life for the suke of the loved ones. But it was hard, it was terrible. No wonder the thought of suicide sometimes came to Millet: but it was only a thought, and Sensier truly observes that "between the thought and the deed there was a whole world which Millet would never have crossed. No-God was in His sky, and faith opened that sky to-Jean Francois Millet and sent one clear my down into the dark-est hour of a dark journey.

From 1849 to 1850 Millet painted some of his most characteristic works. They form a complete epic of toil, in many books, with many arguments, a hidden plot and a supreme conclusion indicated rather than unfolded. They are the epitome of daily needs, daily tasks, daily prayers, daily hopes. What significance lies in their very dates! The military pyrotechnics by which Louis Napoleon strove to dazzie France, threw no reflection on Millet's sober palette.

The year of the coup d' etat, 1852, Millet exhibite! "A Girl Sewing" and "A Man Preparing the Soil." In 1854 the trumpeting and sword clashing year of the Crimean war, he offered his "Picture of the Old Church of Griville," a memory of Nor-mandy. In 1859, when the Austrian war left behind it the red fields of the Solferino and Magenta, he presented to a nation claraering over military triumphs, "The Angelus," a plain, honest man, a simple, modest young woman, pausing, on Saturday night, over the potato basket to repeat some old prayer, while a church bell rings in the distance. It gives the argument in brief, and casts into this sacred form, as a remembrance of his child; work, which deals with earth; prayer,

The last thoughts of Arthur Schopen hauer have been found in a note book in the Hotel d'Angleterre, the hotel where he died on September, 1860. Some of the maxims are characteristic. For example, he says; "Each nation has but one great poet-its first. I set little store by a novelist who does not love evil for its own sake. When you make a new friend think of the future enemy who is blready in him. Not one of the tortures of the inquisition is equivalent to that of doubt; it is lifelong. really free man would be a monster If I dared to promulgate a code it would pass but one sentence for all crimes:

Schopenhauer's Last Thoughts.

Live, wretch! And the punishment would be too inhuman, Everything has been sungs Everything has been cursed. There is nothing left for poetry but to be the glowing forge of words Style exhales the odor of the soul. In this age of numehines I expect one that will keep cows. The Boum in Diamonds.

The extraordinary rise in the price of liamonds, in many cases over 50 per cent, is exciting considerable attention, Both in Antwerp and Amsterdam several thousand cutters are out of work, as most merchants firmly decline any dealings at the present prohibitive rate. The truth is that a powerful syndicate has attained till May 15 the exclusive right over all stones found in South Africa, and its members are conse quently able to regulate prices at will It is doubtful, however, whether any considerable pecuniary advantage will accrue from the transaction, for the dia mond syndicate aiready finds itself overladen with merchandise which it is ut-terly unable to dispose of. A few days ago it was forced to make sales at a sac rifice, so that if buyers maintain their present attitude diamonds will soon be

Stray Shots by the Wits at the Follies and Foibles of the Day.

THE VOTE WAS FROM HIS WIFE.

Advantages of a European Tour-The Cat Wasn't Guilty-A Question of Strength-Is Courteous to Everyone.

Lewiston Journal: There is no mistaking the political bias of a certain little miss whose father had served two terms in the Maine legislature. went on a visit to a relative in Oldtown not long since, accompanied by a lady Arriving late in the evening at Uncle Eben's, the young politician, being much fatigued, wished to retire early and urged her companson to go with her "No," said the lady, "I must sit up until Uncle Eben has prayers."
"Prayers," ejaculated the amazed lit-tle one, "does Uncle Eben pray? Why,

What "Cheek." Detroit Free Press: "Well, I'll be hanged!" he gasped, as he sat on the window sill in the postoffice yesterday with an open letter in his hand. "What's the matter?" queried the

thought he was a democrat.

friend with him. "Why, I advertised for a lady correspondent-not over twenty-five-lively runette preferred. Here is my first answer.

'Any name signed?" "Yes, 'Mande, but I know the writing. t's my own wife's hand, and she is blonde, very dull, and over forty years old. Just think of her cheek in answer ing such an ad! No wonder our sex has lost its confidence in women.

They Remembered the River. Detroit Free Press: They were two girls who had "done Yurup," and as they waited for the curtain to go up at the matinee one of them said: "Oh, Maggie, they say that the Mississippi river is going to drown thousands of folk?!" 'Is it possible! We have seen the

"Where was it?" "Why, Maggie!"

"Of course.

Mississippi river, haven't we?"

"But we saw so much, you know, "Yes; but how could you ever, eve orget how that railroad bridge at Pittsburg almost gave way and plunged us into the awful, awful Mississippi."

Culinary Sagacity. Boston Beacon: Mr. Newcome Mary tell the cook to hurry up with those eggs. She has had time to cook them,

cnow when they've been in three min-Mrs. Newcome-Why, haven't your dock in the kitchen? Mary-Yes, ma'ami but cook says as it's fifteen minutes too slow.

Mary-Please, sir, cook says she don't

Seeing is Believing.

Racket: Little Viola—Mamma, won't so tum up an' sit wid me till I ditasleep? Mamma---Mamma's busy, darling, and an't come now. Run back to bed, pet, the angels are with you. Viola-Dat's wat oo said before, mamma, but de angles didn't show up an' I's

He Had Been There. Light: Miss Gushington (romanticnovements?

Playhouse a manager)--Not much! I've had the management of a good many stars, and they're hard things to take care of.

The Right Spirit. Detroit Free Pess: Visitor-Your'e getting to be a pretty old man, Uncle

Uncle Joshua-Eighty years. Visitor-And you don't have to use glasses yet, I understand. Uncle Joshua---No, an' I don't ever calculate to. When I can't drink outen a bottle. I'll take a dipper an' drink water.

Getting at the Facts. Philadelphia Record: Census Enurnerator—Any children?

Housekeeper-One son Fl.—Male or female? -Male.

E.—Age? H. K.-Ten months.

C. E.—Married or single? C. E.—That's all. Thanks. The Question is Unanswered.

Munsey' Weekly: "You are author ty on feats of strength, I believe?" re marked a stranger to the sporting edi The latter bowed and replied:

"What can I do for you? "I wish you to tell me which is the stronger, the female shoplifter or the woman who holds up a train?" The Right Clue.

New York Sun: . "The cat eats all the milk 'Did you see her?" "No; Johnny told me she did."

"Don't touch the cat; go and catch Johnny for me. No Doubt About it. Man with blank book (to large, cross

eyed woman at door - I am the

ahead with your questions, sir,

taker. I wish to see the head of the family Voice (from the inside room)-H'm H'm! Ahem. Large, cross-eyed woman (peremptorly to owner of voice)—Keep that cradic goin, James, (To census taker)-Go

The Unattainable. Life: She-There, haven't I sharp ned that lead pencil right?

He-Y-e-8. She-And I can throw a stone traight, can't 1? He-Y-e-s, my dear. She-Well, then! I should like to

save you tell me something else voman can't do. He-I only know one thing, my dear and that is to tell a conundrum withou lorgetting either the question or the answer.

Rapid Progress.

Burlington Free Press: Dumpsey—I say, Popinjay, doesn't young Prettyboy grow on you the more you see of him? Popinjay Well, yes, I suppose he loes. The fact is, he is engaged to my laughter, and gets more than half o his meals at my house now.

What He Would Do. Atlanta Constitution: "What would

you do, asked a pompous man of a little ellow who had been bold enough to disoute his word in an argument, had as much sense as I've got?" was the startling reply, "before what I had died for want of society."

THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN. ally)—How the stars twinkle tonight, friend of the editor is very particular in instructing his children to speak politely on all occasions. The result of his teachyou not love to have charge of their ings is sometimes amusing. This was the case one day last week when he was putting the youngest of four through his preparatory course. The question was

sked: "Who tempted Eve?" The little fellow, after a moment's thought, with an air of confidence replied: "Its the gentleman who lives in

nell; I've forgotten his name. Maybe Her Feet Weren't Pretty.

Lewiston Journal: The woman terred in a robe that she wouldn't ashamed of at the ressurrection could appreciate the feelings of a man of whom he Greenwood correspondent of the Oxford Democrat tells the following story: "A weman died in poor eircum stances and one of the neighbors started out to procure funds for a burial robe. The first man interviewed was Mr. Blank, who is not so much noted for piety as eccentricity. On heaving her story Mr. B. inquired how much the garment in question would cost. About \$5 for a long robe, while a short one can be had for considerable less, perhaps \$3, was the reply. Mr. B. drew out his pocketbook and handed her a \$5 bill, with the remark: 'Here, take this and buy the first kind mentioned. I don't want to meet that woman in heaved

with a short robe on. PEPPERMINT DROPS.

The bibulous cornetist takes 1 lly to Nobody wants an ocean bed or the salt cheum. If you would get up a crusade to interest certain able-bodied men, make it a Santa crusade. Collars in Queen Elizabeth's time were ruff

on the neck-The gubernatorial question is, after all, a delegate one. "How are you coming on?" inquired the

The people who disagree with you never ave any sense anyway. When Columbus first appeared upon the tage he made his egg-sit. It does not require a legal education to go nto the son-in-law business

There is very little warmth in the mitten

which the rejected lover receives. When Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to star," did he mean marry an actress: Only the lower limbs of a tree should be sed in the manufacture of wooden legs. A man can always find fault if he will; a woman will always find fault if she can,

A borrowed umbrella is better than a vater shed, although not an honest protect Tight lacing is possibly entitled to consideron as an economic measure. It prevents valst.

How quick the world is to detect counterney, while spurious people pa-a current orywhere!
When a man is hungry he takes a little allent for his ailment. Homospathy gets a

Editha I wonder why the dudes wear one cegiass. Deborah—To prevent seeing more than they are able to comprehend.

The man who whistles all the time is generally of a cheerful disposition himself, but hid ikes the whole neighborhood sad.

makes the whole neighborhood sad.

The foot that rocks the cracile
Rules in Kansan Edgerton,
For the mayor, Mrs. Kelley,
Has a brand-new baby soe.
Butler - Mr. Timkins is below, sir; shall I
tell him you are out. Mr. Jones - Yes!
(Aside.) I wish I could see him tomorrow.
Butler to Mr. Timkins - Mr. Jones is out, sir;
but says he would like to see you tomorrow.
"Owing to the crowded state of our solumns this week." says a Texan editor, "We are compelled either to abridge our European dispatches or omit altogether the account of "I'd go at once and look for more," was the startling reply, "before what I and died for want of society."

Courteous to Every One,

Lewiston Journal: A story-teiling if it busts every chase in the office."