The following are the concluding chapters of "Millet of 'The Angelus'" and "The 'Angelus, of Millet," written by young ladies of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Park place, this city.]

In the year 1860 Millet, strange to say, bound himself that he might be free. A certain speculator induced him to sign a contract whereby he pledges himself to give up in advance all the work he would execute in three years, receiving in return an assured income of a thousand francs a month. This was liberty, for it struck off the manacles of debt and lead him out of the dark prison of of anxiety in which he had been shuddering. Wife and children were now safe and he repeated again and again in his reverent joy that God was good to him, very good to him; his brow smoothed; his lips relaxed; his hand moved with a new grace, the grace that comes from a glad heart. True, that comes from a glad heart. True, the result was to go straight into the hands of another. What of that? He had not painted for money—indeed there had been little money for which to paint—and now, here was money assured. Not much, indeed, but enough, and there was liberty to carry out his great idea. Rooms were added to the cottage, and all things were brightened in this new sunshine. Ah, if it had only come sooner, what happiness it might have bestowed, what irremediable anguish it might sooner, what happiness it might have bestowed, what irremediable anguish it might
have spared. When struggling with his
sternest poverty, his heart had ached and
sickened with the longing to go back to
Genchy, where two lonely women were living on, in the one hope of seeing him again.
They had died with that hope unfulfilled,
simply and literally because he was too poor
to go to them and they were too poor to go to
him. Nothing in after life ever quite consoled Millet for that unutterable sorrow.
Words never spoke it, but it spoke itself, and
still speaks, in his great picture called "Waiting," which has been well designated "a ing," which has been well designated "a painted silence,"

Prosperity, having once dawned, shone more and more brightly as recognition, granted slowly at first, was bestowed at last with the abundance that is called fame. Yes, at last he was famous. Out from that long and difficult road, where no turning had seemed to offer success; out from the fields of Normandy, the studios of Cherbourg, the streets of Paris; out through silence and sorrow, through the epic of toil, he had stepped forth into glory, and that, too, without sacrificing his ideal. Had he created a new taste, or had a new taste discovered. with the abundance that is called fame. Yes, new taste, or had a new taste discovered him, or is it of the nature of truth that, being sovereign, she must at last reign in her own right! The applause of the ex-hibition of 1867 and a first-class medal, the approbation of the world, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor—all these homages greeted the peasant, now become "Monsieur la Chev-pailor." He received it all, with a sad smile alier." He received it all with a sad smile. He had learned in a rigid school the meaning of "vanitas vanitatum." His mother and of "vanitas vanitatum." His mother and grandmother were gone; Rousseau was dead, leaving to his friend a grief which never quitted him till they slept side by side. Madame Millet was ill; the artist himself was worn out by that long struggle; sight was falling; the weary head was always aching. The hour for repose was nearing. His last pictures in the three years before the Evence Penssian was tell the same before the Franco-Prussian war tell the same old story, "The Knitting Lesson," "Butter-Making" and "November, a Remembrance of

The great war-cloud broke and deluged France: then the gentle artist fled with his terrifled family to that beloved Normandy. remote and tranquil, where his mother had sung him lullabys while Waterloo was being lost and won. With the return of peace and the reconstruction of France the Millets set-tled back in Barbizon. But his country's losses and humiliations-proved the final shock to an exhausted frame. He lived on till the opening of 1875, but he was never quite him-self again after Rousseau's death. It was only the physical envelope that was giving way; the mind within was alive and vigorous with great projects, never to be realized. It seemed to him that he had done nothing as yet, nothing, he repeated, nothing. Every-thing had been against him; now the tide had turned, and he was ready to do great things. But they were not to be done. He lay all through December looking straight on to the end, and feeling that a great message had been confided to him, and he had not fully delivered it! But, as usual, he would sum up all by saying: "God is good. His will best." And so surely must be have found to be, when he went beyond, out into the great rest, in the January of 1875. His re-mains were laid, as he had desired, beside his friend Rousseau, in the village churchyard of Chailly. Content thee, Jean Francois! Thou hast delivered thy message, and with eloquence, and the world is learning its mean-ing that it may grasp its thoughts. And for thyself, carnest and steadfast spirit, now is there rest and a beauty beyond thought. Pausing at that humble grave we seem to hear the very words that Longfellow speaks beside Albert Durer's tomb: "Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb

stone where he lies; Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies!"

The Angelus in History.

The Angelus in history dates from the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. All that pencil has borrowed or pen interpreted from this scene must ever rank below the exquisite poem of the evangile itself, beginning with the verse that tells how an angel of the Lord was sent to a virgin, and her name was Mary, and following the rhythmic drama down to its sublime ending: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done to me according to thy word! And the angel departed from

The Roman Catholic custom of perpetually commemorating this scene by three daily 'Ave Marias" stretches back so far, in its simplest form, that no date can be assigned to its origin. But there is historical interest in noting, along the line of the centuries from the middle ages to our own day, how this ancient practice shaped itself into its present aspect. It is somewhat remarkable that each development forms a land mark for some great movement or event in the history of Europe.

The "Scraphic doctor," St. Bonaventure,

one of the greatest theologians of the church, was by birth a Tuscan. There is an apposite ness in the link that binds the poetic devotion of the evening Ave Maria, with this scholar saint, whose home was the beautiful Tuscany of Dante, Petrarch, Giotto, Fra Angalico and Michael Augelo. St. Bonaventure is, by the way, the dogmatic writer from whom Dante borrowed entire is finest passage on the divine nature, and its manifestations in the universe. These two compatriots were called respectively, "the theologian of Mary," and "the poet of Mary." It was St. Bonaventure, who, when superior general of the Franciscan order, decreed that in all the convents a bell should ring at the sunset hour, giving a signal for all the friars to kneel, wherever they might chance to be, and say three aves in honor of the incarnation. Gregory IX., the reigning pontiff, was then engaged in his famous contest with the Turks and with Frederick II. Approving of in the universe. These two compatriots were Turks and with Frederick II. Approving of the evening ave ordained for the Franciscar order, he extended a like recommendation to all the faithful, desiring these prayers to be offered for the peace of Christendom. Before Gregory's death, in 1239, the angelus, in its most primitive form, was spread all over southern Europe, but was only marked for sunset hour.

In the next century the diocese of saints, in France, asked the reigning pope, John XXII., to grant papal approbation to the adding of the noon to the evening aves. The sanction was readily accorded, and the augmented de votion was soon extended over the whole con-

In the next century we come to Calixtus III., a pontiff remarkable on many grounds, but, perhaps, most notable as organizing and expanding the noble work begun by his predecessor. Nicholas V., that, namely, of the great vatican library, originally a repository for the literary treasures snatched from the

vandalism of Mahomet II. after the fall of Constantinople, In the prolonged contest with the Mosiem conqueror, the Poies and Hung, risks under John Corvinus Huniades, offered themselves to Calistus III. for the defense of Christendom. On their banner was emblazoned, "Onward for the Faith." The pope asked the Christian world to join in prayer that this noble band might successfully repel the Moslem invader, and, as a united prayer, decreed three "aves" in the morning in addition to those of noon and eve. The slege of Belgrade was a complete triumph for the Christians under Hunlades (1456), and was so humiliating a disaster for Mahomet II, that he could never after hear that city nan,ed without falling into paroxysms of rage. In thanksgiving Calixtus ordained that the aves should thenceforth be said

of rage. In thanksziving Calixtus ordained that the aves should thenceforth be said morning, noon and night.

So entirely had the prayer of the annunciation become associated with the struggle between cross and crescent, that in the next century, pope Plus V appealed to it again in the same cause. A great naval expedition, formed of allied Christians, and commanded by Don John of Austria, set out to meet the Turks. The pope had solicited the faithful to join their supplications in the resary. The great victory of Lepanto, October 7, 1571, was one of the most destructive blows Turkish power ever sustained, and Plus V instituted on its anniversary, the feast of the resary, solemnly celebrated to this day.

To the Roman Catholic, therefore, the "Angelus" is unique among pions observances. It is a summary of his church's history. It is the one prayer which cleaves, by the notes of its bell, straight through work, business and pleasure, bidding him pause, then and there, compelling him to recall the pure maiden's tranquil room at Nazareth, to remember that God descended to redeem us and still dwells in our midst, by a mystic

and still dwells in our midst, by a mystic presence, and, finally, to recollect the great day of his own last summons, as he repeats: "Now and at the hour of death!" That Angelus bell reminds him of his fellowship with a vast religious family; for, as the sun is always setting on some portion of the globe his co-religionists from pole to pole have said,

or will say in these twenty-four hours the very words he is uttering now.

Again, the angelus is unique in being the one observance in which, without need of altar, priest or church, and without regard to nge, sex, condition, learning, ignorance, all the children of the old creed are in unison.

the children of the old creed are in unison.

The bell rings in a Catholic land. The student at his desk closes his book and bows his head. The monk in his cell lays down his tireless pen and clasps his weary hands. The laborer pauses with the spade in his grasp, and kneels. The Sister of Mercy falls on her knees by the bedside of her fever patient and the sufferer is calmed by her very attitude. The tradesman suspends his traffic and is forced to remember a land above, where the lasting treasure is safe from rust and moth and robber. The soldier drops his and moth and robber. The soldier drops his sword and turns his eyes to a vision of peace —a benign angel and a gentle maiden. The little children break off their play with the innocent laugh still on their pure lips as they nurmur the words that tell how Christ came

The old angelus bells bore this inscription, from the psalms: "Morning, noon and night, I will cry out and announce." The morning "Angelus Domini," comes like an envoy from heaven to bring the message of a new day, and it consecrates, in advance, those unknown hours that may hold, for us, care, or sorrow, or joy, or death. The noon angelus calls a pause from eager perplexities and fevered strivings, reminding us that we, too, are but the consecrate fit of load to de Mis will not strivings, reminding us that we, too, are but the servants of the Lord, to do His will, ac-cording to His word. The evening angelus announces that the day is over, and its echoes fill the air with peace. Every belfry sends its benediction to our hearts, for "the word made flesh dwells in our midst;" and when ten thousand lips have humbly asked that, through the plays and the cross, may goons to each the glory and the resurrection. come, to each, the glory and the resurrection, the last dying notes of the quivering bells chime: "Amen, amen, amen!"

The Angelus in Art and Poetry. The Angelus is, as we have just seen, the

recapitulation of the mystery of the annunciation. In no other drama does the grace of inner loveliness so exquisitely combine with the grace of the outer beauty, as it does in those brief, mystic moments at Nazareth. It is not, therefore, surprising that art seized upon it so early and has clung to it so per sistently. The very elements of that scene explain its place in painting, as in poetry Midnight, silence, peace and purity; earth's need and God's love; a radiant angel and a modest maiden; a fact, a mystery, and a symbol forever.

The reverent spirit of the mediæval artists is expressed in the legend of the famous "Annunciation" in Florence, the tradition representing, no doubt, a sentiment rather vent. The ful old tale, had completed all but the face of the Madonna. He had given to his archangel all that he could bestow of spiritual purity and visible beauty. But there he paused; his best conceptions failed when he tried to surpass his angel by his virgin. Crushed by the sense of his incapacity, he humbly prayed that the hand of some worthier artist might be endowed with the sacred power lacking to his own. He re solved so to leave his picture as a confession that his subject was beyond him. Night fell, and for very sorrow and weariness he slept at the feet of Mary and Gabriel. The early sunlight awoke him and he raised his eyes to the canyas. Lo! there was painted the hely face he had feared to delineate, traced, as h doubted not, by the very augel who best knew the aspect that face had worn when

the first ave was spoken!
Ruskin says, in his "Modern Painters,"
"No subject has been more frequently or more exquisitely treated by painters than that of the annunciation. The most perfect type of its pure ideal has been given by Fra Angelico, and by him with its most radiant consummation, in a small reliquary, in the sacristy of Santa Maria Novella."

Dante, stern but chivalrous chanter of the great song that glorifies women, is ever saluting the "Donna Gentil" Nel Ciel," to whom he dedicates his pen. In the "Paradiso" (B. XIII.) he alludes to the daily angelus when he describes Mary as "that fair flower, whom daily I salute at morn and eve." In the "Purgatorio" (B. X.) his fancy has created a tender but startling representa-tion of the annunciation. He supposes this scene, which every artist of his day portrave to be reproduced in marble, amid the expiing souls. "I discovered that all the bank around was marble white, and most exactl there was sculptured the angel who came t earth with tidings of peace, that he seeme before us, in the act of sweet salute, s chiselled to the life that you had sworn h was saying, 'Hail!' He then describes th holy virgin: 'In her attitude, as seal o holy virgin: "In her attitude, as seal o wax imprest, was imaged the word, Behol

the handmaid of the Lord!" Chaucer's prioress refers to the daily augelus, in the early form of the three aves

only the widow's little son trained to piety,

As him was taught, to kneel adown and say,
His Ave Marle as he goeth on his way."

Milton could find no allusion more gracefu when he describes our first mother, fair and unfallen, receiving Raphael, than the reference to the "Sinless Maid" saluted by Ga briel. The first Eve is she

brief. The first Eve is sho

* * * "on whom the angel 'hall,'

Restowed the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve."

The subject might carry us far and wide,
among the pictures of many lands and the
pocus of many tongues, all reiterating "Anegius Domini Nungiavit Mariae." But time
and space recall our wandering steps to the and space recall our wandering steps to the canyas of Millet. Before it we pause to hear the far-off bells, with whose very music the lieving painter strove to fill his atmosphere then his picture was completed he led up to one of his friends who had seen and heard nothing of the work. After a moment's silence Millet asked his companion:

"Why, the 'Angelus!" replied the visitor ouclusively, "One can hear the bells!"
"Then, I've succeeded!" cried the great
painter joyfully, "At last I have made myself understood."

We not only catch the meaning of those we not only catch the meaning of those bilines; we see the significance of that strong ight, cast with so striking an effect on the maying peasants. His own brush, guiding hose rays of light, once explained the motif of the whole work. White it was still unfinshed, a skeptical friend observed, while the perist went on working.

ished, a skeptical friend observed, while the artist went on working:
"Millet, do you know what that picture says to me! The utter uselessness of prayer! There stand your man and woman; they believe; they pray; they cry to God. And what good does it do them! The picture answers none. The bleak fields remain, and the desolate sky, and the dull drudgery—and the grayeard—vonder under the bells." the graveyard—yonder under the bells."
Millet smiled, and went on work-

ing.

After a few moments, he drew

pointing with his brush, said:

"Look!"
The picture was indeed giving the answer, but not the answer his guest had heard. The painter had replied in the slightly opened sky, and the light, marked, strong, peaceful, sky, and the light, marked, strong, peaceful, that fell from it over the two figures. Therefore is that pictare like the last book of his epic of labor. Light shed down from heaven on love and toil and prayer. As we gaze, a sense of repose comes from each careful detail. It is evening, for the sun is in the west, and the day's task is done. It is Saturday night, for they are standing, and week's anxieties are ended. The Sabbath of rest has come. We too, bow and pray with them, for looking at "The Angelus" in Millet's light, "We smile to think God's greatness flows "We smile to think God's greatness flows Round our completeness, Round our restlessness His rest."

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Fashionable ladies are not fond of hard work, and yet they know what a toilet is to

Tiny vases scattered through a house for posies is one of the pretty fashions we bring from France.

Liquor flasks in cameo glass of dark wine olor, and are decorated usually with white

A woman never gets through. When her own children are grown, she begins work over again on her grandchildren. Stained ivory seems to be superseding the pure white material. Every sort of toilet im-plement is found in this new form, and often

Flower fans are the latest caprice. Violets, pansies, lilies-of-the-valley are fastened on to the fans, and are very cleverly arranged to fold up, although they do require a larger

that naturally go with it do not necessarily come in "sets" now. The nightgown has taken on new fads, and is just the most comfortable garment for its purpose one ever con ceived, and petticoats are as pretty as dress

With the exception of the fullness that is now added to the sleeve at the top, and the low, wide collar that has almost superseded the high band of last season, there is little change in cut. The gown is less often opened at the side than last season,

In nearly every bit of headgear there is some little flower or leaf or sprig of grass interwoven in meshes of lace or trailed in graceful patterns on ribbons of silk or velvet. There are to be seen buttercups, daisies, vie lets, roses and forget-me-nots without nun

The newest evening snoes are branch with very narrow strips of kid the color of the dress with which they are worn. The strips are put on about an eighth of an inch apart, and are so applied that the most serviceable and amply proportioned feet look well in them. The neatest-looking are of white kid braided with black. braided with black.

Apropos of the new fad of decorating fish with flowers during April the London edition of the Herald says: "A corpulent turbot, with his tail tied up with orchids, hardly appeals more strongly to one's sense of the eternal fitness of things than a herring baskng in a meadow of ferns and buttercups."

Miss Mubel Jenness Miller says: "A woman would go to the ends of the earth to find a nostrum to make herself better looking and yet very few ever take the trouble to even learn how to stand correctly." Most women, she says, stand lazily, and few can walk a mile without feeling fatigue, because of the indolent way of carrying the figure. Many a case of a weak back, she thinks, i due to bad walking.

The classic chemise, praise to pristine modesty, has come back to us with all its sweet original freshness. For, girls, do you know refinement has decreed that the pure white linen, lawn or fine muslin chemise, that is no afraid of soap and water and flat-irons, is the gar nent par excellence. Nothing is more dainty, and that it may be as dainty as it can be the finest hand sewing, the tiniest tucks, the prettiest Valenciennes lace and most skilled Freuch needlewrought embroidery lavished on its construction.

A fan mender has his place of work in lown-town building, a man who finds hi task a source of pleasure as well as of profit, says a Boston exchange. If you leave your fan for repairs at any shop in Boston, or in many of the New York stores, it finds its way to this restorer, who is wise in the lore of sticks and plumes, who can fit in a fresh bit of lace or satin with exqisite accuracy, and who has stories to tell of the fans that are left in his care by people who must have them "at once," and forget-sometimes to come for them at all.

The latest fact of the American fashionable lady is said to be a "costume album." That of a well known New York lady is described: On the first page is a full length photograph of the owner in her bridal robes, apparentl fresh from the altar, while on the opp page is an artistic arrangement of the erials which had composed the bridal toilet-satin and lace, with even stray orange blos soms and deftly painted here and there, next page represents her in a well-fitting tailor-made suit, apparently just on the point of starting on a honeymoon

SINGULARITIES.

Two boys of Whisky Diggings, Cal., were out fishing in a small creck recently, when they discovered a deep pool that held a big

A man named Catoni, a giant above seven feet high and proportionately stout, with an enormous head, has just died in Italy. Before his death he sold his skeleton to the anatomial museum at Rome for \$2 000. Miss Alice Elliott of Ottowa, Ont., aged

twenty-three years, while suffering from de mentia, swallowed a small penknife with the blades open. So far she has experienced no npleasant results, but her watching the case with great anxiety. At March, England, a llama or Peruviar

giraffe gave birth to a giraffe, greatly to the surprise of the attendants. The baby giraffe was able to see a few minutes after birth, and the manager fully expects to be able shortly to exhibit it as the first giraffe born in Eng

A family living near La Grange, forty miles from Louisville, Ky., are sick with what the doctors call "tornado poisoning," and one of the victims died and two are in a precarious condition. The physicians claim that the germs of the disease were borne on the late tornado from some infected district, probably hundreds of miles away.

A well-developed calf having six distinct legs was born on a farm near Pittsburg last week. Four of the legs protruded from the usual parts of the body, with the two extra appendages about mid-way between the force and hind legs. Otherwise, save that the tail was a little awry, the calf was remarkably well formed and developed.

The trunk of a rose bush growing at Ventura, Cal., is said to be three feet in circumference and the first branch it throws out it twenty-one inches in circumference. It runs over a lattice work, and though more than a wagon load of boughs have been removed it covers a space of about twelve hundred square feet. It yields thousands of flowers ad is fourteen years old.

Mr. Jumes Lancaster, a New York farmer, killed an unusually large hawk the other day and brought it in to Mes. Dr. Taliaferro, who, preparing to preserve its natural form, and four snakes in its craw. One was two feet long, another fifteen inches, and still an-other six inches long. One had lost its head in the digestive mill, and another was con-siderably mutilated. Evidently they had-heen but reconflict symbological. been but recently swallowed.

A gentleman from Jonesboro was at the capitol at Atlanta, Ga., and told Mr. Briscos of the railroad commission a queer story, claims that in Jonesboro a baby was last week which has four legs and feet, four arms and hands and a pair of wings on its shoulders. The gentleman vouched for the truth of the story, and said that it was still alive and when he saw it it was yelling as lustily as any ordinary two-legged, two-armed and wingless infant.

In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of ani-mals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm of rain or hall drive the stilly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner so as to sufficeate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and, by a method best known to himself, will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.

There is a bronze monument to Chris topher Columbus in the City of Mexico 1 It was erected twenty years ago by Mr. Escandon, a private citizen, at a personal outlay of \$60,000.

-A FEW REMARKS

Omaha's Lowest Price Reliable Shoe Dealers, ZUNDER & HARRIS, 1520 DOUGLAS ST.

During the past two weeks our time has been occupied in receiving new goods which are now properly arranged and ready for inspection. Having carefully studied the wants of the people, we can safely state that we have the most complete variety of shoes and slippers of America's leading manufacturers' make ever shown in Omaha. We can show an array of Novelties in the most approved and newest styles and patterns which is simply superb. Every effort has been made to include in our varied assortment only reliable goods; goods which shall be most valued when they have stood the thorough test of use and wear. Our effort in this direction has been decidedly successful. No auctionor sidewalk trash at our store. One of our main features will be our astonishingly low prices, as we are determined to do a larger business than ever before. We feel satisfied that our aim will be accomplished if Honest Footwear at Low Prices merit consideration. Every article in itself is a bargain; all we desire is a call. Below we quote a few of our bargains, as our space is too limited to mention them all: Infants' kid and patent leather button shoes, 19c.

Infants' dongola button shoes, hand sewed, 45c.
Childs' donfiola button. spring heels, worked button-holes,
Rochester style, sizes 5 to 8, 75c, sizes 8 to 11, 95c.
Children's pebble button shoes, box tip, worked buttonholes, sizes

Misses' dongola spring heel button shoes, sizes 11 to 2, \$1.25. Misses' dongola spring heel button shoes, sizes II to 2, \$1.45,

Ladies' pebble button shoes solid leather 95c, worth \$1.50. Ladies' dongola button shoes \$1.50, worth \$2. Ladies' dongola button shoes, batent leather tips, \$1.63, worth Ladies' dongola button shoes, all styles, \$1.95, worth \$2.75.

Ladies' genuine hand turn button shoes, all styles, \$3, real value Boys' A calf seamless button shoes, worked button holes, every pair warranted to give satisfaction, \$1.35, worth \$2.

Men's A calf congress and lace shoes \$1.45, worth \$2.

Men's genuine calf congress and lace shoes at the astonishingly low price of \$1.75, real value \$3.

OXFORD TIES.

Men's Hand Welt Congress and Lace Shoes, \$2.95; real

Ladies' Russet Oxfords, hand turned, neat tip, everybody's

Ladies' Dongola Oxfords, hand turned, patent tip, sold by all at \$1.25; we ask but 95c.

Ladies' Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, splendid value at \$2;

Ladies' Patent Leather Oxfords, colored ooze tops, cheap at \$2; our special at \$1.50.

Ladies' Fancy Ooze Oxfords, a novelty, worth \$2.50; our peculiar price \$1.78.

New and novel Conceits, in low shoes of our own designs. Best quality English Broadcloth Overgaiters, in all of the late fashionable shades, spring weights, at \$1.38; actual value \$2. Our fine shoes and slippers for ladies' misses' and chil-

dren, men's boys' and youths', must be seen to be appreciated. Fine footwear at moderate prices our specialty. It will be a mistake to purchase anything in the shoe line before visiting

Notwithstanding our great inducements in the way of durable shoes at low prices, as an extra appreciation of your trade we shall give away \$500.00 worth of useful presents, which have displayed in our east window. One ticket given with every dollars worth purchased of us.

Inspection invited. Make comparisons. Positively One Price Only. Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

FORT SIDNEY'S ABANDONMENT. The People are Working Hard to Have the Order Revoked.

SIDNEY, Neb., April 26 .- [Special to THE BEE. |-The subject which has for a week been uppermost in the minds of the people of Sidney is the abandonment of the fort here, the order for which was issued a few days since, to take effect when other accommodations can be provided for the troops. It is true that the latter part of the order makes uncertain the time when an institution which is the pride of all our people and the maintenance of many, is to be taken from us. But this uncertainty makes the situation only the more painful and the more damaging to the interests of the town. The population is not by any means dependent for existence upon the fort. This particular section of the country, while "playing loser" to a considerable extent on account of the untrue reports of destitution scattered far and wide by some half dozen sympathetic old ladies and a of preachers living at Potter, is still tolerably prosperous for a new as yet undeveloped western country. But it is without question a fact that many of the leading business enterprises of the city are in existence only because of the

location of the military post. Thousands of dollars are annually distributed here by the soldiers. Much of this money is left in town. A portion of it goes to the farmers for miles around the city—for the fort affords a market for an immense amount of farm and garden produce. Then it is but natural that the busness men of Sidney should consider the abandonment of the fort a matter of vital interest to them. Already they have given up idle discussion and have settled down to work with a determination to secure the delaying of the final order of abandonment if there is any possibility of the thing being accomplished. And just now the prospects are bright.

Today the correspondent of THE BEE talked to many of the most prominent men in the city—particularly those whose interests will suffer most in the event of an immediate carrying out of the order of abandonment. The sentiment of the whole town is voiced in these

expressions of a few representative men:
Said ex-Mayor MeIntosh, who is a heavy
property owner: "The abandonment of Fort Sidney now would be of incalculable damag to the town. Real estate would depreciate 2 per cent in value, and storerooms now filled with goods would within a month be without occupants.

County Treasurer Ickes—It is my opinion County Fedsurer Tekes—It is my opinion that western Nebraska, though comparatively insignificant from a political standpoint, is justly entitled to the benefit of a portion of the money spent by the government in maintaining its military posts. Our people are enduring great hardships while developing a new country which will soon contribute its proportion to the wealth of the commonwealth. No people are in justice better en-titled to the assistance which they at present

obtain from the location of the fort in Sidney C. D. Essig, Hardware Merchant—I don't suppose I sell \$10 worth of goods to the people in the garrison in the course of a year, but my business would certainly feel the loss if they should go. I think every man in the city, no matter what his occupation, is benefitted more than he realizes, indirectly, at least, by

the presence of the troops here.

E. M. Marcourt, Cashier Merchants' Bank:
I fail to see how the government will better I fail to see how the government will better itself, or the troops, either, for that matter, by making the change. There is no more easily accessible point from all parts of the country than this. In case the soldiers were needed in any part of the United States, they are located on the main line of the Union Pa-cific and could be forwarded to their destina-tion without a minute's loss of time. Then, too, there is certainly an cheaner or healthier too, there is certainly to cheaper or healthic place for the maintenance of a garrison. Pro-visions of all kinds not furnished by the gov ernment are abundant and easily obtainable. Judge Neubauer maintained that while these points were of importance the main consideration with the people of Sidney should be the distribution of ready money among al ciasses of people, both in the town and in the country, in a time when money is the hardest thing on earth to get hold of. "If a farmer prings a load of wood to town," said the judg the can sell it at the post for cash. It's t same with his butter, eggs, poultry, or any-thing else of the kind he has for sale. These items don't appear to amount to much, but they mean a great deal to the farmers of a

that while he lives forty miles from Sidney he knows that the abandonment of the fort would be felt as a loss by the people living in

his neighborhood.

General Morrow, commander of the military post, said: "I cannot be interviewed on this subject. The war department must determine whether the fort is to be continued or not. I am bound by its decision. I had not supposed, however, that the post was in danger of immediate abandonment. There has just been expended upon it \$15,000 and has just been expended upon it \$15,000, and quarters of officers and men are in first rate condition. Considering splendid vegetable gardens, excellent water supply, healthful-ness of climate, railroad facilities, and great gardens, excellent water supply, heaithful-ness of climate, railroad facilities, and great advantages of post to surrounding country in the way of marketfor all productions, I did

A large frame is filled with photographs of girls and women, most of them pretty. At the bottom of each picture is pasted a news-paper clipping. "Why, Mr. Brown, what do

not think the post would suddenly be abandoned. It would be little short of a calamity to this section of Nebraska to break up the post just now.

A. Pease, the newly elected mayor of the city and dealer in lumber and implements, said: "Should the garrison be at once taken away from this vicinity it would entail losses which many years of prosperity would hardly restore. A great extent of country relies wholly upon the fort for a market in which to dispose of its products of every description. Except for this resource there would be no sale for the yield of the farm or poultry yard. This is a new country, where farming is yet largely experimental, and on account of the uncertainty of the amount of rainfall, in which, however, from natural causes, the climate seems to be undergoing an annual change for the better, and it would seem that the government ought not to unnecessarily withdraw its continuance and support when they are absolutely indispensable to the wel-fare and presperity of a widespread, strug-

fare and prosperty of gling community."

W. P. Miles, Attorney: Nothing has contributed more to smooth off the rough edges of the exceedingly hard times in this section of the state than the money left here by the United States troops. I calculate that they be in the property of \$75,000 leave annually in the neighborhood of \$75,000 of their pay among the people of this vicinity. Register Blanchard and Receiver Neeves of the United States land office have become residents of Sidney within the past two months, but both are earnestly protesting against abandoning the post at this time, and are using their influence to prevent the removal of troops as long as it is possible to

keep them here.
"In a short time," said E. McLernon, a leading merchant of the city, "say in two or three years, I think the garrison could be removed without seriously retarding the growth or injurning the presperity of the town. I believe that the people of these parts are, as a rule, feeling the effects of these hard times more now than they ever have before or probably will again in the very near future. All we want is a little longer lease of life for the fort, then they can take it and we will have noth-

Joseph Oberfelder, clothing merchant and owner of considerable property in the county, said in regard to the proposed abandonment: Perhaps nobody would feel the effects of the abandonment more than our firm. I know that the post is a benefit to our business by thousands of dollars every year, and I believe that the removal of the garrison would, at this time, prove a greater blow to the busi-ness men of the town than did the bank fail-ure last summer. If our protests sent to our corresentatives in congress or printed in Tur-Bee, or the liberal use of our money will prevent this action of the war department for

a few years the thing must be don Judge Heist, County Attorney Lee, Sheriff Trognitz, Postmaster Brennan, County Clerk McAleese, ex-County Judge Shuman and a dozen others all expressed themselves in the strongest language regarding the abandon-ment of Fort Sidney at a time when it will come as such a calamity to the town and sur-

rounding country.

A letter received here today by the editor of the Journal from Mr. Dorsey states that he has secured a promise from the secretary of war that the post shall not be abandoned until the completion of Fort Omaha.

CONNUBIALITIES.

"Beware! there may be rocks ahead," I said, but he with merry laughter Replied, "I hope so, for, when I wed, The 'rocks' are what I'm after!"

Neighbor—Why do you wish your husband join/a lodge ar a club! Wife—It will make to happier. Neighbor—In what way! Wife By giving me something to complain of, Lonesum-Been married a month today, naven't you, old fel! Still billing and cooing, suppose! Scruge (dubiously)—I am not coing as much as I was at one time, but the

More bridal couples are said to have visited Washington this spring than ever before. One of the hotels makes a a present of a bouquet to each bride that enters its dining room, and its flower bills this season have been enormous. We take pleasure in announcing the en

gagement of Sam Kirschner and Miss Le Baum of San Francisco, says a California eqchange. The sympathy of the entire comunity is extended to the young lady in her deep affliction. A Kansas woman presents the strange and

maly of being the legal wife of two husbands. Mrs Allen, of Ossawatomie, was divorced from her husband and married to a Mr. Ricketts. Her first husband has had the decree of divorce set aside, and now the lawyers are trying to settle which of her usbands shall buy her spring bonnet. William Jacobs and wife of Chester Valley,

There are eight children in the family and each weighs over 200 pounds. Mr. Jacobs' mother was a very weighty lady, weighing over 300 pounds. Combined the weight of the ramily is considerably over 2,000 pounds. A gay bachelor of Philadelphia has a curi us decoration over his sitting room mantel

Pa., are a heavy couple. Mr. Jacobs weighs 320 pounds and his wife tips—the beam at 275

Squire Craven's office in Madison, Ind., was the scene of a matrimenial freak. Henry Washburn, aged seventy, and Ellen M. Jones, aged fourteen years, were united in marriage. The strangest feature of the transaction was that the elderly bridegroom returned to the city this morning and made application through Attorney Wells to have the marriage annulled. He stated that a band of White Cans visited his home last night

marriage notices."

you mean?" he was asked recently. "They are pictures of the only girls I ever loved," he replied, "and those clippings are their

of White Caps visited his home last night and ordered him to leave his child wife or suffer the consequences. False to his party, false to his wife, so thinks Miss Lucy Miller of Oconce township, who broke her engagement—with Mr. Walter J. Wood, because he accepted the nomination and was elected assessor on the farmers' ticket, says a Shelbyville, Tex., dispatch. The lady is an ardent republican, as was her betrothed till tempted by the grangers. The marriage license has been returned to the county clerk endorsed "indefinitely postnored."

married to the daughter of Benjamin Ward, a prominent citizen, after a very short acquaintance, and they started on a brief tour. At Hope, forty miles away, the professor thought of some neglected business at Tex arkana, and, leaving his wife at Hope, went to transact it. There he got drunk and spent his last cent. The girl returned home. When the prefessor got soher enough he wrote a note to his spouse as follows: "My Dearest Darling Duckie: Please, where are my edothes."

where are my clothes! The answer came back: Your clothes are where you left them, and I am where you found me. You may succeed in recovering your duds, but you can't get me any more. I intend to stick to dad."

THE WORLD OF FAIR WOMEN An Able Eastern Editor Discusses the Courting of Widows.

This letter from a widow of New Jer sey propounds a very interesting question, says the New York Sun:

I am a widow. My husband has been dead thirteen months. A gentleman of high stand-ing, independent position and most honorable reputation, whom I have known personally for many years, desires to pay me his ad-dresses with a view to marriage, and has frankly asked permission to do so. Is it proper for me to consent! Or does he display a lack of courtesy and good manners in makng such advances so soon after my husband's death ! Under the conventional rule of society

n widow may marry again a year after the death of her husband. That implies, of course, that she may be woodd sooner, and how much sooner depends on the state of her heart. It may happen, and it often does happen, that the very profundity of her grief and the depth of her attachment to the lost render her peculiarly susceptible to new demonstrations of affection. Her wounded spirit craves sympathy and consolation, and in her loneliness and despair she feels the need of a strong arm to lean upon and a trusting heart upon which to which to rely. Her weeds, her downcast eyes. her gentle sorrow, patient suffering and attitude of dependence makes a powerful appeal to every manly breast, especially she be young and pretty, widow is always interesting, oftentimes absolutely irresistible. Even the loveliest of maidens may well look upon her as a dangerous rival, though she enters into no formal competition with them and invites tender regard by reason of the charm of her widowhood only.

How soon after her bereavement these evidences of her power will bring a feel ing of pleasure to the mourning heart of a widow, depends probably on circumstances and her temperament, Some people rebound sooner than others. In ne case the man capable of restoring elasticity to the unstrung heart may be lose at hand, and in another he may be long in coming. Mere concern for ventionality may lead one widow to stiffe any new affection so soon as it has birth, while another will tend and cultivate it, howsoever great may be her self-accusa-tion. The feeling of the duty of grief for the dead may be more irrepressible in one than another, and yet the reality of the mourning in each may be the same.

When Girls Are Engaged.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which s set a turquoise, and when it was put there you remembered that the Hindoo "He who hath a turquoise hath a said: friend. Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife

you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, yourlover, it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party or in your own home you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart. but he must not make you an object of ridicule. He can think you the most un-selfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own, selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Let him come in and be one of them—there's a dear five minutes when he can speak to you, when he can kiss you on the lips Prof. Rector has lost his bride, says a that he knows are only the gates to Rimdo, Ark., dispatch. He was recently sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean o much to you both. Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs, for the secrets of the household do not even belong to the man you are going to marry, Guard yourself in word and marry, Guard yourself in word and deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called famil

> The Tomato Pie. Written for The Bee. I said unto my wife one day, "My mother used to make Delicious pudding, luscious pie, And most delightful cake;

If you but knew her art, I'd have a thing I value high, 'Tis nothing more nor less than this-A green tomato pie." Next day, when at my noontide meal I saw my wife retire Into a closet near at hand,

Close to the kitchen fire And, coming out with smiling face And joy-beams in her eye, She on the table proudly placed A green tomato pie, She cut it into equal parts,

Divided it around, And, gazing on me, thought that she New happiness had found; But, lack-a-day! I hesitate To tell the reason why She now no longer clamors for

'Twas tasteless as potato jam, Pudding of powdered bones, Cake made from soft and plastic mud, As soup of solid stones Since that eventful day, my wife Will whimper, blush and cry,

Whenever I make mention of

A green tomato pie. EDGAR THORNE, . The Music of the Future.

No matter what function music may be alled upon to perform, whether it be to apeal to our emotion and imagination as pure form and color in the symptony or sonata, or o heighten and idealize the expression of poetry in the song, the cantata, or the lyric frama, it would be contrary to every known law of nature for it to relinquish any princi-ple of organic structure that has been evolved from its own substance and in accordance with its own laws. This or that particular musical form may become extinct and make way for others in the general and and make way for others in the general and unceasing struggle for existence, and only the fittest survive; and what is fit today may be unfit tomorrow. But the great principal of musical form and organism of some sort is eternal; and, if we may trust the leson of the past, the evolution of the future will still be one from simpler to more complex and more highly organized forms. Just as the lack of musical organism in the old Florentine still rappresentive was soon felt to be a weakness and not a source of strength in the lyric and not a source of strength in the lyriq drama, so will the similar lack of musical or-ganism in the Wagnerian music drama be found to be a weakness, and, in time, be cured by a new formal evolution of some sort, Wagner's famous dictum that the composer in lyric drama must remember not to be too musical will give way to Van Bulow's far truer and profounder counter-apophthegm that a composer cannot, in any case, possibly be musical enough. A cortain German critic once said that, whatever might be thought of Wagner, he was indisputably the gate through which the future path of the lyric drama lay. Yes, but the lyric drama must pass through this gate; stop at it it cannot.

Dr. Birney, practice limited to cataurh. al diseases of nose and throat. Bee bldg.